

DISREGARDS THE ALGERCIAS ACT

Germany Breaks Up Concert of Powers With Regard to Morocco

RECOGNIZES THE USURPER

Trouble Bound to Ensure and Great Regret is Expressed in France

Paris, Sept. 2.—The action of Germany in breaking up the concert of the powers with regard to Morocco by notifying the signatories of the Algeiras act that she considered the actual situation demanded the immediate recognition of the sultan of Morocco...

French and British governments will take any exception to what is contained in this perfectly reasonable and sound action.

Germany, it is almost certain, indicated her intentions to Austria in advance and received Austria's full approval and it is not unlikely that at least one of the other powers has already associated herself with the German view.

For Railway Commissioners Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 2.—It is reported that the three commissioners to be added to the railway commission will be Wm. Gallaher, M.P. for Yale, Carleton; Hon. Thos. Greenway, of Manitoba; and D'Arcy Scott, mayor of Ottawa.

Killed By Fall From Street Car Woodstock, Ont., Sept. 2.—Fred C. Martin, one of this city's prominent citizens, is dead from injuries received in falling or being thrown off a street car some weeks ago. He was 65 years old and a prominent Mason.

Forest Fire Checked Stockton, Cal., Sept. 2.—The fire in the Calaveras forests, near the Big Trees, has taken a direction northward and away from the grove, and is now burning toward the Stanislaus river. The latest report is that the fire-fighters will check it before morning.

TRAINS ARE ARRIVING

Traffic Resumed After Washouts on C. P. R. East of Winnipeg

Winnipeg, Sept. 2.—Ten passenger trains came into Winnipeg during the last twenty-four hours. The seriousness of the disaster east of here has not yet been ascertained for rumors are current that several workmen along the line were killed, their lives being sacrificed in the effort to repair the line though official reports issued by the C.P.R. say that no fatalities occurred.

"WORLD" ASSERTS INDEPENDENCE

No Justice for West to Be Had From Eastern Liberal Leaders

HAS INSIDE KNOWLEDGE

Records of Ring Which Held Province in Grasp Disgusts Chief Liberal Journal

Vancouver, Sept. 1.—The World newspaper tonight contained an editorial announcement, a page in extent of which the following were the pertinent paragraphs:

"As to the political situation, the World has time and time again asked in substance the great question: 'Is the time ripe for a parting of the ways?' It has asked: 'Will British Columbia, no longer trusting to either of the great political parties for justice and the due appreciation of her needs, have to depart from the beaten path, and carve for herself a new road through the wilderness of graft, stupidity, and selfish greed toward the promised land of a new political prosperity? It has answered: 'It begins to look very much like that.'"

"A few years ago when injustice after injustice, and neglect after neglect was written on the records of the Liberal party and it appeared as if there was almost a studied effort to ignore our representations on the part of the chiefs of the party, it was an easy matter for the apologetic party to say: 'Oh, well, this comes from a lack of knowledge.' As soon as the leaders of the party gain a better knowledge of the conditions of affairs in the west, and the social needs of British Columbia all this will be changed."

Hospital Bursar Drops Dead Woodstock, Ont., Sept. 2.—John Romanu, bursar of the epileptic hospital here, dropped dead this morning.

To Avoid the Storm Owen Sound, Ont., Sept. 2.—W. P. Telford, M. P. for North Grey, announces his retirement. Mr. Telford is a Liberal.

Killed While Hunting Killarney, Man., Sept. 2.—James Cogan, of Drogheda, Ireland, was accidentally shot and killed while out hunting near here today.

To Oppose Mr. Tobin Richmond, Que., Sept. 2.—Richmond and his associates in convention today nominated John Champoux of D'Arrol as the candidate for the commons.

Kingston Member Injured Kingston, Ont., Sept. 2.—W. F. Nickle, Conservative M. P. P., was seriously injured by a gasoline car holding high a hand car on the K. & P. railway. He may not recover.

Killed By Train Chatham, Ont., Sept. 2.—Frank Arnold, a paperhanger, who was on his way here from Leamington, was struck and instantly killed by a west-bound express here early this morning.

Shipping Man Injured St. John, Sept. 2.—Howard D. Troop, head of the big shipping firm of Troop and Sons, was struck by a small car on which he was riding while engaged in his work at the mill of John Moore today and severely injured about the head and neck. He is being treated in a precarious condition.

IMMIGRATION LESS

Fewer Arrivals in Canada This July Than Last Ottawa, Sept. 2.—During the month of July, 11,322 immigrants arrived in Canada, as compared with 25,341 for the same month last year.

"On the strength of these promises and explanations on the occasion of the visit was allowed to go by with only a faint matter of protest, when it was made plain that British Columbia and her needs were being sacrificed to what the eastern leaders were pleased to term 'the Good of the party.'"

DENIES REPORT OF CABINET DISSENSIONS

Premier Also Expresses Hope That Strathcona Will Retain Commissionership

Ottawa, Sept. 1.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier gave an emphatic denial to the report of a serious disagreement between himself and Sir Richard Cartwright, and of the prospective retirement of the Minister of Trade and Commerce, Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Hon. A. B. Aylesworth and Hon. R. W. Scott.

Regarding another report that Lord Strathcona was in London with an eridom, and that his place would be taken by Sir Montague Allan, of the Allan line of Montreal, Sir Wilfrid said that Lord Strathcona had not intimated any desire to retire.

He did make such an intimation a few years ago, but the premier begged him to remain and he was good enough to yield to these wishes and as long as his health remains good, Sir Wilfrid desires him to retain his position.

VESSEL WRECKED

San Francisco Reports Disaster Off Point Arena

San Francisco, Sept. 2.—A report reaching this city tonight says that a vessel, as yet unnamed, was wrecked off the coast of Point Arena, California. The lifesaving crew is reported to have gone to the rescue. The weather is thick and foggy, and it is said to be impossible to learn anything from shore.

HIS FAVORITE PASTIME

Kaiser Reviews the Troops Quartered in Berlin and Potsdam

Berlin, Sept. 1.—The autumn review by Emperor William of the troops quartered in Berlin and Potsdam is a most brilliant spectacle. There were 25,000 cavalrymen of the Household Regiments and General Fovea, the Brazilian minister of war, was a member of the imperial party.

DESPERADOES WOUND

MONTREAL DETECTIVE

One of Four St. Eustache Safe-Blowers Captured After Battle

Montreal, Sept. 2.—Detective Pustle of the Montreal city force, who is one of the party scouring the country for Yeggen, who blew up the safe of the Provincial Bank of Canada at St. Eustache last Saturday morning was shot in the face by one of four men who were hiding under a bridge at St. Constant. Officers returned the fire wounding one of the men, but the others managed to make their escape to the woods. Re-inforcements have been sent out.

A despatch from St. Constant announced that one of the four desperadoes captured, was found in the woods near the scene of the shooting. He was suffering from loss of blood and was unable to get away with his three companions.

Fell to Instant Death St. Catharines, Ont., Sept. 2.—Andrew O'Malley, son of Dames O'Malley, driver of the hook and ladder wagon of the local fire brigade, fell from a building in New York and was instantly killed.

SHAH'S GOVERNOR SLAIN BY REBELS

Government Troops Suffer Severe Defeat at Hands of Insurgents

EIGHT HUNDRED KILLED

Satar Khan Repeats His Former Success—Cossacks' Atrocities

St. Petersburg, Sept. 1.—In the civil war which is raging in the Province of Tabriz, Persia, Satar Khan has inflicted a decisive defeat upon the troops of the Shah. The government forces lost 800 men killed and wounded.

Satar Khan was immediately appointed to succeed him. Before Satar could collect his forces he was attacked a second time by Satar Khan and in this encounter the casualties were heavy. The fighting is still going on. The retrain office here has not received any advices regarding the Tabriz situation. Satar Khan's Cossacks have been guilty of many atrocities.

FRIGHTENS THE BROKERS

Maniac Discharges Revolver on London Exchange—Dose No Damage

London, Sept. 2.—A man giving the name of Edward Harrison, who apparently was not responsible for his actions, caused a commotion on the floor of the stock exchange today by firing three shots from a revolver. When the reports were heard the members made a rush for the exits, and business was stopped for some time. No one was hurt.

Harrison had no connection with the stock exchange and it has been impossible to explain his action. It is thought likely that his mind had become unhinged through pecuniary losses. He spent part of the afternoon playing up and down the side walk in front of the entrance of the exchange and attracted attention by declaiming against the brokers. Just before he made his way to the entrance and rushing in fired three shots, one into the floor, the second at a broker, and a third into the ceiling.

WHITE PHOSPHOROUS

House of Commons Considers Bill to Stop Its Use for Matches

London, Sept. 1.—A bill to prohibit the importation, sale and manufacture of matches containing white phosphorous as the cause of the terrible disease known as "phosphy jaw," has been introduced into the House of Commons. This will bring Great Britain into line with France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Denmark and Switzerland, which agreed to prohibit the use of white phosphorous at the Bern Labor Conference in 1906.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF AERIAL NAVIGATION

C. O. Jones Collaborated With Famous Canadian Inventor

Waterville, Maine, Sept. 2.—In full view of 25,000 horrified spectators on the Central Maine fair grounds here late today, Charles Oliver Jones, the well known aeronaut of Hammondport, N. Y., fell a distance of 500 feet to his death. Among the witnesses of the frightful plunge were the man's wife and child, and they were almost wild to reach his side after the accident. The aeronaut expired this evening about an hour and a half after the tragic occurrence.

MAIDS OF HONOR WANTED

Queen Alexandra Demands Good Looks, Good Health and Discretion

London, Sept. 2.—Queen Alexandra is extremely desirous of the services of maids of honor and she is now searching for one who is good looking, tactful, healthy and discreet.

SHIPMENT OF BUTTER

Boxes of Straw and Kaelin to Be Used From Queensland

London, Sept. 2.—In future, butter will come from Queensland to the United Kingdom in boxes made of straw and kaelin. Hitherto butter boxes have been made of pine, and the 3,000,000 boxes annually exported from Australia cost the dairy industry about £2,000,000 a year, and threaten to drain the country of wood.

Wheat Inspection

Inspections of new wheat for the week ending August 31st were 138 cars, viz. two cars of No. 1 hard, 52 cars of No. 1 Northern, 25 cars of No. 2 Northern, one car of No. 3 Northern, and 68 cars of rejected, 47 of which were rejected on account of having an excess of seed grains and 21 for smut. The grade of the wheat, however, was largely No. 1 Northern. There were 11 cars of No. 1 Alberta Red, two cars of No. 2 Alberta Red, and two cars of No. 3 Alberta Red. It will be seen, therefore, that the official inspections so far bear out the impression which has prevailed that the wheat of this season is going to be largely of very high quality.

PROTECTION OF BIRDS

Importation of Plumage Prohibition Bill Reported Favorably in London

London, Sept. 1.—The select committee of the House of Lords has reported in favor of the importation of plumage prohibition bill. The committee is of opinion that the rare birds are slaughtered recklessly; it demands the importation of "opreya," as the feathers are chiefly obtained by killing the birds during the breeding season, and recommends the government to secure international action for the preservation of rare birds. Mr. Deakin has promised to introduce into the Australian federal parliament a bill to prevent the exportation of birds' skins and plumes.

ECHOES OF DRUCE CASE

Duke of Portland Thanks Friends and Tenants for Their Loyalty

London, Sept. 1.—The Duke of Portland, speaking at the tenant's agricultural show at Welbeck, said that the slight annoyance caused to his family and himself by "the miserable and fraudulent claims" of the "ridiculous so-called Druce case" had passed away, but that he and the Duchess would never forget the kindness shown to them by their friends and tenants. He believed that extraordinary case would never have reached the point it did, nor would the money for its prosecution have been forthcoming, if it had not been fostered by the sensation-mongers of the press, who pandered to the gullible public.

GREAT BRITAIN'S INTERESTS

British Minister Returns From Interview With Castro

Caracas, Sept. 1. Vis. Willemstad, Sept. 2.—The British minister, Sir Vincent Corbett, who has been in conference lately with President Castro at Barquisimeto, will proceed at once to Trinidad, where it is believed he will communicate with the British government on matters of vital importance. The action on the part of the British minister has not yet been anticipated, and would seem to imply some new phase in the international complications.

Local bank clearings for the week ended Tuesday totalled \$327,078.

Italians Knife Each Other Fenelon Falls, Sept. 2.—A drunken row among a number of Italians who came to town today from the government works at Rosedale, resulted in one of the men being so seriously injured by knife wounds that four doctors were called to attend him. He was badly slashed across the abdomen. He is in the Lindsay hospital. His assailant has been arrested.

Omaha Doctor Murdered Omaha, Neb., Sept. 2.—Dr. Frederick Rustin, one of the best known surgeons in the west and a former Yale football star was shot and killed as he was entering his home early this morning. There is no clue to the murderer. He had been out late for the election returns. His wife was awakened by a pistol shot and rushed downstairs and out on the porch. Dr. Rustin was sitting in a chair. "I have been shot," he said, and then lapsed into unconsciousness. He died half an hour later.

Taft Meets Foraker Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 2.—For an hour or more today the grand parade of the Grand Army of the Republic with its attendant throngs, served merely as the background, the scenery of an important incident as has been a political campaign in some years, namely, the public meeting of William H. Taft and his erstwhile rival, Senator Joseph Benson Foraker. The Republican leader and his antagonist politically of the pro-convention cause, met in the office of the reviewing stand. They shook hands, smiled, and exchanged greetings, while from thousands of throats came cheers after cheers as the two men passed. The incident dawned upon the beholders.

Ducked and Escaped Shot Port Robinson, Sept. 2.—An unknown man admitted to shoot Miss Margaret Young, of Niagara Falls south. The man emerged from the woods as the young woman was driving past. He fired at her, but she drew the weapon and escaped injury. The motive is unknown.

Too Many Druggists Toronto, Ont., Sept. 2.—At the first annual meeting last night of the Canadian Pharmaceutical association, Mr. W. C. Polson, Kingston, said too many druggists were crowding the Canadian colleges, and it would be better if every college of pharmacy in the Dominion would close for ten years. The meeting decided that every retailer should refuse to handle goods the prices of which were not protected with a view of checking the cutting of prices by manufacturers.

Marine Department ENVOY IS RESUMED Hugh Allan Resents Statements of Civil Service Commission

Montreal, Sept. 2.—The Marine Department inquiry was resumed here this morning, but the taking of evidence did not get under way until the afternoon session. Only one witness was examined, Hugh Allan, a member of the Allan Steamship company, who represents the shipping interests of the country on the St. Lawrence board. The civil service commission in its report, commented somewhat sharply on the work of this board, and the necessity for its abolition. Mr. Allan declared that the report was scandalous and libellous in its reflections on the moral tone of Canadian business men. There were despicable insinuations in it which were entirely without foundation, and so far as the lighthouse board was concerned, the report was entirely wrong. The formation of this board was the best thing that had ever happened for Canadian shipping interests, the result of its labors being seen in the great improvement made to the St. Lawrence channel. He detested every charge made against the lighthouse board, and credited it with making the St. Lawrence channel one of the safest waterways in the world. So far as Mr. Allan was aware there had never been any corruption or wrongdoing of any kind among the officials of the department of marine. It is expected that the sessions of the commission in Montreal will last for some time.

ESTIMATE OF WHEAT CROP

One Hundred and Ten Million Bushels Considered a Fair Figure

LARGELY OF HIGH QUALITY

Inspections Bear Out Previous Impressions of Good Grades

Winnipeg, Sept. 2.—The rainy weather which prevailed on Saturday and Sunday has given away to bright and clear weather, with good strong winds, and the harvesting operations have been resumed at some points, and will be general again today and tomorrow. Considerable interest was taken in the estimate of the Free Press, which was announced this morning. Their estimate of the total wheat crop, compiled by their special correspondents, figured out 115 bushels per acre, which indicated a yield of 111,750,000 bushels. From this, however, they deducted an arbitrary figure of 1 bushels per acre for possible damage from frost, but it is felt that this is excessive in view of the fact that the frosts were by no means general. Where frost did occur it was very light, and no general effect on the yield is expected to result.

Crops Fairly Uniform.

Taking the average of the estimates made by those who have given the matter sufficient study and attention to enable them to speak with some authority, the figure 110,000,000 bushels is arrived at, and may be safely taken as a fair approximate estimate of the total wheat yield of the Canadian Northwest. The Free Press estimate of the oat crop, viz. 91,000,000 bushels, and of barley 23,000,000 bushels added to that of the wheat will give a good idea of the large volume of traffic which the railways are confronted with, and which will tax their capacity and keep them all busy for the next few months. It also gives some idea of the large amount of money which will find its way into the hands of the farmers as a result of this year's crops. An important feature in connection with this season's harvest is that the crops are fairly uniform, no district particularly suffering to any extent, and consequently the money will be pretty generally distributed over the whole country.

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MANY MILLIONS ARE INVOLVED IN SUIT

Demand Damages of Dominion for Cancellation of Yukon Claims

Dawson, Sept. 2.—The largest lawsuit ever filed in the Yukon and perhaps in all Canada, was begun here yesterday, when A. D. Curtis, manager of the Bonanza Creek Mining company, asked the government of Canada for \$17,800,000 for having cancelled the concession which had been granted to Matson & Doyle, and afterward sold to the mining company. In the complaint Curtis claims that the government gave title to the ground, but were also granted water rights which were afterward annulled by order of the minister of the interior.

It was necessary to secure the consent of the government before suit was begun, which was filed in the exchequer court. The company claimed that by cancelling the concession some of the claims lapsed to individuals who took out great sums of money, the ground being exceedingly rich. Afterward A. N. C. Treadgold was granted a concession which also took in all lapping claims that were formerly held by the company. This, cancelling the one concession and giving the same rights to another, gives the company the right to file suit. The company estimates the loss in what money was recovered by individual miners and companies who came into possession of the ground after the concession was cancelled.

The Bonanza Creek Gold Mining company has a big share in the history of mining in the Klondike. It was started by the partners Tangle and Tangle, over which one of the bitterest fights waged for years in the Yukon resulted.

WANTS NO RESTRICTIONS

G. T. R. Complain That Lord's Day Act Benefits the American Roads

Ottawa, Sept. 2.—The argument of the Grand Trunk Railway company's appeal to the railway commission concerning the provisions of the Lord's Day Act, in regard to the operation of trains was continued today. W. R. Timm, superintendent of the northern division, and Morley Donaldson, agent-in-charge of the Ottawa division of the Grand Trunk railway, declared that if Georgian Bay ports are to hold their own in the competition with the American competition, grain carriers must be allowed to handle traffic without undue delay, otherwise the grain would be forced to American ports, where it could get a service of seven days a week. It was finally agreed to postpone further consideration of the application until the October sitting of the commission.

Represented Lord Strathcona

Montreal, Sept. 1.—Robert Turnbull, Lord Strathcona's representative in Montreal, died yesterday of pneumonia. He was 87 years of age.

Toronto Pioneer Dead

Toronto, Sept. 1.—One of the oldest native-born men in Toronto, Mr. Martin Norman is dead. She was born in the old Dennis town, corner of King and Yonge streets.

BUSH FIRES RAGE

Near Prince Rupert

Several Conflagrations on G. T. P. Right of Way Along the Skeena

Prince Rupert, Sept. 2.—The weather which has been unusually fine for the past three weeks still continues, with clear, bright sunny days, while the nights are just cool enough to be pleasant. No rain has fallen during this time and the country around is drying up, necessitating great care being taken to avoid the bush fires spreading.

Last week a fire started near Dr. Erving's general hospital, one mile east of the city, and spread rapidly in the dry moss and brush with which the ground is covered. Fortunately no wind was blowing, and after fighting the fire all night, the hospital staff succeeded in stamping it out. Late arrivals from the upper country report several large bush fires raging along the Skeena river, where the railway contractors are clearing the G.T.P. right-of-way. They are taking advantage of the dry spell to burn up the fallen trees and refuse before commencing road work.

In some places the clearing fires have spread to surrounding timber, and travelers report a streak of fire from Kitlasla to Graveyard point, a distance of 35 miles down the river, and the country everywhere in smoke. Calm weather and the timber mostly green accounts for the fires in most places being confined to the right of way, but should windy weather prevail, the flames would soon be beyond control and spread over a country where much valuable timber would be destroyed.

Fell to Instant Death

St. Catharines, Ont., Sept. 2.—Andrew O'Malley, son of Dames O'Malley, driver of the hook and ladder wagon of the local fire brigade, fell from a building in New York and was instantly killed.

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The Colonist.

The Colonist Printing & Publishing Company, Limited Liability...

THE SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST

One year \$1.00 Six months .75 Three months .50

AN ENGLISHMAN IN CANADA

The small, cheap weekly papers, which circulate in England, have a wider influence than many of us think.

We can picture the correspondent in imagination. He is one of the class, who are represented by the newcomer in the following story.

We have spoken of the Englishman, who cannot get along. Now for the other side of the picture. Here is the case of a man, who called upon the Colonist and said that he had arrived in the city the day before and had a wife, four children and \$4.50.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE WORLD.

The Vancouver World has announced itself independent in politics, and has gone even further and declared its dissent with the ruling party.

behalf of the claim for better terms, and that was by Lieut.-Col. Prior, who was then in opposition.

QUEBEC'S POSITION.

It must be conceded that there is a general disposition throughout the Dominion to look upon the province of Quebec as the least progressive part of Canada.

Table with 2 columns: Province/Territory and Population. Includes British Columbia, Manitoba, New Brunswick, etc.

The total increase was 538,076. The next table shows the changes in each of the provinces.

"LAURIER'S WORK."

The Toronto Globe is a little more explicit than some of its contemporaries, and in saying that Sir Wilfrid Laurier ought to be allowed to retire.

GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES

If a speech made at a banquet given in his honor after the election of the Saskatchewan, made some interesting announcements as to the policy of his administration.

THE PEACE RIVER.

A news item says that Rev. Father Le Treaste, of Peace River, is on his way to Rome and adds: "He reports an early and abundant harvest in the Peace River country."

former flows from the northwest, having its source in the easterly slope of the mountains, from the westerly slope of which the Stikine and the Skeena flow.

A SUGGESTED CENTENNIAL

Earl Grey has revived the suggestion made by Ambrose Bryce, that the centennial of peace between the United States and Great Britain should be commemorated.

PARTIZANSHIP RUN MAD

We have fairly acute political partisanship in this country, but it is as mild as sucking doves compared with what they are in England just now.

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admirably. Certainly the governments of the Prairie Provinces, in grappling with this species of public ownership, have shown commendable courage and energy.

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GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES

If a speech made at a banquet given in his honor after the election of the Saskatchewan, made some interesting announcements as to the policy of his administration.

Weiler Bros. The Largest and Best in the Whole Wide West. Established 1862. COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B.C.

COFFEE COMFORT

You know the discomfort of poor coffee for breakfast. Let us remove that discomfort for you. We have just unpacked a fine assortment of the very latest coffee percolators and coffee pots.

Hot Water Urns Best Nickel Plate at \$16.00. Dainty Unit Tea Pots in Nickel \$3.00. English Breakfast Warmer in Copper and Brass \$12.00. COFFEE PERCOLATORS. COFFEE POTS. AFTERNOON TEA KETTLES AND STANDS. IMPORTANT.

For Carpets the Best in the West go to Weiler's. For Carpets of the Latest and Most Exclusive Designs Fresh From the Leading Looms go to Weiler's. Mail Orders a Specialty.

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Friday September 4, 1908. GAME TIGER IS TO... According to Inter-Coast Sports... FAVOR MORE R... Suggested Tax O... rying Guns En... Large Ma... The protection of British Columbia is of vital importance... A few days ago the Hon. Byron Williams... Hunters V... It was explained by that organization, in... A considerable number of reasons prompting the... The majority of the... Against F... On the point of... Might I... As for the men... Against F... On the point of... Might I... As for the men...

GAME LICENSE IS TOO HEAVY

According to Interior Residents—Coast Sportsmen Strongly Oppose Reduction

FAVOR MORE RESTRICTIONS

Suggested Tax On Those Carrying Guns Endorsed By a Large Majority

The protection of the big game of British Columbia is a matter which is of vital importance to all sportsmen, but the problem is brought more prominently to their attention as a result of the opening of the season. Whether the license of \$100 which is imposed on those who come from Europe and the Eastern States to engage in the chase is adequate, or whether it is so large that it will discourage hunters, is a question often asked and to which the replies are most varied in their nature.

A few days ago the provincial warden, Byron Williams, was in Victoria while here he conferred with officials of the Vancouver Fish and Game club, and among other subjects relating to game that referred to came up for discussion. The warden then reached was that the action of the government in fixing the license at such a figure was wise and had been more than justified by the results in the comparatively brief period during which the regulation had been enforced.

Hunters Wealthy. It was explained by the secretary of that organization, in conversation yesterday, that the majority of the big game hunters who were in the habit of coming to the coast in search of their favorite recreation were wealthy. They would not be able to indulge their fancy for the wilds and shooting expeditions on a large scale unless they had money and plenty of it. But when they made a trip from the Old Country especially to spend a few months in search of the denizens of British Columbia's forests, they wanted to be reasonably sure of obtaining that which they sought. To obtain an outfit, to pay a guide for several months' services, and to meet innumerable incidental expenses meant the expenditure, usually, of several thousand dollars. To this class of people \$100, more or less, did not "cut much ice." They were willing to spend if they thought that, as a result, the game was going to be protected. The experience of both the provincial game warden and of the secretary aforementioned had been that these visitors heartily endorsed the course pursued and thought nothing of the tax imposed on them, providing as stated, the shooting of big game out of season was made practically out of the question.

Says It's Too Much. Considerable misunderstanding appears to exist in the interior as to the reasons prompting the warden to the restriction referred to. For instance, at a recent meeting of the board of trade of Golden a well-known guide, Manuel Dainard, had claimed that the \$100 license fees was too much. He had contended that this was exorbitant "because applicants were restricted from killing more than a certain number of heads, and suggested that the Game Act be amended, restricting parties obtaining a license from killing any more than one moose and two heads of any other species of big game in one season, and that the fee be reduced to \$50." As a result of Mr. Dainard's recommendation, the board had made a resolution, through the member of the assembly, H. G. Parson, requesting that the step outlined should be taken and the moose reserve thrown open and that further restrictions as to the limit of an individual be specified as follows: 1, elk, 1, caribou, 2, sheep, 2, goats, 1 season. Also that each citizen be taxed, the sum of \$3 for permission to carry a gun, and that trapping of bears be prohibited at all times.

Oppose Proposal. The majority of the Coast sportsmen are strongly opposed to Mr. Dainard's chief proposal, namely, the reduction of the license fee. The position they take is contained in the foregoing statements by the provincial warden and the secretary of the local Fish and Game club. They do not think that the difference of \$50 is having the effect of keeping outside sportsmen away, and they argue that the money is needed—absolutely necessary—if it is hoped that the revenue derived directly through the same resources of British Columbia is going to be enough to enable to maintain a force of wardens adequate to actually enforce the provisions of the Game Act.

Might Be Wise. As for the memorial reference to the further restriction of the number of heads permitted, an individual in season, the opinion of the warden is wise; that residents of the interior are in a better position to judge, being in closer touch with the situation than residents of the island lower mainland, and that therefore the opinion thus given is entitled to consideration.

Against Pot Hunters. On the point raised as to the advisability of imposing a license on all carrying guns, the sentiment among those identified with the Fish and Game club and of sportsmen in general seems to be that it would be a wise procedure. One of the foremost stated yesterday that the hunter who enjoys the chase simply for the sport derived, who is experienced and who goes out with the avowed intention of deriving legitimate pleasure from the pursuit, the payment of \$1, \$2, \$3, or even \$5, would not be regarded, because it would have the effect of discouraging "pot hunters." Against the latter set there is a deep-seated antagonism. They make themselves obnoxious by an affirmed, wielding firearms recklessly, pulling the trigger at the slightest provocation, blazing into the shrubbery, uttering at a moment's notice all sorts of what forms their target, rendering themselves a nuisance and a menace to life. It is the opinion of many of the sportsmen are anxious that prohibitive legislation should be levied. They think that the imposition of a license of a moderate amount will have the effect of discouraging many who pick up a shooting iron only once or twice a year, and then only to satisfy an indefinite wish to while away a few idle hours.

CHIEF JUSTICE ON TECHNICAL OBJECTIONS

Should Not Be Raised By the Crown Counsel—Chambers Proceedings

(From Thursday's Daily) Chief Justice Hunter took chambers yesterday and heard a number of opposed applications, the chief matter before him being a motion for a writ of habeas corpus on behalf of R. McCleod, who is in jail in Nelson. J. H. Lawson, Jr., instructed by Lemmie & Wrage, of Nelson, appeared for the prisoner, and J. A. Alkman for the attorney general.

Mr. Alkman said that he was instructed to take a preliminary objection to the application. The notice of motion had not been served upon the jailer whose custody the prisoner was. The jailer was the one person whom it was necessary to serve, and as it stood the proceedings were void. The chief justice said that he was surprised to hear counsel for the crown raise such an objection. Under the circumstances it was merely a technicality and his lordship said that he was the sworn foe of technicalities. Mr. Alkman stated that he was obliged to follow his instructions and held to his point. Mr. Lawson remarked that he had nothing to do with the drawing of the papers, but submitted that as the attorney general had been served he thought that the matter might be gone into on the merits.

Mr. Alkman said he had not got the necessary papers, which were in the custody of the jailer, and he could not go on without them. His lordship remarked that if the crown merely wanted a remand it would be granted as of course, but he did not approve of such an objection being taken so long as the attorney general had briefed counsel in the matter. Eventually the matter stood over till Monday to give time to serve the jailer.

The foreclosure case of Anderson vs. Noyes also came up. The facts in this matter, which had been argued at the two previous chamber sittings, have been fully reported, and yesterday Chief Justice Hunter said that it was too important a matter to be disposed of summarily and directed an issue to be taken. This is a case in which the coal rights had been obtained after the mortgage had been given, and the original owner wants them reserved in the foreclosure order. E. E. Wootton appears for the mortgagee and Barnard & Robertson for the mortgagor.

OAK BAY BUILDING BY-LAW IN EFFECT

Permits Must Be Obtained to Erect New Structures in the District

The building-by-law of the Oak Bay municipality, formally passed by the council of that municipality, is now in effect. It was announced yesterday by Clerk Floyd that its provisions would be enforced from date, and that it would be necessary that those wishing to start the construction of new structures should obtain a permit before the commencement of the work.

A meeting of the roads, sewers and bridges committee of the Oak Bay council, which was called for this afternoon at the office of the clerk, Chancery chambers. It is understood several matters of import will come up for consideration.

Formal steps are being taken to bring into active operation the measure, passed at the last regular meeting of the council, providing that old permits issued by property owners, authorizing shooting within the bounds of the municipality be cancelled and the use of firearms prohibited to all with the exception of those in actual possession of real estate in the district. Clerk Floyd wishes all holding these permits to take notice of the decision of the council, and to inform him, after the opening of the grouse and pheasant season, will be attended by prosecution.

ROCK BAY LEASE IS BEFORE COMMISSIONER

The City, the Mills and the Property Owners Present Their Views

The question of the acquiring by the city of the foreshore rights on the east side of the harbor was before the chief commissioner of lands and works yesterday. The deputation consisted of Mayor H. A. Deane, Henderson and Norman, City Solicitor Mann, Thornton-Fell, representing the Taylor and Lemon-Gonson mills, as well as A. W. Jones, John Deane, Mr. Brookes and other property owners in the vicinity.

The object of the deputation was to lay their respective points of view before the government prior to the granting of a conveyance to the city. It will be remembered that the matter has been under negotiation since 1905 when the city obtained a grant of the Dominion rights, and at the same time agreed to lease the land to the mills for ten years. The lease has never been fully executed, as the city has not yet a good title until it gets a provincial grant also. Last session the legislature passed an act empowering the lieutenant-governor in council to make the conveyance upon such terms as might seem right, and the object of the deputation yesterday was to discuss this matter.

The city wants to get the land without such terms as might seem right, and the other hand, claim that on the agreement entered into in 1905 they have a right to a lease on favorable terms. The meeting yesterday was private, but it is understood that all parties laid their views at length before Mr. Fulton, who will take the matter up with the executive council.

The Hon. Capt. Tattou, minister of finance, leaves this week on a trip to the old country. He hopes to get away tomorrow and will be gone probably a couple of months. During his absence, Chief Commissioner Fulton will be acting minister of finance. Mrs. Tattou will accompany her husband.

JAPANESE ENVOY EN ROUTE TO EUROPE

Sir Shogo Nagasaki Here on His Way to London and Paris

(From Thursday's Daily) Bound on a special mission from the Japanese Emperor to King Edward and President Fallieres of France, Sir Shogo Nagasaki, councillor of the Imperial Japanese Court and personal secretary to the Minister of the Imperial Household of Japan, arrived by the steamer Tango Maru yesterday morning. Sir Shogo Nagasaki said: "I am going on a mission to England and probably to France for the Imperial Court of Japan, but other than that my business is a very quiet one—I can tell you nothing. I came here last with His Imperial Highness Prince Fuhimi, who is in good health and will accompany me on my visit to Victoria. He speaks constantly of the beauties of this city, in which among all that he visited, he enjoyed his stay most. The prettiness of the gardens, which seem to be a feature of every house, large and small, impressed him considerably and he often refers with pleasant recollection to his stay in Victoria."

Of the recent change in the Japanese cabinet, and financial and political affairs in Japan, the visiting emissary of the Japanese court declared: "It is two weeks since I left Japan," he said, "and your readers must be even better informed of happenings there than I am."

Sir Shogo Nagasaki is the son of a Satsuma samurai, and was born at the seat of the fighting clan, Kagoshima, 53 years ago. He was educated in England and the United States, being one of the small coterie of students sent abroad in the earlier days of the present Emperor's reign. He returned to Japan in 1880 to take post in the service of the Imperial Court, and has since been associated with the court. Whenever a foreign visitor is to be received with honor in Japan it is usually Sir Nagasaki who heads the welcoming delegation, and he regrets that his present trip will probably rob him of the honor of welcoming the United States battleship squadron on its forthcoming visit to Japan. His great preparations are already being made for that purpose, a special commission of naval officers and representatives of the foreign office having been appointed to complete arrangements. Probably a review of the Japanese fleet will be held coincident with the visit. About sixty small steamers will be used to transport the visiting sailors to and from their ships at Yokohama and three special pilots will be built. Tokio and Yokohama are both arranging civic receptions.

When he accompanied E. I. H. Prince Fushimi to London, Sir Shogo Nagasaki was decorated with the order of K. C. M. G. by King Edward in reward for his services to the crown in Connaught and suite during the visit of the Prince to Japan.

SYLVESTER BRINGS IN THE FIRST DEER

Fine Specimen Killed on Chemainus River—Others Successful

(From Thursday's Daily) To J. Sylvester belongs the credit of being the first hunter to bring into Victoria one of this season's deer. He stepped off the noon train yesterday carrying an exceptionally handsome specimen, weighing approximately 125 pounds. Before he obtained the game he was forced to put up with some hardship—in fact the yarn he spins of the circumstances of the capture is more than usually interesting.

On the last of September in the cold grey dawn, he was walking along the bank of the Chemainus river. In scanning the opposite cliffs, which rise a couple of hundred feet in height, he spied what seemed to be a little more than a lilliputian deer picking its way carefully from crag to crag. But Sylvester, who experienced a woodsman to permit the surrounding hills to put him off the track. The rifle was raised, there was a momentary hush and then the report and the noise of the falling animal mingled. He had killed his prey.

How was he to get the deer? That was the next problem. Stripping, he waded and then swam to the opposite side of the river. Fastened on his shoulder he managed, with great difficulty, to get back and after that there was no trick in bringing the evidence of his prowess to the E. & N. station.

Last night others came from different districts along the line with deer. The majority of them are fat and one but some proudly paraded two before the admiring and slightly covetous gaze of those who had gathered. Although none embarked with three it was reported by the returning sportsmen that one stalwart Nimrod had captured that number and would be back in day or so. A trio of bucks in little over a day is "going some", and if such results are obtained by many, there will be quite a few unable to go after the deer for long, each individual being restricted, according to the terms of the Game Act, from shooting more than five in one season.

ARRANGING FOR EXHIBIT

R. M. Palmer, provincial commissioner of horticulture, is in the Okanagan arranging for an exhibit to be sent to the fall fairs in England. British Columbia fruit is attracting a great deal of attention in England and Mr. Palmer intends to send an exhibit that will fully uphold the very favorable reputation which our fruit already bears in the British Isles.

BUSINESS CHANGE

A business change of interest has just occurred in one of the pioneer establishments of the city—Mr. F. J. Williams taking over the drug store conducted by Geo. Morrison with the Government street since 1862. This has been brought about by the retirement from the concern of George Langley, who has been in the employ of Morrison & Co. for upwards of thirty years. The new proprietor is himself an old employee of the firm, having been with them for twenty years—having practically grown up in the business.

FORMER MINISTER IS EXPECTED FROM JAPAN

Hon. Kei Hara to Arrive on Express of India Tomorrow

(From Thursday's Daily) Among the passengers expected in Victoria on board the E. M. S. Express of India due tomorrow from Yokohama is Hon. Kei Hara, who was Minister in the Saloni cabinet, which recently resigned and was succeeded by the cabinet formed by Count Katsura. Mr. Hara, after a long service in the Japanese ministry, is taking a vacation tour in Canada, the United States and England.

Hon. Kei Hara is one of the best known of Japanese public men. He was born at Morioka in 1854 and enjoyed the confidence of the late Count Mutsu, under whom he served as personal secretary when Count Mutsu was Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. He was appointed to the Foreign Office as director of the commercial bureau, and in 1898 was appointed vice-minister for Foreign Affairs, being transferred to Korea as Minister in 1898, in the stormy days following the war with China.

After a year in Korea Hon. Mr. Hara resigned his post and returned to Japan to engage in journalism, becoming chief editor of the Osaka Mainichi (Day-by-Day), and was one of the right-hand men of Marquis Ito when the Prince launched the Sulyaku, the political party which still controls the government policy in Japan, in 1900. He entered the government as Minister of Communications in 1890 and has since been connected with the government until two months ago, when the Saloni cabinet resigned office.

LABOR'S CELEBRATION WILL PROVE SUCCESS

Committee Meeting With Good Support From Citizens—Council in Session

(From Thursday's Daily) Everything points to the Labor Day celebration being a great success. Reports indicate that the various committees are meeting with support from the citizens and that contributions are being growing. At last night's meeting of the Trades and Labor Council, a report was submitted showing that \$221 in money and \$367 in prizes has already been collected and more is expected. The committee entrusted with the celebration reported progress and the report was adopted.

Resolutions dealing with the following subjects were adopted as instructions to the delegates to the forthcoming Trades and Labor Congress of Canada to be held at Halifax: "On the principal of independent legislative action; the change of the name of the Congress to that of the Canadian Federation of Labor; Asiatic exclusion; against Asiatic immigration; paragraph 9 of the platform of principals to read to mean the exclusion of all Asiatics; for the establishment of closer relations between trades unions in Canada and Great Britain; old age pensions; free school books; preservation and retention of land in the province for the establishment of free school books; and the perpetuation of the same."

Mr. Turner, manager of the Provincial Publishing Company, addressed the meeting, pointing out the intention of the company to publish a directory and gazetteer of Vancouver Island, to be printed in Victoria by union printers and allied craft. A motion was passed by the council endorsing the proposition and urging that union men do all in their power to assist in the publication.

A communication was received from the Peabody Company, Limited, Windsor, Ont., relating to union-made overalls. Secretary-Treasurer Argyle was empowered to publish a list of names for the Labor Day celebration.

GREAT GROWTH SHOWN IN TRAMWAY TRAFFIC

Present Year to Date Shows Increase of Nearly 26 Per Cent

NEW PHEASANTS ARE SOMEWHAT COSTLY

But Sportsmen Deem Expenditure Warranted—Will Release Partridges

The passenger traffic on the local lines of the B. C. Electric company has shown a remarkable increase this year, compared with that of last year. According to figures given out by A. T. Goward, local manager of the company, the total number of passengers carried on the Victoria line for the eight months ended August 31, was 3,101,418, compared with 2,472,284, during the corresponding period last year, an increase of no less than 25.14, or nearly 26 per cent.

These figures indicate probably more clearly than any other thing else the growth of Victoria and the steady increase in the city's population. Not a month this year, but shows a substantial increase over the corresponding month a year ago, and in some particularly the summer months, the increase has been remarkable.

The figures for each month of the present year to date, compared with the same month last year, are given below:

Month	1907	1908
January	328,207	371,966
February	318,110	378,543
March	337,932	387,906
April	345,715	374,378
May	439,224	521,092
June	425,639	327,526
July	449,776	369,552
August	486,121	555,591
Total (8 months)	3,101,418	3,478,254

Well-Fitting Underwear Needed More Than Ever

Feminine figure is now-a-days largely a matter of Corsets, but the Underwear beneath also plays a prominent part in the perfect fit of a gown this season when the clinging sheath-like style predominates. Closely fitting, perfectly shaped garments, that do not mar the symmetrical grace of outline are the ones discerning women select. Our new fall lines are just what they need:

WATSON'S UNDERWEAR, Union, the kind that wash and wear splendidly. Per garment 35c and 40c. Per Suit.....65c

WATSON'S UNION, extra good quality, fine wearing garments, drawers and vests, each.....75c

WATSON'S RIBBED UNDERWEAR, vests and drawers. Per garment.....\$1.00

WATSON'S ALL WOOL VESTS, buttoned front style, each 90c; closed front style, each.....65c

WATSON'S ALL-WOOL Vests and Drawers, per garment, \$1.25 and..\$1.40

STANFIELD'S ALL-WOOL UNDERWEAR, white only, vests and drawers, per garment, \$1.50, \$1.40, \$1.35 and.....\$1.25

HENRY YOUNG & COMPANY

1123 Government Street, - Victoria, B.C.

At a Glance!

— you'll see the difference between our distinctive Suits and the other kind.

— there's no "cut and dried" appearance about them—they're full of quality and animation.

— They're the best expression of the Season's best ideas in Men's Tailoring.

— they're good to look at and good to wear.

— we ask your special attention to our \$20, \$25 and \$30 suits.

— we say boldly and with confidence, "match them, if you can!"

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Fit-Reform

1201 Gov't St., Victoria, B.C.

RICH STRIKE MADE IN THE NELSON MINES

Old Resident Writes Several Good Ledges Have Been Found Recently

(From Thursday's Daily) The town of Nelson seems to be prospering in every way just now. Not only is the fruit industry in the Kootenay valleys making great strides but the mining industry, so long the mainstay of the district is also looking up. A private letter received yesterday from an old time resident of the Kootenays with exceedingly good sources of information, states that an Italian who has a lease on the Reco has made a big strike of rich ore.

The Reco is a silver mine, which used to be famous for its ruby silver. It is, of course, situated near Sandon in the Slokan, but whatever helps the mining industry in west Kootenay also helps Nelson. John Harris, the well known mining man, made his stake out of the Reco and still controls the mine.

There is also an incipient boom on Sheep creek near Sandon on the Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway. A ledge of ore running 3400 to the ton has been struck on the Nugget mine there, owned by Billy Frode, the late dead mining man, Messrs. Gracey, Wells and others.

Tom Gallon, who is well known to all the older Nelson residents, is stated to be on the eve of making fortune. He has bonded one of his properties for a good round sum, and the final payment which is due on the near future, is said to be certain to be paid.

Rich ore has also been discovered on the Foreman on 49 creek, a few miles below Sandon. This is one of the old mines of the camp, and the strike is said to have uncovered some of the finest free gold ore ever discovered in British Columbia.

Arranging for Celebration. The Labor Day celebration committee will meet on Friday evening to make all final arrangements for Monday's big event. The reception and sports committees will meet tonight at the general committee tomorrow night.

Hon. Mr. Templeman Returns. Hon. William Templeman, minister of inland revenue arrived in the city last night from Ottawa after touring the boundary country on route. Mr. Templeman was tired out as a result of his trip and did not care to say anything regarding it, yesterday evening.

WILL ERECT DWELLING

A building permit was issued yesterday to Mrs. C. King, who will erect a dwelling on North Park street, to cost \$1,400.

ber, 4, 1908

Bros.
VICTORIA, B.C.

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HUNTING THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT

FOR those who can afford neither time nor money for an extended trip after the big game of the country the Rocky Mountain goat is a quarry which can be obtained within quite easy distance and one which will afford abundant opportunity to test the hunter's powers of endurance and climbing powers, if not so much his accuracy of aim, and will give him a trophy rather more out of the ordinary than the common deer which can be shot anywhere without much difficulty.

Some of the best country for goat in the province can be reached within a day's journey by motor boat or steamer from either Victoria or Vancouver. They are not difficult animals to shoot once you get to where they are, as they are not easily alarmed, and they will usually afford very easy shots; as a rule though they will give you a good stiff climb before you get to close quarters, and when you do you must be careful where you aim, as, unless hit in a vital spot they will carry away a lot of lead.

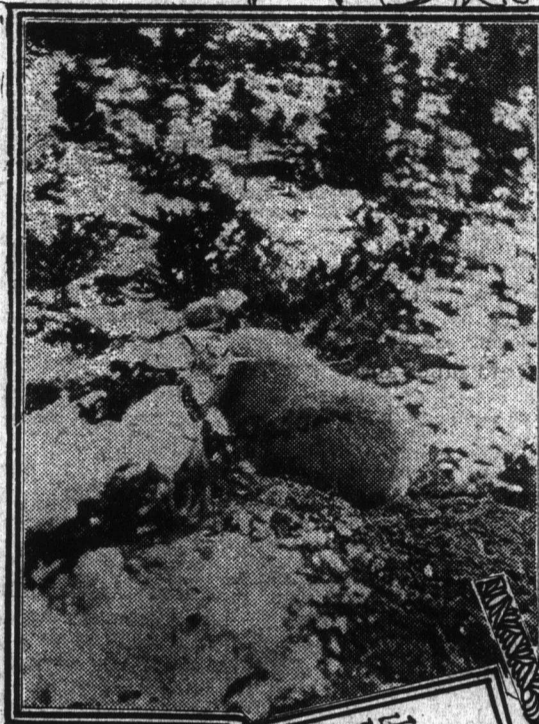
Any of the inlets of the mainland coast will afford good goat hunting, and a sharp look-out from a boat will often reveal one or two lying down on the extreme edge of some rocky ledge high up on the mountain sides. At the height at which they are most likely to be seen they will appear as very small white specks, and it will need a good glass, unless they move, to help to distinguish them for certain from patches of snow.

I have not hunted them often; few people do, as once one has obtained a good head they lose interest for the majority, the flesh of any but the young kids not being very tempting owing to the decidedly strong odour and correspondingly strong flavor. A young kid however, is by no means to be despised by the hungry hunter. Though, as I say, I have not hunted them often, many a time have I spotted them on the mountain slopes and even watched them playing together as they worked their way up the mountain in the early morning after being down to the seashore presumably for salt.

They are interesting animals to the naturalist, being as much an antelope as a goat and affording one of the very few instances known of an animal not confined to the arctic regions retaining a white coat all the year round.

Clumsy and ungainly in appearance, their agility is marvelous, and success in hunting them depends a good deal in being able to get above them, as, when disturbed, they will almost always try to escape upwards, and, while suspicious of an approach from below, they can generally be very closely approached by the hunter who has made a detour so as to come upon them from above.

The first attempt I made on the life of one of these creatures, though not exactly a complete success, was very typical of a day's hunt on the inlets near home. It was on a branch of Jervis inlet, rowing quietly, along and scanning the mountain sides for game as I went, I suddenly spied about half way up a steep mountain with a rugged top three white specks gradually moving higher and higher. It meant a steep and a long climb, but they were the first goats I had seen and I quickly came to the conclusion that I wanted one of them and wanted it badly. I knew it meant a whole day, but it had to be, and, rowing to shore, I made the boat fast in a safe place and started on the long climb at about 10 o'clock in the morning. By about noon I had made pretty good progress up the hill, and on the way had started a band of about six deer at which I had fired a shot in salute without effect, which, however, did not bother me at all as my anxiety was all to bag a goat. The going was getting very steep by this time, and I was beginning to get rather discouraged and to blame myself for a wasted day, when, on coming round a corner, I saw a big white animal as big as a well-grown calf, lying down on the extreme edge of a precipice staring down at me. It was an awkward shot from where I was, and, as the goat did not seem to be worrying itself unduly over my approach, I determined to try and manoeuvre into a better position before trying a shot. By making a flank movement out of sight of the enemy I managed to get on a level with it with a narrow ravine between us. I judged the distance to be not more than fifty yards, and, as the goat, though he had his eye on me, did not seem to be the least bit concerned about my near presence, I took my time and took up a comfortable position before opening fire. Why I did not shoot it through the heart at the first shot I have never been able to understand,



AT CLOSE RANGE



PART OF CHILCOTEN

shooting in the old country, and tells of the days when the ring-neck was not so common in the country as the old dark-necked English pheasant; in those days he says "we were always instructed to shoot every ring-neck we saw, as they don't like to see them." Continuing, he goes on to say, "When six or seven guns meet for a day's shooting on a well-kept estate you get the tip when you are all assembled at the start, to shoot the cocks and not the hens the first day; then perhaps a week or so afterwards there will be another party; then you get the tip to shoot so many hens each gun, the keepers of course having taken stock as near as can be after the first day's shooting as to the predominance of cocks or hens."

"If the cocks are too numerous, they run the hens too much at breeding time, so that they arrange the shooting to equalize them as well as they can. The last year's old hens want to be killed off entirely if they could be, as it is better to have the young stock to breed from both of cocks and hens."

THE WARDS OF THE GOVERNMENT

Those of our sportsmen who are apt at times to complain bitterly of the license allowed to our friend the Siwash in the matter of killing game and fish may take some small comfort in knowing that in other colonies they have their troubles of this sort also. A correspondent of the leading English sporting paper, The Field, writing of Godwit shooting in New Zealand says:

"The godwit is perhaps the only game in New Zealand not entirely at the mercy of the Maori—that is, the semi-civilized, predatory Maori, armed with a cheap Belgian gun and cartridges begged from wandering Europeans. With this 'outfit' he slaughters, sitting, in season and out of season, wild pigeons (royal game to the colonists), California quail, and imported pheasants. He is, I understand, above the game laws, and I have seen him stalking a running hen pheasant in the brooding season. The godwit cannot be stalked, and the Maori does not shoot flying. Wherefore there will still be godwits

having seen his wife off to England, at last decided to go. After having seen to the necessary details connected with the excursion, we accordingly, one fine Saturday morning early in May, took tickets by train, having arranged for a boat to meet us at the railway bridge over the creek, where, by kind permission of the railway manager, we were to have the train stopped. After two hours' slow traveling the train pulled up at the bridge and we got out with our impedimenta, which consisted of a change of clothing, a hammock and mosquito net, and two boxes of provisions; guns and cartridges, of course, but I regret to say, no dog, so a great many winged birds escaped owing to the dense foliage growing down to the water's edge. A dog in this country is very much needed, but the only ones which would answer this purpose, namely, a spaniel or a retriever, would be very short lived if they went into the creeks here, which swarm with a voracious fish called "perai," which has tremendous jaws, and will take off a finger, or the leg of a dog, as clean as a surgeon's knife.

Having embarked, in due course we pulled up the creek for some miles, with just an occasional shot at a pigeon as it flashed by. Most of the way up, sitting on the bushes, we saw the hoatzin Canje, or stinking pheasant (Opisthocomus cristatus) a bird which is only found on the Canje Creek (where it was discovered), the Berberie river, and the creek about which this story is written. It is a pretty red barnyard fowl, but owing to its objectionable odor it is not eaten or molested in any way.

After several hours' hard pulling against a two-knot current we espied a flock of ducks on the topmost branches of a dead tree several hundred yards ahead. A suggested leaving me on the bank of a creek among some sedges, while he went on in the boat and tried to get a shot at them by keeping close in to the bank among the heavy growth of weeds and bushes. This I agreed to, so I was put ashore and took up a position behind a thick bush, while A. went on. Shortly after he left, and in the very place where the boat had gone over, I beheld a commotion in the water, and carefully watching the place, was fascinated by the wonderful sight of a manatee (Manatus americanus) rolling about on top of the water. Every few minutes up he would come, shake his huge flippers, and sink again. Judging from his size and the waves he made, I should think he was a monster, and was sorely tempted to give him the benefit of my choke barrel; but having only B.B. and No. 6 refrained, thinking it would only wound him, or more likely still, hardly do more than tickle him. Suddenly the sound of a right and left reminded me of A. stalking the ducks. Slipping a No. 6 in my right barrel and a B. B. in my left, I peeped cautiously out from my hiding place, to see a dozen ducks coming down wind towards me. Nearing my shelter they rose as if they sensed danger. Stepping back, I fired a little in front of the leader of the well known V formation, and was chagrined at not seeing him double up. However, I let off my choke at a bird on the right, and—well, the least said the better, as I had not the satisfaction of picking him up. Shortly after A. appeared with one duck, a fine, fat specimen of the tree duck (Dendrocygna discolor), and the good news that the reports had put up several huge flocks higher up the creek.

Again entering the boat, we pushed on, and at about five o'clock reached the feeding ground, miles and miles of flooded savannah as far as the eye could see, this wonderful tract of country flush with the level of the water in the creek, and covered with about a foot or 15 in. of rank grass, and 8 in. or 10 in. of water and swarming with ducks. There were thousands of them; indeed, it is impossible to describe their number, as flock after flock of several hundreds at a time rose and flew on for several yards, only to settle down for a few minutes and rise again. We did not quite know what our plan of campaign was to be, but after a consultation decided it would be useless to try and walk them up, so we decided to stay in the boat and wait for fresh flocks to fly over the trees on the water's edge for their evening feed and their roosting place for the night, as these ducks differ from the Muscovy and green wing teal, the latter roosting in trees, while the former sleep on the ground. This was the best policy, as from the time we arrived until dusk, at 6.15 p. m., we bagged about twenty, and one or two pigeons. Our boat captain telling us there was a house further up the creek, now that it was nearly dark, we passed on. All around us and above us was the whistling of innumerable wings, and the peculiar call of the tree duck promised us splendid sport at dawn on the following morning. It was now quite dark, and as yet no sign of a house, so, questioning the boys, we were told it was a little bit further on. Rather indefinite, we thought, but as we were now twenty miles from the nearest habitation down the creek, thought it best to grin and bear it; so, tying our veils over our hats, and putting on our gauntlets, for by this time the mosquitoes were as ravenous as we were, we sat and talked of the morrow and the execution we would do. Ten o'clock came and no sight of the house, and the boys were tired. No words, kind or otherwise, would induce them to pull any harder, and at last they confessed themselves beaten and practically refused to go on.

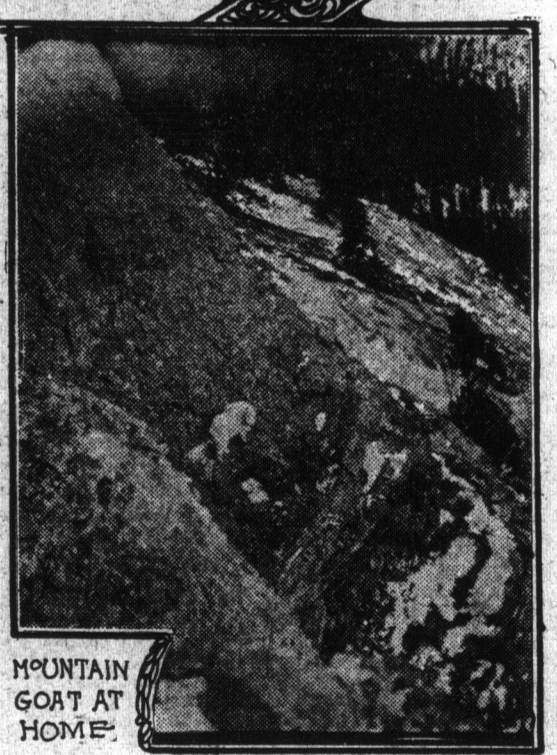
What was to be done? Here we were, twenty miles from a house down the creek, and the Lord only knows how many miles from one up the creek. To get out of the boat meant standing half way up your legs in water, and to make matters worse, it began to rain, and we were already wet to the skin with wading in the savannah after winged ducks. We tried kindness, then persuasion, and finally strong language, yet the boys refused to budge. "When a nigger or a nule in this country refuse to move, it requires a 20 h.p. traction engine to start them." Finally,

making the best of a bad job, we paddled under a tree, and made the boys rig up an awning with a large tarpaulin we had in the boat. In a few minutes they were curled up in the stern like dogs, and snoring like so many pigs. A. and I, hungry, wet, tired and miserable, lay down in the bottom of the boat, which by this time was several inches deep in water. Vainly we tried to sleep, so smoked a cigarette and bewailed our lot. Finally we curled up, I sitting on a pile of plates, for now the boat had six inches of water in her, while A. rested his head on a kerosene tin in lieu of a pillow. Snatches of sleep came at intervals until 4.30 a.m. When I got up I found A. sleeping as if he was in a feather bed. After a cigarette I woke him, and then the boys, for by this time the ducks were on the wing. Although it was still quite dark, the whistle of their wings sounded plainly in the still morning air. Pulling over to the opposite side of the creek, I landed, and, standing in a clump of rushes, waited the coming of the ducks, while A. went back to the other side, and with the boat hid among the bushes. At last they came, first in pairs and dozens, then in flocks of a hundred, and for over an hour I had the finest shooting it has ever been my good fortune to get. At the end of an hour's hard shooting A. joined me, and together we picked up the slain. We both shot badly, myself especially, so only picked up about half what we had down, winged birds escaping into the savannah, probably to be seized by an alligator (Cayman mississippiensis), which in this neighborhood attains a size of from 10 ft. to 20 ft.

By this time the ducks were thoroughly alarmed, and, flying far out into the savannah, settled in the long grass, no more flying over. A. and I decided to breakfast, so paddled over again, and, finding a few feet of dry land, lit a fire, and soon had some coffee and eggs spread out on a seat in the boat, to which we did ample justice. After a short stay we started homeward, vowing not to have another night in the boat. Going down with the current, a good deal better progress was made, and we neared the place where the ducks were feeding. A stalk was then decided upon, and I volunteered to put them up, leaving A. on the creek side. Forward I went, every now and then having to stoop as a flock of several thousand got up, only to settle again farther on. At last, getting within a hundred yards, they rose in a body, and the air was full of ducks—impossible to describe the number. I will leave the reader to imagine the thousands of whistling wings as they broke up into small packs and wheeled above me preparatory to flying and settling some miles farther on. Some got up a great height and circled round, while others ventured to come close enough to allow me to give them the benefit of my choke bore, and a charge of B. B. brought a couple down with that grand thud so dear to the heart of a wildfowler.

Returning to the boat, I found A. had not been fortunate enough to get a shot, so we went on down the creek, occasionally getting a shot at a few straggling flocks as they rose up from a clump of bushes or from the sedges at the side of the water. Going some miles down, we saw among a herd of cattle two jabou (Mycteria americana), immense species of stork. These birds stand fully 5 ft. high, and are quite white, except for their black legs and a brilliant red streak under the bill. Their head is black, and from this they derive their name negrooop, meaning negro-head. We tried to stalk these birds, and, slipping in an S.S.G. cartridge containing just twelve pellets, we got fairly close, when a herd of cattle, sighting us, made off at a gallop, being semi-wild, and these put the birds up. As by this time it was raining heavily we went on our way. Lower down we chased an otter (Lutra sandbachii), called "water dog" in this country. These differ from the English animal only in weight and color. British Guiana otters weigh up to 50 lbs., and the majority are of a beautiful light-colored grey, although I have seen others with a fine brown coat similar to the north country animal. He was too smart for us, and, aided by the powerful current, succeeded in placing several hundred yards between us before he again came up to vent, and finally disappeared into some thick undergrowth on the side of the creek.

It was now six o'clock, and as we were close to the railway bridge, our starting point, we began to make preparation for leaving the boat. In another few minutes the bridge came in sight as we rounded a bend in the creek, and shortly after we were on terra firma once more. Here we had a disappointment. The platelayer's house, where we were to have stopped for the night, was full of "Cushie" ants, which, owing to the rain, had left their own wet home to find a dry one, and, the platelayer's house being the first dry place they had come upon, they invaded and took possession of it. They are about three-quarters of an inch long, and have terrible jaws, biting a piece clean out of anything they grip. Some years ago these ants used to be welcomed, as wherever they were nothing else remained—rats, mice, cockroaches, wood ants, all clearing out as the army of millions of "Cushies" marched upon them. Not staying long, they take care to get what they can in the short time they do stay, and do not expect to find a sack of rice or a bag of sugar again if they elect to pay you a visit! Enlisting the services of the platelayer, we got him to lend us a trolley used for measuring the gauge of the line and carrying supplies from store to station, and vice versa. Packing our goods and chattels on board, we worked our way to the first station on the line, about a mile and a half away, and, arriving there about 6.30 p.m., we sought the stationmaster, who kindly lent us the booking office for a bedroom, and after a hearty supper we slung our hammocks, and were soon sleeping, after our thirty-six hours in the open air. Catching the 7.50 a.m. train on the following morning, we arrived in Georgetown with nearly a dozen ducks, which were soon distributed among our friends.—J. G. H. in The Field



MOUNTAIN GOAT AT HOME

but the truth must be told, and three shots were fired, all in vain, before he slowly rose to his feet and moved off into a stretch of country where I found it impossible to follow. That was the last I saw of goats that day.

On my way down the hill I was partially consoled by an opportunity to vent my chagrin on a wretched deer which had the temerity to stand to be shot at a short range and which I could not miss without shutting my eyes. It was nightfall before I regained the boat and I had to make camp in the dark and possess my soul in patience as far as goat hunting was concerned until a later day, when I had my revenge in full and shot at and killed the largest Rocky Mountain goat which it has as yet been my fortune to see. It will be seen from this simple narrative that hunting goats is not without a spice of excitement, and though goat-hunting is easily obtained it is not so tame as not to have a zest to it, and is certainly not to be undertaken by the man who is unable to sustain a stiff day's climb and a long outing over rough country.

LATE NESTING OF A NIGHT-HAWK

Most sportsmen are interested in natural history, so that it will not be going far out of the province of this page to relate the following incident observed by a Victoria gentleman while out for a stroll near the city. Coming suddenly over a little ridge of rock he started a night-hawk, which flew up with one of its young in its claw; an examination of the spot from which it rose disclosed another young one on the ground. After depositing the first one in safety the old bird returned and hovered round the disturber of its family privacy in evident distress until the human intruder had retreated to a good distance when it bore off the second young bird also.

The incident is remarkable in two ways, affording an excellent opportunity to observe the habit of this bird of bearing away to safety the young which it hatches and rears on the bare ground without even an attempt at a nest, and also being an instance of very late breeding for this species. All the other insectivorous birds have left us for this year some time ago.

ISLAND PHEASANTS

If criticism is good for the soul, corroboration is sometimes very pleasant. I have received a letter from a reader of the sporting page of the Sunday Colonist in which he bears me out in the remarks I made last week on the subject of the deterioration of the Island pheasant. The writer is an old sportsman of considerable experience of

in New Zealand long after the ground game exterminated by Maoris—weasels and other indigenous and native pests—have vanished off the face of this, so far as shooting is concerned, miscalled "sportsmen's paradise."

THE BUTTON OF MERIT

When are our doughty fishermen going to form a club and give away buttons of various sorts for the capture of monster salmon on light tackle? I have just been shown a photo of an English sportsman with the record yellow tail of over sixty pounds captured by him at Avalon. The picture is to say the least of it impressive, but what is also impressive is the imposing list of prizes which the combination of skill and luck entitled the angler to. If some one will only be so kind as to offer a diamond button and a fine new split-canoe rod and any other trophies that may occur to their generous instinct, I will try my persuasive powers on an exacting editor to allow me the opportunity to hie me to Campbell river and try my luck for a seventy pound salmon.

DUCK SHOOTING IN BRITISH GUIANA

For a long time a planter friend of mine and I had contemplated a shooting trip to the great game district of the colony up one of the little-used creeks. At last the opportunity came; my friend, whom I will call A.,



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Is It Peace or War

ARE we to have peace or war with Germany? asks Public Opinion. Unfortunately, this question has been so bandied about by irresponsible people that anyone who now asks the question is more or less regarded as a shrieker or a fire-brand. But it would be a most disastrous thing if because the question has been so debated the issues which lie behind it were ignored by men who do not agree with the firebrand policy. If there's smoke the cause must be found out. The fire must be quenched.

Lord Cromer has given us warning, with or without reason. Lord St. Aldwyn, discussing the national finances, declared that "if the dockyard at Rosyth is not ready in the event of a possible naval war in the North sea, the responsibility would rest upon the government." At the present moment there is not a single naval dockyard on the whole east coast of this country capable of receiving a ship of the Dreadnought class.

Mr. Hyndman, in the remarkable article in the Clarion which we quote below, says war with Germany is certain within six years. War between Germany and England without a cause is unthinkable. Preparations for a war without reason is murder. If there are causes it should not be beyond the limits of statesmanship to remove the causes and to bring about agreement and fraternity.

The Manchester Guardian is quite free of all taint of being an alarmist paper, but its measured words on this matter (July 31), which we now quote, deserve the most serious attention, and the rising of Parliament and the heat of the summer are no excuse for the neglect of the issues there set out.

"The problem of naval economies is neither more or less than the problem of a political understanding with Germany," writes the Manchester Guardian. "Other elements, doubtless, may be distinguishable. One may note and regret the disturbing effect on Estimates of the growth in the size of warships; One may argue against the proposed expenditure at Rosyth, by an appeal to the principles of high strategy, as the Morning Post has done with some force; and one may compile statistical tables to show how essentially misleading are the statistical tables of the Navy League, but it is not in this way that we shall escape great increases in naval expenditure and all their accompanying risks."

The only chance is by creating between England and Germany a feeling similar to that between England and France, and compared with this every other object of English foreign policy is unimportant. Not by what its views on Macedonia or Persia or the Congo were, but by its success in establishing an understanding with Germany, will the future judge the foreign policy of the present Liberal government. The time is perilously short, considering how strong are the opposing tendencies and how soon the decision about our naval programme will be forced upon us. The problem, broadly stated, is this: how to set in motion certain pacific tendencies between England and Germany which would make it possible for this country to avoid special programmes of new construction between now and 1911.

"We say 1911, because in that year Germany should, unless fresh Naval Acts are passed, revert to the old standard of one new battleship a year. If we can hold our hands till 1911 the crisis should have passed, for even though the Government might wish to keep up the higher rate of construction, it would probably be unable to carry through the necessary legislation if the German nation were not in a nervous and irritable state. On the other hand, a great increase in our programme next year is pretty sure to foster that state and commit both countries to a ruinous rivalry of which no man can see the end. The key to the whole situation is an understanding with Germany, or the beginning of one sufficiently marked to quiet people's nerves in both countries during the next few critical years."

So far the Manchester Guardian. If there is any truth whatever in what Mr. Hyndman says in the following quotation from the Clarion, then the Manchester Guardian's contentions are unanswerable. War between Germany and England would be a crime. An eternal peace between the United States, Germany, and England must be the policy of every sane man. Fortunately the English Labor Party as a whole is in favor of peace, and a delegate of British labor men goes to Germany to say so early next year. This makes Mr. Hyndman's statements the more alarming.

Here is a summary of what Mr. H. M. Hyndman says in the Clarion (July 31): "There is not the slightest doubt that Germany, under the leadership of Prussia, is steadily making ready at heavy cost, which the German Empire at present can ill afford, for a crucial naval engagement in the North Sea, followed by an invasion of this country. This is perfectly well known to all our leading politicians, and conclusive evidence of the truth of this statement is on record in the War Office and at the Admiralty. Everything is being got ready with that scrupulous care and minute attention to detail for which the Germans have been famous in military matters for nearly half a century.

"In regard to the naval preparations no concealment whatever is even attempted. Within six years from date, it is openly admitted on both sides of the North Sea that the German fleet, designed and built specially

for this one object, will be in a condition, if we allow things to take their course, to challenge our own Navy in home waters and very possibly to win. German naval officers avowedly look forward to the day of the great engagement, and drink their toasts, even in the presence of foreign guests, to their own success in the approaching encounter. This deliberate intention on the part of Germany to fight out the question of our naval security to a finish is universally recognized on the Continent of Europe; and the most influential classes in Germany, as Englishmen who know Germany thoroughly, who visit Germany every year, and are very friendly with Germans, readily admit, proclaim that 'England is the enemy.'"

"These are facts which are beyond dispute and which are the natural and, indeed, inevitable outcome of intense commercial and political rivalry, as human affairs are ordered today. The Germans also have quite as much right to challenge England's naval supremacy and to conquer Great Britain, if they can, as our fathers had to beat down the naval pretensions of Holland and France, or to conquer India and Egypt. 'I will make war upon you,' cried Napoleon, rushing up to our Ambassador in his ante-chamber on the rupture of the peace of Amiens. 'That, Sir,' said the Englishman, 'is your affair.' 'I will annihilate you.' 'That, Sir,' was the answer, 'is our affair.'"

"We are face to face today with a much greater danger than any that ever threatened these shores from Napoleon; a danger being deliberately worked up for us day after day, month after month, and year after year, in a cool, calculating fashion, such as the great Corsican had neither the time nor the means to devote to his projects."

The first article in the new Nineteenth Century, by Col. Lonsdale Hale, on "The Insecurity of Our Home Defence Today," contains this incident: "Somebody, apparently in a state of alarm, as if he had discovered something new, questioned Mr. Haldane some days ago in the House of Commons as to foreigners having been discovered engaged in reconnoitring in this country. Probably the foreigners were doing so, as other foreigners had done before them. Only a year ago an officer entering a railway carriage found it occupied by British brother officers returning home from a staff or regimental ride. They had only

one topic of conversation, the extraordinary fact that, whilst engaged in the work, they had tumbled clean and plump into a party of German officers engaged in identically the same occupation. The scene of the ride seemed to possess equal attractions for the military officers of both countries."

The most hopeful thing in the general outlook is that Labor is solid against war. In Trafalgar Square last Saturday Mr. O'Grady, M.P., declared that "the organized workers of Europe had made up their minds to a universal strike, if it is necessary, to stop war."

The resolution moved and seconded from two platforms at the Trafalgar Square meeting was in the following terms:—"This meeting of organized workers and others expresses its sympathy with the objects of the International Peace Congress held in London during the past week. It declares that there is, and can be, no cause of quarrel between the workers of the various countries, who are more and more becoming united by ties of brotherhood and good will; it therefore emphatically condemns the system of standing armies and compulsory military service by which the civil liberties of the workers are endangered; and their intellectual and economic progress impeded. It urges the people everywhere to demand the establishment of such a system of international arbitration as shall lead to an ultimate general disarmament, thereby setting free the enormous resources at present devoted to war, and preparations for war, for the development of true progress and civilization, based upon liberty and justice."

Surely we should see that the air is cleared of all these harmful rumors. And Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey could win no greater reputation than to settle this matter, and be able to say that it is settled—that Germany is our friend.

THE KING AND THE PEASANT

King George of Greece, who has been visiting the King of Italy, is very fond of traveling, and in the course of his numerous tours has had some curious experiences. On one of his visits to France, the French government took particular care to have his Majesty well guarded, as there were rumors of anarchists lurking in the King's vicinity. One day, King George was out walking in the country, and, as he was otherwise alone, a plain-clothes detective kept him well in sight, although at such a distance as not to arouse suspicion. But a vigilant peasant happened to recognize the King, and approached him before the detective could get near. "I beg your Majesty's pardon," he whispered confidentially, "but, pointing to the now hurrying plain-clothes man, 'there's one of those horrid anarchists following you. But keep your mind easy, sir—I've got my eye on him!'"

The Sultan and New Spirit in Turkey

THERE is not an impartial newspaper in Western Europe which professes confidence in the Sultan's good faith now that he has emerged in the unfamiliar character of a constitutional monarch. It would, in fact, be scarcely overstating the case to affirm that with practical unanimity those European newspapers which have the best facilities for

has collapsed. The Army, on which he relied, has gone over to the people. Yet both may be recaptured if he will treat them fairly, and might serve as trustworthy supports of the throne. As to reforming the bureaucracy, through which his will has hitherto been asserted, that, he knows, would be an idle dream.

"If he stands by his pashas and palace favorites he will eventually—suddenly perhaps—share their fate. Abdul Hamid is no sentimentalist, with a love for lost causes. His one fixed resolve is to die Sultan, and die in his bed. Both ambitions are within his reach if he will but lend frank assistance to the new Constitution. It may bring him into disfavor with friends at Berlin. But he is not blind to the ulterior purpose of their smiles and patronage. Should he cordially and without reserve throw himself into the new movement, and prove his willingness to accept an altered

following has the slightest faith in Abdul Hamid's professions and pledges. The only solution of the problem confronting the leaders of the Young Turks is the deposition of the present Sultan. The Russian Ambassador in Constantinople is also quoted as saying that the new constitutional system in Turkey is but a sham. The Paris Petite Republique points out that Abdul Hamid has not changed his working staff in the palace and that the destinies of the Constitution are in the hands of the very court camarilla which has made Constantinople a paradise of spies. The Novoye Vremya (St. Petersburg) is attracting attention to itself by insisting that the revolution in the Sultan's capital may bring disaster upon the Christians throughout Turkey.

"It seems clear," to quote the Rome Tribuna, "that the world has witnessed only the beginning of the Turkish tempest. The strongest winds have yet to blow."—Translations made for the Literary Digest.

A CEMETERY

Walk round the big kennels and you will see neat little marble tombstones commemorating dead-and-gone favorites of the Queen; nothing foolishly extravagant, but just the name and age and the record of "twelve years' friendship," or whatever the period may have been. The daily visit is an invariable habit of



Making It Clear
"Just what is a parliament?"
"The people's representatives in the game of graft."
—Floh (Vienna).

Queen Alexandra, whether guests are staying at the house or not. Those favorites whose turn it is to be taken out—every dog has his day at Sandringham—scamper back with the Royal ladies and remain until after the two o'clock luncheon.

A Love Romance

R. W. R. NICOLL tells, in the British Weekly, the story of "the great devotion" of Ruskin's later years—"his love for a young Irish girl, Rosie La Touche," for whom Ruskin wrote his "Sesame and Lilies." He takes his facts from the new edition of Ruskin's works which Mr. E. T. Cook has edited.

"Ruskin was born in 1819. He first saw Rosie La Touche in 1858. He was thirty-nine, and she was ten. Her mother was a friend of Louisa Lady Waterford, well known by Mr. Hare's biography, and it was through her introduction that Mrs. La Touche came to write to Ruskin about the education of her daughters in drawing. Here we turn to the golden words of 'Praeterita.' In the part 'L'Esperelle,' Ruskin describes the mother and the two daughters Emily and Rosie. 'Rosie came in, quietly taking stock of me with her blue eyes as she walked across the room; gave me her hand as a good dog gives its paw, and then stood a little back. Nine years old on Jan 3, 1858, thus now rising towards ten, neither tall nor short for her age; a little stiff in her way of standing. The eyes rather deep blue at that time, and fuller and softer than afterwards; lips perfectly lovely in profile, a little too wide and hard in edge seen in front; the rest of the features what a fair, well-bred Irish girl's usually are; the hair perhaps more graceful in short curl round the forehead, and softer than one sees often in the close, round tresses about the neck.'"

"I thought you so ugly," Rosie told Ruskin afterwards. The great critic took charge of the drawing lessons with both the girls, and Rosie became a great favorite immediately. After some deliberation, she christened her tutor Crumpet; then, impressed by seeing his gentleness to beggars, she canonized him as St. Crumpet, or shortly and practically St. C., which he remained for ever afterwards. The result was that about 1860 a new epoch of life began for Ruskin. Rosie in heart was with him always, and all he did was for her sake.

"The friendship grew closer and closer. The mother and her daughters were often abroad; but even when they were, Ruskin continued his correspondence and his letters. He studied Greek and Latin in order to instruct her. When she was at her home in Ireland in 1860 he stayed at Boulogne instead of going on to the Alps, taking a little bedroom and parlor under the sandhills north of the pier, and writing con-

tinually to Rosie, receiving from her one letter every week. When she was dead he wrote: "If only I were back again in the bright little room at Boulogne—with a Rosie letter on the table—and for all other companionship a shrimp or a limpet in a bucket—she herself taught me to catch crawfish in the Liffey—what a story of streams and words we could have written together!" When Mrs. La Touche was in London, Ruskin would call and spend an afternoon with the children in the schoolroom, telling them stories or drawing pictures. In 1861 he paid his first visit to her father and mother in Ireland. Rosie was but thirteen, but she had such queer little fits sometimes like patience on a monument. She walked like a little white statue through the twilight woods talking solemnly.

"Though there was half a life between them the child treasured his letters, and told him so in words wonderful and lovely for a child of thirteen: 'I got your letter,' she wrote, 'just as I was going out riding. So I could only give it one peep, and then tucked it into my riding-habit pocket and pinned it down, so that it could be talking to me while I was riding. I had to shut up my mouth so tight when I met Mamma, for she would have taken it and read it if I'd told her, and it wouldn't have gone on riding with me. As it was, we ran rather at a chance of me and pocket and letter and all being suddenly lodged in a stubble-field, for Swallow (that's Emily's animal that I always ride now) was in such tremendous spirits about having your hand writing on his back that he took to kicking and jumping in such a way, till I felt like a Stormy Petrel riding a great wave, so you may imagine I could not spare a hand to unpin my dear pocket, and had to wait in patience till Swallow had done 'flying, flying South,' and we were safe home again."

"But a shadow came over the idyll. At that time Ruskin abandoned the Evangelical faith of his youth. I suppose it is true to say that he was always religious, and in the end he came back to Christianity. But there was a time of great darkness, and Rosie La Touche was intensely Evangelical. She wrote to him: 'I was sitting on my table opposite the window where I looked straight at the dark night, and one star, Venus, glowing straight in front. When I leaned my head a little, I could see the long line of lamplights, with a sort of bright haze over them, getting smaller in the distance, but Venus was the brightest light of all. I did not see Orion or any other star, only her. And then I was thinking of you; it made me think of the guide of the Wise Men His star in the East; only this shone in the west. She looked down so brightly over the gaslights as if it was intended we should see how much purer and brighter, though at such—such—a distance, is the Heavenly Light if we would only look for it, than our rows of yellow gaslights that we think so much of. Yes, we have a strange Peace on earth because earth-or-its inhabitants do not all of them like the peace that our Prince can give, do not all want it, do not all believe in it. Some think that Peace is Peace and seek it for themselves; some think that following Satan is Peace, and some think there is no peace given on earth, that God gives work to do and strength to do it, sore with sorrow and pain, but Peace is only in Heaven. . . . But they are ready to give up their lives in His service and live without joy if it is His will. They are faithful, noble souls. But though they could die for God, they are beaten back and tossed with the waves of temptation and sorrow; they will not believe in the hope and joyful parts of Christianity, and by rejecting God as the Comforter they reject all peace. I believe we do not believe in that Peace rightly—then she went on to send him a selection of texts, and in after years he often derived comfort and support from Rosie's texts in a Bible which she had given him.

"At last in 1866, when Ruskin was forty-seven and Rosie was eighteen, he told his love. It was agreed that he was to wait for three years, when she would be twenty-one, and would give her answer. But as she grew up a certain restlessness and a constant desire to change betokened a neurotic tendency. In 1870 she published a little devotional volume, entitled 'Clouds of Light,' in which a distinct strain of melancholy appears. When Ruskin's probation was over, she was still irascible. Sometimes she held out hopes; at other times she would not even see him. She was affrighted at the thought of being yoked to an unbeliever.

"The mental strain was terrible on both sides, though in 1874 there was an interval of sunshine. But by the autumn of that year Rosie's health gave ground for great anxiety, and in the end it turned out that she was dying. He had the consolation of tending her in her sickness, which ended in May, 1875. Ruskin did not die of a broken heart, but no doubt all this was one of the chief elements which contributed for a time to overthrow his mental balance. As the years of waiting lengthened, the stinging sorrow became something like a sober joy, and to some Ruskin was able to speak freely of his love and his hope. God be thanked that Ruskin's love-letters to Rosie are not in existence! 'A letter from Rosie to him—which he specially valued—he used to carry in his breast pocket between plates of fine gold. After her death he kept them all—his to her and hers to him—in a rosewood box. On a day in autumn Mrs. Severn and Professor Norton took them to the woodland garden above Brantwood, and gave them to the flames.'"
—Public Opinion.

Lloyd-George on Anglo-German Relations

FOLLOWING is the full text of the report appearing in the London Times of the speech by Lloyd-George at the Universal Congress of Peace meeting, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer dealt very frankly with the relations between Great Britain and Germany.

Disorderly scenes characterized a peace meeting at which Mr. Lloyd-George was the principal speaker at Queen's hall last night, owing to the interruptions to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was subjected by woman suffragists. The women had distributed themselves in all parts of the building, some even having obtained seats on the platform, and their interruptions, which commenced a few minutes after he rose, continued throughout the whole of Mr. Lloyd-George's speech. The first of the women to interrupt had apparently tied herself to her seat, for it was some minutes before the stewards were able to dislodge and eject her. She was carried out amid great uproar, which recommenced a few minutes afterwards when a woman at the back of the platform rose and uttered the now familiar cry of "Votes for Women." And so it continued every few minutes until Mr. Lloyd-George resumed his seat. No sooner had the stewards ejected one woman than another rose in some other part of the building and interrupted the speaker. The Chancellor of the Exchequer smiled at the first two or three interruptions, but after they had continued for a quarter of an hour or so he uttered a protest, and said that if women did not show more real intelligence than the very sorry samples which it had been his privilege to meet at these interruptions, they were not fit for the vote. They were rapidly creating a feeling of anger and of disgust in the minds of their best friends. "And," he added, "let me say just one word more, and I shall have done with this. They are presuming upon their sex. They know perfectly well that men would have been very much more roughly treated long ago." This statement evoked loud cheers, but the women were not daunted. There were two or three interruptions during its delivery, and the offenders were promptly ejected.

The President, Lord Courtney of Penwith, asked whether the one European war in which we had engaged since the termination of the struggle of 1815 was inevitable. Two great

books had recently appeared which threw some light on the question—one, the letters of Queen Victoria; the other, the life of a personage of great importance—the late editor of The Times. He advised them to study those two books and, in the light which they threw upon it, to study carefully the subject of the inevitableness of war. There were ways of escaping from the Crimean War, but there were one or two individuals who would not let it be avoided. The evidence was clear and unmistakable on that point. The records of the past falsified the pretensions of the prophets of the past. Did the prophets of today think that they were wiser than those who went before them? The nation should judge independently of prophets, and should have recourse rather to faith in the goodwill of nations than to dreams in the machinations of a few politicians. (Cheers.)

Mr. Lloyd-George, who was received with loud cheers, said: I have a peaceable little bill which is having a more or less stormy passage through the House of Lords. (Laughter.) The Old Age Pension Bill is under the consideration of that assembly (cheers), and there are one or two—I am afraid a few more—noblemen who think that we ought to save up a little of the pension money for old people in order to provide more funds for armaments. (Cries of "Shame.") My principle is, as chancellor of the exchequer, less money for the production of suffering and more money for the reduction of suffering (cheers), and I have to return to the House of Lords to watch my bill in the interests of that motto. (Laughter.) It really seems incredible, when you begin to reflect upon it, that it should be necessary in the 20th century of the Christian era to hold a meeting in a civilized country to protest against the expenditure by Christian communities of £400,000,000 a year upon preparing one nation to kill another. (Hear, hear.) It is still more amazing that the leaders of nations should be more engrossed on perfecting and rendering more deadly all the machinery of human slaughter than upon setting up some tribunal for the peaceable adjustment of disputes between nations. (Cheers.) You read a good many newspapers only to find that there are more columns devoted to canvassing and examining the mechanism of slaughter than to problems of— (The remainder of the sen-

tence was rendered inaudible by a woman suffragist, seated in the balcony, who shouted out, "Peace must begin at home by giving votes to women." Loud cries of "Turn her out" were raised, and considerable disturbance followed.)

Before Mr. Lloyd-George could resume his remarks, a lady at the back of the platform began to address the meeting in support of woman suffrage. So soon as comparative silence had been restored, Mr. Lloyd-George continued: If I were not really a firm and convinced believer in the enfranchisement of women, their conduct— (A voice, "Why don't you do something, then?") and cries of "Order.")

The Chairman, amid great disorder, appealed to the audience to keep silence. A further scene of disorder followed, during which a woman was with much difficulty removed by the stewards, shouting as she was being ejected, "This is brutal!" "This man is using violence!"

Mr. Lloyd-George—I am more sorry for this than I can say. (Hear, hear.) After further interruption he proceeded: The question, under examination was that of peace. If you had a dispute with your neighbor about a right of way or a boundary, you would not shoot him; you would not threaten to shoot him. But if it happens to be a nation with a dispute about a right of way or a boundary, or a little dispute about some point of honor, that is the only proper way of settling it, and any man who suggested that you should settle it except by preparing to kill every one in the other country is supposed to be either crazy or a member of a peace society. (Laughter, and a woman's voice—"Why don't you make peace?") There was a further scene of disorder while another woman suffragist was turned out of the hall.) Why, continued Mr. Lloyd-George, cannot statesmen settle their country's disputes in the same way as they do their individual disputes? (Cheers.) Do nations hate each other; do the people hate each other? (Cries of "No.") In Germany you have a number of laborers who are producing beet. They sell the mass of it to us. Why should they kill their best customers? (Hear, hear.) That is the very worst way of getting on in business. (Laughter.) We buy tens of millions of goods in Germany; why should they kill us? They buy about £30,000,000 worth of goods from us; why should

we want to kill them? (Cheers.) That is not the way to increase our trade. What folly, what stupidity this is! (At this point several moments were occupied in further interruptions by woman suffragists, several of whom were ejected before order was restored.)

Continuing, Mr. Lloyd-George said: Nintenths of these disputes and quarrels arise from a misunderstanding of each other's motives. (Hear, hear.) There are people in this country—people of great experience and in very exalted positions—who are firmly under the impression that Germany means to attack us. There are people in Germany who are equally convinced that we are prepared to attack them. And from fear of each other we are arming and rushing to the very quarrel we are afraid of. (A woman Suffragist—"Is that why you crush women?") As Lord Courtney has pointed out, we had exactly the same thing with France. I was very much interested in reading one of the speeches delivered by Mr. Cobden, in 1853, at a peace meeting in Manchester. I should certainly advise the gentlemen who are constantly crying out about the German scare to read that speech. There is not an argument which they advance now about Germany that they did not then advance about France. France is prepared to invade us; France is going to invade us without a moment's warning, so that we should have no notice. The first thing you will see is the French fleet at Greenwich and the French army walking up the stairs at Wapping; the first thing you will find when you go to the City is a French colonel saying "Good morning" to you on the steps of the Royal Exchange. (Laughter, and a voice, "Not if you give women votes.") Proceeding, Mr. Lloyd-George, said: It was asked, why should Germany be frightened of us? There are two considerations to be borne in mind. We started it. We had an overwhelming preponderance at sea which would have secured us against any conceivable enemy, but we were not satisfied. We said, "Let there be Dreadnoughts." What for? We did not require them. Nobody was building them, and if any one had started building them we, with our greater shipbuilding resources, could have built them faster than any other country in the world. There is another point which I do not think has been sufficiently dwelt upon. We always say that in order to make ourselves se-

cure against invasion we must have a two-Power standard navy. That means that we must have a navy large enough to confront a combination of any two naval powers; that has been our standard. Look at the position of Germany. Her army is to her what our navy is to us—her sole defence against invasion. Yet she has not a two-power standard. She may have a stronger army than France, and Russia, and Italy, and Austria, but she is between two Great Powers which in combination could pour in a vastly greater number of troops than she has. Do not forget that when you wonder why Germany is frightened at alliances and understandings and some sort of mysterious workings which appear in the Press, and the hints of the Times and the Daily Mail. (Laughter.) After Mr. Lloyd-George's speech had been interrupted by several other woman suffragists, he concluded:

It is deplorable that two great progressive nations like Germany and Great Britain should not be able to establish a good understanding. (Hear, hear.) We have done it with France, we have done it with Russia, we have done it with the United States of America. We have had our feuds, our troubles, and our suspicions with regard to them, but we are now on terms of perfect cordiality with all three. Why should we not "rope Germany in"? (Cheers.) We are spending in this country every year £60,000,000 on preparing for war. (Cries of "Shame.") What could not be done with that in trade, in commerce, in improving the conditions of the people, in their enlightenment, in alleviating suffering? (Cheers.) But it is said, we shall become a race of degenerates if we do not fight. Why? Does it give spirit to a nation— (Another woman suffragist, "To keep its women in bondage?" and uproar.) Is there not really plenty for us to fight—worse enemies than Germany—intemperance (cheers), ignorance, crime, violence, disease? Are not the dominions of death wide enough that nations should spend £400,000,000 a year on extending them? There were crusades in the Middle Ages when Princes and Kings dropped their feuds and abandoned their quarrels for some great holy purpose. There is a nobler crusade awaiting the princes and people today. Let them cast aside suspicion, mistrust, quarrels, feuds, and you might redeem humanity from the quagmire, where millions are sunk in misery and despair. (Loud cheers.)

Scare About Germany

HERE are some recent German expressions of opinion:

"We are aware," says the Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, "that here and there in Germany many expressions of unfriendliness against England appear, but it is certain that these are only isolated. It is not so in England, where a regular school of hatred against Germany and everything German exists. This was plainly visible in the attitude of a considerable number of English newspapers after the recent statements of leading British statesmen expressive of friendliness to Germany. Germans cannot be blamed for paying attention to these things, especially when parallel action is observable in the French Press. Those circles, therefore, who are really serious in their desire for a detente will do well if they work each in their own land against the influences hostile to Germany."

"His Majesty, the Emperor and his Majesty the King of England," again says the Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, "will spend a day at Schloss Friedrichshof, the favourite residence of the late Empress Frederick. This meeting will afford an opportunity for a friendly exchange of views which is equally welcome to both monarchs. An untroubled relationship between the heads of two so mighty Empires as Germany and Great Britain is also desired by their peoples, which in spite of all hostile incitements, wish to perform their task in the civilization of the world side by side with one another in peace and unity. We offer his Majesty King Edward a respectful welcome to German soil, and hope for pleasant impressions."

"The chief German Agrarian organ," says the Telegraph, "which is as well qualified as any other paper to speak for the class which actually predominates in Germany, treats this proposal with derision as a disingenuous attempt to obtain by fine phrases what other methods have failed to secure. It says:

"Germany is to limit her shipbuilding! Berlin was not intimidated by the hostile encircling policy; on the contrary, it was one reason more for accelerating our naval to the utmost of our powers. Now we are to be spun round with talk of peace and friendship, and out of sheer blind confidence renounced the strengthening of the German fleet, or only carry it on in so far as is agreeable to England. To this ridiculous demand we have always only the one answer, 'Never.'"

The Nationalistic Berliner Neueste Nachrichten also says:

"If the paper expects from the Cronberg meeting that Germany will impose upon herself any restrictions with respect to the building of her fleet which merely serves for the protection of her commerce and the maintenance of her position as a world power it makes a very great mistake.

"The National Zeitung, the chief party organ of the Right wing of the Liberals, declares that the power of Germany is based on her army, and that 'we simply never shall be able to afford the luxury of a navy equal to that of England.' It expects from the meeting at Cronberg 'an increase in the number of voices which are friendly to peace on this as on that side of the Channel.'"

"For the life of us," says the Star, "we cannot see any reason for casting away the hope that the German war phantom will fade away like the Russian war phantom and the French war phantom. After all, war phantoms are matters of taste and fancy, and fashion. Each generation likes to invent a new war phantom for its own especial fright. For a long time we could not sleep over nights for thinking of the menace of Russia. Exactly the same course was run by the great French war phantom. War with France was at one time quite inevitable."

"Why does not a condition of political amity exist between Great Britain and Germany, seeing that it has been attained between Britain and France and Russia? asks the Berlin correspondent of the Westminister Gazette. "There is no material question that could rouse the German people against us; and I do not hesitate to say that not only would the idea of a war between Germany and Britain be most unpopular amongst the masses of the German people, but that I do not believe that it could be brought about on this side with the sanction of the people."

"It is the growth of the naval strength of Germany that has unmistakably caused a great portion of the British nation to believe that in one form or other the new German navy is destined to be antagonistic to British interests. This point of view has been, and still is, a cause of vexation to the German Emperor, on the ground that he has solemnly and repeatedly declared that the German navy is being strengthened solely for the defence of German shores and German transoceanic interests, but not for the purpose of competing with the British navy or for aggressive action against Britain."

"If, however, this programme be carried out as it stands, the following changes must necessarily be faced. Whereas only a few years ago Great Britain kept a very small number of warships in the North Sea or in the neighbourhood of the British coasts, the appearance of a new and powerful navy, destined to be permanently stationed within twenty-four hours' distance of Britain, would necessarily call for a modification of our own precautionary measures. The naval force which Germany has decided to be necessary for the protection of her coasts and interests is to consist of thirty-eight battleships, twenty armoured cruisers, thirty-eight small cruisers and 144 torpedo-boats."

"Between England and Germany, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman remarked to an interviewer at Marienbad, there are no such disputes," writes the Chronicle. "Lord Salisbury, by a series of concessions and compromises, settled them all some time ago, in a manner which abundantly showed the desire of this country to maintain friendly relations with Germany. Heligoland, over which the German flag now waves in place of the British, is a near and a standing witness. Recent negotiations with France and Russia brought Anglo-French and Anglo-Russian relations up to the level, as it were, of Anglo-German."

It should not be forgotten that the German Emperor, at the reception given him at the Guildhall in London in November, 1907, referring to his address at his previous reception at the Guildhall in 1891, emphasized anew his desire to promote the peace of the world.

"I said then, on this spot, that my aim was above all the maintenance of peace. History, I venture to hope, will do me justice, in that I have pursued this aim unwaveringly ever since. The main prop and base for the peace of the world is the maintenance of the good relations between our two countries, and I will further strengthen them so far as lies in my power. The German nation's wishes coincide with mine."—Public Opinion.

LORD DENBIGH

The Earl of Denbigh, who has been appointed by the Pope to be Chief Representative in England of the Ancient Order of Knights of the Holy Sepulchre, comes of one of the oldest Roman Catholic families in this country, and was chosen to be Special Envoy at the Jubilee of the late Pope Leo XIII. His lordship has had a varied and interesting career, being a soldier who has seen active service, and he entered the Royal Artillery in 1878, and was present at Tel-el-Kebir, where he won a medal and clasp. His favorite sport is angling, and it was he who conceived the idea of stocking the lake at Buckingham Palace with trout. Lord Denbigh owns about 8,000 acres, and at his fine place, Newnham Paddox, has a rare collection of Vandykes and other notable pictures.

A ROYAL ATHLETE

Although he is not a Greek, King George is a keen athlete, worthy to reign over the land which originated the Olympic Games. Indeed, it is said that some years ago he used to compete in amateur sports under an assumed name, and once he won so many events that the other competitors began to suspect that the was a professional, and handled him rather roughly. The King's strength has often been put to use. One day in a quiet street, he saw a drunken workman cruelly beating a small boy. Instead of having the man arrested, his Majesty went to the lad's rescue himself, and gave the bully something he was not likely to forget.

Ideals of Greater Britain

AN Ottawa correspondent writes: During Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's tenure of the Secretaryship of State for the colonies a plan was broached whereby school children in the various parts of the British Empire might be enabled to form more accurate ideas of Greater Britain. This was to be done through the distribution of lantern slide pictures and a beginning was some years ago made in this direction. A committee was formed in which both the Indian Government and the Colonial Office was represented. Lord Meath, whose name is widely known through his advocacy of military training for boys, was chairman and Mr. H. J. Mackinder, at that time director of the School of Economics, London, and at present on a tour of Canada, was one of the members.

Interviewed on the subject, Mr. Mackinder said that a more thorough knowledge of the Empire could be imparted to school children by means of lantern slides. It was apparent, however, that the instructions should not proceed in a haphazard, capricious manner, but should be in accordance with a systematic scheme.

Owing to the sundry administrative considerations, a small start was made, the three eastern Crown colonies, Ceylon, Straits Settlements and Hong Kong, leading off. These colonies undertook to introduce lantern-slide teaching about Great Britain. A selection of slides was made by Mr. Mackinder, whose work as reader in geography in Oxford University, the author of "Britain and the British Seas," peculiarly fitted him for work of this kind. With the several sets into which the slides were divided lectures were prepared; these lectures were translated into the several tongues of the pupils in the schools and adapted to suit the requirements of each race; and the scheme is working admirably.

Next, the Indian government took it up and determined to institute it in every province. A great number of lantern slides were sent out, sets of lectures were prepared, translated and adapted, and the aspect of Great Britain is being exhibited to Indian children of many races and creeds. Then the West Indies, West Africa and Mauritius followed suite.

All these schemes, it will be observed, consisted of representations of Great Britain to the people of these colonies. Two things remained to be done; to achieve an adequate representation of the empire to the people of Great Britain, and to bring the Greater Britons into the scheme. The latter in a sense was a pendant of the former, as the carrying out of the former would make it a mere matter of detail to introduce the slides so prepared to the people of the Dominion and Commonwealth. Indeed lantern slides and the accompanying lectures descriptive of the mother country for use in the various provinces of Canada and colonies or South Africa

are in preparation and soon will be available for use.

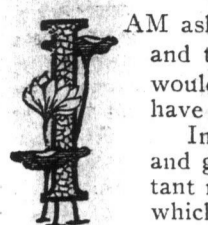
When it came to representing the Empire to the school children of the Motherland, the committee was anxious to do the very best work possible, and to surpass its former efforts. One difficulty was funds. While the innumerable educational authorities which exist would be willing enough to buy these slides when once they were prepared, the task of inducing them to co-operate in the difficult work of preparation offered a difficulty. At this juncture no less a personage than the Princess of Wales came upon the scene. Her attention happened to be drawn to it—as a result, it may be noted, of a lecture by Mr. Mackinder—and her intervention was so effective that a Princess of Wales fund of some four thousand pounds was raised by private subscription to cover the preliminary cost.

This made it plain sailing for the committee. The form the plan now took was to engage a competent artist, and send him through the whole Empire. The whole of the work would be done by one man, who would know exactly what was desired, who would apply exactly the same principles of treatment to each country, who would neither present one part unduly nor treat another with insufficient attention, and who would preserve the same point of view throughout. This plan had the additional advantage that it would enable the committee to preserve a firm hold upon the whole design, and see that coherence and proportion were maintained. The financial part of the plan is that this fund will bear all the preliminary expenses of collection and preparation; the slides, once prepared, can be purchased for the simple cost of making.

Mr. A. Hugh Fisher, A.R.E., was the artist selected. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy when twenty years of age, studied in Paris under M. Jean Paul Laurens and the late Benjamin Constant, and has exhibited at the Paris Salon as well as at the chief London galleries. He is a member of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, and in addition to special exhibitions of his paintings in London a collection of his etchings was recently exhibited in South Africa. On being engaged by the committee, Mr. Fisher went to India, a country of particularly brilliant coloring, and spent a year there, also visiting Ceylon, Aden, Somaliland and Cyprus. He has produced a set of photographs of these regions, taken by an artist with regard to composition, and also a set of color sketches so that when it comes to making colored lantern slides the color will be authoritative. The Indian set will be issued and shown to the Princess of Wales next spring. The sets of slides and the materials supplied by the Indian Government for the lectures will be edited by Mr. Mackinder, and then the series, at the cost of production of the slides alone, will be available throughout the whole Empire.

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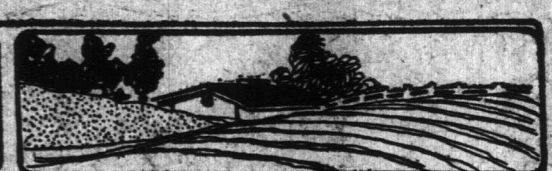
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THE SIMPLE LIFE



WITH THE POULTRYMAN

WHY I BREED HOUDANS

I AM asked this question many times and to answer it in full each time would require about all the time I have at my disposal.

In a general way I will try and give a few of the most important reasons why I breed Houdans, which for the most part I have given many times before, but the old-story is often the most interesting. In this connection I will say that I never tire of telling the story and Houdans become more and more interesting to me all the time.

The first reason why I breed Houdans, speaking in a general way, is because they combine attractiveness with usefulness. To be more specific, I will enumerate the many points of excellence in Houdans but do not wish to be understood as trying to detract in the least from other breeds. The Houdan is a distinct breed of fowls with distinctive qualities. They are unlike other fowls in many respects. While they in a way combine the good points in the smaller and larger breeds yet they are very much unlike the smaller breeds, except as to laying qualities, and very much more unlike the larger breeds from the fact that they have more activity. In comparing them to other breeds I will say that I have found them to lay more eggs than Leghorns, on the same or less amount of feed and are better size for table use. In comparing them to the larger breeds I find them to be as easily confined yet much more active. With the medium weight breeds they have the same advantage over them that the Leghorns have, that is, they are nonsitters and better layers.

Now, as I said, to be more specific as to why I breed Houdans—first, I breed them for their large white eggs which they lay in such great numbers, and in the coldest of winter weather at that. In size the Houdan egg will average one-half larger than the eggs of some breeds and from one-quarter to one-third larger than the eggs of almost all breeds. Those eggs are as white as snow and very choice for fancy market. Houdans hatched from April to June and even in July make the best of winter layers. I have had many breeders tell me that June hatched chicks of any brood would not do well but most breeders of exhibition stock will say that June or even July chicks will mature best for the winter shows. Owing to the great demand for Houdan eggs last season we did not set many eggs until late in May. Those hatched in June were given plenty of shade and watched closely for lice. They grew from the start and many of them commenced laying in December.

Another reason why I breed Houdans is because of the fact that they make one of the finest table fowl of any breed that I have bred so far. They carry extra large thighs and a plentiful supply of delicious white breast meat. The Houdan is of sufficient size to be well adapted to table use, for in addition to its being a very finely favored fowl it is plump and heavy. I have hens weighing seven to nine pounds and while the standard only calls for a six-pound hen I find them easily averaging seven pounds without being fat. In fact the Houdans never get too fat to lay. They are in this respect like the Mediterranean breeds and are much too active to take on any over surplus of fat.

Another reason why I breed Houdans is because of their great beauty and attractiveness. While the entries at our shows are small in the Houdan class yet they attract more attention than a dozen of the more popular breeds, but Houdans are fast coming into their own and the writer predicts that in ten years from now they will be as popular as almost any of our American breeds. The Houdans are indeed strikingly beautiful and many persons breed them for this point alone. This quality of attractiveness is blended with the highest degree of utility. The Houdan is essentially a fowl for the fancier and practical poultryman, for the fancier because the demand is many times greater than the supply, because it is a live breed and constantly growing in favor and because it requires great skill in breeding to the same degree of perfection as has been attained in other breeds—for the practical poultryman because of its desirable qualities as a table fowl and egg producer, because of hardiness and quick growing qualities.

There are many other good reasons that make the Houdan an almost ideal fowl for any purpose for which fowls are bred.

They are active, healthy, quick-growing, quick to mature, light feeders, non-sitters, ideal winter layers, famous table fowls, layers of large size white eggs, beautiful and highly profitable.

These last two reasons are the main reasons I breed Houdans. I find them very profitable because there is a greater comparative demand for them than for any other breed. In fact breeders cannot supply one-tenth the demand, and the prices paid for good stock is higher than for other breeds.—Dr. G. W. Taylor.

THE FRENCH BREED OF FOWLS

The French agriculturist is an eminently practical person and is not likely to waste his time breeding stock which is not profitable. He is patient if not very skillful, and his patience

leads him to work out his ideals with a persistence which brings success in the end.

To him we owe several varieties of domestic poultry of great merit. The Toulouse goose and the Rouen duck are of French origin, both bred to great perfection from wild stock much inferior to the finished products of French industry and capacity.

The horses of France long have been famed for their might and beauty, and the cattle of the Channel islands and Brittany are due to this trait of persistent attempts to secure practical qualities which mark the French agriculturist, a man who loves his home and his little farm with a devotion known to no other nation.

As a breeder of chickens, the French poultryer has perfected three or four varieties whose merits deserve more attention than they have ever received from American fanciers, although these varieties have been known in this country for many years.

The French class in the American Standard of Excellence is composed of Houdans, La Fleche and Creve Couers. The Creve Couer has never attained any degree of popularity in this country although highly esteemed in the market of France. The La Fleche is a black breed of rather massive build, heavily mated and a prolific producer of large white eggs. It would no doubt become quite popular in this country if it were not for its black color and its white skin. It is quite hardy, the eggs hatch well and the chicks mature rapidly. As soon as American prejudices are broken down so as to admit that a black fowl is as good to eat as a white one, the market merits of the La Fleche may become better known and the breed more popular.

The Houdan is the only French breed which has ever made a place worth mentioning for itself in this country. Its merits should make it more numerous, for of all the French breeds it is the best, and among all the breeds admitted to the Standard, it deserves to stand high in order of excellence.

A well bred Houdan is a striking fowl with its well rounded crest, striking black and white plumage—the colors about evenly divided, and its deep body, showing at a glance a large proportion of flesh on those portions of the body where the most desirable meat is to be found. Thick of thigh, deep of breast, long of keel and thick from side to side, the Houdan has been bred to perfection from the market poultryer's point of view.

The flesh is tender and palatable, the flavor, according to those of trained tastes, being delicious and appetizing. The chicks mature at an early age and are ready for the table from the time they are very young. The pullets do not begin to lay so early as do those of the Mediterranean class, but they lay very large eggs, compared with those of the Black Spanish, Minorcas and Langshans. The eggs are a very pure white and are produced in very large numbers. There is probably no breed kept in this country that could be developed into better layers than the Houdans.

This breed endures cold much better than any breed with large combs can. The comb of the Houdan is very small and often is not at all developed as the crest seems to take its place. This gives freedom from frozen combs and its attendant evils. Being heavily feathered, the Houdan is protected from the cold and becomes a fine winter layer.

Now that winter laying is becoming one of the things the practical poultryman demands in his fowls, it is likely that the Houdan will become more popular. It has had some earnest friends for a good many years, but these have not made any attempt to keep their favorites prominently before the public. If they had done so there would now be in this country a great many more of the valuable fowls than are to be found.

Houdan pullets will weigh as much as six pounds at six months, at which time they will begin to lay. It is a characteristic of the Houdans that they lay well for a longer period than almost any other breed.

Houdans are naturally protected from disease and are less liable to the common ailments of fowls than the average breed. They have been bred for many generations of men along lines that make for hardiness and prolificacy and will well repay any one who will take them up and let the public know he is breeding them.

A flock of Houdans is a beautiful sight and will attract attention anywhere. There seems to be an increasing inquiry for these birds and those who own good strains should take pains to maintain a high standard in shape, color and prolificacy, for (unless the signs are misleading) this variety will be in demand before very much longer. It is worth cultivating by fanciers and market poultrymen alike and good specimens will sell at high prices, while in the market it is able to hold its own with any of them.

COLORATION RELATED TO EGG PRODUCTION

"Fine feathers make fine birds," and sometimes denote fine layers. Of all the external characters which have been drawn upon to guide us in selecting layers, color has perhaps been least emphasized as showing any marked variation in relation to reproductive powers. Former experiences of my own having been so curiously confirmed by the records of many of the pens in last winter's laying competition, I have compared notes on the subject with some breeders of wide experience and find that their observations coincide with my own.

In considering the laws affecting secondary characters, such as the plumage of male birds, Professors Geddes and Thompson ascribe their brilliancy of color to excessive energy which leads to the laying down of more pigment in the energy expending male. This vital energy being an inherent part of living things, permeating the whole being, one would naturally expect that the vitality that shows in the great reproductive powers of a good layer, would be evident in her plumage also. I have found that in many breeds coloration does appear to be distinctly associated with reproductive powers.

My attention was first drawn to this in the case of three birds which came into my possession. All were bred under conditions that were not favorable to the development of great vigor, and as they were not nearly hardy enough for my farm, and laying of the best was not record breaking; but in each brood there was one very poorly colored bird which proved to be such a bad layer that

waves we can comprehend why it may indicate greater or less vitality.

On comparing notes with others I find that their experiences with most black and white breeds have been the same. One breeder tells me that when he mated up two pens of Anconas, one with yellow legs and the other with mottled, the former produced hard feathered, dark birds which were good layers, while the latter produced soft feathered, light birds which were poor layers. Among the Barred Greys this also appears to hold good. In Scots Greys pure, the black headed dark pullets are the best, with a dark cockerel with reddish hackles produces not only the best colored birds for show, but also the best layers.

In cross bred birds, as in newly-made breeds, another factor is apt to complicate matters. One cannot always tell whether departure from the normal color is an expression of individual vitality, or an outcropping of color from some particular ancestor of a different color altogether. But I have never known a poorly colored bird, pure or crossed, which was a really good layer. Some of the pens in last winter's laying competition might almost have been made to order in support of this statement, notably the Silver Wyandottes. One pen consisted of four large handsome birds, very showy, decidedly light in color and with brilliantly red combs. The other pen presented a great contrast. They were very dark, small and insignificant at first, with no combs noticeable on arrival. But they developed quickly and proved excellent layers once they made a commencement, while the brilliant beauties, although from one of the best of strains, steadily decline under the trying conditions and proved to be very poor layers.

Among black birds the same thing was noticeable, birds of a rich beetle-like sheen proving to be better layers than those of a dull, sooty black.

Among white birds, I have always found that those of a rich opaque white were better layers than those whose color was of a thin bluish tinge. In this fact, I believe, lies the explanation of the good laying of the White Wyandotte, even when bred for show. In this instance the farmer has hit upon a utility point at his ideal, the white color he aims at being the external sign of those qualities which produce great layers. So long as this remains one of his aims he can scarcely spoil the White Wyandotte. Let us hope his fancy may never soar from opaque creamy white to skim milk blue.

When we come to the buff breeds of modern make it is more difficult to detect the medium of color. Without exception, all those that I have met with among Buff Orpingtons and Buff Plymouth Rocks which were decidedly light, of a pale sand tint, have been poor layers. But when the shade is so dark that it becomes another color and is not buff but "red" or cinnamon brown, then we do not find the birds to be the best layers of the brood. But the confusion of color and names of color among so-called Buffs is so great that it is difficult to judge of what we hear or even see. We can scarcely tell whether, in these cases, we are looking at density of pigmentation or at a different pigment altogether. I know of one pen of Buff Orpingtons which is an object lesson on the point of color. There are four pullets, who vary in tint from a light sandy color to a rich rufous shade and during their first few months laying they produced eggs in exact accordance with their color. The lightest laid worst, the next in shade laid half as many again, the next exactly double the first and the fourth laid just an egg or two over four times the number of the first. Many of the pens last year confirmed my own previous notes on the Buff breeds; though in my very limited experience I have not been able to detect any marked difference in the color of moderate to excellent Buff Rocks.

Of all the external characters to which we ascribe importance in the selection of stock for laying and breeding, I have found this one of intensity of color the most helpful and most reliable. For in selecting these birds we are choosing those with the greatest amount of vitality, hence the strongest constitutions. And I have found here, where the stock has to be the hardest possible, as Professor Gowell found at the Maine agricultural station, that among excellent layers (even the derided "sprinter") one feature is common to all these hens; they all have strong constitutions.—A. S. Gailbraith, in Poultry, England.

POULTRY NOTES

In planning house to be occupied by fowls it is well to allow at least four square feet of floor space or twenty-four cubic feet of air space per fowl.

Fowls should be permitted as free a range as possible. Any plan that gives the birds the freedom of the fields is excellent, providing they do not get in places where they are not wanted.

AROUND THE FARM

THE ART OF DRIVING



HOSE who have been brought up to the management of horses have naturally acquired that delicate touch and that firm and confident demeanor which so impress the horse that he forthwith subordinates his own will and wishes to that which he wisely and diplomatically considers as the overpowering will of the rider or driver. The touch on the driving reins or bridle is one of the most important acquisitions of the expert, and it is called good hands; but the terms are misleading, as the hands are ever rigid, and success lies in the well-regulated flexibility of the elbow, shoulder and wrist-joints. Beginners who note this fact will forthwith turn their attention to the cultivation of these joints, or, rather, to the nerves which control the muscles which work these joints, and when once so thoroughly acquired as to become a habit, that admits of no variation, no departure, no error; then, and only then, has a promising lad solved the first problem of driving a well-mannered and generous horse.

In harness, the driver has greater control over the quiet horse than can ever be attained in riding, as the shafts help to keep him straight, and the terrets on the collar cause the reins ever to pull in one and the same direction, subject only to the changed position of the horse's head. Many harness horses habitually toss their heads about, and this up-and-down motion of the head is annoying to drivers of small experience, and they then unwisely snatch the horse. When a harness horse annoyingly and excessively tosses his head up, the fit of the collar should be suspected, and another collar may be substituted. But, if, in riding, the horse tosses his head similarly, it is, of course, useless to change the collar. It is a remarkable fact that a horse which tosses his head is usually an untiring animal, and if he be not hurried and flurried at starting, and time allowed him to adapt his entire system to the long journey before him, he will go fifty miles or more without flagging.

Many good long-journey horses are bad starters, they being called cold-shouldered; and some men of experience take the trouble to warm the collar at the saddle room fire ere they put it on. The best way, however, is to start on an incline—down hill, of course—and as the horse warms to his work, he may go uphill with the courage of a lion. Idleness is not the usual cause of balking, as may be seen in double harness; the horse that is difficult to start in single harness, now in double doing far above his equal share of the work.

If anyone can drive one horse well, the extra knowledge to drive a pair is easily acquired, and even a team or tandem can soon be handled. In putting strange horses on the pole, take the quieter horse first and attach him by the pole straps, then turn him to the pole, as one has seen bus horses changed in the streets. Then bring up the other horse, and, if wild, excitable or nervous, let him first speak to his already attached stable companion, and he will be less nervous. They know each other by the smell, but there is a decided objection to such indulgence to inquisitive strange horses.

A gardener can almost drive an ordinary pair, as the horses do not usually act in concert against him. If one horse shies or bolts, the other holds him; in fact, the wildest colt is fixed in strong, double harness. There have been cases where a pair have agreed to bolt, and if not stopped by ordinary means, the driver should imitate the pulley principle by throwing one leg over the reins, the while he remembers the steerage. Mischief of this sort is traceable to bad stable management.—W. R. Gilbert in Rider and Driver.

DETERMINING THE AGE OF CATTLE

Disputes frequently arise at fairs as to the eligibility of a certain animal to compete in a certain class. It may be alleged that the animal is over the age limit for that class, and while the exhibitor may produce a pedigree for it, in case the class is a pure bred one, it doesn't always happen that the pedigree is taken as conclusive proof of age. To overcome these difficulties and to provide something for judges to use in the ring as a basis for determining the age of cattle, the management of the International Exposition, have adopted the following mouth specifications, which apply to cattle between the ages of twelve and thirty-nine months:

Twelve Months—An animal of this age shall have all its milk (calf) incisor teeth in place.

Fifteen Months—At this age centre pair of incisor teeth may be replaced by centre pair of permanent incisors (pinchers), the latter teeth being through the gums but not yet in wear.

Eighteen Months—The middle pair of permanent incisors at this age should be fully up in wear, but next pair (first intermediate) not yet cut through gums.

Twenty-Four Months—The mouth at this age will show two middle permanent (broad) incisors fully up and in wear, and next pair (first intermediate) well up but not in wear.

Thirty Months—The mouth at this age may show six broad permanent incisors, the middle and first intermediate pairs fully up and in wear, and the next pair (second intermediate) well up but not in wear.

Australian Bushrangers—Daniel Morgan



MR. W. M. SHERRIE writes in the Sydney Morning Herald: By common consent Daniel Morgan (or Samuel Moran, his real name) was accepted as the most blood-thirsty ruffian that ever took to the bush in Australia. He had no redeeming features. Even his associates were afraid and distrustful of him. The popular impression of Morgan is that of a savage, morose, and demon-inspired man, who led a lonely life, and placed no sort of trust in anyone. To a great extent this picture of the most relentless outlaw the colonies have known was accurate. But Morgan did not always play a lone hand. In several instances he was in the company of other gangs, when daring outrages were committed. Morgan differed from most of the Australian outlaws in his restless activity, as well as in savagery. His bushranging career only covered a period of two years. Yet he crowded more shocking crime and villainous energy into that time than stands to the discredit of any half-dozen of the other outlaws of the day. The desire to kill, rob, and brutally terrorize seems to have been an obsession with him, and he never for a day appears to have kept quiet, as was the practice of the general run of bushrangers.

Morgan was a strong case for those who believe in the influence of heredity. He was a native of Appin (near Sydney) district, and the son of convict parents. His father was Samuel Moran, and he and his wife were still living at the time that Morgan was exercising a reign of terror throughout Riverina. He was variously known as "Bill the Native," "Down the River Jack," "Jack Smith," etc. At the time of his death Morgan was 34 years of age. At school he was placed in the category of the precocious "bad lots." Like many a better boy and man, if he had any sentiment at all it was in regard to the bush. From his earliest years Morgan appears to have been fond of the bush, and the solitude it gave. It was known that while still a lad he would go off into the bush for days, and live on the products of the chase, amuse himself by riding and breaking wild horses, and brooding in the lonely fastnesses of the wilderness. Later he developed into a horse and cattle stealer, his practice being to drive his captures long distances, and sell them. Eventually he drifted across the border into Victoria. It was there (in the Castlemaine district) he first came into conflict with the authorities openly. He stuck up two hawkers, who were robbed and left tied to trees. His tracks were picked up, and he was overtaken, but made a desperate resistance. Being captured and convicted on a charge of highway robbery, Morgan was sentenced to 10 years on the road. On March 26, 1857, a Mr. Price was attacked and murdered at Williamstown (Vic.) by a gang of convicts, Morgan was one of them. After this Morgan was transferred from the hulk Success, at Williamstown, to Pentridge. Here he remained until 1860, when he was given a ticket of leave for the Yackandandah district (Vic.). The criminal failed to report himself at Yackandandah, and was consequently proclaimed to be a "prisoner of the Crown illegally at large." Morgan was next heard of in the Avoca district, engaged in the congenial task of cattle stealing, and part of the time he was at Albury. In this district he occupied himself with horse-breaking.

Morgan was one of the most accomplished and daring of horsemen. During the time that the Gardner gang were raiding the country from the Lachlan to the Murrumbidgee Morgan seems to have contented himself with robbing by stealth; but he made his appearance in a sensational manner in June, 1863. The Sydney mail was stuck up, and robbed in daylight. Then in quick succession Morgan visited and robbed a number of stations in Riverina, including Wallandool, Cookardinia, Walla Walla, and Round Hill, near Culcairn. A dramatic incident arose in connection with these raids. At Wagga Mr. Henry Baylis, P.M. (one of the most intrepid men in the country), organized a party to go out in pursuit of the desperado. The party came upon Morgan's gnyah one night during his absence. They decided to take possession and await his return. Undue haste in firing, however, frustrated their intentions. At the first sound of the outlaw's footsteps some one in the party (unable to stand the strain of waiting any longer) fired in the dark. The others followed suit. Morgan also fired several shots as he retreated, but without effect. The bushranger was wounded in this melee, as was shown by a trail of blood in his tracks, but he made good his escape. Not long after this Morgan appeared on a Sunday afternoon at Round Hill station. With a revolver in each hand the outlaw placed about 20 of the men on the station under his command. An instance of the man's distrustful and brutal nature was given in connection with this case. Among the men stuck up was Mr. Watson, the superintendent, and Mr. Heriot, a son of another well known district squatting family. While he was ordering the party to do as he desired Morgan became suddenly suspicious that an attack was to be made upon him. He thereupon fired recklessly on those who had been assembled at the point of his weapons. In this frenzied attack Mr. Watson received a shot through the leg, the bone being broken. Morgan remained at the house until daylight. As an act of grace he allowed one of the sta-

tion hands, a man named M'Lean, to go to Walla Walla for a doctor to attend to the injured men. After M'Lean had gone Morgan became suspicious, followed and shot him in the back. The man died in a couple of hours. Morgan then went his way.

In the following week two members of the police force (who at this time were kept on the move night and day owing to the almost hysterical state of the public mind on account of the continuous and daring outrages) encountered Morgan. At the moment they came up with him Morgan seemed to have ridden hard for a long distance. His horse was on the verge of exhaustion, and he was unable to escape by galloping away into the bush. Sergeant M'Ginnerty, who was attended by Constable Churchley, rode straight at the outlaw with a cocked revolver. Morgan urged his horse on, but in vain, and finding that the police were drawing up, he turned, and taking deliberate aim, shot M'Ginnerty dead. At this moment the horse ridden by Churchley appears to have bolted. A local paper, recording the incident, quaintly says: "It is not explained how the thing happened, but it would appear either that the horse bolted or that the constable and the animal went off together." It was about this juncture in the career of the bushranger that the following curious advertisement appeared in the Albury Banner:

"CHALLENGE TO MORGAN"

"John Smith is willing to meet Morgan, the murderer, either by night or day, single handed, on No. 76 free selection, Gerogery and How-long roads."

It subsequently transpired that Morgan was a regular reader of the Banner, to which he subscribed indirectly, but there is no record of any acceptance of the challenge. Probably the challenge was intended as a satire on the ineffectual efforts of the police of the day to bring the outlaw's career to an end. A sequence of minor crimes followed, and then Morgan turned up at Doodie, Cooma station, the site of the township of Henty. On this run Sergeant Smyth and a party of police were encamped in a tent. During the night the tent was fired into and Smyth was killed. It was

afterwards found that the murderer in this case was Morgan, who seems to have been lying in ambush for the police.

Although the unfortunate police were furnishing martyrs they came in for much bitter criticism. Thus the local paper writes in a leading article on Wednesday, December 14, 1864, in the following strain of protest: "Last Sunday was another Morgan day in the Albury district. And while our police are marrying and giving in marriage, dancing, fighting, getting and bestowing broken heads over wedding festivities in town, and obtaining notoriety in our police court reports, the murderer and villain Morgan rules rampant." In proof of the indictment the paper publishes a lengthy report of the doings of the outlaw on the preceding Sunday. The scene of this exploit was Kyamba. Morgan visited the camp of a road contractor named Adams, and stuck up the party, which included a number of Chinese. These were stripped naked, one of them not knowing just what was required of him, and being inclined to argue the point on the "no saves" line, hesitated, and Morgan shot him through the shoulder. At this camp Morgan compelled the men to cook him meat and damper, and he stayed for some hours. When leaving he forced four of the men who had horses to accompany him. They traveled to the Little Billabong. Here he held up a couple of buggies, pretending that the four men with him were fellow outlaws, and the drivers were compelled to pull across the road. The object of this was the blocking of the mail coaches which were expected to pass about that time. While waiting here Morgan talked freely of his misdeeds, and mentioned that he had watched the police party led by Sergeant Smyth, for five days, so as to make sure of getting the right man. The mail to Albury was robbed in due course without much being obtained, and Morgan then cut the telegraph, and visited Williams station on the Little Billabong. He took a horse and saddle, but did no harm otherwise. While in this district Morgan expressed his determination to shoot three men, "no matter what risk it cost him." These were Mr. McKenzie, of Mundarlo, who was identified with

the capture of Peisley; Mr. McLaurin, of Yarra Yarra, and Sergeant Carroll. It may be mentioned Mr. McLaurin was always ready for the outlaw, who never succeeded in his ambition in that direction.

Morgan had a particular weakness for burning property, and many of the places stuck up by him were fired. Although he was frequently in the Albury district his range was wide. His scene of operations actually extended from the Murray to Braidwood, and numerous crimes were committed in the districts of Young, Goulburn, Yass, Burrowa, and Binalong. The mail coach between Albury, Young, and Yass was repeatedly stuck up. On one occasion it contained a number of Chinese among the passengers. While the passengers were being searched for money one of the Chinese made a blind run, and dropping on to his hands and knees sought refuge in the hollow of a large log alongside the road. Just as the hapless Chinese bent down Morgan shot him in the back of the shoulder. Towards the middle of the third year of his atrocious crimes Morgan, after many narrow escapes from capture in the Albury and the Lambing Flat country, appears to have determined to again cross into Victoria. This was the beginning of the end of his blood-stained life. In April, 1865, he crossed the Murray, and in the course of the next few days raided stations at Little River and King River. Finally on April 8 he reached Peechelba station on the Owens River. He halted up the station, and remained all night, compelling the owner (Mr. M'Pherson) to drink rum with him, and insisting on the governess playing the piano. A nurse-girl (who is said to have boxed the ears of the outlaw) named Alice Keenan got away from the house unobserved, and warned some men of the presence of the bushranger. Word was at once sent to Wangaratta, and within a few hours the house was surrounded by a dozen police and some civilians. The party remained in hiding until daylight. Morgan then came out of the house to get his horse. As he did so, quite unsuspecting, a station hand named John Wendian had the first shot at the outlaw. The bullet struck Morgan in the back of the shoulder, smashing part of the spine, and passed through the lungs. He died within a couple

of hours. A scandal arose in connection with the disposal of the body of the bushranger. His head was cut off for the purpose of having a cast taken, and in the presence of the public the skin of his face with beard attached, was removed. The police officer in charge of the district at the time, and who was present, made the excuse (a committee was appointed to inquire into the circumstances of the mutilation) that he "did not object to the proceedings, as he did not look upon Morgan as a human being."

JAPAN'S FOREIGN TRADE

The Tokio correspondent of the London Times writes:

During the first six months of 1908 Japan imported goods to the value of 25 millions sterling, and exported to the value of 17 millions. Her total trade was thus 42 millions, a figure which fell short of that (45 3-4 millions) for the corresponding period of 1907 by 3 3-4 millions. The decrease was divided in the ratio of 2 to 1 between exports and imports, the former showing a decline of 2 3-4 millions and the latter of 1 1-4. It will be observed that the imports exceeded the exports by eight millions, whereas in 1907 the excess was only seven millions. The Japanese attach considerable, if not undue, importance to this question of trade balance, and their uneasiness was very perceptible during the past six months. But statistics show that an excess of imports during the first half year is a normal feature, and that some redress of the balance is always witnessed during the second half. Thus, in the present year, January saw an unfavorable balance of nearly 2 1/2 millions sterling, but thereafter this feature gradually disappeared, until equilibrium was almost restored in June. It might be supposed that the movement of specie would have special interest in the circumstances, but as the Treasury's financial transactions are largely independent of the course of trade, little information is furnished by the fact that while Japan's purchases of goods from foreign countries exceeded her sales by eight millions sterling in the period under review, the gold reaching her from abroad exceeded by nine millions the gold she sent away.

The decrease of exports was chiefly due to three causes, for which Japan herself cannot be held responsible. These were, first, the debacle in the copper market, which affected the returns to the extent of nearly a million sterling; secondly, the depreciation of silver, which seriously hampered transactions with silver-using countries like China, where Japan's cotton yarns and fabrics find their chief market; and, thirdly, the panic in the United States, which temporarily paralysed the demand for raw silk and silk tissues, as well as for many items in the long line of miscellaneous manufactures—including porcelains, lacquers, bronzes, ivories, bamboo wares, fans, braids (of straw and wood shavings), screens and lamps, etc.—for which a steadily growing demand is showing itself in Europe and America. The boycott of Japanese goods in South China contributed to the result, and, indeed, when the condition of the world is considered, Japan may count herself fortunate that her export trade suffered so little.

On the side of imports the principal increases were in machinery and articles used for manufacturing purposes while the chief decreases were rice and other grains, raw cotton, textile fabrics, and yarns. A notable feature, though not greatly affecting the bulk of the trade, was that imports of sugar and confectionery increased by 75 per cent, which is tolerably conclusive evidence that the nation was leading a comfortable life, in spite of the pessimistic conjectures of some critics. In fact, the trade returns give no indication of the distressed condition which it has become fashionable of late to attribute to Japan. On the contrary, the over-sea commerce during the first half of 1906—which was regarded as a "boom" year—fell short of the figure for the corresponding period of the current year by approximately the same amount as the latter figure is below that for 1907. Each year brings Japan into closer contact with over-sea countries, and proportionately exposes her to share their economic vicissitudes: That is her trouble at present, but during the past month or six weeks there have been evidences of a steady emergence from the slough of depression.

One feature of Japan's trade deserves special notice. It is the steady increase of exports of raw silk. To examine this branch of the country's commerce intelligently, it is necessary to regard the period from July in one year to June in the next, as the new crop begins to come on the market in the former month. Thus calculating, we find that the quantities exported in three consecutive years were 74,557 boxes in 1905-6, 98,183 boxes in 1906-7, and 103,680 boxes in 1907-8. Reduced prices during the last mentioned year markedly affected the monetary return from the crop, but the increase in bulk is eloquent. Experts believe that there is practically no limit to the demand for Japan's raw silk in Europe and America if her sericulturists are content with a moderate profit, and there is practically no limit to her capacity for producing this staple. On the other hand, the business of exporting silk is gradually falling into the hands of Japanese firms. Thus out of 70,444 boxes sent to the United States during the season just closed, two Japanese firms shipped no less than 43,680, leaving only 26,755 for some 25 foreign merchants engaged in the same business.

Recent Explorations in Unknown Thibet

THIBET, one of the most romantically aged and mysterious regions of the East, still awe-inspiring even to the knowing west, by reason of its silently terrible mountains, its sacred retreats of lamae, almost disembodied spirits in the contempt for earthly life—its age-long determination to shut out all intruders, all explorers, all the world, in fact, has been broken, and more into the limelight through new discoveries by Sven Hedin, the famous Swedish explorer, in his latest journey, who has managed to penetrate into the very heart of Thibet, and has rendered services to the geographical societies by discovering one of the highest mountain chains in the world, a rival of the Himalayas, and before now wholly unknown to civilization. He has found, as well, the sources of two of the most famous rivers of India, the Brahmapootra and the Indus. But it is not only these things which are of interest in his journey. An account in the illustration from the notes sent to that paper by Dr. Hedin reveals matter which is of continuing importance to Thibet which we have always had, an impression of a profoundly awe-inspiring region of the world.

Between India and China, Thibet forms, as almost every one knows, a formidable mountainous barricade which constitutes the most elevated projection of the earth's crust. It is, in a way, the backbone of the plateau. Directly above the plains of India, the majestic Himalayas, more than eight thousand metres high; then, on top of this gigantic bastion, is Thibet proper, an immense plateau perched at the height of the Jungfrau, dotted with ice high in themselves as the Bernese Alps, and, in front of this plateau, above the centre of Gobi, rises a new chain of seven thousand metres, the famous Kuen-Lun. An idea of the magnitude of this range may be obtained by thinking of the highest peaks of the Pyrenees crowning the summit of Mont Blanc. On this enormous protuberance of the globe covers a territory three times as large as France.

This strange region has remained a profound mystery. With the exception of the Polar zones no part of the world has presented such a blank in our maps, so that the greater part of Thibet is less known to us than the face of the moon. This is because of the difficulties of obtaining access to those colossal mountains, difficulties augmented by the inhospitable climate. The centre of the Buddhist priesthood, the residence of the reigning pontiff of this powerful religion, mistress of the country, is forbidden to strangers. For sixty years no European had succeeded in penetrating to Lhasa, the most holy of the most holy explorers, Bouvalot, Littlefield, Sven Hedin himself, tried to come to this Asiatic Rome. Arriving, after a thousand perils, at a few miles from their goal, they were always forced to retreat by the Thibetan guards. Once, in 1904, the mystery which enveloped Lhasa was rudely broken by the arrival of a little English army; but the British colony departed, and Thibet was closed to strangers more hermetically than ever. This situation did not deter Dr. Sven Hedin, however, and two years ago this month (August, 1905), he left Cashmere with the intention of traversing Western Thibet parallel to the Himalayas and following a track quite unknown.

His objective point was Chigotse, on the Brahmapootra, the second most sacred city of the royal priesthood, the residence of the most important religious person of the country, after the mysterious Dalai Lama. There were two thousand kilometres of desert to cross, the most desolate solitude of inhabited continents; through all this distance he had to go without the least resource, not even wood to make a fire with; the only combustible to be found on the plateau was the dry manure of animals. After the desert, the mountains, 8,400 metres high—1,130 metres higher than Mont Blanc. Here the greatest difficulty was the danger of asphyxiation. Every four or five steps they had to stop, completely winded. As to suffocation horrible pains in the head, dreadful drumming in the ears, nasal hemorrhages, uncontrollable vomitings, and you have an idea of the energy of an explorer who pushes always forward in this atmosphere.

This barrier crossed, he faced the Thibetan plateaus, an infinite, stony solitude of poignant dreariness with great black ridges of the mountains, giddy ravines which look as if the wind had split open, and far, far off, ice peaks against a cold blue sky.

There was abundant game in this strange place. Mouflons, antelopes, bears, wolves, foxes, yaks, the wild cattle of Thibet; 'koulanes, a sort of ass—and in such numbers! Of all these animals the only dan-

gerous one is the yak. Cowardly of his strength, he never hesitates to charge. They are a good bag of game, these bovidae; a large one measures 1.50 metres from hoof to shoulder, and 3.25 metres from his neck to the tip of his tail. The big brutes can stand an amazing quantity of lead. Sven Hedin once lodged no fewer than eleven balls in the body of a bull before he saw him fall.

Far from being advanced, the cold grew intense, and every day brought snow-storms. Above burning India, Thibet, lost in its atmosphere of unbelievable heights, is a Polar region. This lowering of the temperature brought on the ice of the caravans. Now there was no running water. Every evening, to give drink to men and beasts, blocks of ice had to be melted—a long and tedious operation over a small campfire made of yak dung.

For several weeks the explorer travelled in this vast solitude, until suddenly there was before him an entirely new chain of mountains—a serious obstacle for a weary caravan. While they painfully ascended the steep cliffs, tempests of snow assailed them without intermission. Finally, worn out, hungry, with rapidly flying horses, they were forced to turn to the east, toward the nearest habitations, and after three months' journey in the desert they found men—Thibetan shepherds. Sven Hedin bought domesticated yaks to replace his played out horses, and arrived at Nyarong, the capital of his last march, which makes one of the remarkable features of the country.

Now, when the Swedish explorer expected, according to the reports made by preceding travellers, to find the country between this lake and Chigotse to be relatively free from obstacles, what was his stupefaction to find a new chain of mountains, higher than all the preceding ones, and of which no explorers had made mention. This range stretches further than two thousand kilometres from east to west, between the Kuen-Lun and the Himalayas, north of the long valley of the Brahmapootra. This discovery, which completely changed the face of Thibetan maps, must henceforth appear in all school books.

The ascent of this massive range was the final effort, and on Feb. 11, 1907, after six months' march across the highest mountains in the world, Sven Hedin entered Chigotse.

Far from being arrested, as he feared, the traveller was very well received. The Thibet-lama expressed his desire to see the Swedish savant, and during his stay showed him great courtesy. The lama did not appear to be an eccentric fanatic, but an intelligent and lively lord, who gave a writer a guide for a tour of the monasteries and temples of the place.

Religion, indeed, seems to be the chief industry of Thibet. Dr. Hedin was impressed by the intensely devout atmosphere of the temple of Lhasa, a great dark, silent forest of columns, lit only by an altar flame, in front of which the lamas pass and repass, rustling, whispering. He noted that the temples were

THE GOLDEN PROMISE

There's a whisper abroad, a whisper that gladdens
The heart that has captured its joyous refrain.
It thrills through the blood with a rapture that
And dances its ecstasy into the brain.
For over and over the story is told—
The promise of harvest is written in gold!

There's a whisper abroad, a whisper that lightens
The burden of life, with its jubilant mirth.
There's a whisper abroad, a whisper that brightens
And hurls joy the sorrow at corners of earth.
The promise of harvest is written in gold!

There's a whisper abroad, a whisper distilling
In mystical music of ripening wheat;
Rejoicing the soul of the reaper, and filling
The air with its echoes, exultant and sweet.
The promise of harvest is written in gold!

There's a whisper abroad, a whisper that blesses
The children of men as it passes along,
Till all the wide world the glad spirit possesses,
And joins in the carolling lilt of its song.
The promise of harvest is written in gold!
—Blanche E. Holt Morrison.
Victoria, B. C., July, '08.

built at a great elevation, to draw the attention of the people all over the country. In desert places you find little altars, and in cliffs are huge sculptured figures of Buddha. On the road of Kallas he met a procession of pilgrims—men, women, old men, children, lamas, shepherds—silently marching.

Of the well known practice of the lamas to immerse themselves in a grotto in order to give themselves up entirely to contemplation and prayer he heard a good deal. Near one of the convents of Manasarwar they showed the traveller a rock where for three years already a lama has lived in complete seclusion. One day this godly man arrived at the monastery and told his pious design to his superior. Some time afterward all the lamas, in red cloaks, conducted him in a procession to his cavern, and there walled him up with all the pomp customary on such occasions. Once a day he is furnished food through a little subterranean canal. One such religious man lived in this way for sixty-nine years.

Next to the religious fervor of the Thibetans, their artistic sense in architecture is remarkable. An example may be seen in the domes of government buildings, which are built up on a hill and so beautifully set in the socket of rock that it seems to be all of a piece with it and the natural crown of the cliff. Like some cathedrals of Europe, these temples are gay with colours. The mortuary chapel of the first Thibet Lama has a facade in red, white and black, and a gilded roof which gives it the characteristic Oriental richness. Why do not our architects vary the monotony of Elizabethan and Colonial effects by some Asiatic ideas, such as the gilded roof, is a question often asked.—New York Tribune.

DOG STORY

"A spaniel" belonging to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Hounslow had long shown an extraordinary affection for his master. The latter became a confirmed dipsomane. He separated from his wife, and the home was broken up. The dog, Wallack, alone remained faithful. When his master was under the influence of liquor Wallack never left his side. His tender solicitude became a byword in the district. One day, as Wallack's master was returning from a debauch, he fell, by some accident or another, into a shallow pond by the roadside, which, shallow as it was, was yet sufficient to submerge a recumbent figure. The drunken man's floundering only made matters worse. In vain Wallack, with what I call super-canine strength, tugged at his master's collar in an attempt to lift his face above the surface of the water. Seeing that this was futile he resorted to the expedient of trusting his own head under that of his master, his object being probably to make a pillow of his body. Falling in this, he withdrew his head, only to see his master again perilously submerged. Again he thrust his nose under water, and again removed it, until at last, apparently realizing that the only way he could save his master's life was by remaining under water for several minutes. At the end of that time help arrived, and Wallack's owner, who was still in a state of unconsciousness from the effects of the drink, was pulled from the margin of the pond, and after him Wallack himself. All attempts at resuscitation of the dog failed, and he thus died a victim of his faithfulness and, it may be added, his extraordinary sagacity. The whole episode was witnessed at a distance by a gentleman paralyzed in his limbs, who was then seated before his bedroom window. There were no servants within call, but the moment one appeared she was sent to effect a rescue."

An amusing story is told of a retired Lancashire manufacturer who owns a beautiful house surrounded by several acres, and takes great delight in donning shabby clothes and working in the garden.

One day a fashionably-dressed woman, who had never seen him, called on his wife.

"No one answered the bell, so she walked out among the flower-beds, where the millionaire was hoeing some geraniums." He bowed, and she asked him how long he had worked for the Johnsons.

"A good many years, madam," he replied.

"Do they pay you well?"

"About all I get out of it is my clothes and keep."

"Why come and work for me," she said. "I'll do that, and pay you so much a month besides."

"I thank you, madam," he replied, bowing very low, "but I signed on with Mrs. Johnson for life."

"Why, no such contract is binding; that is slavery."

"Some may call it that, but I have always called it marriage."



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Someone has said "all houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses," but if Garbally is haunted it must be by the happy voices and merry laughter of children, if one is to judge by the memories that linger in the minds of the ladies whose childhood was spent there.

Their uncle, the Rev. Charles Woods, afterwards Archdeacon Woods of Westminster taught the first boys' school in Victoria. He came in 1859 to assist Bishop Hill at Christ Church Cathedral. The clergyman also had a large family and the mistress of Garbally house was always ready to welcome them or other visitors who came to spend a holiday at what was then looked upon as a country house, and which was never so full but there was room and a welcome for one more. The merry romps, the tales told round the winter fire, the songs sung and the pranks played by these young folks have often been recounted, when after long separation, the old time playmates, met once more.

Yet, the children of Garbally house were by no means dependent on visitors for diversion. They learned fret-sawing and many others, occupations usually left to the elders and idle hours were never allowed to breed discontent. The shortest way from town was to come by water from the foot of Johnson and the children were always ready to walk round by the trail in order that they might have the pleasure of rowing home with their father.

When Mrs. Woods came out with her husband to their home at what was then looked upon as the ends of the earth, their grand-



Mrs. RICHARD WOODS

mother insisted on keeping two of the little girls safe at home till she should find an opportunity after the family was quite settled to send them out to her.

In 1865 Bishop Hills went to England.

to be married, and on his return with his bride brought the children with them. The journey was, of course, made round the Horn, and the ship was four months at sea. On arrival at Esquimalt, the children did not recognize their father in his western costume, so different from that which he had worn at home. However, it was not long before Garbally was as dear to them as to the elders who had preceded them. As years went on these girls attended Miss Pemberton's school at Angela College, the gift to the diocese of Baroness Burdett Coutts, and many tender recollections remain of the lessons received from that gentle lady. That the matrons of the older Victoria, in their day, were as happy, as carefree and as full of buoyant spirits as girls should be, the tales told of life in the old school testify.

And yet merry as they were, the children had their own thoughts concerning life and its problems. Quadra street cemetery was then new, most of the graves were those of adults and the inscriptions on the tombstones told of their virtues. But among these long, narrow beds was one little grave at the head of which was a headstone with the simple inscription "Helen Pike, aged 7." As the little girl looked at it she realized for the first time that into the child world death may come.

Childhood with its long happy days passed away and love came to the house on the hill. The eldest daughter was wooed and won by Mr. Tomlinson and it was to make a way for the wedding guests that the street now known as Garbally road was first opened up. Many years were to pass away before the bride was again to visit the home of her girlhood. The story of the work done by husband and wife among the Indians of the Naas and the Skeena will make one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the missions of the northwest coast.

Busy as the mistress of Garbally cottage was with household tasks and with the duties of hospitality her sympathies were not confined to her own family or to her immediate circle of friends. Even then there were those in Victoria who had no relatives to nurse them in sickness.

Mrs. Harris, wife of the first mayor of Victoria, Mrs. Cridge, and Mrs. Woods were the leaders in the movement to build a hospital at the top of Pandora street. The old building occupied a site near the present home of the Rev. Baugh Allan. It was first called The Female Infirmary, but later became a general hospital. This hospital has for many years given place to a larger and finer building.

The "House on the Hill" is almost forgot-

ten and will doubtless soon be torn down to make room for a more modern structure; the tender father and the benevolent mother have long since passed away, the children are scattered and, as sisters, brothers and cousins meet at long intervals, sad memories of bereavement and sorrow fill hearts once so merry, but the pure influence of a loving happy home are among the things that last forever.

THE ARMY IN INDIA

At the annual Staff College dinner at Simla, on July 6, Lord Kitchener, who was present as a guest, referred to the proposed formation of a general staff in India. His Excellency said: "You will be, I am sure, anxious to know what progress has been made. I think you will all agree with me that it is of the greatest importance that the organization and duties of the general staff, and the conditions under which the officers belonging to it in England and India serve, should be as nearly as possible identical. The steps necessary to ensure the fulfilment of this important consideration have caused some delay in giving effect to the plans put forward from India, but I think that the postponement is only temporary, and still hope that before long we may see a general staff established in this country. I go further than those who would be satisfied with mere identity of organization and duties for a sufficient bond between the general staff in England and India, for I consider that such officers should be interchangeable. I would, therefore, impress on those young officers of the Indian army who have ambition that they should take advantage of the opportunity recently offered to them of being attached to British troops at the training centres of Aldershot, Salisbury, and Curragh when they visit England on leave. I am glad to see that a good many have done so, for, gentlemen, the only serious objection that could be raised at home to the interchange of general staff officers which I have foreshadowed would be that officers of the Indian army might be supposed to be lacking in experience of British troops and of home methods of administration such as would militate against their employment on general staff duties in England and the colonies, but this objection will be removed entirely if our young officers take every opportunity to renew their touch with British troops and the English methods of training and administration, regarding this as a part of their preparations for the Indian Staff college, through which they pass into the general staff."

At the end of the Garbally Road, opposite Deadman's Island is an old-fashioned house which has an interest for those who love to recall the early days in Victoria. The fine arbutus trees, the spreading branches of the maple and the dark fir which still grow around it show that its owner appreciated the beauty of the forest trees of his western home, while the grape vine and clambering rose tell of memories of the old land.

This was one of the first houses built on the banks of the Gorge, and there is a story that so thick was the forest that when its owner, Richard Woods, Esq., brought his wife to show her where he intended to build her a home, the couple lost their way and had great difficulty in finding the spot.

Mr. Woods, who was afterwards registrar of Vancouver island, was an Irishman, as Garbally, the name of the place, would tell one familiar with the language of the Irish people. It means "the house on the hill," and though the rising ground is not steep there was a fine view from the spot. This is spoiled now, to a great extent, by the large saw and planing mill with its piles of lumber built on the waterfront.

Will Italy and Austria Fight

GOOD deal is heard in Vienna of Austrian preparations on the Italian frontier, of the planning of new forts, and of the arrangement of new military formations in the frontier districts. The enquirer into the causes of this significant activity is referred to the strenuous armaments of Italy, while the Italians for their part are prepared to justify the increase of their fleet and army by the alarming nature of the Austrian preparations. A feverish rivalry has broken out between the two nations, which is draining the life-blood of the people, and at the moment of writing two pieces of intelligence come to hand to illustrate the condition of affairs. The Escriotto, the organ of the Italian Ministry of War, publishes an article stating that the present Army Enquiry Commission in Italy will shortly report in favor of devoting 500,000,000 lire to the purposes of national defence. "Of this sum, 200,000,000 lire are to be expended immediately. Although this amount will be in round figures 500,000,000 lire short of the demands made by the Government, yet the self-sacrificing generosity of the Army Commission may be regarded as satisfactory, if it be borne in mind that only a short while since, 600,000,000 lire were granted for the construction of the network of national railways." On the same day the Neue Freie Presse of Vienna reported that the Naval Administration was aiming at the increase for 1909 of item No. 7 in the Navy Budget, "Replacement and Building of New Ships," from 17½ million kronen, as at present, to 37½ millions. This colossal expenditure on armaments is being made by the Governments of those States where the emigration percentages are the highest in Europe. In the past year over 300,000 emigrants quitted Austria-Hungary.

In the face of these armaments the fatalistic notion has taken possession of large circles of the Austrian population that a collision with Italy sooner or later is unavoidable. It is talked of with appalling indifference, and people may be heard saying, "We shall probably have some trouble with Italy" in the same tone in which they might say, "We shall probably have some rain soon." These unfortunate creatures do not apparently realize that in a civilized community of modern times, where there is liberty of the Press, freedom of speech and the right of public meeting, war is impossible if the people do not desire it.

Events have recently occurred which accentuate the situation. The performance of D'Annunzio's Nave in Rome, coupled with the short-lived, enthusiastic hubbub which it created in Italy, was utilized by a certain section in Vienna to render the increased military credits palatable to the people and the representative bodies by an allusion to the expansive tendencies in Italy.

Again, the announcement of the construction of the "Sandjak" railway has caused bad feeling in Italy, where it is regarded first and foremost as a strategic line, and Italy's intended naval demonstration in Turkish waters seems to be quite as much a demonstration against the forward policy of Austria-Hun-

gary, and an attempt to calm popular excitement in Italy, as a demonstration against Turkey.

A few weeks ago an article by Giovanni Cena, the head of the "Nuova Antologia," appeared in the Neue Freie Presse of Vienna, in which the writer summed up his opinion on the Italo-Austrian question in the following words: "Even in Austria-Hungary public opinion must at last be enlightened concerning Italy. Recourse must be had to artists and educated persons, whose delicate tactfulness penetrates and appreciates soonest the heart of the nation. Let the writers and scholars of the two lands mutually estimate one another fairly, and let the apostles of intellectuality preach to their fellow-countrymen." The present writer has taken up this appeal to the intellectual brotherhood of Austria, and has made the attempt to start an entente movement between Italy and Austria-Hungary.

The successful Anglo-German movement, which at a critical moment deadened the feelings of hostility between the two countries, makes the attempt seem hopeful.

But at the very outset of the movement I should like to see that support on the part of official persons is not anticipated, and, further, is not desired. We believe that militarism is too intimately bound up with the interests of a capitalistic system of government to be able to expect assistance from the authorities in a movement which is directed against the prevailing system. The supporters of the movement such as we have in view are more likely to be the intellectual classes and the people.

I have started the movement with an enquiry into the relations between Austria-Hungary and Italy. To begin with, 500 papers have been sent to Austrian scholars, artists, manufacturers, merchants, politicians, etc., containing the following questions—

1. Do you consider a peaceful understanding between Austria-Hungary and Italy concerning the outstanding matters of difference between the two States to be possible—desirable—necessary?
2. Who should be the leaders in this understanding? (Governments, people, Press, the intellectual classes, politicians, etc.)
3. In your opinion, what are the hindrances to an entente movement? Do you consider them insuperable?
4. Do you consider the armaments on both sides necessary? (Influence of these armaments on national prosperity.)
5. What connection, (economical, political, by way of culture, etc.) have we with Italy? What stimulus have you, as a civilized being and in your particular department of activity, received from Italy? Are you grateful for this stimulus?
6. Do you consider a peaceful understanding between Austria-Hungary and Italy about the Adriatic and Balkan questions possible? If so, in what form could it be arrived at?
7. What is your opinion of the assurances of the two Governments as to peace?
8. Who in your opinion are the enemies to peace in the two States?

9. What do you suggest for the purpose of weakening or destroying the influence of these men?

This paper of questions has already been answered by a large number of experts, and, on the strength of the material which has reached me, I can certainly declare that nothing is more antipathetic to the leading intellects in Austria than the thought of an armed collision with a country which we all love, and to which we are so much indebted for the spread of refinement and art. The formation of a Viennese Committee to conduct the entente movement seems to be assured, and by the time these lines are printed it may be already in operation. We are in communication with our friends among the intellectual classes in Rome, and hope within a measurable time to get together a corresponding committee in that city.

The final aim of the movement is to create in both countries a popular opinion too strong for either Government to risk war. On the way we shall have, of course, to storm many isolated positions. One of these may be mentioned at once, the preparations on the frontiers. Both nations must very quickly demand the discontinuance of these, for they constitute the greatest danger to peace. They represent an accumulation of explosives, which only a spark is required to kindle.—F. Tellmann, in International Magazine.

THE SPRINGFIELD RIOTS

The state capital of Illinois was the home of Abraham Lincoln, and this fact must add to the distress which the race riots in that city have necessarily caused in the minds of the American people. No more bitter denunciation of the memory and fame of Lincoln could be imagined than the scenes of race war in Springfield. Almost nothing, apparently, was omitted to make the episode hideous. One might ask, sardonically, why the white mob did not complete its work in arson and murder by lynching the local monument of the great emancipator. A rope around its neck and a strong pull—the Lincoln monument could have been laid low, like the race that he freed.

Whatever the original provocation to the whites may have been, the verdict must be that the conduct of the white mob was infamous in its lack of self-control, its furious passion and display of savagery. The whole spectacle makes one heartsick. The Atlanta race riots of two years ago are now paralleled at the home of Abraham Lincoln, where the population cannot begin to be burdened by a race problem of such intensity and diversity as the Georgia city. Are the Northern whites even less self-controlled than the Southern whites, when dealing with this question? On the basis of the Illinois and the Georgia experience with the negro race, one might reach conclusions, at the present hour, decidedly unfavorable to the Northern community.

That the negroes of Springfield revealed a combative spirit when the mob began a general attack upon their race is one of the phases of the affair that will arrest attention. More and more, as time passes, and these racial collisions occur, the blacks show a tendency to fight and to make reprisals.—Springfield, Mass. Republican.

The Secrecy of Diplomacy

"DIPLOMACY is cloaked in mystery, and the Editor wants to know why," writes Mr. F. W. Jowett, M. P., in the Clarion. "I wish his curiosity was more widely shared than it is, because whilst I for my part do not believe in secret diplomacy, I meet with few others who actively object to it."

"It is true, as the Editor says, that the naval policy of Great Britain and Germany is full of significance."

"Germany is rapidly increasing the strength of its navy, and the battleships which are being added to its fleet can only be intended for use against us. They can reach no possible enemy more remote from their own dockyards."

"Frankly, I do not like the look of things internationally, though I recognize, of course, that I am so far removed from the source of official knowledge that it seems presumptuous for me to say so. The mystery to which the editor has referred makes me all the more suspicious. I do not like the Anglo-Japanese alliance; I do not like the Anglo-Russian alliance—for reasons which I have previously stated in the Clarion. The former I feel to be a blunder, because I believe it is assisting the Japanese to become a militant power with a strong navy. I mistrust the policy of encouraging the ambition of Japan to become a great maritime power to which we can look for assistance against European powers in case of need. I think the policy of founding naval colleges in Japan and of training Japanese naval officers in our own naval schools and on our own battleships is sheer folly. Looking at the situation in the light of such information as an unofficial person can obtain in these days, I think war with Japan is a more likely event than is war with any European nation. Evidently the governing classes think differently."

"But why do the governing classes think differently? Have I any right to know? Has Robert Blatchford any right to know? Is Sir Edward Grey entitled to deny information, as he has done frequently of late, on questions of foreign policy?"

"Where the King takes the permanent officials with him and enters into negotiations with foreign powers as to State policy, and 'understandings' are come to which the leaders of both parties are accustomed to agree has the elected representative any right to know what has been done and what suggestions have been considered? If not, how are we to judge?"

"Here we come to a deadlock. Our rulers do not trust the people. They do not even trust the people's representatives. Ministers and the officials behind them work on the theory that it is detrimental to the public interest to share their responsibility with others. They claim the right to refuse information when they think fit. Personally I am opposed to their claim."

"It is well known, of course, that the discussions in the House of Commons on matters of high state policy, are often a mere sham so

far as the two front benches are concerned. Conferences are held by the leaders of the two great parties on such affairs, and the King is in touch with both sides. The two front benches are not to be trusted. Moreover, there is a growing section of the public which owes no allegiance to the two front benches."

"The representatives of this growing section of the public have no means of judging whether the policy which ministers of state are acting upon is justified by the facts."

"There is every reason to believe that the millions which are being poured out like water for the maintenance of the navy are being wastefully expended."

"Why, therefore, should the Labor party consent to the expenditure of further sums?"

"The country is asked for more and ever more millions for battleships to keep Germany in check. What is there behind it all? Have the two front benches information which is denied to other representatives? If so, Liberal and Tory members may be content to remain in the dark, but we want more light."—Public Opinion.

THE END OF THE SEASON

I don't know why it is, but more people have complained to me of feeling utterly jaggod out at the end of this particular London season than at any time within my recollection. Paining, pale, limp, they are all crying but for the hour when they will be able to betake themselves to the moor, the sea, or the Spa. Of course, the end of the season always finds the West End of London in a state of collapse. If a young medical student were to read during his early years of college the lives which middle-aged and sometimes very young people lead during our season, they would be universally regarded as hopelessly going the road that leads to Tophet. That insane desire to appear in half a dozen places in the same night, to have one's name in every newspaper, to be at everything and everywhere—all this leads to a consumption of vital forces which sometimes is never recovered, and which, in any case, leads to a serious derangement of the health for some time.

OVER-CLAMOROUS PETS

At five or thereabouts, the Queen goes for a stroll in the far-stretching park at Sandringham, and takes her dogs back to the kennels ere she returns to dress for dinner. Yet even then the curious might see one or two little balls of black or chocolate and white wool curled up under the table near the Queen's feet. For her Majesty is never without at least one of her pets, and laughingly declares she would have them all with her but for their clamorous demonstrations of affection. Indeed two spaniels will be taken for a drive in the afternoon and even permitted to enter the vast drawing-room at tea time, when all the Royal family and their guests gather for an informal hour of talk and rest.

Feminine Fancies and Home Circle Chat

JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS

JUMPING, though no doubt an excellent exercise in its way is not, perhaps the best method of expression, but of all forms of jumping that known as "jumping to conclusions" is the worst. To begin, one never knows where it may lead. Some times, perhaps, one may arrive on the firm ground of established fact, but far more often we find that we have landed in a bog of hopelessly false conclusion, and in a bog of hopelessly false conclusion, and then it is not only the jumper who suffers in this game of which most of us, done as a mental readjustment to facts, not conclusions, would be a fairly easy matter.

No, one's friends and acquaintances come in for the real harm, for often inconceivable mischief is done by the sifting of these same conclusions, and the author of them is serenely unconscious of evil-doing until, perhaps, long afterwards, when he or she is asked the meaning of some statement and then it is that it was wrong, but at the time I had every reason for jumping to the conclusion that the facts were as I represented them."

We are all too ready to put, as we call it, "two and two together," and come to the conclusion that the result is five. Having made this tremendous mathematical discovery, we can hardly be expected to keep it to ourselves, so we hasten to our dear friends and acquaintances, and to be outdone, draw a few more conclusions, which add immensely to the sum total, and pass it on to the next corner, and in the end some result is reached absolutely unexpected by the original arithmetician.

But sometimes, as I have before remarked, the conclusion we jump to is absolutely accurate. Then, indeed, we pat ourselves on the back and congratulate ourselves on our wonderful acumen. And, of course, after that we are all the more ready to draw inferences from anything we see or hear, assuring ourselves that, having been so very right last time, we could hardly be wrong over a simple thing like the present, and that there can be no possible harm in telling what we think to those about us, as if we did not air our views, and we should get no credit for our perspicacity.

It is said that women are far more prone than men to jump to conclusions. This may be so, but if it is, I wonder why we constantly are told the newest theories from the clinic, from which truly wonderful inferences are drawn by our menfolk.

I really think, taking things all round, that just as many false conclusions are come to when men do congregate as around the tea table, which is supposed to be such a hot-bed of gossip. And yet there are reasons why, in this sorrowful world, one would be loath to interfere with those who indulge in this form of mental gymnastics, for do they not occasionally cheer our way through the amusing situations into which their propensity leads them?

I was recently staying in a house in the country where my hostess takes a tremendous pride and interest in her garden. One morning she received a parcel from Ireland, where her husband was staying. Looking at it casually, she jumped to the conclusion that it was a parcel of long tailed plants which he had promised to send her. So, before opening it, she took it out to the garden and gave him full directions for planting the contents. As she said in an improving voice "Put them in by the heels temporarily, James, until we can make a good bed for them," the last cover came off, and disclosed a pair of shoes and cuffs, which had been sent home to her by James as an old and trusted servant, but his reply "They be strange plants to send to me; what should we do with such-like" was somewhat disconcerting and it was some time before my hostess could face his accusing eye again.

Really comfortable tea gown of soft, dull, black satin, made with a chemist's dress, and a pair of black sleeves of the same material is always a treasured stand-by, and this can be made to look quite charming by the addition of a knot of gold gauze or a twist of soft velvet blue satin and it is of the utmost importance to keep a set of underclothes in readiness, and to have a couple of dressing gowns in immaculate condition, with dressing jackets and slippers to match. It is said some of the most extravagant women can be ready to go off at a moment's notice, but this is pure fiction; it is merely a matter of management and care.

The blouse plays a far more important part when we are on our holidays than when in town, I suppose because it is such a very packable affair and seems far less liable to come out of our trunk looking crushed than is a bodice. The secret of packing either bodices or blouses, however, is to have them in a cardboard box inside the large trunk. It is an excellent plan to have one or two white organdy shirts made simply and they are such a boon on a chilly day. Then the cambric shirts are delightful this year, whether of severely masculine cut or with some feminine variation. Personally I prefer the feminine variations, especially in the case of a model in striped pink or blue and white cambric, with tucked cuffs and collars and some white crocheted buttons on the former and down the front.

Then to go to the other extreme of these possibilities, one wants some dainty little lace affairs for evening wear. With a black skirt a blouse of black net and lace over white net is infinitely preferable to one of all white, and it has the effect of a whole gown rather than disjointed look of contrasting garments. A touch of gold lace or embroidery adds distinction and, if liked, a scrap of color may also be added.

In this in what we are accustomed to call "natural color," was accompanied by a fine "Faded" hair wash. Simmer the liver on a dish, carefully moulding it into the shape of a duck, thicken the gravy with flour, and color to a brown and pour sufficient over to make the "duck" look well, serving the rest in a tureen.

Chocolate Bavaise
Required: Half an ounce of gelatine, one pint of hot milk, two ounces of sugar, half a pint of cream, one ounce of unswetened chocolate.
Method: Soak the gelatine in a little cold water for an hour, add one pint of hot milk mixed with half a cake of unswetened chocolate, stir until quite dissolved, add the sugar according to taste and cook till it thickens.

Gooseberry Gateau
Required: One quart of ripe gooseberries, two ounces of sugar, two well-beaten eggs, one ounce and a half of butter, a squeeze of lemon juice, sugar to taste, put paste, and one or two sponge cakes.
Method: Take a quart of ripe gooseberries, "top and tail" them put in a covered dish with two ounces of Demerara sugar, and place it on the hot part of the range till the fruit is soft. Press the pulp through a wire sieve and work in the yolks of two well beaten eggs, the butter, a squeeze of lemon juice, and as much more sugar as is required to sweeten it. Mix into a stiff mass with crumbled sponge cake. Line a pliable with put paste, rolled and garnish the top with leaves of baked pastry, and serve either hot or cold.

A Delicate Tomato Taker
Required: Tomatoes, chicken's livers, Parmesan cheese, breadcrumbs, chopped shallots, a little salad oil, a little sherry.
Method: Cut the tomatoes in half, and take out a little of the centre of each.
Stuff with a mixture of finely chopped chicken's livers, grated cheese, breadcrumbs and chopped shallots mixed in the proportions of one to one to one to one. The breadcrumbs must previously be moistened in sherry, and the whole seasoned with cayenne pepper and salt.

Grilled Flounder and Anchovy Butter
Required: Crust of bread, one quart of rich, clear stock, carrots, turnips, Parmesan cheese.
Method: Cut off the bottom crust of a loaf, leaving the same thickness of crumbs as there is crust. Cut this into squares, and then into rounds about the size of a fifty-cent piece. Have ready some stock, in which soak the bread, then arrange in a shallow dish, and set in the oven to dry and crisp. Cut some carrots and turnips into fancy shapes and boil in water, into which you have put some salt, until cooked, then drain.

Grilled Flounder and Anchovy Butter
Required: A good thick flounder (not too large in size), one ounce of butter, essence of chopped parsley, salad oil, pepper and salt, and anchovy.
Method: For this dish I always choose a thick but medium sized fish, divide it into two inch lengths across the fish; after cleansing carefully, dip each piece into salad oil, season with pepper and salt and essence of parsley, and grill over a clear fire till both sides are browned.

Narbonne Meat Fritters
Required: Slices of cold boiled beef, one tablespoonful of vinegar, salad oil, a little onion and parsley, a stiff frying batter.
Method: The dish may be made from the remains of a joint of boiled beef.
Cut neat slices and place in a deep pie dish, in which you have previously mixed a tablespoonful of oil, the same of vinegar, a little minced onion and parsley.

Ham and Egg Salad
Required: Quarter of a pound of lean ham, three hard-boiled eggs, two tomatoes, a good lettuce, mayonnaise sauce.
Method: Into a salad bowl put some crisp lettuce which has been neatly torn (not cut) into strips. Dress it lightly with some mayonnaise. Scatter on the lettuce some finely chopped ham, and put over it another layer of lettuce and some more ham.

Mock Duck
Required: Calf's liver, two or three ounces of unminced onion, one tablespoonful of chopped sage, three rashers of pork, pepper and salt, half an ounce of flour.
Method: Scald one lobe of a calf's liver, and when cold hard it, cut it into slices, and fry two onions in a stepwad, with one ounce of dripping. Place the liver in it, nearly cover with stock or water, throw in a tablespoonful of chopped

sage, two more onions, and three rashers of salt pork, pepper and salt. Simmer all till tender, probably this will be two hours. Place the liver on a dish, carefully moulding it into the shape of a duck, thicken the gravy with flour, and color to a brown and pour sufficient over to make the "duck" look well, serving the rest in a tureen.

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Controversy is apt to become animated when the subject under discussion is connected with children. Little children should be treated with kindness or negligence by those to whose care it is entrusted must arouse the wrath and indignation of every mother and woman who loves and cherishes her children. Little children are entrusted as first their mother and secondly the nurse. But it is on the former that the primal duty and greater responsibility rest, for it is she who is to give them the best of her own nature, and to be a mother, she is to get as it were, as her deputy. That there are many good nurses is a fact to which numbers of parents will bear grateful testimony. They are women who spend their hours, not only in the care of their charges, but in their love upon them, tend them night and day, in sickness and health, and think nothing of doing so because of the love they bear them.

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Both have a duty to perform to the children entrusted to their care, no mother who neglects her part can expect the nurse to do it. It would be an excellent plan and one that might be easily carried out by every girl who wished to be a nurse were thoroughly and carefully trained in the duties required of her in a training school, or under an experienced head nurse. The girl in training scattered on the lettuce some finely chopped ham, and put over it another layer of lettuce and some more ham.

capability that will ensure her obtaining a good place. Until she has obtained no girl should be entrusted with the entire control of a child, or children. Many a mother acknowledges that it is beyond her to look after her children and is therefore glad to place all the responsibility upon the nurse, which is fair neither to her nor to the children. No one can take the mother's place either in the house or nursery.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL
"To Let—A Furnished Cottage."
We watch the columns of our newspapers for the above announcement, and having found what we think may suit us, we write off in hot haste to get further particulars, and to make an appointment to see the place.

I have known some people sufficiently confiding to take a cottage for a month or more without having seen it, and to some cases this has not proved when the retreat is too far from town to travel there and back in a day, and neither husband nor wife can spare the time or money to take so long a journey.

They say, "Well, the place must be lovely, and the air is so bracing, so we must just chance what the house is like. After all, there are two sitting rooms, and four bedrooms, so I suppose we can manage to exist in them."

Now I want to consider the furnished cottage from two points of view, the first being that of the person who lets it, the second that of the person who takes it—and although I write of a cottage, mainly because so many people, in this part of the world, live in cottages and bungalows—I want also to include larger dwellings, not only do I want to consider places in the country, but also places in town, as so many people let their town houses during the summer months; indeed, many owners look upon the letting of their house for two or three months in the year, during which time they will be paying a round of visits, as a reliable source of income, or one which will at least defray the expenses of the summer holiday.

Of course, for tiny cottages in the wild parts of the country, there is little, or nothing, to be said, as it is most improbable that these will contain anything liable to spoil in furniture or effects. But in the case of a pretty cottage, where the owners live all the year round, or a house in town, the aspect is different.

To start with, I do not suppose any one would be so foolish as to leave valuable china displayed on brackets, shelves, or tables, which could not be placed if broken. The wise tenant would certainly object to the responsibility.

It is always best, if possible, to keep one room in which all the treasures can be stored away under lock and key, or if space will not allow of this, a commodious cupboard, or even a packing case, may be used for this. It is amazing how many ornaments, photographs, and small pictures, and a large box will hold if properly packed.

But one cannot leave the rooms quite denuded; therefore, pretty and effective but inexpensive pottery, especially blue and white Japanese ware, which has been bought for the bedroom, can be brought down and will make quite an efficient display, especially if interspersed with glass vases filled with flowers.

The same idea applies to the dining-room, as to the drawing-room. People who have come into the country to enjoy an open-air life, and to forget the trammels of house-keeping and society; and again, people who may have taken their town house for the season, and who intend to go about a great deal, do not want to be bothered with the care of old china and silver bowls for the dinner table.

In the first place, they will not want to have the rag of arranging flowers in them, large bowls being simply faddish with regard to the difficulty of making flowers and foliage stand up in them, even with the aid of a wire frame—in the second case, the people would certainly be required to bring their own vases, and if they were to bring their own, they would have several months, undoubtedly being many of their own ornaments and knick-knacks. For the cottage, four small fern pots and a centre bowl can be bought cheaply, and if these are filled with pot ferns, they will refresh the eye, and be a suggestion of bareness, and be decorative without giving trouble.

Drugs or squares of Abington cord carpets make excellent coverings for expensive chairs, without materially altering the effect of the room. Moreover, the thickness of the under carpet can always be felt through the top one.

SOCIAL SNARES

To have an at home day or not to have an at home day—that is a question which many women cannot decide. "I have not enough friends to have a day every week," says one, "and the first and third Tuesdays are so confusing," says another. "Besides it is sure to be the one day you can talk to half your friends, or else no one comes, you sit alone and your tea is wasted"—all of which is perfectly true.

It seems to me quite useless to have a day at home if you have a very small circle of acquaintances. You can keep these up quite well by giving an occasional small tea party. But if you know a great many people whom you cannot conveniently call on often, or if you think a day at home is a good thing, and it is convenient in small establishments when it is impossible always to be prepared for visitors.

As regards the other objections mentioned, one must make up one's mind to stay at home on one's at home day, come what may, unless a substitute in the shape of a sister or daughter can be found, and that does not always please one's visitors. "That people will not come together and eat at all, cannot very well be helped, though the ground can sometimes be prepared to prevent absolute bareness by asking one's intimate friends in turn to look in early or at tea parties." On the whole I think a day has much to recommend it.

SMALL TALK

There has been a great deal of talk in London during the season about the Duchess of Sutherland's Friday evening parties, at which she is forming a political "salon" where the Duke's beloved Tariff Reform ideas are in the ascendant. As all her friends know, the Duchess is not only a very beautiful and charming woman, but her charming younger sister, and now she is throwing herself into the political sphere, she is likely to make herself felt. We have all heard of Lady Warwick and her bright red motor at Socialist meetings, but her charming younger sister, though less heard of in the papers, is, I hear, ahead of her for more importance in the political world, and much of the undoubted increase of power on the part of the Tariff Reform Party may be traced to the "Salon" at Stafford House where the leaders of the party meet with its rising young men and discuss politics under the tactful guidance of the charming hostess.

It is usually admitted that men are more selfish than women, but people who have no liking for these rather shallow generalizations will think for themselves on the subject and will probably come to the conclusion that the selfishness of man is more a matter of upbringing than of character. If man views the world as his doing, chiefly regarding himself and his own profit and comfort, it is because from his earliest years some one has impressed him with his inalienable right thus to view the world. That "some one" was either his mother, who in the nursery thought he was the best of boys if he shared anything with his sisters to the extent of taking three-fourths and giving them one fourth, usually the unsound and valuable idea, or his father, who in his education in general, was his wife, always ready to concede that his husband should have the best of everything. There are very few homes where man is not made selfish by force of circumstances, and it is not surprising that he pushes him. In America where the world has decided that woman is to have the best of things, it is the woman who becomes selfish. If the English woman would only make time to make a dinner for her lord and master for a brief period of time, man's selfishness would have a chance of showing itself.

POETICAL CLIPPINGS

Song
"Love me little, love me long,"
Is the burden of my song,
And if nothing more may be,
Little shall suffice for me.

But if you would crown with flowers
All my radiant, festal hours,
To win the crown of glory,
Love me more with each tomorrow.

And if you would turn my days
To an splendid hymn of praise,
And set hopes like stars above me,
Love me much, and always love me!

—E. Nesbit in "The Rainbow and the Rose."

Home
Sometimes, in dreams, I see a room
With massive walls and fair,
Rose-shaded lights shut out the gloom,
The air is sweet with flowers in bloom
And you are there.

Sometimes the room I see in dreams
Is of an splendid hymn of praise,
O'er all the cheery freight streams,
And you are there.

What matter, dear, which dream comes true?
The mansion rich and rare,
The little cottage hid from view
In God's own sunny wind, and dew,
If you are there?

A Song
If thoughts were birds,
And the soul were a bird,
From soul to soul
Across the sky,
To thee, my love,
My thoughts would move.

And they would speed,
Like Love's dart,
To gain the melody of
Thy gentle heart,
And gaining it, no more would roam,
But make that blissful spot their home.

I would my thoughts
Were winged birds,
That they might bear
My heart's true words;
Then, like the summer swallow's flight,
They'd circle thee this lonesome night.

The Cuckoo
Did you hear the cuckoo, Elly,
As you came the woods between,
Where the harebells ring the spring hours?
Mid the heather's new young green?
Did you hear him call, Elly,
Sure, 'twas I that heard him too,
Tell me, sweetheart, tell me, Elly,
Just how oft he called to you.

Sure each call's a year, mavoureen,
Till you'll wed, so may it be,
When the cuckoo, call'd this morning,
That he's somewhat thought of,
There's the cottage waiting for you,
There's the Kerry cow beside,
There's the gate upon the latch, dear,
And my heart's door open wide.

Was it three times cuckoo called, love?
Do you shake your head? Then two?
Still you're silent? Well, it's one,
There's my thanks, brave bird, to you!
For the cuckoo in your cheek, love,
Is in your eyes the secret key,
So, if dimples should be seen,
Sure you'll soon just fix the day.

CUR

The whaling station of visitors great deal of money in the business of deep.

While the weather last week, there was not, however, severe weather except on the harvest reports.

A very sad state of affairs in Scotland. Thousands of people are reported there and the old little city, when to eat and drink at the only one above Victoria know little city. Yet Victoria has cities of Canada. Victoria boys and girls about their own city.

It is some weeks since the brother-in-law, Hadd, the brother-in-law, has been advised to take a vacation. Whether the defeated ruler or to fight their own battle will be watched with interest by the Mohammedans everywhere.

One would think naughtiest of boys only wrong but very train. It appears that Smith had to be taken to the death of a poor fellow, who was unseemly, and was not to be taken with railroad or other things, always dark or of their own.

Among the distinguished were David Stansfield, the former Canadian, and Canada can be studied from a profitably. When connected with the government, they will be at Washington and ermen.

The Congo Free State King Leopold's Belgian government of the cruel and selfish man habit the fertile country. If that country is committed for the themselves Christian heart. The Belgians were to be labor. How the truth to justice and cruelty is a heavy burden have to work out.

The people of the rebull to their city. The government of the Templeman promised from the Ottawa go buildings are rebuilt. Talk to your teachers. Have any of the proposal to send Fernie children back to school. mates about it. Po of their own they ca "He gives twice what

From all parts of of the destruction of are almost always c lessness. Campers' hands. The farms fire, and it is often short time. The en shoulder for days, in God's own sunny wind, and dew, If you are there?

If half the tales true, it would amount to unite to cease its cruelty one should be allowed and women. It is brought up in a c broke down and where is surrounded by imprisonment and the royal palaces. The Japanese only ones are now suffering. south and is spreading cases that cleaning from more civilized.

The people of S coming the fleet of Jolting. The cities Japanese with the ada. This account which lined the sea one likes to see a But then the why the people of a can warships. The laborers, and as the in Australia which and as the Island K heard that it may be to keep the Japanese. This the United States the same time is on The enemy of the Japan's friends are world part of the British E lance. This is a ser to be wondered at. concerned about the

PARADE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

have an at home women cannot to have a day and a night... Besides it is especially want to for not having an either every one half your friends, and your tea is... ve a day at home acquaintances. You ing an occasional great many peo- call on often, or good things, and it end where it is visitors.

mentioned, one home on one's substitute in the found, and that... "That people cannot vary with sometimes be pre- by asking one's early or at tea think a day has

in London dur- of Sutherland's is forming a po- loved Tariff Re- all her friends ery beautiful and intellectual one, to the political felt. We have all get red motor at the younger sister. I hear already tical world and power on the part the leaders of the men and discuss of the charming

are more selfish to liking for these ably come to the in is more a mat- If man views the id to himself and because from his sed him with his world. That "some a nursery thought ed anything, with three-fourths and the unsound and one" was prob- the attention paid fm, who never riority. The third in sepa- concede that ger everything. There ot made selfish by the way the world were the best of things... If the English- herself a det-mat period of time, chance of howing

INGS... "ong."... be... th flowers... row... morrow... days... raise... ve me... love me... and the Rose... room... gloom... bloor... reams... ms... reams... in comes true... nd dew,

ow's flight... one night... y... green... spring hours... green?... ?... Ely... you... green... be... morning... of me... or you... sh, dear... wide... led, love?... Then two?... a, dear?... bird, to you?... I, love... w... love...

The whaling station at Sechart is attracting the attention of visitors from all parts of the world. A great deal of money is being made by those engaged in the business of capturing these monsters of the deep.

While the weather on Vancouver Island was cool last week, there was frost on the prairies. It was not, however, severe enough to do much harm to the wheat except on wet, low-lying lands. On the whole, the harvest reports are very good.

A very sad state of affairs exists in the large seaport and manufacturing city of Glasgow, in Scotland. Thousands of men are idle and the government and kind people of all kinds have to support them and their families. The people of our own little city, where every one has work and plenty to eat and drink and wear, cannot be too thankful.

There is talk of war between Holland and Venezuela, and the South American republic does not seem to have a friend among the nations. But Holland does not do things that very many people in this country would do. Her government will not engage in a war that will bring misery and loss upon innocent people. If he persists, however, the support of the United States and Porto Bello will probably be destroyed.

Victoria business men go about their work very quietly. We hear a great deal about the progress other cities are making, but very many people in Victoria know little about what is done in any other city. Yet Victoria ranks third among the ship-owning cities of Canada. Montreal and St. John, N.B., are the only ones above her. It is a good thing for Victoria boys and girls to know as much as possible about their own city and their own province.

It is some weeks since there have been any reports from Morocco. But it appears that the Sultan, the brother and enemy of the reigning Sultan, has been advancing northward. Report says he has defeated Abd El Aziz near Morocco. Whether the French ruler or whether the Moors will be the defeated ruler or whether the Moors will be the victor, it is not yet known. It is a fight their own battles and choose their own Sultan will be watched with interest both by Christians and Mohammedans everywhere.

One would think that even the smallest and naughtiest of boys could understand that it was not only wrong but very silly to interfere with a railway train. It appears, though, that the boys of Lady-smith had to be taught to leave the trains alone by the death of a poor little lad of eight years, who slipped from a moving train on which he had jumped and was crushed to death. Boys, little and big, cannot be too careful not to meddle in any way with railroad or other tracks or with the engines. There is always danger either to the lives of others or of their own.

Among the distinguished visitors to Victoria lately were David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, and Mr. Bastedo, a Canadian civil servant. Both have been engaged for some time in studying how best the fish of the United States and Canada can be preserved and at the same time how the fishermen can carry on their work most profitably. The fishing and fishing and fishing, those connected with the fisheries have learned, however, they can, they will frame a set of laws to be passed at Washington and Ottawa for the guidance of fishermen.

The Congo Free State, which was really ruled by King Leopold of Belgium, is to be taken over by the government of the country. Leopold has proved a cruel and selfish ruler, and the people who inhabit the fertile country discovered by Livingston. If that good man could have foreseen the cruelties committed for the sake of gain by white men, calling themselves Christians, they would have broken his noble heart. The Belgian nation declares that this disgrace will no longer be permitted. No man in Congo will henceforth be treated as a slave and forced to work for the benefit of a few white men. The Congo will be a free land, and the people who have so long been used to injustice and cruelty are to be treated as men. It is a problem that the people of Belgium will have to work out.

The people of Fernie have gone to work bravely to rebuild the city. They have received help from all directions. Premier McBride went up to see what the government of the province ought to do, and Mr. Templeman promised to get what assistance he could from the Ottawa government. Before all the public buildings are rebuilt there will be plenty for both governments to do.

Have any of the school children thought of the proposal to send warm mittens and stockings to the Fernie children in the winter? Talk to your teachers, your mothers and your school mates about it. Perhaps some pupils have money of their own they can spend. A wise man once said, "He gives twice who gives kindly."

From all parts of the province there are reports of the destruction of the forests by fire. The fires are almost always caused in the first place by carelessness. Campers and farmers are the chief offenders. The land is lit with matches, and it is often beyond his control in a short time. The embers left by the camper often smoulder for days, and at last are fanned by the wind into a blaze. The trees thus caused destroy not only thousands of valuable trees, but leave the land worthless. Until every boy and girl, man and woman in the province learns how valuable the forest trees are, not only to make lumber but to preserve the rivers and streams of the country, to say nothing of their beauty, the destruction will go on. Near the railroads sparks from the engine are among the destroyers of the forest.

If half the tales that Russian refugees tell are true, it would almost seem as if civilized nations ought to unite to compel the government of Russia to cease its cruelties. In this age of the world no one should be allowed to torture the defenceless men and women. It is no wonder the wife of the Czar, brought up in a country where oppression is unknown and where life and property are secure, has broken down in the unhappy land where her husband is surrounded by enemies, and where tales of torture, imprisonment and executions are whispered even in the royal palaces. But the evils of government are not the only ones from which the people of Russia are now suffering. Cholera has broken out in the south and is spreading fast. This is one of the diseases that cleanliness and plenty have banished from more civilized countries.

The people of Sydney, New South Wales, welcomed the news of the United States with great rejoicing. The cities of Australia are much larger compared with the population, than those of Canada. This accounts partly for the great crowds which lined the beach as the fleet drew near. Every one likes to see a warship, and a fleet from any country would be a great sight.

But there is another and a very serious reason why the people of Australia are glad to see the American warships. The Australians hate and fear the Japanese. The working men do not want Japanese laborers, and as there is a great deal of work to do in Australia which the people of Japan can do well, it is feared that it may be impossible without using force to keep the Japanese workmen out of the country. This the United States has succeeded in doing, and at the same time is on friendly terms with Japan. It is as the enemy of the Japanese above that the United States fleet is welcomed to Australia. England is Japan's friend and ally, and although Australia is a part of the British Empire, it is an enemy of this ally. This is a serious state of affairs, and it is not to be wondered at that British statesmen are concerned about it.

Although during the last century wonderful discoveries have been made in science, no one has yet found out how to prevent the gas which causes the terrible explosions from forming in the coal mines. In Wigan, England, seventy miners were killed, and no one knows who was to blame. When Davy invented the safety lamp it was hoped there would be no more mining disasters, but yet there is no part of the coal mining is carried on in which they do not occur. It is said that, on the whole, there are no more miners die in a year than there are among other classes of workmen. Whether this is true or not a coal-mine explosion is an awful thing. The possibility of a sudden and terrible death is seldom absent from the minds of the coalminers or their wives. This does not prevent some of them from being foolishly and wickedly reckless. We must not forget that the fuel which gives us so much comfort is not procured without the risk of life and of the grief of widows and orphans.

Almost all the newspapers in Canada contain accounts of public meetings and political articles appear in every issue. It is believed that an election will take this fall for the Dominion Parliament. The Liberal government with Sir Wilfrid Laurier as premier has now held power for twelve years. During this period the greater part of this time Canada has been prosperous and the government has had much money to spend. As most boys and girls know, the greater part of the revenue of Canada is derived from duties levied on goods brought in from foreign countries. When there are good harvests and plenty of work, people buy sugar and tea, silks and china, dry goods and fruit and hundreds of other things, on which duty is charged. With the canals and railways, public buildings, wharves and lighthouses are built, harbors are dredged, cranes made for the protection of the fisheries, surveying ships are employed, penitentiaries are supported and civil servants paid.

In this way millions of dollars are expended every year, and it is very important not only that plans shall be wisely made but that these plans shall be faithfully and honestly carried out.

If times are hard the people will buy less and, accordingly, the revenue will be smaller. Governments, like men and women, are apt to spend carelessly when money is plentiful. It has been shown this year that the men entrusted with the public money of Canada have been careless in spending and that the country has not always got as good work as it paid for.

Now that the members of the Liberal government are asking to be again entrusted with the management of the country's business the Conservatives say that they have been proved to be extravagant and that other men should be put in their places.

The Liberals declare that laws have been changed and reforms begun, and that if they remain in power they will do better than before.

On both sides there are many men who say that which ever side is in, money will be dishonestly used. This is as much as to say that all Canadians are thieves. The members of parliament, are, as a rule, the ablest men and the most trusted in the cities or country districts they represent. If they are not good as well as clever it is because the people who vote for them do not value honesty as much as ability, or are so stupid that they are deceived by men who pretend to be what they are not. It is not an easy thing to vote wisely and the electors of Canada must study public questions if they are to be well governed.

Nanaimo, Ralph Smith, member for the Dominion parliament and the Social-Hawthornthwaite, and Mr. H. H. Shepherd, who is in the legislature had a debate in which each said all he could to injure the other in the opinion of the listeners. At Sidney speeches were made by the Premier, Mr. McBride, Capt. Clive Phillips-Wolley, Hon. R. G. Fallow, F. H. Barnard and Mr. E. H. Shepherd who is asking the people of Nanaimo and the Islands to send him to Ottawa to represent them in the next parliament. All the speakers were on the Conservative side and were listened to attentively. But, after all, the great crowd of people went out rather to have a good time than to think about politics. There were games and contests and perhaps more people will remember the pretty girls and the fun of the games than the arguments of the speakers. Those who read the speeches in the papers next day understand them better than many who listened to them.

General Pole Carew spoke before the Canadian Club on Tuesday. The general is a brave soldier and believes that every part of the British Empire should be put together for the good of the whole. He said many kind things about Canadian soldiers. The general believes that war is a good thing for a nation. Not many Canadians agree with him in that. Still it is true that Great Britain needs their assistance they have shown that they are ready, willing and able to help her.

General Pole Carew is a strong Conservative.

Another of our late visitors, Mr. Hamar Green, of E. F. believes that Mr. Asquith and his party, of which he is a member, have done and are doing much for the Empire. Honest and able men may differ widely in their opinions.

DOSIA'S DAY
(Continued)

"We can!" Miss Minnie, one of the gauzy white bridesmaids, spoke up suddenly. "Mrs. Morris, there is a lot of white cheesecloth up in your garret. I know. Alicia and I used it when we had that lawn party in May. Cheesecloth makes lovely drapery, and I'm all dressed, and we've got two hours and more before the wedding, and if you let me have a needle and thread, I'm pretty sure I can gobble up something."

She paused inquiringly. Aunt Esther looked as if she was going to faint away. As for Dosis, she turned white instead of pink. Cousin Alicia's maid

of honor in gobbled-up cheesecloth! What, oh, what had become of her beautiful Day? She felt that she was going to burst into tears, and very likely she might have done so, had not Harold, escaped from Dinah, providentially fallen downstairs at that moment and come rolling in at the parlor door.

With this distraction of her thoughts, Dosis had a sudden vision of Cousin Alicia's bright face, and bethought herself that the only reason why she was the maid of honor at all was that dear Cousin Alicia loved her and wanted her, and that it didn't matter in the least what became of her Day, so long as dear Cousin Alicia's Day was unclouded; and she laughed, too, and took Miss Minnie by the hand.

"Come!" she said. "Let's go and gobble up the cheesecloth; and if it won't do—you can take the bride's bouquet!"

If her voice faltered a little on that, nobody—except Rob—noticed the fact. There were other things to think of besides the little maid of honor, and, after all, they could get on without her. Everybody melted out of the parlor. Aunt Esther bustled away to dress the bride. Mr. Tompkins bore Cousin-Ralph-to-be to the house next door where they had rooms—to take a nap, he averred. Miss Minnie and Dosis went up to the garret, accompanied by Harold; and Rob, left by himself, wandered out on the veranda and scowled furiously at the sunshine.

To all appearances the Day was as beautiful as ever. He knew well enough how Dosis was feeling about it! Nobody else knew, or cared, apparently. If anything was to be done about the matter, he was the one to do it; and something must be done, there was no question about that.

He sat down on the steps and cast about him wild-

ly for an idea. Usually he had ideas in plenty, good ones, too; but in relation to the present problem, his mind was so far as a blank. He gazed desperately up and down the street, at the pretty houses set back among their trees and lawns. It was maddening to think how many chiton gowns there probably were just going to waste behind those heartless walls! He imagined himself going up to their doors, one after the other, and saying politely: "Mrs. Smith, or Jones or Robinson, according to the name on the door-plate, 'could I trouble you for a bridesmaid's outfit, complete, for a girl going on fifteen, with blue eyes and—Pshaw, it would never do! If it was a drink of water he wanted, now, or a bicycle pump!"

Coming suddenly out of a daze of distraction, he perceived Mr. Tompkins standing near with an air of friendly concern.

"What's up, old man?" inquired that gentleman. "Anything you want?"

"Yes, sir," replied Rob, prompt but gloomy, "there is. I want a pink chiton gown—quickly, heartily. 'You do, do you?' cried Mr. Tompkins, 'heavily. 'Well now, to tell you the truth, so do I!'

"If there was a little more time," pursued Rob, still gloomy, but with vehemence, "I'd go and chase that suit case. I'd run it down somewhere! It's a shame," he burst out suddenly. "If I only knew how she's been looking forward to this thing, for a year, more or less, and all her little duds ready, and it wouldn't have happened if she hadn't been so busy looking after Nora and Harold and all of us—and now—!"

"Exactly!" agreed Mr. Tompkins, warmly. "If it was my wedding, I'd call it off on the spot!"

"That was something like sympathy!" Rob replied; and Mr. Tompkins set down on the step beside him. "You think there's a chance," he said, "that you could find the thing? I'd take you down in my machine, but I sent it back to town, and there isn't an-

other to spare. I can't leave, anyway—wouldn't be here now if I hadn't! Ralph locked up in his room and on his word of honor not to try to get out. There's the railroad."

"I know," said Rob, briefly. "Next train leaves at 2:10, and return gets here at 4:20. Wedding's at 4:30, and Aunt Esther wouldn't have it half a minute late—even to please Cousin Alicia!"

A gleam came into Mr. Tompkins's eye.

"Cousin Alicia is going to have her all the rest of her life," pursued Rob, bitterly. "I should think he might wait five minutes now!"

"Mighten," said Mr. Tompkins, "if necessary."

This time Rob saw the gleam, and caught fire. "If Nora hadn't carried off the suit case, he breathed, 'and if there was any way of holding this thing back, even for so long—!'

"Where there's a Will, there's a way," softly observed Mr. Tompkins, whose first name was William. Rob's face spread into a delightful grin. "I believe you," he said, with conviction.

"There are so many things," mused Mr. Tompkins, sadly, "so many things that are able to happen just at the last minute, especially if one is a little absent-minded! And, there's Harold, I believe, if I were you, I'd take the chance. And I'd take that automobile, he added, abruptly. "It's going to meet somebody at the station now. Hi, hi, there! Hold on!"

"Hi, hi!" yelled Rob, wildly. He jammed on his hat, dashed down the path, and flung himself into the moving machine beside the astonished chauffeur. "Good luck!" shouted Mr. Tompkins. "Honk! honk!" answered Rob, hoarsely, with the horn. And he was off.

The hands of the clock in the church-tower moved neither faster nor slower for all the flurry below, and moment by moment the hours appointed for the wedding drew on. The florist put the last touch to the blossoming chancel. The organist took his place in the choir. The steps overflowed with the bright dresses of the arriving guests, and the atmosphere murmured with the hurrying of voices and the stir of feet.

Over in the blue room at the house, Dosis looked at herself in the glass and gave a final twitch to the gobbled-up cheesecloth. It sagged down on one side and hooped up on the other. His hasty stitches gaped here and there, and his defects were but partially hidden by the white ribbon borrowed from the florist's stock. It was a credit to Miss Minnie, all things considered, but Dosis shook herself severely. What did it matter? What did anything matter, so long as dear Cousin Alicia was satisfied?

Slipping down the stairs, she caught sight of a radiant vision through an open door, and Cousin Alicia's own voice called her softly from within. For one wonderful moment she was held close to the heart of all that bridal whiteness and sweetness, under the misty folds of the bridal veil.

"Do you mind a cheesecloth maid of honor?" she whispered, against Cousin Alicia's cheek.

"I love her!" came the fervent answer.

"What, what! Aunt Esther used, magnificent in silver-gray satin, stood, amazed in the door. Only ten minutes to the time, and Alicia standing next to her, holding her little cousin, as if there were no such thing as getting married in the world! The girl was swept through the house. There was a flutter of bridesmaids and a rush of ushers. The bride descended the stairs, with Dinah holding her train. Were they all there? Was everything ready? Where was Tompkins, then? Where was—?

The clock in the church-tower struck half past four. The organ went on playing "Traumerl," softly, sweetly, and nothing but the breeze came floating in at the wide doors.

Down at the station the arriving train had brought one belated wedding guest. Dusty, disheveled, wild-haired and hatless, and armed with a dress suit case, to which he clung desperately, he bounded into a carriage and demanded to be driven to Cloverfields "in less than no time."

Past as the carriage went it slowed up a trifle. In turning the corner by the church, and without waiting for it to stop, he leaped out, fell in a heap waiting to shake the dust off it or himself, and rushed on.

The organ was still playing "Traumerl," softly and sweetly. Nobody was on the church porch or the porch. All was sunny, peaceful, waiting. But beyond, across the green—what had happened there? The house trembled as if shedding bridesmaids on all sides. They tumbled out into the sunshine like white butterflies, and here and there an usher darted among them like a distracted black beetle. On the end of the porch appeared Aunt Esther, waving her arms and pointing in majestic excitement hither and thither, and standing in the parlor window Cousin Alicia could be seen standing like a lily under the white mist of her veil.

"What is it?" panted Rob, dashing into the house and running plump into Dosis on the stairs.

"Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands expectantly. "Rob! Isn't it just what we might have expected? We're not frightened, because of course, he's always lost; but Cousin Alicia says she should never forgive herself if she got married while he's down the well or on the chimney—or—didn't I tell you?—It's Harold—they can't find him—they—Rob! Is that my—?"

"Your trousseau!" gasped Rob. "Take it!—here, wait! I'll carry it up for you. Set it on! Hustle! don't stop to breathe! I'll send somebody to hook you. If you can do it in ten minutes—!"

"But—Harold!"

"Don't worry!" There was a curious sound, half choke, half chuckle, in Rob's throat. "It's just the old Mr. Tompkins. No, it's not hysterical! It's just the dust. Mr. Tompkins will find Harold! Go!"

Reassured, though bewildered, she went. Ten minutes—! She could have done it in two, if necessary. These bridesmaids dived up to help her. They tore open the suit case and out tumbled everything that her eyes had so longed to see. Off came the gobbled-up cheesecloth, and on went the peachblow

chiton, the silk stockings, the little rosy slippers and the long white gloves. Before the last hook was fastened, a soft rush sounded from below, and a chorus of soft shrieks, with Harold's voice above them, lifted in shrill, indignant protest, and silenced by somebody's gentle but peremptory hand.

"Found!" cried Rob, jubilantly, flying up-stairs as the bridesmaids flew down. "Didn't I tell you? Now then, Dosis! The wedding's on! One, two—arm you—ready?"

"Ready!" echoed Dosis, floating out to meet him like a little rose-colored cloud, crowned by a radiant peach blossom of a face. Downstairs she flew, greeted by oh's and ah's of admiration. In a trice the procession formed. The organ, over at the church, brooded for a moment among hushed, expectant harmonies, and then broke softly into the first thrilling notes of the bridal music; and out into the sunshine stepped the white bridesmaids and the lily-white bride, and between them, her heart keeping time with her happy feet, walked the little peachblow maid of honor.

It was not till all the breathless, joyous afternoon was over, till the last handful of confetti had been thrown, and Cousin Alicia had waved her handkerchief for the last time from the window of the carriage which bore her away with really-truly-Cousin Ralph from the watching group on the green, that she stepped the white bridesmaids and the lily-white bride, and between them, her heart keeping time with her happy feet, walked the little peachblow maid of honor.

"Tell me, Rob!" she cried. "How did it happen? who did it?"

"Why, a little of everybody, I guess," said Rob, understanding. "Pretty much everybody was in it, first and last, even to the conductors and chauffeurs; they all but stood on their heads to help, when they knew where was up. We had to hold the wedding back a little, of course; that was why Mr. Tompkins lost Harold."

"Mr. Tompkins—lost Harold—?" Dosis's eyes were wide.

"Well, he—mis-laid him, I guess," chuckled Rob. "He's a little absent-minded, you know! Anyway, he found him again pretty quick, when the time came. He's a terrific old Tompkins, is. And so's Nora. Didn't I meet her coming with the steps with that automobile after I'd ransacked the house for it? And hadn't she lugged it all the way back from the ferry when she found out the mistake, just on the chance that we'd send?"

"And you, Rob!" cried Dosis. "How can I ever thank you enough? You went all the way down there and back! You must have flown!"

"Flown!" Rob heaved a sigh that sent the rose-ym wedding hat into the bargain! I tell you what, Dosis, I hope you enjoyed yourself; but it's a good thing we don't have a wedding in the middle of every day! If we did, there wouldn't be enough left of me to—"

"Rob!" said Dosis, and her eyes were so dewy with tears that they fairly made rainbows of the laughter sparkling through them. "Rob, you are dear! Everybody is dear! It has been a darling day!"

And she spoke, over in the west, where the sun was just setting, the Day sent out a great golden smile, as if in answer, and went peacefully to sleep among its primrose clouds.

WITH THE LITTLE TOTS

A Game for Two
(By J. W. Linn)

While their mother was sick, Ted and Jimmy were spending two weeks in the country at Uncle Joe's. He was a fine uncle, they both thought; but much of the time he was busy with his writing, and then the hours hung heavily. The novelty of the little farm was worn off; there was no place to fish, and the only horse on the place was Uncle Joe's own saddle horse, too powerful for small boys to be trusted alone with Uncle Joe knew all this, and he was not surprised on the third morning to be roused from work by Ted, who entered and sat down with a gloomy sigh.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"I want to play baseball, Uncle Joe."

"Why don't you?"

"There's only Jimmy and me, and two can't. There's—there's more fun in places where there's a lot of boys, don't you think, Uncle Joe?" Ted spoke delicately, but he did not wish to hurt his uncle's feelings; but Uncle Joe understood. He always played a way of understanding the boys. "You might play wall-ball," he suggested.

"What's that?" inquired his nephew.

"You need, said Uncle Joe, 'a ball, not too hard, four barrel-staves, a shingle, and the back of a woodshed.'"

Ted's eyes opened wide. "Sounds like a funny game!"

"You get the barrel-staves, and I'll come out and show you," replied his uncle.

When the staves, the shingle, and Jimmy were collected, Uncle Joe sharpened one end of those of the staves, and stuck them in the ground edgewise in the row a foot apart about five feet out from the woodshed. Then he laid the shingle across their tops. The fourth staff he shaved down neatly for a third of its length, and then wrapped the cut part in cloth.

"That's the bat," he explained, "and the cloth is put on so that it won't hurt your hands."

"We've got a good bat, Uncle Joe," said Ted. But Uncle Joe laughed.

"Not so good as this for wall-ball," he said. Then he stationed Ted, with the bat, a yard in front of the three staves and the shingle.

"Now," he explained, "Jimmy shall pitch to you; but he must stand back of this line." He marked a line about forty feet from the shed. "If you miss the ball, and it knocks off the shingle, you are out, and Jimmy bats. If you hit it, in any direction, you must run to that tree and back, and you count as many runs as you can make trips before Jimmy can either throw the ball so as to knock off the shingle, or can stand on the home base with the ball. But if he catches it on the fly, or reaches the home base with it, he knocks off the shingle while you are still running, you are out."

"How about fouls?" asked Ted.

"A foul is as good as a fair ball in this game; only the woodshed is on the pitcher's side, remember."

"Sounds more like cricket than like baseball," objected Jimmy, who had read books on games and was well posted, "but I think I'd like to try it, too."

"You may call it woodshed cricket if you like," answered Uncle Joe, his eyes twinkling.

no more that morning. But two hot and red-faced nephews met him at luncheon.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"Ten runs!" cried Jimmy. "Five runs!"

"He's got a better game, and I've got only fifty-seven," said Ted soberly. "But we're going to play all the afternoon, and I bet I beat him! When is the game over, Uncle Joe?"

"The game is over," said Uncle Joe, "but you're again with the twinkle in his eyes.—Yours's Companion."

SHORT STORIES

David

The largest and one of the finest of Michael Angelo's great masterpieces is his statue of David. It is called "the giant" from its colossal size. The young artist was only 25 years of age when he began it, and occupied two years in its execution. No work of the great master earned such a harvest of praise among his contemporaries. The boldness and assured touch of the great sculptor awake our admiration. Not only the subject was prescribed to him but also its size and proportions. It stood for over three hundred years in front of the old palace in which Savonarola held his first Parliament of the free city of Florence, of which, according to an inscription still visible, Jesus Christ also was Lord. The original is now removed to the art gallery. A copy in bronze is set in the great square of St. Mark's, of Florence, on a hill overlooking the City of Flowers.



Now I've Got You! Joan Burrell Age 12.

MELVILLE SCHROEDER AGE 12

