

INDUSTRY
POPULATION

Marriott Explains
Regards Min-
propositions

Thursday's Daily,
Scott, head of the min-
ing world famous
Wernher, Best & Co.,
owners of the Canadian
Engineering, and its
and visit to Canada.
gave his impressions
say much, especially
to address the
at Vancouver on his
he had some in-
onations to make on the
the mining industry
of view of the big

ally he said:
things that struck me
ble way in which the
en mapped out. There
ere has been a great
one done by the geor-
nd others which should
istance to those who
in an intelligent
I think that I have
one in any other
ave visited.

in a mining point
perhaps that your
more people. We
some splendid things,
ast mineralised areas
be others, but
of people to find
ed pairs of eyes did
or three pairs will

another thing which
in mind. Nowadays
too apt to stake a
work on it and then
to sell it for a large
is absolutely futile.
British Columbia, for
only mining country
There are others,
mendous competition
ducing centres, and
you must be a well
best. None who has
erience can have any
those who have min-
is the centre of the
of the world, and
ines that are brought
astounding.

is a promising claim
to develop it him-
w a small syndicate
s and do enough
rate what he has got,
and the work is done
will consider it, and
od price for it, but
Capitalists will not
they have too many
gs put before them.
is plenty of work
of the old time
producers who were
not plenty of muscle
into
will never get a large
running across a
ledge. In fact, the
uch as a large
In the more work
ere ore he blocks out
to sell his ore, he
ney he will get for it,
vious, but nowadays
at this and expect
to take all the ore
on't do it. Others,
to make their money
at mining, but
ed is population to
your mines. When
ill be no difficulty
ding the capital, but
on a properly produc-

WINS IN
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that he suggested that
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the results, which he
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cross-examination of
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less be reviewed in
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CITIZENS' DAY
AT EXHIBITION

Large Crowd Attended Yester-
day Despite Showers of
the Forenoon

PRAISE FROM THE JUDGES

Stock and Fruit Displays Best
in History of Agricultural
Society

(From Thursday's Daily)

Over fifteen hundred people passed
through the entrance gates to the
provincial exhibition yesterday. The
majority arrived just about the hour
fixed for the commencement of the
horse races. They hadn't gone earlier
because of the inclement weather,
somewhat heavy showers having had a
detrimental effect on the general en-
thusiasm. But it was Citizens' Day,
and the principal business establish-
ments had closed for the afternoon,
and the clouds rolled away and the
sun warmed the atmosphere, the
crowds could be held back. The
Necca for all was the fair grounds,
and although the B. C. Electric Rail-
way company had put all their spare
rolling stock on the run, there wasn't
efficient to carry the thousands of
as they desired. Soon the grand-
stand was comfortably filled and the
fence, enclosing the track lined with
men and women anxious to see the
trotters and runners at work. A jost-
ling but merry throng moved back
and forth among the aisles of the main
building examining and admiring the
varied exhibits. The merry-go-round
and the different side-shows did a
thriving business. In short the gloom
and rain of the day was converted into
the animated and somewhat noisy
scene which usually marks Victoria's
show.

One of the features of the show
was the magnificent exhibit contri-
buted by the Vancouver Island Pro-
gress Agricultural Association, Cov-
ichan; Walter Palmer, its manager,
which was not entered for a prize, but
was a credit to the exhibitor. The
concern puts up fruit for the
market. The fruit itself comes from
local orchards and made a magnifi-
cent display. The plums in particu-
lar were absolutely perfect in form
and size, and somewhat larger
than the average hen's egg, closely
packed with all the bloom still on
showing which one seldom sees. A
feature of this exhibit was a clever
glass cabinet full of apples.

Among the other competitors John
McKinnon's Hyslop crab apples grown
at Peachland deserve special mention.
They were about as large as a med-
ium sized apple and evolved a great
deal of comment. W. E. Scott won
the prize for Alexander apples with
a splendid selection. There was an
excellent display of the fruit, and
habits having been sent in from all
parts of the country.

The spectators were not the only
ones who admired the fruit. Soon
after the exhibition opened a wood-
pecker flew in through an open
window, and alighting on the table
inspected the display in a sample of
Mr. Brydon's best apples. Apparently
they were to his liking, for he had
made a couple of large holes in the
table before he was driven off by the
attendant.

The district of Soke had a most
creditable exhibit of fruit, vegetables,
and butter and so forth. The ears
of wheat and oats were tastefully
employed in the decorative scheme, and
the whole was a tribute both to the
enterprise and productiveness of the
district. From the ranch here a sim-
ilar exhibit, but owing to the fact that
several cases were mislaid en route, it
was not so full as it would otherwise
have been. Transmitted to the
sanitarium is situated, and its man-
agement hopes to make the institution
self-supporting with the help of the
various patterns and flowers.

James A. Grant, of Gordon Head,
had a splendid agricultural exhibit,
and deservedly got the first prize. His
display included every conceivable kind
of fruit and vegetable, including mon-
ster squashes and melons. The ex-
hibit was cleverly arranged and most
prettily decorated with ears of wheat
in various patterns, and flowers.
George Heatherbell, of Colwood, got
a prize for some corn which should
be mentioned. The stalks were stand-
ing against the wall, and must have
towered at least 15 feet high. They
were the object of much admiring
comment.

The Poultry Show
To lovers of the industrious hen the
poultry show at the fair is one of the
most interesting attractions. It is
usually well patronized this year,
and being quite heavy and of a
uniformly fine quality. The
familiar breeds were there from the
ancient bantam to the clumsy cochin
chens. A side end of the building
was used for the display of cocks and
hens were sundry intruders of various
kinds. Thus near the entrance by the
bantams were a number of pigeons,
white at the other end a good selec-
tion of ducks were to be heard quack-
ing vociferously in protest at their en-
forced stay on dry land, and above
sets ducks were a number of rabbits
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herd comes from the fruit growing
sections of the state of Oregon. His
dictum may fairly be taken as im-
partial. The plums were perfect, and
the apples unsurpassed, and for the
first time in the fruit industry of Van-
couver Island beat those from the
Okanagan, showing conclusively that
as good apples can be grown in this
district as any part of the world.
The splendid packing of the exhibits
also deserves special mention. In no
respect, probably, has greater progress
been made in the fruit industry of
Victoria and vicinity than in the
methods of packing. It is no longer
haphazard. The apples are graded ac-
cording to size and are fitted tightly
into the boxes, the different layers be-
ing separated by cardboard. The prize
for the best packed apples went to F.
B. Gifford, of Summerland, but his
only superiority consisted in the fact
that he had wrapped his apples in
tissue paper. As W. E. Scott, of
Ganges Harbor, pointed out yesterday,
it is not necessary to wrap apples
destined for the Northwest, which is
the chief market for the local apples,
though it is advisable to do so when
sending them to the east or England.
Thus the fact of the first prize for
packing going to Okanagan was no
disgrace to the local men. For all
practical purposes of their trade, their
product was just as well put up.

There were only two commercial
exhibits this year. R. M. Palmer's usual
contribution from the Soke side or-
chard being much missed. But these
two spoke volumes for the resources
of the fair, and the judges had a
hard time in deciding between the two.
Eventually he awarded the first prize
and the cup to Thomas Brydon, of
Ganges Harbor, second. There was
little to choose between the two, and
in some respect Mr. Scott's exhibit
seemed a little the better. His prais-
eworthy stock on the run, there wasn't
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barred birds were also freely shown.
Then there were Andalusians and
Minorcas and black Orpingtons. There
was a brave display of the popular
Leghorns, both white, brown and buff.
Wyandottes too, were well shown,
number of the speckled Hamburgs.
Rather an uncommon fowl was the
Crested Polish, whose white top knot
attracted great attention,
especially from the ladies. A coquet-
ish looking bird is the Polish, though
one fancies that at times he may look
anything but trim in the dust of the
barn yard. But yesterday they had
most courtier like appearance along-
side their more sombre hued com-
panions.

There were a few Andalusians, a
large, strikingly handsome grey bird.
These also attracted much admiration
and seemed to be a new breed to many
of the visitors. In fact, the Andalusian
well known to fanciers, the Andalusian
is not a common denizen of the
average western chicken run. Then
again there were Brahmas, a num-
ber of Dorkings.

The game birds are placed in a row
off by themselves at the side. There
is quite a selection of them, and more
than one of the cocks looked as if he
had been engaged in numerous bat-
tles. One cock in particular, a fine
disappointed looking bird, was a
most rakish air, boasted but one
feather in a tall which, to judge from
that solitary specimen, must normal-
ly be quite an ample, but he was
He may have been moulting, though
his plumage otherwise did not look
like it, but he had all the appearance
of having recently emerged from some
strenuous encounter. Several of the
other game cocks had rather a bat-
tered appearance, though otherwise
fine birds.

Although it was a good show with
enough competition to ensure that the
prize winners in each class were birds
of merit, some classic specimens were
also on view with a demon-
strator in attendance.

The following results of the judging
were given out yesterday:

Wheat, autumn, 1 bushel, white, 1,
Lovell Sea, Victoria; 2, H. A. King,
Cedar Hill.
Wheat, autumn, red, 1, James Town-
send, Mt. Tolmie; 2, H. A. King, Cedar
Hill.
Wheat, spring, red, 1, J. L. Denholm,
Chilliwack.

Barley, Chevalier, 1 bushel, S. Morley,
Victoria; 2, Andrew Wood, Victo-
ria; 3, James Townsend, Mt. Tolmie.
Barley, rough, 1 bushel, 1, S. Morley,
Ladner.
Oats, white, 50 lbs., 1, S. Morley,
Ladner; 2, James Townsend, Mt. Tolmie.
Oats, black, 50 lbs., 1, S. Morley,
Ladner.
Oats, new variety, 50 lbs., 1, James
Townsend, Mt. Tolmie; 2, S. Morley,
Ladner.

Peas, white, 1 bushel, 1, James
Townsend, Mt. Tolmie; 2, H. A. King,
Cedar Hill.
Peas, blue, 1 bushel, 1, H. A. King,
Cedar Hill.
Peas, grey, 1 bushel, 1, H. A. King,
Cedar Hill.
Rye, 1 bushel, 1, James Townsend,
Mt. Tolmie.
Tares, 1 bushel, 1, H. A. King, Cedar
Hill; 2, Horatio Webb, Sardis.

Fodder corn, 12 stalks, 1, Horatio
Webb, Sardis; 2, Lovell Sea, Victoria.
Turnips, 3 sweds, for cattle, 1, Cow-
ichan Agricultural Association, Cov-
ichan; 2, Alexander Davie, Ladner; 3,
Walter Palmer, Mt. Tolmie.
Turnips, 3 yellow, 1, H. A. King,
Cedar Hill; 2, A. G. Tait, Oak Bay;
3, J. M. Abbott, Victoria.
Turnips, 3 white, 1, A. G. Tait, Oak
Bay.
Mangold Wurtzel, 6 globe, 1, A. G. Tait,
Oak Bay; 2, Lovell Sea, Victoria, B. C.

The Colonist.

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THE MINING INSTITUTE

The visit of the Mining Institute and their guests to Victoria was brought to a close last night by a very interesting function held in the Parliament Buildings. This morning they begin their homeward journey. While as was to be expected in the case of gentlemen whose views carry weight with them they are guarded in their expressions of opinion, it may be said with confidence that the impression produced upon the entire membership of the party has been distinctly favorable, and that the reports which they will carry back with them will add greatly to the intelligent interest in Canada by the mining world. One of the party said last night: "Hereafter Canada will be to us something more than a market. It is difficult for a man in England to realize the magnitude of the Dominion and its marvelous possibilities. Perhaps we can assist in bringing about a better understanding of the facts." Another said that he thought the people in England, with whom he was associated, would send out a representative to make a more detailed examination of British Columbia. Another expressed the opinion that the leading mining houses would send representatives to Canada. Others spoke of the great field remaining to be explored. Indeed the impressions of the whole party seem to have been just what we all hoped for. The Colonist wishes them all a pleasant journey home.

THE NORTH COUNTRY

It is interesting to receive a report from the Edmonton Board of Trade, which deals with the transportation facilities between that city and the Arctic Ocean. We learn from it that there are twenty points in the great valley of the Mackenzie river and its branches where the traveler may find supplies, and we are told that the country is one of great possibilities. We quote: "To the hunter, prospector, trader and trapper and for men of wealth seeking new fields to travel in the vast country north of Edmonton offers untold opportunities in the way of business as well as pleasure. The hunting, the fishing, the shooting, the magnificent scenery, large lakes and magnificent rivers, the huge tar beds, salt beds, coal beds, offer to men of wealth a novel trip in a delightful and invigorating climate, equal, if not superior to anything that India, South Africa, Australia or South America has to offer." The country thus described stretches 2,000 miles north of Edmonton, and the object of the commission of this report is not so much to promote its colonization as to induce the right sort of men to examine it.

The report tells us that Athabasca Landing, a point that most of us associate in our minds with the very far north, has been reached from Edmonton by a motor car in less than a day, and that when the traveler reaches there he will find a hotel and several boarding houses, stores, wholesale depots, livery stables, blacksmith shops, a saw mill and other establishments, including the post and telegraph offices. At Lesser Slave Lake, which used to suggest to most people the very abomination of desolation as they regarded it on the map, is the largest settlement north of Edmonton, with stores, saw mills, boarding houses, restaurants, a flour mill and so on. At Vermilion, Peace River Crossing, Dunvegan, Spirit River and St. John there are stores, flour mills and other business houses. Altogether there are six flour mills in this region, grinding locally-grown wheat, which is perhaps as good evidence as could be asked of the adaptability of the country for settlement.

Port St. John is in British Columbia. It is 500 miles from Edmonton and in the heart of a very fine country. It is the most important port on the Upper Peace River, and the seat of a Roman Catholic mission. To reach it you take a wagon or motor car to Athabasca Landing, and then you go up the Athabasca river by steamer to Little Slave river and up this river by steamer, although there are some places where you have to walk. When you get to Lesser Slave Lake you take horses and pack animals to carry you to the Peace river, where you take a steamer again and go up stream to St. John. Here the Peace River-Yukon trail begins, which crosses the mountains and at 208 miles from St. John reaches Fort Graham on the Athabasca. It is here that this river, in whose tributaries gold is now being washed out, is 788 miles from Edmonton. If the trip were made by pack animals, the distance would be 788 miles and the time required to make the journey would be upwards of two months. The most northerly of the two Mackenzie valleys is Fort Macpherson, which is 1,954 miles from Edmonton, and from Fort Macpherson the route taken by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police patrol, which goes over the ground every winter, the distance to Dawson is 4,000 miles. Figures like these show that the North Country is a land of magnificent distances.

RAILWAYS NEEDED

Discussing the requirements of a very promising tract lying east of the Calgary and Edmonton railway the Calgary Herald says: "Railways are what the province needs. There is true not only of the province just east of the Rocky mountains, but also of British Columbia. The transportation problem is the most important that is before the people of this province. Of areas fit for occupation, of vast stores of natural wealth, of all the elements of great and enduring prosperity we have all that can be desired, but the very vastness of these resources only intensifies the necessity of providing a complete scheme of transportation. The construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific, so far from solving that problem, only increases its importance. In a better sense of the Canadian Pacific's mileage given in another column, it is shown that for every mile of main line in this province that company has a mile of tributary line. So must it be with the Grand Trunk Pacific. The main line is only the great artery of traffic; there must be many feeders, and the best method of providing these feeders is something that will give the exercise of the best judgment of the Dominion and provincial governments. The Colonist has repeatedly urged that the Dominion should do

something to aid railways in the unsettled parts of this province, and to a certain extent its representations have been heeded. It has not been done that we would have liked to have done, but something has been given. Whether the aid afforded will ensure railway construction we do not know. But the one thing certain is that we must have more railways. The provincial government can hardly avoid giving this matter very serious attention before long. The information recently acquired concerning the unoccupied parts of the province will justify a policy that will ensure their early settlement.

THE BURDEN OF TAXATION

We have on several occasions pointed out what we thought was certain proof that the Liberal government has increased the burden of taxation. We have laid stress upon the fact that the source from which the government can get money is by taking it from the pockets of the people, and that, although there may be some changes in the Customs schedule the fact that the people are paying immensely more in the aggregate than they did under the Conservative regime, is the only evidence that is required to show an increase. The Finance Minister has made many speeches in which he has claimed that the changes which he made in the tariff have given effect to the promise made in favor of a policy of free trade, but an examination of such a claim is plain enough when we take the trade returns. The Montreal Gazette discusses the question as follows: "An examination of the record of the Finance Minister's last revision of the tariff under a Conservative administration was made in 1897, when the first Fielding tariff was introduced. Under that tariff the average duty paid upon each \$100 of goods imported into Canada was \$18.24. For the year ended March 31, 1908, the imports entered for consumption were \$30,770,281. Taxed at the average rate paid under the Foster tariff there would have been imposed upon these importations the sum of \$61,322,590. There was actually collected as customs taxation upon these goods the sum of \$58,320,737, or \$3,011,853 less than would have been paid under the average of the Foster tariff. In his budget speech last March, Mr. Fielding placed the population of Canada at 6,153,785, so that the reduction of customs taxation to something like 49 cents per head of the population. It will interest those Canadians who believe in free trade to learn that the difference between the Foster tariff which is held up to them as a tariff for revenue only, and the Foster tariff of 1894, which they are asked to consider as a most vicious application of the principle of protection, amounts to less than half a dollar per head of the population. It clearly establishes that the Laurier government has no claim upon their support as believers in free trade.

GAMBLING IN MINING STOCKS

The Ontario Bureau of Mines has issued a report in which, something is said about the folly of gambling in mining stock. We doubt if it will do much good. In every one there is a quality, which makes it impossible to avoid taking speculative risks. If we do not take them in one way, we take them in another. It was so in the beginning, and is now, and apparently ever shall be. But it ought to be possible to persuade the majority of people that if what is claimed by the promoters is an honest man, because the letter is hand-written and it is easily divisible into shares, the fact that it is the product of the promoters of the company, and the other is his own, written in the hope that he can turn an honest profit by selling some of the shares, he believes is good, and from the sale of which he will get a small commission. It is frankness itself in this part of the report. It may be of course, that this frankness is assumed, but for the credit of human nature, we will suppose it is not. The mine is not a mine. It may be a new mine, or an examination of what is said about it, we have reached the conclusion that it is a mine, and that it is a good one. But, and this is what we would like to get into the minds of everybody, if what is represented is true, it would not be necessary to send out letters to people asking them to invest. People with capital would tumble over each other in their haste to get hold of the property. There is plenty of money in the world to develop a good mining property. There is no need to tell you that if \$15,000 or \$150,000 worth of stock can be sold, the mine will be placed in a position to begin shipping ore, with all the weight of the best \$2,000 to the ton and in unlimited quantity, the best thing to do with the letter is to put it in the fire. We make no exception of the Fielding tariff, if you want to gamble, it will make no difference whatever to you whether the promoters tell the truth or not, but if you are a gambler, you will want to be better to go down to Chinatown and try your luck in a lottery or a game of cards. You will stand a good chance of a better chance, of winning, and the agony is not prolonged if you lose. Of course, there are stories galore of mines that have been sold for a few dollars and afterwards made some lucky fellow rich. Some of these are true, but some of them are not, but we doubt if more than a few instances of any of the stock of these enterprises, which have made good, was offered for sale. There are advertisements, circulars, and prospectuses, but they are not so many that one runs any risk of missing a good one. It is a matter of listening to the alluring tale of the man who is selling stock to sell for a song in a property that only requires your money and that of a few associates to become worth uncounted millions.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS

Recently a party of newspaper men from the Middle West made a tour of the Prairie Provinces and they have been telling their subscribers what they saw and what they thought of it. Without specifying the newspapers, we make a few quotations from them. "The development of the country has made marvelous strides since the late war, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable. A great country undeveloped, which was the breadbasket of the world, is now a great country of wonderful possibilities and resources. The country is touched by man and full of wonderful possibilities. The thing which most impressed us was the magnitude of the country that is available for agricultural purposes. A delightful outing combined with an eye-opener. It will take time to assimilate the revelations of a visit to the great empire lying to the north of us unfolded at every turn. Only a beginning has been made in its settlement and improvement. A vast rich country and a contented prosperous people. The men, who are daily great crops and that wonderful country. A vast undeveloped country, a broad expanse of land, which is an empire in extent and the great wheat fields of the world. These quotations are all from different papers, and they are accepted as giving a fairly accurate idea of the opinions formed by the competent observers from whose pens they came. The representatives of the rural newspapers of the Middle States are the best possible judges of the capabilities of a land like that, out of which the Prairie Provinces have been carved.

One of the planks in the platform of the "Independent Party" in the United States is that all judges should be elected. There is a growing fear over the republic that the great capitalistic institutions of the country, and the great industrial and commercial classes, hence in both the older political parties, there is much discussion of the right of the courts to grant injunctions. The evidence of centuries has demonstrated that the issuing of injunctions is one of the surest means of preventing irreparable injury from being done. In matters of this nature, the courts should be elected. The motor speed mania has proven so serious in Montreal that the Star says that "the demand that 'man slaughter by automobile shall hereafter be treated as a crime.' We sympathize with the strong views expressed by our contemporary, but are glad to be able to say that the legislation against high speed, inaugurated in Victoria by the Colonist, has led to excellent results, and that the very great majority of our motorists show every disposition to keep within reasonable limits.

A Canadian party went from Lake Superior to Moose Factory on James Bay, and they are on the way and out the straits to the east, ending their journey at St. John's, Newfoundland. They traveled in all 6000 miles and made the most of the opportunities to employ a little known and little used resource. They found a land of fertile soil, timber, fish, and minerals, and they express themselves as confident of the practicability of the Hudson's Bay route. The motor speed mania has proven so serious in Montreal that the Star says that "the demand that 'man slaughter by automobile shall hereafter be treated as a crime.' We sympathize with the strong views expressed by our contemporary, but are glad to be able to say that the legislation against high speed, inaugurated in Victoria by the Colonist, has led to excellent results, and that the very great majority of our motorists show every disposition to keep within reasonable limits.

of a personal nature this is not disputed in the United States, but the objection has been used so frequently as a means for checking the efforts of labor organizations that it is looked upon only by many people as one of the strongest instruments of tyranny. The right to enjoy persons from doing an act, which will be necessary to the right to use force to prevent the prohibited act, and hence it is easy to see how a judge under the control of some great corporation might employ the power of the state to further the ends of the corporation. Hence for self-protection the people demand that the right to issue injunctions shall either be done away with or its exercise shall be greatly curtailed. It is thought that popular election would make the judge independent of the corporations, but we fail to see why this should be the case. You cannot make a man honest simply by electing him to an office, and if he is dishonest, the corporations can control him as fully if he is elected as they could if he is appointed.

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Next month representatives of Cape Colony, the Orange River Colony, Natal and Transvaal are to meet for the purpose of arranging a basis for the union of these several colonies into a confederation. The outcome of the meeting will be watched with the greatest interest all over the civilized world. Britain is trying an extraordinary experiment in South Africa and it is not very easy for any one to say what the outcome of it will be. The Canadian Pacific strike is assuming a very serious phase now, the locomotive engineers have given the company notice that unless the strike is settled in another week they will not run the engines, but will appeal to the Railway Commission. We assume that the position taken by the engineers is that the engine is not safe to run. This would take their proposed action out of the prohibited scope of "the sympathetic strike."

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Next month representatives of Cape Colony, the Orange River Colony, Natal and Transvaal are to meet for the purpose of arranging a basis for the union of these several colonies into a confederation. The outcome of the meeting will be watched with the greatest interest all over the civilized world. Britain is trying an extraordinary experiment in South Africa and it is not very easy for any one to say what the outcome of it will be. The Canadian Pacific strike is assuming a very serious phase now, the locomotive engineers have given the company notice that unless the strike is settled in another week they will not run the engines, but will appeal to the Railway Commission. We assume that the position taken by the engineers is that the engine is not safe to run. This would take their proposed action out of the prohibited scope of "the sympathetic strike."

The story of the wreck of the Star of Bengal on the Alaskan coast is one of the saddest tales of the sea that has been told for a long time. The worst part of it all is the charge of cowardice made against the captains of the tug, who did not go to the assistance of the stranded vessel. This is a point upon which judgment ought to be suspended until the whole story of the incident is known. The men, who go down to sea in ships, are not open to such a charge. A Canadian party went from Lake Superior to Moose Factory on James Bay, and they are on the way and out the straits to the east, ending their journey at St. John's, Newfoundland. They traveled in all 6000 miles and made the most of the opportunities to employ a little known and little used resource. They found a land of fertile soil, timber, fish, and minerals, and they express themselves as confident of the practicability of the Hudson's Bay route.

The motor speed mania has proven so serious in Montreal that the Star says that "the demand that 'man slaughter by automobile shall hereafter be treated as a crime.' We sympathize with the strong views expressed by our contemporary, but are glad to be able to say that the legislation against high speed, inaugurated in Victoria by the Colonist, has led to excellent results, and that the very great majority of our motorists show every disposition to keep within reasonable limits.

WEILER BROS. VICTORIA, B.C. FURNITURE FOR THE BEDROOM BIG VARIETY 3rd & 4th Floors DINING-ROOM FURNITURE NEEDS EASILY SUPPLIED FROM OUR STOCKS

Every Fair Visitor SHOULD VISIT THIS ESTABLISHMENT—YOU ARE TRULY WELCOME

No visiting Homekeeper who delights in a cosy, comfortable, artistic home; who would keep in touch with fashions very latest edict in house-furnishing, should miss seeing this establishment's Autumn offerings in "correct" home-furnishings. Here is a complete home furnishing store—specialists in this line—offering you the greatest assortment of furnishings for the home, the West has ever been asked to view, and extending the most cordial invitation to come and roam through and feast your eyes on the many dainty items shown here. Just to roam from one floor to another is an education in the possibilities of home decorating—an opportunity to acquire a knowledge of the World's latest ideas of which no home keeper should fail to take advantage. A hearty welcome awaits you and we trust that every visiting housekeeper (present or prospective) will visit this shop ere they leave our town.



THE LATEST FALL IDEAS IN DAINTY CURTAINS SEE THE EXHIBIT ON OUR SECOND FLOOR

NEW OIL LAMPS Soft, Mellow, Light SEE OUR FINE CUT GLASS EXHIBITION

SPECIAL SHOWING OF NEW FURNITURE LATEST ARRIVALS DISCLOSE SOME HANDSOME STYLES

The time when the cheery warmth of a grate fire is appreciated has arrived. Does it find you prepared or do you need some Fire Furniture? Fire Furniture adds greatly to the "effect" of the open fire-place. You know how "cheerful" is the open fire—fine fire furniture makes it doubly so. We are showing some splendid styles in all the various lines and invite you to come in and view our offerings at your leisure. We have Kerbs, Suites, Tongs, Pokers, Scuttles, etc., in Iron, Iron and Brass, Copper, Brass and in the latest designs. Prices we believe will please you. FIRE SETS—Tongs, poker and shovel, in brass or steel, from \$2.50 ANDIRONS—Quant and odd designs. Wrought iron. Strongly built. Per pair \$2.00 KERBS—Wrought iron. Several sizes and designs. From each \$1.75 KERBS—In Wrought Iron and Brass. Assortment of styles and sizes. From \$2.25

SOME EXCELLENT TOILET SET VALUES ARE SHOWN NOW New shapes and decorations are here. Prices are fair indeed. New arrivals just being unpacked today are pleasing. Come in. Shown on first floor.

Get Your Blankets at Headquarters—This Store Weiler Bros. THE "FIRST" FURNITURE STORE OF THE "LAST" WEST GOVERNMENT STREET, VICTORIA, B.C.

ROMERIO FROM Weir Liner. Age Across Japan WRECK OF Further Details aster—Sh of the (From a story... After a storm... heavy seas, the... yesterday from... 3,000 bales of... ed at \$500,000... saloon passage... to Helvelia. If you ask... merio about the... captain to sec... main story—i... officer forgett... waiting for... knows that a... a run of stor... happenings, th... the shooting o... had western do... Gale. Soon after... Kumerio ran... gales which c... and, mysteri... at the water... strong head... was experienced... the "baron... twenty-five ye... 28.65. There w... but soon squ... daily, starting... south and sou... hours a hurric... velocity of 70... sea breaking... ing over the r... sustained, the... dily, starting... of the m... tined str... coast, where... was seen with... that was seen... having seemi... come the liner... The second... and a heavy... warded by fir... preventing fur... the vessel. Further... of the Kumerio... wire... invention of... made of what... His battery is... his instrument... taken from... everything from... metal... telephones wh... to listen for... has had some... shelling and... to communication... tion abound... more material... shipboard at... to greatly imp... the Kumerio... report her con... The steamer... this part an... outer wharf I... midnight. Du... Further... of the... near of God... when... bound... Singapore, wh... of coal, were... merio. Of th... men were sav... caling to w... hours while a... them to drop... steamer Salky... William Philip... John Loudon... stated that... typhoon and... nates, water p... ings broken i... siderable wre... cers of the... two survivors... of life. Shar... away before... up. A sea... the wreckage... but became e... being by... From China... the governme... proposals of... being in the... to the American... ting the Box... that 100 Chi... yearly... the next five... From Todd... great indigna... to protest ag... of the exhibi... the Tokio... of the... turn of three... dollars expen... pials are be... talk over the... NEWINGTO PART Wealthy Tim From a L... The steamer... north, was... from northern... number in... ber limits an... northeast co... from a tour... of Chicago... S. Darling an... S. Senator Pe... A. D. McF... The party... Island, where... camps are lo... left New... proceeded to

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE SALES EASILY APPLIED FROM OUR STOCKS

WELCOME

Homekeeper in a cosy, domestic home; who touch with fashion; edict in household miss seeing men's Autumn "correct" home-

education in the to acquire a no home keeper awaits you and or prospective)

FINE CLASSIFICATION

PURE HOME STYLES

Looking and n, each \$9.50 the brass-kerb. From \$24.00 copper, kerb. From \$25.00 at easy prices day.

HOW

Store

MAKERS OF FURNITURE, ANTIQUE, FITTINGS, That Art, Bolt:

KUMERIC ARRIVES FROM THE ORIENT

Weir Liner Had Stormy Passage Across Pacific From Japanese Ports

WRECK OF THE DUNEARN

Further Details Brought of Disaster—Sharks Took Some of the Victims

(From Thursday's Daily). After a stormy passage, steaming against heavy gales, accompanied by heavy seas, the steamer Kumeric, Capt. Crowley, of the Weir line, reached port yesterday from Manila, via ports of China and Japan with forty-two passengers and 6,000 tons of general cargo, tea, hemp, rice, porcelain, matting, curio, etc., including 2,000 bags of silk and silk goods valued at \$800,000. There was, too, one saloon passenger, an Australian bound for Havelock.

If you ask anyone on board the Kumeric about the stormy passage, from captain to second cook, all will tell the same story—it was due to the second officer forgetting to pay his dhoby's wash bill at Yokohama. Any old sailor knows that an unpaid wash bill means a run of stormy weather and other happenings, this being second only to the shooting of albatrosses, which brings bad weather down upon a steamer.

Gales Encountered Soon after leaving Yokohama the Kumeric ran into strong northeast gales which continued with northeast wind until the morning of the 22nd. At Akatawa was reached, and thence strong head seas and head weather was experienced. On Saturday last the barometer came down to 29.5, and the wind veering to the southeast, and the wind veering to the south and southwest, and in a few hours a hurricane was blowing with a velocity of 70 miles an hour. The Kumeric ran before the gale with heavy seas breaking inboard, water showering over the rail, but no damage was sustained, the steamer behaving splendidly, thanks to the skill and seamanship of the master. The winds continued strong until arrival off the coast, where, off Race Rocks, a whale was seen with a long nose and the chief officer swears it was the same whale that was seen at Tacoma last voyage, having seemingly come over to welcome the second mate's wash bill and the men and a half to pay it has been forwarded by first mail in the hope of preventing further storms following the vessel.

The Kumeric had a unique installation of wireless apparatus. It is an invention of Second Engineer Ross, and of what nature he could say. His battery is in an old pickle bottle, his instrument is home made, the motor taken from a small power boat and working in a hand saw, and the amplifier, the amplifier stay, the sender and telephones which he fastens to his ear to listen for signals is home made. He has had some success on board the ship and at short distances, but efforts to communicate with the Pacha station aboard were not successful. With more material than he could secure on board and a few more men, he would be able to greatly improve his apparatus and the Kumeric will probably be able to report her coming on the next trip. The steamer left port at 10:30 a.m. for this port and after discharging at the outer wharf proceeded to Tacoma at midnight.

Dunearn's Loss Further particulars than were cable of the loss of the steamer Dunearn off Goto Island, near Nagasaki, when bound for Singapore, with a cargo of 4,200 tons of coal, were brought by the Kumeric. Of the crew of 55, but three men were saved into the great clinging to wreckage for twenty-four hours while sharks swam waiting for them to drop off; by the Japanese steamer Saikyō Maru, the survivors, William Phipps, 24, third officer, and John London, 22, fourth engineer, stated that the ship was struck by a typhoon and sank within three minutes, water pouring in through openings broken in the coal-bunkers. Considerable wreckage was seen by the crew of the Saikyō Maru, where the two survivors were found, but no sign of life. Sharks had to be driven away before the two men were picked up. A seaman and a stoker clinging to the wreckage with the two survivors but became exhausted and let go, being seized by the following waves.

From China news was brought that the government has agreed to the proposals of the Boxer indemnity, these are being made to be sent yearly to the United States during the next five years.

From Tokyo news was brought of great indignation meetings being held to protest against the postponement of the exhibition for five years and the Tokio city council has made claim for damages, demanding a return of three-quarters of a million dollars expended in preparations. Proposals are being made that the city take over the exhibition.

NEWINGTON BRINGS PARTY OF CAPITALISTS

Wealthy Timber Owners Returned From a Visit of Inspection to Logging Camps

The steamer Newington, Capt. Shorforth, was in port yesterday morning from northern coast points, bringing number of capitalists interested in timber limits and logging camps on the northern coast of Vancouver Island from a tour of inspection. The party on board the former trawler included Edward Swift, the well known packer from Chelsea and the Bayview Hotel, Chicago and Mrs. J. J. McEwen, wife of New Westminster, T. S. Darling and wife, of Winnipeg, U. S. Senator Peter Johnson, of Chicago, and A. D. McRae, of New Westminster. The party has been at Valdes and Reed Island, where the company's logging camps are located. The Newington left New Westminster on Saturday and proceeded to Comox, from where the

party drove to Campbell river, and drove over the timber limits in that vicinity, afterward spending a day fishing at Campbell river. The Valdes and Reed Island logging camps were visited and the party returned to this city, arriving yesterday morning. She left at 1 p. m. for Anacortes with the party. Returning to New Westminster the steamer will take some logging engine to the Nimpkish river logging camps.

BIGGEST OIL SHIPMENT

Bellerophon Will Take Over Five Thousand Barrels Whaleoil to Glasgow

On the steamer Bellerophon of the Blue Funnel line which will sail for Liverpool and Glasgow via the Orient and Suez canal about the end of the month the Pacific Whaling company will make the largest shipment of oil sent since coast whaling was begun on the British Columbia coast. The shipment will total over five thousand barrels of whale oil. The steamer Otter of the C.P.R. left last night with a full cargo of coal, barrels and supplies for the Pacific Whaling company and will bring back a full cargo of whale oil and fertilizer. The steamer Tees will also bring a large shipment on her return for the coast.

NAMES MENTIONED FOR ARCHBISHOPRIC

No Nomination Made By the College of the Cardinals

There were three candidates for the Archbishopric of Victoria, when the congregation of the propaganda for British Roman Catholic affairs met recently at Rome, one being a British Columbian, Rev. Father Nicolay, of Ladysmith and formerly of Victoria. Those present were Cardinals Gotti, Vives y Tuto, Segura Casaneta, Gannari, Satolli, Cavicchioni and Martinelli, and after a discussion of the situation arising out of the resignation of Archbishop Oth of Victor it was decided to transfer the seat of this Archbishopric to Vancouver and to recommend to His Holiness the pope the appointment of Mgr. MacDonald, vicar-general of Antigonish as Bishop of Victoria. Monsignor Augustinus Donteuvill, Bishop of Westminster, and Monsignor Gabriel Bregant, Apostolic Vicar of Mackenzie, supported by Mgr. Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, requested the pope to transfer the ecclesiastical province from Victoria to Vancouver, and after a report had been made by Cardinal Casaneta the transfer was approved and Mgr. Donteuvill was appointed Archbishop of Vancouver, while Mgr. MacDonald will be Bishop of Victoria.

A subsequent report from Rome states that His Lordship, Archbishop Donteuvill, has been appointed super-general of the Order of Oblates of Mary Immaculate, a life appointment which necessitates his residence in Rome. This will probably necessitate the appointment of another Archbishop for Vancouver. Bishop Donteuvill was born in Alsace formerly a French department, and now a part of the German Empire, about fifty years ago. His ordination as a Roman Catholic priest took place in the Province of Canada, twenty years ago. After holding a professorship in Ottawa university, a seat of learning, he was appointed by the Order, he was appointed coadjutor bishop of the diocese of New Westminster in 1887. Two years later he was appointed head of the second order of the Oblate order devotes itself primarily to missionary work. It has especially in nearly every country of Europe, Asia, Africa, the United States, Australia and the Dominion. Its intrepid missionaries were the first to bring the Christian faith to the Northwest territories as well as in the Mackenzie River basin. The order also directs many colleges and seminaries. Its discipline is one of the most rigorous of any of the orders of the church. Its membership comprises about one thousand priests and nearly five hundred lay brethren.

THIRTEEN MEN KILLED

FRENCH WARSHIP

Explosion of Gun on Cruiser Exterminates Crew of One Turret

Toulon, France, Sept. 22.—During gunnery drill today one of the turret guns of the cruiser Latouche Treville exploded with terrific force, completely wrecking the turret and killing the entire crew of thirteen. A number of men were seriously injured, some of them fatally.

MODERN BUCCANEERS

Reported Fitting Out of Expedition Intended to Seize the Overthrow of Colombia

Boston, Sept. 23.—The Post will tomorrow publish the disclosures of an alleged filibustering expedition to start from this city on October 1, composed of six hundred men, fully armed and equipped, for the overthrow of the United States of Colombia. Investigation of the recruits, some of whom were under the direction of a mining engineer of New York, revealed cartridges, carbines and machine guns had already been purchased from a firm in New York. The arms were today shipped to Boston and held there until the departure of the expedition.

A British tramp steamer has been hired, it is claimed, as a transport for the troops and arms to South America. A fishing schooner was to carry the men and arms out of Boston harbor where the tramp steamer would be. A former major in the United States army was secured to command the expedition and the date of the departure set for October 1st.

Village of Weston Seized

Toronto, Sept. 23.—The village of Weston is in the hands of the sheriff. A writ of execution was issued against it by the Equity Fire Insurance Co. to satisfy a judgment of \$280,448 costs, granted by Justice MacMahon. The judgment was for money advanced by the insurance company.

Paraguay Plot

Asuncion, Paraguay, Sept. 23.—The government has unearched a plot against it, organized by members of the negro party. All conspirators were taken into custody and a state of siege has been proclaimed.

ENGLAND'S FUTURE LIES IN CANADA

John Ashworth a Staunch Believer in Mineral Riches of Dominion

Prominent among the English engineers who are visiting British Columbia as the guests of the Canadian Institute of Mining Engineers is John Ashworth, the veteran president of the Manchester Geological and Mining Society, past vice-president of the British Institute of Mining Engineers and a member or officer of half a dozen other important bodies, both scientific and commercial, in the old country. This is by no means Mr. Ashworth's first visit to Canada, and he has a reputation in the resource and future of the country which is refreshing, especially when his scientific statements and the fact that he has long possessed the sage of youthful enthusiasms are concerned.

"England's future lies in Canada," said Mr. Ashworth yesterday to a Colliery reporter, "and the phrase sums up his view of a situation which he naturally approaches from the standpoint of the geologist. He has said frequently that the Dominion and has had excellent opportunities of learning something at first hand regarding its mineral resources. On the other hand, the geologist is obliged to be content with very meagre returns. The result is that he loses no opportunity of impressing upon the British capitalist what golden opportunities await the judicious investment of funds in the Dominion. A striking proof of this is to be found in the speech which he delivered at Manchester on the 12th of last November when he was elected president of the Manchester Geological and Mining Society, a speech which was printed and distributed among all the 3,000 members of the society. After pointing out that the mineral resources in all communities and what vast hive of industry he had created out of the agricultural country which formerly surrounded the great cities of the towns of the midlands of England, he said:

"It seems to be that the miner would do well to turn his steps to the westward to the vast Dominion of Canada," and thereupon proceeded to give a running sketch of the mineral resources of the different provinces of Canada. The address was replete with interesting facts and convincing figures. Unlike some easterners, he did not over-estimate British Columbia. Describing it he said:

"This region is by far the most important part of Canada as regards minerals," while of the Boundary country he said: "For the variety and value of its ores, it will be difficult to find an equal." Mr. Ashworth's first visit to Canada was in 1838 when he came out to report upon a mine. Even at that date he predicted the discoverer of minerals in Ontario. His second visit was in 1858 when he came out to report upon the Ontario's riches.

"When I passed through that apparently barren region, and noted the rocks and sparse timber, I said: 'That country is not so barren as it seems. It seems barren now, but hidden riches will be found beneath its surface.' Since then the great mines of Cobalt have been discovered, and other deposits are being found everywhere. Of course, I was speaking generally, having no idea of the existence of those particular deposits. It was convinced that the development of the mineral riches of Canada were immense and were still untouched. They are hardly scratched today, and no one can estimate the development that will take place in the future."

"I hope to see British capital flow into this country more freely than it has ever done, and to see men constantly endeavoring to impress this view upon capital. In England, they have not gauged this country yet. We live in an island of iron and steel, and we do not realize till we traverse it what 3,000 miles mean."

That Mr. Ashworth's plea in England bears the same force as our talk out here is well exemplified by one of the closing paragraphs of the address referred to: "The principal object of my address is to endeavor to bring before you notice something of the immensity of the value of our Canadian possessions with a view to impressing upon you the importance of direct investment of British capital in Canada, instead of through the New York and other stock exchanges as at the present time; for the danger is that Americans will secure the command, through capital of Canadian mining and other undertakings. If this country is to have any share in the development of the mineral resources, it is essential that she should hold the purse strings."

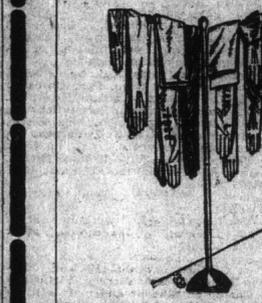
INTERESTING TRIP OF MINING ENGINEERS

Most of the Larger Mining Industries of the Dominion Are Visited

(From Thursday's Daily). The visit of the Canadian Institute of Mining Engineers to British Columbia is the result of a great deal of thought and planning on the part of the executive. The idea originated two years ago in the mind of the secretary, H. Mortimer Lamb, as a good way of removing or helping to remove the stigma which has to some extent laid upon the Canadian mining industry since the London market during the boom days of Roseland and the Slemon. The British investor was bitten on a number of occasions, and it was desirable to show to those whose testimony he would trust that there are plenty of large and successful enterprises being conducted in Canadian mining camps. The matter was discussed by the executive council of the Institute last year, and it was decided to make the venture. The Dominion government was then approached, and support was secured from Ottawa. At first the idea of a western trip was discouraged on account of the slim times due to the fall in copper. But some things brightened up, and the grant was forthcoming. The Institute then wrote to the principal mining companies of France, Belgium and Germany, asking them to send one or two representatives as the guests of the Institute, and many more of their members who cared to take advantage of the special rates which would be obtainable. At first it seemed that more would come, but unfortunately the present state of affairs, but later a number were unable to make the trip, and about forty European engineers arrived.

Discussing the trip at the Empress yesterday evening, Mr. Lamb said: "We assembled at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, where we were received by the Hon. Mr. Devlin, the minister of mines. Our first excursion was a trip down to visited Sydney, where we spent three days. There we went through the works of the Dominion Steel Company, and other mines. "Our next point of interest was the asbestos deposits. We saw a number of the mines, of which those belonging to the Bell Company are possibly the largest. These asbestos deposits are most remarkable, and supply 95 per cent of the world's supply. We learned there that they intend in the near future to manufacture the asbestos on the spot, and they expect to get a large market in the northwest. They are going to make asbestos boards and shingles. These will not cost much more than those now used and will be absolutely incombustible, besides making a cool house in summer and a warmer one in winter. The mines are paying large dividends, and it is not generally known that for the past few years the mines in the Eastern Townships of Quebec have been yielding larger returns in proportion to the capital invested than those in any part of Canada. "From there we went to Toronto and so down to the Niagara Falls, where in addition to the ordinary sights, we were taken through the power plant by the manager, and thus saw many interesting sights that otherwise we should not have witnessed. "Cobalt was visited, of course, and the immense richness of some of the ore bodies was a surprise to many of our guests. Such a remarkable success was the Lawson and Crown Reserve, where some of the drifts were traversed literally strewed with polished silver. Such a quantity of native silver has probably not been seen anywhere before. They are just starting to concentrate the lower grade ores. Cobalt formerly nothing was shipped that went less than 50 ounces

Exhibition Visitors



This is Your Opportunity to Purchase Every Dress Fabric that is fashionable and every style which is new has now arrived in Millinery, Furs, Separate Skirts, Underskirts, Blouses, Gloves, Hosiery, etc. The new autumn goods are assembled here in every section and present unparalleled money-saving opportunities. Your presence invited.

DENT'S KID GLOVES, tans, black and white, 12 buttons, per pair, \$2.00; 16 button.....\$2.50 SHORT KID GLOVES, a wide choice, all shades, grand values at.....\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, and \$1.75 PLAIN CASHMERE AND LLAMA HOSE, per pair.....50¢, 60¢ and 75¢ CASHMERE HOSE, silk embroidered, a fine range in tans and black at per pair.....65¢ and 90¢ MOTOR SCARFS, very fine ice wool beautifully embroidered in different shades at.....\$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 UMBRELLAS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, fashionable, strong and an exceptionally attractive range of handles. Prices from.....90¢ to \$15.00 LADIES' SILK AND CASHMERE BLOUSES, a new Autumn display, particularly stylish creations at popular prices. FASHIONABLE FURS FOR DAY AND EVENING WEAR, a very large assortment just received, all popularly priced. GOLF JACKETS FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN, most desirable lines, all colors. SILK AND LEATHER BELTS, all the newest fads and fancies priced very modestly.

Dress Goods and Dress Making Speciality. A large and expert staff. Well equipped rooms. Thomson's Glove-Fitting Corsets

1123 Government Street, Victoria, B. C.



'Home of the Hat Beautiful' Latest Ideas in High-Class Exclusive Millinery. Dent's Gloves. Morley's Hosiery. 1123 Government Street, Victoria, B. C.



DENT'S KID GLOVES, tans, black and white, 12 buttons, per pair, \$2.00; 16 button.....\$2.50 SHORT KID GLOVES, a wide choice, all shades, grand values at.....\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, and \$1.75 PLAIN CASHMERE AND LLAMA HOSE, per pair.....50¢, 60¢ and 75¢ CASHMERE HOSE, silk embroidered, a fine range in tans and black at per pair.....65¢ and 90¢ MOTOR SCARFS, very fine ice wool beautifully embroidered in different shades at.....\$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 UMBRELLAS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, fashionable, strong and an exceptionally attractive range of handles. Prices from.....90¢ to \$15.00 LADIES' SILK AND CASHMERE BLOUSES, a new Autumn display, particularly stylish creations at popular prices. FASHIONABLE FURS FOR DAY AND EVENING WEAR, a very large assortment just received, all popularly priced. GOLF JACKETS FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN, most desirable lines, all colors. SILK AND LEATHER BELTS, all the newest fads and fancies priced very modestly.

'Home of the Hat Beautiful' Latest Ideas in High-Class Exclusive Millinery. Dent's Gloves. Morley's Hosiery. 1123 Government Street, Victoria, B. C.

1123 Government Street, Victoria, B. C.

Smart Styles for the Fair

Now Gentlemen.

Knowing that the Fall Suit proposition is now confronting you, we wish to advise you that we have ready for your approval the Season's Correct Styles, fresh from the hands of the World's best Makers of Men's Clothes. It behooves every Man interested in good Clothes—the best Clothes—to come here and see our showing. Suits of Merit, Suits of Character, Suits of Individuality. Our prices are always in keeping with our values and you'll find that they're never inflated. They're right prices!

SUITS \$15, \$18, \$20, \$25, \$30 or \$35

We are at your service, Gentlemen, and we stand ready to be measured up to your most particular requirements.

ALLEN & CO.

FIT-REFORM 1201 Government St. Victoria, B.C.

Watch Victoria Grow

No better way than by studying my grand window displays of particularly fine Fruit and Vegetables Display Within Six Miles of this Store

Products I am more than proud to invite Exhibition visitors to take note of, because they'll illustrate what some other countries can grow, Vancouver Island can grow even better. This good fruit display is an index to a good grocery store where my patrons procure the best at the lowest market price.

W. O. WALLACE The Family Cash Grocer Phone 312 Cor. Yates & Douglas

SUSPECTS IN CUSTODY

Two Men Thought to Have Committed Midway Murder Are Arrested at Nicola. Nicola, B. C., Sept. 22.—Two suspects of the Diamond murder at Midway were arrested at the Nicola Valley Coal and Coke mines here today by Provincial Constable Clark, Constable Austin, of Midway, Constable Gann and Constable Gillis, of Greenwood, was on hand to assist in the arrest. Constable Clark having the men under surveillance for the past two weeks, they having been working at the coal mines since the eighth of this month. They are now in Nicola jail.

Toronto, Sept. 23.—President Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, of the C.P.R., with General Superintendent Osborne, made a tour of Toronto terminals today. Special attention was given the West Toronto shops. The president declined to make any statement re-

EXHIBITION UNDER WAY

Yesterday, the Best in History of Provincial Fair First Days

JUDGING HAS COMMENCED

Field of Entries Larger Than Before—Good Crowds Attend

(From Wednesday's Daily)

Victoria's annual exhibition opened yesterday. At an early hour in the forenoon the entrance gates were thrown wide and the crowd which had begun to arrive, thronged the grounds. Among those thus soon on the scene of the week's festivities were local exhibitors, the proprietors of the numerous stalls which form the attractions of the "pike," introduced in connection with the local fair for the first time this year, those in charge of the stock in competition and a few horsemen who had come to inspect the thoroughbreds entered for the race meet. Later on visitors, in ever-increasing numbers, came and before the afternoon was far gone, there was a bigger gate receipt than has ever before been the case on the initial day of the exhibition. When this was apparent the countenance of the secretary beamed with satisfaction. What he and those associated with him had expected the show had been attained—the show had been inaugurated under circumstances which assured unprecedented success.

Formal Opening

It was shortly after two o'clock when his honor the lieutenant-governor, accompanied by his private secretary, arrived to pronounce the words which would formally set the ball rolling. He was greeted appropriately. The interior of the main building decorated tastefully; every atom of floor space occupied by becomingly arranged exhibits representative of the industries, of the work of school children, of the product of the farms or the orchards of British Columbia, or of the beautiful fancy work of the women of Victoria; the aisles crowded with an eager expectant throng, and the City hall extending a fitting musical welcome, his introduction was most impressive.

As the lieutenant-governor stepped from his carriage he was received by His Worship Mayor Earl president of the B. C. Agricultural association, and members of the executive of that body. In a brief speech the mayor thanked his honor for his attendance. In two particular, he said, this year's exhibition was unique—the opening of the new buildings and the inauguration of the first Vancouver Island horse show. Reference was made to the increased number of exhibits and the demonstration of interest in the show by the merchants and the demand for space in the main and auxiliary structures. He expressed the opinion that it would be found next year that the present accommodation was inadequate, which would necessitate an addition to that available.

Governor's Address

In replying his honor said: "Mr. President and Gentlemen—I have today a pleasant duty to perform in declaring open our 43rd annual exhibition, which I am glad to learn is the most successful ever held here was swept away by fire early this in Victoria.

"Although the old exhibition structure, it has been replaced by buildings which accommodate, I am told, nearly double the number of exhibits of last year, every inch of space, set apart for that purpose being taken up by exhibits, many of which testify to the artfulness and manufacturing progress of this part of the province.

"A new feature this year is the horse show, which I am sure will be very popular and receive a large amount of patronage. I think, sir, every credit is due to those responsible for carrying out the arrangements for this year's fair, and I sincerely hope you will enjoy the gratifying display which you have the honor of beholding.

"I now, Mr. President, have the honor and the pleasure of declaring open the Victoria Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition of 1908."

Before Leaving the Grounds, His Honor Inspected the Various Interior Displays Besides Viewing and Admiring the Stock

At about 10 o'clock in the morning the judging of classes commenced and it was proceeded throughout the day without interruption. The distribution of blue ribbons among stock owners and the award of cards representative of premier places in the fruit and other such competitions were unmarked by unpleasantness. Although the light was very bright and the heat was somewhat oppressive, the officials, as quietly and composedly they went about their business, and only with some evidence of anxiety their judgment was never questioned. The victors, naturally, showed their gratification, while the others took the verdict in a sportsmanlike manner.

The judging went on at different points and, whenever it was underway, there gathered a crowd of people. If they were interested in heavy horses they thronged about George W. Grey, of Newcastle, Ont., who had charge of that department. And they witnessed some fine contests. "There are some splendid animals being shown," commented a critic at the ringside, "and I am sure that a number of beautiful Clydesdales as they pranced about chaffing under the restraint of the harness."

Off in another corner the light horses were being examined by W. Stanley Parks, of Berks, Hampshire, England. Nearby F. M. Logan, former provincial live stock commissioner, was presiding over the standard bred horses. Judging by the manner in which the horses were being placed in the various classes was the most popular class. Certainly some classy horses were placed under the critical eye of Mr. Logan, and his task in placing the ribbons was no sinecure. Often he was confronted with two or three particularly evenly-matched horses, and then the competitors would be put through their paces again and again before the die was cast, and one owner sent away happy, while the other, in the cheering reflection that they had made a close run for the coveted prize.

Beef Cattle

Beef cattle, of which there is a large and varied display, were in the charge

of J. G. Barron, of Calgary, while R. W. Hodson, B. S. A., live stock commissioner of B. C., was entrusted with the inspection of dairy cattle and sheep. During the progress of their work they were watched by a large number of the classes, it was remarked, the greatest improvement was apparent. In some instances as many as twenty heads were placed against each other, while in the majority of cases the entry did not go below half that figure. And what was deemed even more significant was illustrating the advancement being made in the breeding of high class stock in this province, was the quality of the most of the animals shown. Both judges and the spectators were outspoken in their commendation.

Triumph for Saanich

While the judging went merrily along on the grounds similarly it was underway within the main building. Here the struggles were none the less strenuous, perhaps the most notable was that in fruit, a class over which J. R. Shepherd, of Salem, Ore., presided. Mr. Shepherd afterwards said that the display was exceedingly fine. He thought the fruit shown outplayed the much-vaunted product of the Hood River valley. His decision was followed with the closest attention by a large number of horticulturists, and one Vancouver Island grower, T. A. Brydon, of Saanich, left the exhibition last night with the satisfaction of having achieved a notable triumph. Mr. Brydon says everything before it, beating those entered from the lower mainland and from other famous agricultural centres of British Columbia. "Now in the future we can cultivate good fruit here," exclaimed Mr. Brydon, after the judge had made known his opinion as to the respective merits of the competitive display. And there was no answer vociferated Mr. Brydon. He held the field undisturbed, in the competitive display. And there was no answer vociferated Mr. Brydon. He held the field undisturbed, in the competitive display.

Vegetables and Grain are Being Judged by L. H. Newham, of Ottawa

While the poultry is in the hands of Dr. Bell, of Winnipeg, and the pigeons in the hands of T. Wilkinson, of Nanaimo. The two latter features are worthy of special mention. Through the assistance of the local Poultry and Pigeon associations, the exhibit has been made comprehensive and high class and the fight in every class was keenly contested. In the past several years it was witnessed in past years in marked degree.

Other Displays which are Being Judged are: School Drawing and Brush Work by W. H. Burns, map drawing and penmanship by E. W. Wilson, and S. J. Willis, B.A.; manual training, by A. Smith, M.A., and Harry Dunnell.

Successful Ascension

Great interest was evinced in the work of the Victoria and the Victoria balloon ascension by Prof. Sylvan. This was carried through as advertised. With the assistance of a number of the men who were prompted by curiosity, crowded about the piece of canvas while it was being inflated, the preliminary arrangements for the ascent were completed. Then the word was given and the aeronaut, clinging to a trapeze bar, shot far into the air, ascending with such rapidity that soon he was seated about a speck. He waved his arms jauntily at the people, who, craning their necks in every direction, watched his every movement. Soon he pulled the parachute and a wooden shoe. In another room, as well as a careful observer, Mr. Barton from the Central school showed a pretty collection of wild flowers.

At the Little Hillside school the good work done by the young men proved that both teachers and pupils had worked hard and successfully.

This work was not prepared for the exhibition, but has been selected from that done during the year. The children, few of the parents know how much effort on the part of the teaching staff, and of the pupils, who are most of whom had no special training for the work, but who in their own way, have done well. Miss Mills, who is herself devoted to her work, fully appreciates the co-operation of the parents and the children. She has a table display of clay models of the various grades, which is more remarkable for legibility and uniformity than for its artistic value. It is a last exhibition of specimens of the right system as by the order of the council of public instruction it has been abandoned, henceforth the system in use will be that known as the natural system.

There is a good display of map drawing. Some of the specimens from the North West are out of the usual line and very well executed.

Fung shows a map of the world, showing the kinds of vegetation and the ocean currents. The map is a masterpiece of the kind. The position of earth, sun and moon is shown by Serena Wilson and the phases of the moon are shown by Fung. A beautiful piece of work. A world clock and the maps of Canada, where minerals are to be found are other interesting features. A map of the tides by Arnold Nibbling is another fine piece of work. Among the outside schools very creditable manual work is shown by the Tolmie school.

The Sewing

The exhibition of the sewing done in the various classes of the public schools, is the most creditable. This work has been done under the supervision of Miss Boorman, the teacher of the various grades giving credit for the same. The work is of a high order and the pupils of the domestic science classes in the primary classes of the little ones learn to hem and make specimens of their work is shown, on their practice pieces as well as on the finished articles and dusters which mark the completion of their course. The practice work is all done in colored thread so that there will be less strain upon the eyes and that the children can find at once when a mistake has been made. In these classes the aim is uniformity and regularity, and the work is not required or encouraged to be fine work. In the intermediate grade, however, where sewing is added to the work of the students, must be small. The dainty lace bordered handkerchiefs and the carefully made aprons show that ease and skill are being acquired. In the senior grade all the ordinary stitches, the button work, the hemming, putting on band and herring bone done by Marie Doan, Central school, Victoria, South Park, North Vancouver, and the work of Frances Johnson, North Ward, is also shown, and very excellent it is. The exhibition is button-holed in the intermediate grades do very pretty work. The growth of the flower is shown in the buttercup, the little vetch and the clover. The plants and blossoms were used to show how the pollen is carried by the wind and

to give an idea of the wonderful way in which the seed is fertilized.

the finest children get an idea of proportion and while painting their lemons, apples and oranges and working in their triangles and squares, they are learning to grade and ready to apply their knowledge in original designs. It was quite surprising how good some of the work was. The children were contrasted or bled considering the age of the children and the short time they had been at the work. Another thing that must be borne in mind in examining this work is that it is not the production of the specialist, but of the child. Only in a few instances were such children allowed to show work beyond that of their schoolmates. In the measurements shown in the cylinder and ellipse forms by the second reader classes. Among the figures chosen were flower pots and tumblers partially filled with water.

In one of the classes in Victoria West a child's wagon had been chosen to illustrate the cylinder and ellipse forms and a little fellow had made his wheels so round that they could be rolled over the top of the wagon. Another class used a bicycle for the same purpose.

In the older classes greater excitement and more knowledge of perspective was required and in the girl's school some excellent scroll work was shown and books arranged in various ways and books arranged in various ways and books arranged in various ways.

In this grade the pictures of flowers and plants done by some of the scholars in almost all the schools will be well worth a visit. Here, perhaps, South Park school excelled. There is however a very fine exhibit of branches of trees, fruit, flowers and plants, North Ward. But these were drawn before being painted, which is a commendable feature. Among the younger children the nature work was much liked and from the time Mistress Pussycat willow, and the time Mistress grey till the ragged rose hedges glow with berries, bright eyes are on the watch for the flowers and fruit that mark the changing seasons and fingers are trying to copy their grace and beauty. At Spring Ridge much time is spent in this work as the pretty sheets show.

At Rock Bay there were delicate clover blossoms, tiny shamrock leaves and Pet Stock association, the exhibit has been made comprehensive and high class and the fight in every class was keenly contested.

At Kingston Street a nest built in a shoe afforded a very interesting but a model for the little painters. A Geography lesson by the same hand had been illustrated by a window and a wooden shoe. In another room, as well as a careful observer, Mr. Barton from the Central school showed a pretty collection of wild flowers.

At the Little Hillside school the good work done by the young men proved that both teachers and pupils had worked hard and successfully.

This work was not prepared for the exhibition, but has been selected from that done during the year. The children, few of the parents know how much effort on the part of the teaching staff, and of the pupils, who are most of whom had no special training for the work, but who in their own way, have done well. Miss Mills, who is herself devoted to her work, fully appreciates the co-operation of the parents and the children. She has a table display of clay models of the various grades, which is more remarkable for legibility and uniformity than for its artistic value. It is a last exhibition of specimens of the right system as by the order of the council of public instruction it has been abandoned, henceforth the system in use will be that known as the natural system.

Class 10—Roadsters

Pair matched roadsters, mares or geldings, three years and over—1, N. G. Boyle, Vancouver; 2, John McLeod, Vancouver. Single driver, mare or gelding, 15 hands or over, presented by Charles J. W. Morris, Victoria. Yearling gelding, 1, Mrs. G. G. Gouge, Victoria; 2, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 3, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 4, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 5, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 6, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 7, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 8, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 9, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 10, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 11, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 12, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 13, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 14, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 15, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 16, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 17, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 18, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 19, J. T. & J. H. Wilkinson, Chilliwack; 20, J. 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STORE NEAR FOR WILLIAM Narrow Escape of Western Suburb—Wisconsin Towns Are Burned

FOREST FIRES RAGE NEAR FOR WILLIAM Narrow Escape of Western Suburb—Wisconsin Towns Are Burned

Port Arthur, Ont., Sept. 21.—The air and winds caused forest fires in the neighborhood to break out again last night and today, but they have not yet reached menacing proportions. The steamer America, which came along the south shore yesterday afternoon, arriving here this morning reported that there was a full fire about Grand Marais and it is not thought any more damage will be done, though the situation is still of considerable danger.

Belleville, Ont., Sept. 21.—The coroner's jury in the case of James Scott, murdered near Shannonville on Wednesday night last, has returned a verdict of wilful murder against the step-grandson of the deceased.

Kenora, Sept. 21.—On Saturday afternoon the body of Andrew Dahl, aged 80, a section man, was found lying by the track about six miles west of Kenora. He had been severely knocked over by a passing train on Friday evening. He was returning to Osterlund from a visit here.

Rhinelander, Wis., Sept. 21.—The towns of Gagen and Woodboro were destroyed by forest fires yesterday and a suit nearly 4,000 persons are homeless.

Men, women and children fought vainly for their homes, but without avail and at last were forced to flee for their lives, women carrying children in their arms and men and boys with packs on their backs ran towards Rhinelander, many falling exhausted to the heat only to be helped on by the stronger refugees.

Nearly all of those burned out at Gagen reached Rhinelander last night and are being cared for, but few of the Woodboro people are here, and it is not known what has become of them. The fire is a fresh one and a continuation of the one which did so much damage last week.

Immigration Frauds Chinese Posing as Merchants, With Certificates From Chinese Legation at Mexico City

Ottawa, Sept. 21.—According to the statement of F. C. O'Hara, commissioner of Chinese immigration, the Dominion has been defrauded to the extent of \$150,000 by Chinese arriving at Halifax and Montreal from Mexico City in possession of certificates signed by the Chinese legation at Mexico City describing them as merchants.

Counterfeit Half Dollars Windsor, Ont., Sept. 21.—A man giving his name as Elias Johnson, is under arrest for passing counterfeit American half dollars. Scores of people have been victimized.

HON. MR. TEMPLEMAN AGAIN NOMINATED Liberal Convention in the Institute Hall—John Oliver Present

Hon. William Templeman, minister of inland revenue and of mines, and representing the constituency of Victoria in the federal parliament, was nominated at the Liberal convention held in the Institute hall, and there was present a fairly good representation.

Fernie Rebuilding People Busily Securing Shelter for Themselves and Making Improvements to Streets

Fernie, Sept. 21.—The coal company are building a large and handsome residence in the park, which has been developed there. With the improvements made to the roads, that section of the city is growing rapidly and will soon become thickly populated.

SEVERAL THOUSANDS LISTEN TO MR. BRYAN Big Convention Hall Holds But a Small Proportion of the Crowd

Buffalo, N.Y., Sept. 21.—The president has seen fit to give the Republican party, against its own wishes, the endorsement of Mr. Bryan.

So declared Wm. J. Bryan, speaking here tonight at a convention hall, which was packed by thousands, who outside was quadruple the number, necessitating a brief overflow talk.

Mr. Bryan made a number of speeches on route here at Medina. Mr. Bryan said: "You have two Republican senators from this state. One represented an express company, the other has represented the railroad companies, and both of them have acted together to betray the people."

ENGINEERS GIVE VIEWS OF PROVINCE Mineral Wealth of British Columbia Surveyed By Prominent Experts

Dr. Willet G. Miller, president of the Canadian Mining Institute, and a member of the visiting mining engineers, in an interesting address last night, gave the following impression of his visit to British Columbia.

After we entered this province we visited the Crowe West coast coal mines. We then came on to the St. Eugene silver-lead mine at Moyie, where we found a very large deposit of copper.

Alberta's Advantage Remarkable Crop This Year Will Attract Attention of Many American Farmers

Calgary, Sept. 21.—T. L. Belscher, of the firm of Belscher and Davidson, returned to Calgary on Saturday afternoon after a few months' visit at St. Paul and Minneapolis. He says that the crop in that state is very high.

YUKON GOLD OUTPUT LARGELY INCREASED Effect of Hydraulic Mining on Large Scale—Work on Big Ditch

Vancouver, Sept. 21.—The gold production of the Canadian Yukon this season is larger than for many years past. The figures will really prove surprising, though it is not early to make an estimate.

Started from Quibee Mr. E. Mortimer Lamb of Montreal, and the secretary of the C. M. I., gave the following brief account of the trip:

BOUNDARY MINE DEAL B. C. Copper Company Acquires Several Properties in Wellington Camp

Phoenix, Sept. 21.—The big mining deal which was reported as being under way has been closed. The B. C. Copper Company acquiring a six months working bond on the Molly Pritchard and a portion of the Butteport in Wellington camp.

Ask for Amherst solid leather foot wear Europeans in Morocco Casa Blanca, Sept. 19.—Several Europeans who accompanied the Sultan Abdul Aziz on his ill-starred expedition to Marrakesh, fell into the hands of the usurper Mulai Haddid's supporters and were stripped of all their clothing.

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Libson, Sept. 21.—Twenty-two bulls escaped from the arena at Motet today and ran amuck through a crowd that was assembled to witness a bull fight. Five persons were killed, and several wounded.

STATE OF ANNEK CAMP, LATE OF SAANICHTON, B. C. Take notice that probate of the last will of Annek Camp has been granted by the Supreme Court of British Columbia.

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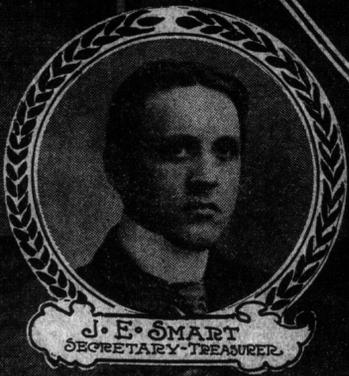
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THE Colonist



J. E. SMART
SECRETARY-TREASURER

ENTRANCE TO MAIN HALL

PROVINCIAL
EXHIBITION
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An Out-Door Living Room

FADS and foolishness are synonymous as a rule. But like all others, this rule, too, has an exception which means that at last a sane and sensible fad is being exploited. It is the fad of sleeping out doors.

In every age some wise person has sung the praises of the outdoor life. Once it was the only life. Then came the houses and the open fires, and following closely the furnaces, climaxed by the demon of warming methods—steam heat. Just as surely there followed over-heated houses, poor ventilation and disease.

Now people are fighting that disease, and everywhere are signs of the battle against tuberculosis, the main weapon in the fight being—pure air and plenty of it. So through an old but powerful motive force, the fear of death, people are coming to realize the value of the outdoor life.

The moment a person develops signs of the dread disease, he is ordered to live in the open. That sounds simple enough, but is often difficult enough. If a man has a family to support, and depends on daily wages, or even a weekly salary, he can't go merrily off to the woods to enjoy the simple life and live in the open. Yet if he stays at home, sleeping indoors and working all day in a close office, he runs a good chance of ending it all sooner than he might choose. This situation has led a number of energetic people who decided that they did not want to die yet and simply would not, to combine their enforced daily routine with the outdoor life. One man who was a prominent dentist in eastern Canada spent a hundred dollars in having a piazza built on the west side of his house, and connected with his room by a French window. The piazza was screened in by mosquito netting and built on the second story of the house to shelter it a little from public curiosity. He then ordered a "shake down" and an Adirondack sleeping bag. His outfit complete, he slept in his open air bedroom every night, even when the thermometer went many degrees below zero. In telling of his experiment he said: "Really, you know, I do not object so much to the snow or rain as they usually come down so straight that they do not reach me, but the moonlight is very distracting. Until I became accustomed to it I had to go to sleep under an umbrella every night."

This man, who is the fashionable dentist of the city, has been able to keep up a practice of several hundred dollars a week, has added many years to his lease of life, and has derived no end of fun just from sleeping out of doors.

Another interesting example of what the outdoor life will do is that of a college girl who developed inherited tendencies to tuberculosis just as she was about to enter college. The doctor ordered her to give up all idea of the higher education and to live out of doors. It was a bitter disappointment to her, for she had counted on the college life ever since she was a little girl. She devised all sorts of schemes and finally asked the doctor if she couldn't combine the outdoor life with the college.

"Yes, by sleeping in a tent on the campus," he told her, laughing.

The idea suggested a new scheme to the girl. She persuaded her mother to take a journey to the college during the long vacation and look over all the dormitories. To her great joy, they found that one had a second-story piazza connecting with one room. Immediately they wrote to the registrar to know if it were possible to engage that special room, and to the president asking permission for the student to sleep outside on the piazza every night. Both requests were granted and the girl is now in her senior year at college, and in better health than for several years before she went. From September to December she sleeps outside in her aerial couch every night, then again from February to June, but the two months intervening she finds too severe and has to go inside to sleep.

Other persons than those fighting tuberculosis germs are entering heart and soul into the outdoor fad. Only this summer a young couple who wished to avoid the usual "Pullman, hotel and pleasure resort honeymoon," decided to begin their married life in the open air. So instead of packing a trunk with dainty articles from the trousseau they filled a burlap bag with cooking utensils, blankets, pillows and a tent, and camped out for a month in a little Ontario village.

All their meals were cooked on the top of an old stove set across two stones with a roaring fire of pine boughs underneath. He made the fire and brought water, while she did the cooking. At night he picked fresh cedar boughs and spread them thick and soft on the ground inside the tent, while she smoothed the blanket over them. Then they each rolled up in a blanket and slept a deep, sound, refreshing sleep. It was perfect joy to waken with the birds and sun and to feel as though chopping trees would be mere child's play.

Even the thunderstorms that came on suddenly in the night failed to detract from the pleasure. The lightning would make the white wet sides of the tent gleam like ice, and the thunder rolled right close overhead, but inside was warm and comfortable, yes, and a little wonderful, for not everyone has stayed in a tent during a midnight storm. When the wind howled and threatened to lift the tent up and leave the sleepers with only the blankets for protection it was a trifle awful, but that happened only once. Altogether it was a perfect honeymoon, they said, and far better than a hotel with everything a la mode.

Stevenson has written wonderfully of the outdoor life, and any one who has lived it and wants to tell of the joys but cannot find words, should read his "Night in the Pines."

In an article in American Homes and Gardens, Carine Cadley writes of "Garden Rooms" as follows:

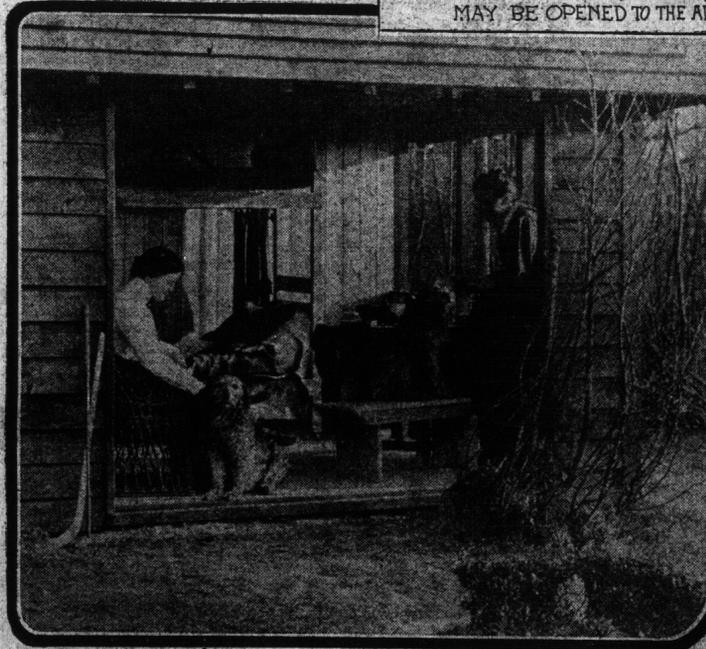
Everyone can live out of doors in hot weather, but there is so much in-between weather when it is just too cold or too windy to be quite in the open and when one yet longs to be out of doors. It was just such a time when a bright sun was shining and a very cold wind blowing that my sister Joan and I thought of having a hut built in our garden that should be a kind of garden room. And such a success has it been, and so much pleasure have we had out of it, that I can confidently recommend it to all those who love an open-air life.

We had also been bitten with the craze for sleeping out of doors, so that our hut was also to be our night abode as well as our garden room.

We interviewed our local builder and carpenter and explained what we wanted. Our ideas on the subject—just a little house, with two sides open and a few shutters to put up—seemed so lucid and clear to ourselves, but when our village architect arrived with plans that looked like a cross between a chapel and



A WHOLE SIDE MAY BE OPENED TO THE AIR



SLEEPING BUNKS WITHIN THE ROOM



THE ROOM IN THE WOODS



INSIDE AN OPEN-AIR BEDROOM

a stable we had to get the advice of a practical cousin. And for the sake of those who for health's or pleasure's sake wish to live or sleep more in the open I will describe our little garden room. It is a square hut, ten by ten feet, built of weather boarding, with a boarded floor. It has two sides solid and two sides open (namely, south and west) so that there will almost always be a shelter. The roof slants to a point so that the rain can run off. It is well tarred and has felt as well, for unless the little room is quite weatherproof it would lose half its value, and it would be a cheerless experience to wake up one rainy night with the wet dripping through on to one's face.

The west side opens to the ground, and has three large shutters which can be put up for shelter, should the wind draw from that quarter; the south side has what the local carpenter called a "dado" of about three feet in height, and a door in the middle the same height. This side has five small shutters, so that one can make it a solid wall or only shut off a corner or part of it just as the vagaries of the wind demand. With all these shutters it will be seen one has a good deal of latitude, and it is amusing how soon necessity teaches one to be weather-wise, and one soon learns which parts to shut up and which to have open. One boisterous night that blew our hair about on our pillows taught us more than all our practical cousin's explanations.

Of course, we could have had a revolving house, but the size we wanted would have been most ruinously expensive, and our little room has only cost us under seventy-five dollars.

We gave a good deal of thought to the furnishing, our idea being to have as little in it as possible, no hangings or upholstery or anything unnecessary that should make it like an indoor place. As two beds would have taken up too much room, our cousin designed one for us on the principle of ship's berths, one bed on top of the other. It is fitted with good castors, so that it can easily be moved about and its position altered according to how the room is opened. A rough table, also on castors, and a deal form and basket chair complete our outfit, as we do all our dressing in our bedrooms. Each side of the dado is a seat, so that we are quite able to entertain. The bed, like the sofa of the Germans, is considered the place of honor, which is always accorded to our most important visitor. The walls inside are match-boarded; we wished to keep them as natural looking as possible, so instead of paint or varnish we rubbed them ourselves with a little linseed oil, which preserves the wood and is yet not at all expensive.

"And are you two lone women not afraid of sleeping out?" asked a friend. "Not with Tim and Ann," we answered, pointing to our two trusty dogs, and we did not add that we often wished them a little less trusty, and that they would not guard us in such an officious and noisy manner from the tentative visits of a robin, or be so loudly furious with the inquisitiveness of a harmless cat. The birds, too, as the summer comes along, seem to make it their business that we shall not miss the best of the early morning, still one soon gets accustomed to the out-of-door sounds, and they only mingle in an amusing way with one's dreams. The lower berth has a little dark green curtain—our only one—that can be drawn should the morning light be too bright, as it is more exposed to the light than the top one.

We have now slept out through a winter—with blanket suits and hot bottles—and the difference it has made to our health is remarkable, and we are getting used to being asked where we have been for a change. As the weather gets hot we intend pulling our bed just outside and sleeping really under the stars, but quite near our hut, so that should the elements not approve we can always just

push it back, the big castors making it easy to move.

I need hardly say we have grown very fond of our garden room, and much of our working time and leisure has been spent in it. Our friends, too, seem to have enjoyed the spells they have spent with us out of doors, and with our children friends our makeshift picnic teas have been quite a success; altogether our garden room has been a continual pleasure to us, and we only regret the years before we had it.

THE FASTING CURE

To dwellers on the tableland of Mexico who are counselled to eat heartily if they would keep up their strength, always menaced by anemia, it will come as a startling piece of advice to be told to fast to cure disease. Here almost all articles of food are said to be from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent less nutritious than similar articles in Europe, and we are told that we need more "fuel for the machine" than if we lived on the other side of the Atlantic.

To keep off the dreaded typhus one should, according to the older people, never allow the system to become debilitated by lack of food. Hence in times of epidemics of the dreaded

fever one is told never to let the stomach get empty. But according to a bulky book by Hereward Carrington, published in London, the main cause of disease is the "accumulation of waste food material in the body." In his book, entitled "Vitality, Fasting and Nutrition," Mr. Carrington gravely argues that even the poor eat too much (he should make the acquaintance of the frugal peon of Mexico!) and that babies are grossly overfed. Babies from birth should never be allowed but three meals a day. A fat baby is not a healthy baby, for fat in anyone is diseased tissue, "no matter in what locality it may be found."

This author urges that if twelve ounces of food are sufficient, and we eat forty or more, as most people do, then the eliminating organs are overtaxed. Effete material beings to accumulate within the system. The process continues as the overfeeding continues. The system becomes more and more clogged, and, by auto-infection, poisoned throughout by this corrupt material. This process is the true cause of disease. It is unduly retained mal-assimilated material which is thus seen to be the real and chief cause of all disease.

Here the author would appear to have taken a hint from the teachings of Horace Fletcher, who advocates less food and more thorough mastication so that what is swallowed may be assimilated.

Disease, according to Mr. Carrington, is a curative effort of the body to rid itself of disease. So it comes to this, that "It is disease that saves life. It is disease that actually cures the body." Even in epidemics, he declares disease is "never caught," but arises in each person from the presence in his body of effete food material on which the germs come to feed. Fasting, argues this author, is curative, for deprivation of food for a reasonable time does not weaken, but on the contrary, strengthens the body, for the energy otherwise used in digesting the food is saved when we fast. But the faster must be prudent; he must gradually diminish the quantity of food taken, then reduce it more, and then stop it entirely until natural hunger returns, and this natural hunger may not return for some time. Neither liquids nor solids should be taken during the fast. Mr. Carrington asserts that the results are surprising, for instead of growing weak, and having to go to bed a person becomes stronger and more energetic.

This may be good advice for sea-level regions, but it might not be wise to fast much here, where the organism has to work hard. Still everywhere overfeeding must be bad. The few local Fletcherites claim to be in much better health than formerly. "They eat lightly, and assimilate all they eat."—Mexican Herald.

Professor Paulsen on German Education

THE task of students and critics would be made much lighter than it is if all Germans who present to the world in literary form the fruits of their researches would follow the example of Professor Paulsen, who has always shown, in his writings on philosophy and other topics, that a simple and unburdened style can be the medium of the deepest thinking. The book before us is no portentous one, but an unpretending handbook on the historical development of education in Germany, written for a popular series; yet it is a model of lucid exposition, and on every page shows the traces not only of sound criticism, but of profound conviction. It is not, however, the historical sketch—forming the bulk of the book—which justifies the publication of this excellent translation by Dr. Lorenz, but rather the remarks embodied in Book IV, upon education in Germany during the nineteenth century, in which Professor Paulsen pays rather more detailed attention to its present conditions and its future prospects. These remarks, in view of the persistent cries for fundamental reform in our older English universities and secondary schools and of the controversy concerning elementary education which is at present raging in this country, have the highest interest for all students of the subject, the more so because in educational matters so constant appeal is made to the example of Germany.

What, then, is the most characteristic feature of the present educational system in Germany? Undoubtedly it is what the author here calls the "realistic" tendency, which briefly means the substitution of scientific or technical for linguistic and literary instruction. Professor Paulsen traces very clearly the gradual growth of the Realschule and the technical college, and the struggle of the former for all the privileges, hitherto jealously guarded, of the classical Gymnasium, which

ended in a complete triumph with the new regulations of 1901; and he shows that, in spite of the present predominance of the Gymnasium, the spirit of the future is incorporated in the technical institutions.

Professor Paulsen seems to look with favor on this development. The methods of experiment, research, and specialization lead, he thinks, to a certain toning down of differences of education; with some truth he observes that intellectual pride is less easily fostered by a technical than by a literary education, and that practical work breaks down barriers that would have proved impregnable to mere conversation. Yet he honestly points out one great drawback of this system:—

There is danger that the student will either lose himself in the multitude of subjects that call for his attention, or let the general view of the whole domain of his science slip from his ken in trying to fathom one single problem. . . . A certain weariness and disappointment, which begins to make itself felt here and there, would seem to be the outcome of personal experiences of this kind.

The university only serves to sharpen the blade. Where, then, is it first to be tempered? At the secondary school, says Professor Paulsen. Yet no stronger indictment of the German system, so far as its ability to give a liberal education is concerned, can be framed than from the very reforms which he demands in the secondary schools. The Real-Gymnasium and the Realschule having made it their aim throughout to equip the pupil for "entering into touch with reality," the formative education, what the Germans have rightly called Bildung, was left to be given by the university. As Professor Paulsen says, this bill drawn on the universities is being met in less and less degree; and he himself looks back to the schools to produce a solid framework of character and knowledge. For that reason he demands a less hampering state control, and a

recognition by the educational authorities that in the higher forms greater scope must be given to individuality and that the teacher must be given a freer hand. He complains of the "ever-increasing straitness of the official regulations to which the work of the teacher is subjected," and of the fact that "even the 'correctness' of personal convictions on the part of teachers and pupils has become subject to inspection and compulsion." This clogging of the springs of individual effort is not calculated to remedy the defects of specialization, and it is almost as a counsel of despair that Professor Paulsen recommends the teaching of philosophy in schools. We may smile when we read that:—

In consequence of all this, a great number of students at German universities now do not come in contact with philosophy at all, and a deplorable lack of familiarity with the ultimate problems of existence and life is accordingly to be found amongst the educated classes.

The "common-sense" Englishman may flatter himself that he is none the worse educated for having only the most distant bowing acquaintance with these ultimate problems, but he would do well to reflect on the sentence which follows:—

Vague scepticism, materialism of the most superficial description, eclecticism, void of any philosophical principles, uncritical submission to the latest craze in the garb of philosophy—such are the consequences of the disappearance of philosophy and its clarifying influence. . . .

Again, the school course in Germany is too rigid and too long. Young men of twenty or more are kept subject to the strictest discipline till they are suddenly launched into a university where the student is more his own master than at any time of his life. Such violent contrasts cause many failures. In fact, says Professor Paulsen, what Germany wants

is the Anglo-American college. This is a very striking remark, and may possibly be a shock to a certain school of reformers in England who are given to raising their voices in lament over our English universities and our public schools. Germany is their shining example, "the independent grasp and handling of reality" their battle-cry; according to them, every university must give full facilities for every kind of technical training, and even the human studies are to be transformed by the introduction of the Seminar system and research. Those who hold that uniformity is not essential, that in some universities and schools the older, literary system of instruction may well remain predominant, that early specialization is harmful to a full mental development, and that a risk of engendering intellectual pride is more than compensated by avoidance of that narrowness of view which a purely "realistic" education is all too apt to produce, will find great comfort in learning that Germany has begun to find out her mistake. It would be the ruin of higher education in England were it to aim at making the mind a delicate probe only suited to a very special kind of reality rather than a master key fashioned to fit no special lock but adaptable to any door of knowledge.

There is no space in which to touch on Professor Paulsen's treatment of the question of elementary education. But, in view of our present education controversy, it is very interesting to note what he says upon the question of religious instruction. His view is that a state has no creed and cannot therefore give dogmatic teaching, but since education has passed out of the hands of the Church, the state must give religious instruction without dogma. In undenominational teaching Professor Paulsen holds there is no loss to the religious life, as the dogmas of a church deal with problems and experiences incomprehensible to boys and girls. He sees hope for its

adoption, spontaneously, not by state action, in the intermingling of different religions and more especially in the growth of a German national spirit which is gaining increasing preponderance over religious differences. Possibly he is over- sanguine. A national spirit has not saved England from violent dissension over religious education. But to those who have still an open mind Professor Paulsen's all too short treatment of the subject may be warmly recommended, and even those who strongly hold opposite views will find in it much that is suggestive.

TROUBLE IN INDIA

Private dispatches from India indicate that a very serious state of affairs prevails in one of the crack cavalry regiments there. A native was found dying outside the quarters of this regiment the other day under circumstances indicating that he had been violently assaulted by some of the soldiers. The civilian authorities took the matter up with the result that strong suspicion fell upon two troopers in the regiment. When, however, an attempt was made to arrest them and identify them with the crime they were stoutly defended by their comrades, who threatened open violence to anyone who attempted to make the arrest. They refused to parade when formally commanded to do so by their commanding officer, and the usual business of saddle cutting and harness destruction followed. In the end the men had to be overawed by threats of summoning the native infantry from the neighboring barracks to disarm them unless they behaved themselves. Strangely enough, however, the authorities have now withdrawn the demand for the arrest of the two troopers, and are seeking another theory in connection with the crime.

Changes in Journalism

FROM being the "profession" it once was, journalism in England, according to one of its representatives, has been made a "trade." The agency to whom this change is attributed is Lord Northcliffe, otherwise known as Alfred Harmsworth. He becomes the "Man of the Week" in the "Character Study" of the London Daily News (July 25) from the reported fact that he, and not Mr. Arthur Pearson, has acquired a controlling influence in the Times. Already the owner of twenty newspapers and weeklies, chief among which is the Daily News, he easily becomes, in finally conquering "The Thunderer," the Napoleon, or perhaps the Wellington of English newspaperdom. His contemporary, which we are quoting, looks with dismay upon the profession which he is charged with having "Americanized." Journalism, according to this writer, who signs himself "A. G. G.," "had a moral function; in his hands it has no more moral significance than the manufacture of soap." Further:

"The old notion in regard to a newspaper was that it was a responsible adviser of the public. Its first duty was to provide the news, uncolored by any motive, private or public; its second to present a certain view of public policy which it believed to be for the good of the state and the community. It was sober, responsible, and a little dull. It treated life as if it was a serious matter. It had an antiquated respect for truth. It believed in the moral governance of things.

"Lord Northcliffe has changed all this. He started free from all convictions. He saw an immense, unexploited field. The old journalism appealed only to the minds of the responsible public; he would appeal to the emotions of the irresponsible. The old journalism gave news; he would give sensation. The old journalism gave reasoned opinion; he would give unreasoning passion. When Captain Flanagan from the calm retreat of the debtors' prison was drawing up the prospectus of The Pall Mall Gazette he said proudly that it would be written by gentlemen for gentlemen." Lord Northcliffe conceived a journal which in Lord Salisbury's phrase was "written by office-boys for office-boys." It was a bitter saying; but Lord Northcliffe has had his revenge. He, Lord Salisbury's "office-boy" of journalism, was raised to the peerage by Lord Salisbury's nephew.

"It was not the only case in which time passed an ironic comment on Lord Salisbury's views on the press. When Gladstone repealed the stamp duty and made the penny paper possible, Lord Robert Cecil asked scornfully what good thing could come out of a penny paper. A cheap press, like an enlarged franchise, meant to his gloomy and fatalistic mind 'red ruin and the breaking up of laws.' And he lived to see himself kept in power by the democracy which he had feared, and deriving his support from the half-penny press, at which he would have shuddered. He lived, in fact, to realize that there is a better way with the office-boy than to drive him into revolutionary movements. It is to give him a vote and The Daily Mail."

Lord Northcliffe, says this writer, in a mood of aphorism, "is the common man in an uncommon degree." He goes on:

"There is no psychological mystery to be unraveled here, no intellectual shadowland. He is obvious and elementary. He is simply the type of the man who wants material success and nothing else. He has no other standard by which to judge life. Napoleon's question was 'What have you done?' Lord Northcliffe's question would be 'What have you got?' For he not only wants success himself; he admires it in others. It is the passport to his esteem. It is the thing he understands. If you will watch his career you will see that, as far as he has a philosophy at all, it is this, that merit rides in a motor car. You become interesting to him, as Johnson became interesting to Chesterfield, immediately you have succeeded. When he went down to that memorable meeting at Glasgow at which Mr. Chamberlain formally opened his fiscal campaign, he changed his policy in a night. His papers had been full of denunciations of what he had christened 'the stomach tax,' but this meeting, so great and so enthusiastic, seemed the presage of success. He was going to be left in company with that dismal thing, failure. The thing was unthinkable, and he leapt the fence on the instant. For he believes with Mr. Biglow that

A merciful Providence fashioned us hollow
So that we might our principles swallow.

The one principle to which his loyalty never falters is to be on the side of the big battalions.

"I have said that Lord Northcliffe is the common man in an uncommon degree. You see it in this article in Young Folks (Harmsworth's first article, upon the subject of 'Amateur Photography,' published in Young Folks for 1881). Amateur photography has just become popular. He, a lad of eighteen, seized on it as a stepping-stone to fortune. A little later came the boom in cycling, and Master Harmsworth, still in his 'teens, became a cyclist journalist in Coventry. Sir George Newnes had touched the great heart of humanity with 'Tid-Bits,' and Mr. Harmsworth, now a man of twenty-one, felt that the streets of London put end to end would stretch across the Atlantic, and that there were more acres in Yorkshire than letters in the Bible. Why should he conceal these truths? Why should the public thirst for knowledge be denied? And so, in an upper room in the neighborhood of the Strand, answers came to birth, the prolific parent of some hundred, or perhaps two hundred—I am not sure which—offspring, ranging from The Funny Wonder to The Daily Mail, all bearing the impress of the common mind in an uncommon degree."

A DEFENCE OF INDIA

The Times of India (Bombay) makes the following criticisms upon the article on India in the last number of the Quarterly Review. "The picture," it says, "is drawn in very gloomy colors. With a full consciousness of the seriousness of the agitation which still confronts the administration at so many points, we believe that the condition of the country is not so alarming as he seems to think. There is a danger in metaphor, and we think that people in England may be misled by such a statement as that during the last eighteen months disaffection has grown with

a torrential rush which has overspread the land like a flood, and yet we are warned by recollections of the deceptive optimism of the years preceding 1857 not to be too certain that the evil is one which can be easily stayed.

"The writer by no means exaggerates the extension of the conspiracy which has been brought to light in Bengal. Our own information is that even from the Pacific shores there has gone help to the conspirators in India. There is no question of a general insurrection, and although there are far more unregistered arms in India than was suspected until comparatively recently, there is little reason to look for anything beyond sporadic outbreaks which would nowhere be beyond the power of a reliable and efficient police to quell. But even this is a prospect which a few years ago never entered into the imagination of the most nervous amongst us.

"The greater trouble which will come upon the Government whenever England is engaged in a life and death struggle with a great power is largely a matter of conjecture. The contingency is bound to exercise the thought of statesmen and soldiers, though we see no advantage in following the Quarterly Review in making it the subject of alarmingly detailed prevision. Meanwhile, there is one matter, not of conjecture, but of experience, which may be set on the other side. The Viceroy assured us, a year ago, that the native army had loyally withstood the attempts which agitators, mainly in the Punjab, had made to undermine its fidelity. Since then we have had, in the operations on the frontier, some signal proofs that the native army is as ready as ever to fight bravely at the side of British troops.

"We have solid grounds, therefore, for the belief that the army remains true to its salt, though we are not so sure that the police, upon whose alertness and fidelity the peace and safety of many districts will be largely dependent for some time to come, are yet as reliable an instrument for the preservation of order as they ought to be.

"While there is good reason for believing that the Government, in a phrase that was familiar in France a few years ago, can answer for material order, it is not yet possible to feel confident in the restoration of 'moral order.' It is not easy to rid our minds of the painful impression created by such an incident as the dead silence with which the native members received Sir George Clarke's appeal at the recent meeting of the Legislative Council for the co-operation of responsible Indians against political incendiaries."

A unique effort for helping to stay the scourge of consumption has been devised. The London Gentlewoman has received exclusive authority to publish in Great Britain and the colonies a series of royal artist postcards reproduced from original drawings by the German emperor, the late Queen Carola, of Saxony, the late king and queen of Portugal, H. R. H. Mathilde, princess of Saxony; Prince Eugene of Sweden, Countess of Flanders, Archduchess Joseph of Austria, Princess Leopold of Hohenzollern, Princess Waldemar of Denmark, Princess Feodora of Schleswig-Holstein and the Princess of Vendome. The idea seems to have originated with Queen Carola of Saxony, and the effort is international in its scope. An eighth part of the proceeds will be set aside as a donation to some English charity, a further proportion being paid to a charity for the cure of consumption in the native country of each royal artist.

A Journalist in Iceland

BY the average individual (unless he happens to be a salmon fisher) Iceland is imagined to be a place somewhere within the region of the Arctic circle and to be literally a land of eternal winter. The fishing enthusiast knows it only as a paradise of his craft and values it as such accordingly.

A score or two of tourists visit the island for a week or so in summer and get as far as Thingvellir, or if they be not too saddle sore they may see Geysir. But only a very select few have travelled for weeks on the hardy little ponies and known to the full the exceeding delight of day after day spent in the wonderful Icelandic air and of riding through the green valleys and fording the numberless rivers and streams of Iceland. To those who can ride a little and are keen on an open air life and who are lovers of scenery the island should appeal, and this should apply even more so to those tired of the way of cities. For there are no railways in Iceland, no motors, and there were until very recently no telegraphs.

A correspondent of the London Globe spent six weeks there one summer and rode across the island from Reykjavik to Faskrudsfjord, where the cable now connects Iceland with the outer world, and thence to the northern portion of Akureyri. The route to Faskrudsfjord across the glacier rivers is most interesting and is not without its element of danger, owing to the remote possibility of the ponies, sure footed as they are, being swept off their feet by those fiercely running waters. The guide is usually a well educated man, very often a medical student, who in this way earns money during the summer to pay for his winter studies, and in my case was a most interesting type and an excellent good fellow. He belonged to a small but enthusiastic party which is working for the increase of home rule in Iceland and which believes in Iceland for the Icelanders. Some day probably he will sit in the Icelandic parliament and be a thorn in the side of the Danish party.

The country is very rough in parts, but in many places there are good, if small roads, and in most a track. The interior is, of course, mostly snow mountain and glacier, with the mighty Vatna Jokull, a mass of burnished silver against the sapphire sky, towering over all. There is no want of variety about the scenery travelled through. One day it is through smiling green valleys dotted with farms and crossed by innumerable streams. Another day one rides for hours over sandy wastes, and yet another over volcanic rocks whose fires have long since died out. An early start is usually made and at a smart pace one rides till midday, when there is an hour for rest and a delightful *al fresco* meal, and the journey is continued until the farm-house is reached where hospitality is given for the night, and very genuine hospitality it is.

The Icelandic summer night is never quite dark, and I have ridden in the soft afterglow up to midnight. The farms which are sometimes built altogether of wood, but more often have turf walls and roofs, are usually spotlessly clean, and their coffee and milk are excellent. When one gets accustomed to it, the rye bread takes a lot of beating, and if you cannot eat smoked or salted mutton, eggs

are generally plentiful, and in case of need of a tin of provisions from your commissariat can be heated up for you. The sole drawback to the life is in the case of a rainy summer, and only oilskins will keep out Icelandic rains. But my six weeks trip included but four or five wet days, and the rest of the time it was brilliantly fine.

Perhaps one of the most interesting rides was over the glacier known as the Breidmerkur Jokull, in southern Iceland. We had left the little port of Vik, where I had revelled in the billows dashing upon the sandy beach, and after several hours riding over black sand arrived at the foot of the glacier. To cross the mountain it was necessary to dismount. At several points there were crevasses, which had to be negotiated on boards laid across, and it was altogether a pretty hard pull up for both ponies and men.

One lasting recollection of Iceland is that of the farm of Reykjahlid, on Lake Myvatn. Quite close to the farm, in a sort of gully between walls of rock partly arched over is a deep pool of translucent blue-green water, whose temperature is invariably about 70 degrees Fahrenheit. Its origin is attributable to some hot spring deep down in the earth. I slipped into the pool through the only entrance, a hole in the rock, one dark, wet night, just after reaching Reykjahlid, and the pleasant recollections of its delicious warmth are only shared by somewhat similar ones of a hot tank at Tochinosoki-shin-yu after a cold, rainy day's rickshaw ride from the garrison town of Kumamoto, in Japan.

BARON VERSUS SIGNOR

In the Rue Scribe, close to the Opera, an Italian Baron and a Councillor of the Italian Embassy in Paris, has been slapped in the face by a fellow-countryman, a plain signor. The row happened a few hours before the new Italian Ambassador to France presented his credentials officially to the President of the Republic, and it has caused a scandal in diplomatic circles. The bone of contention is a tapestry. The Signor says that the Baron sold for him a piece of tapestry for some \$4,500 which was worth a great deal more, and pocketed the difference. The Baron retorts that he first of all lent the Signor money, then to oblige him found a purchaser for his tapestry, which was not worth nearly as much as he imagined, and far from having made money by the transaction was out of pocket over it. He refused to challenge the Signor because the latter is not of his rank. He is leaving the Paris Embassy for another post, but is staying on here for some time, during which, as he will no longer enjoy "diplomatic immunity," he invites the Signor to prosecute him "if he dare."

The Queen of Spain has the Englishwoman's love of the open air. Her children are healthy youngsters, differing in this respect from their father, who as a baby was very delicate. The Crown Prince is about sixteen months old. The second child, who was born on June 23, 1908, has been named Jaime Leopoldo Alejandro Isabelino Enrique Alberto Alfonso Victor Juan Pedro Pablo Maria.

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THE SIMPLE LIFE



WITH THE POULTRYMAN

THE MOULTING OF FOWLS



ALL adult fowls moult once a year, and the process may take place at any time between June and November. The exact time at which it occurs is governed by many things, such as the age of the fowl, the way in which it is housed, the food it receives, and its state of health. As a general rule, fowls which are under two years old, healthy and well fed, begin to moult in June, but when a year older the process is frequently deferred until August or September, and hens which are four or five years old frequently run into October and November before they cast their feathers. Late moulting is undesirable, because hens will not lay steadily during the period of moulting, and if they lay at all during that time it is exceptional; and it has also been observed that hens which start to moult late in the season are in bad or indifferent health, and the process with them is tedious and difficult, and, moreover, they do not produce any eggs during the winter months. Early moulting, on the other hand, is distinctly advantageous, because, if hens can get rid of their old feathers during the warm weather of July and August, they assume their new garb with great rapidity, and are in excellent condition for the following winter's laying.

The duration of the moult varies greatly with different fowls, but it is in all cases a trying process, and poultry-keepers should study ways and means of getting it over as rapidly as possible, and with the minimum inconvenience to the fowls. Hens which are young and in good health will cast some of their feathers, perhaps, in June or July, but in the early stages of the moult they will not cease laying; it is not until the new feathers are growing profusely that the strain on the system is sufficient to cause cessation of egg production. With hens of this class the actual moult may take something over two months from the dropping of the first feathers until all the new coat has been assumed, yet laying may be continued all the time until the moult has been practically completed, and it is only then that a rest is taken.

Hens of three or four years old will, on the other hand, cease laying when they drop their first feathers, and will not resume for a month or more after the last new feather has grown to its full length. This means that too long a part of each year is spent in complete idleness by the older birds of a flock, and that at a period when eggs are in greatest demand, and are fetching high prices. Consequently, the wisdom of getting rid of the old hens at a certain time every year and replacing them with pullets, will commend itself to all who keep farm poultry for profitable egg production.—Ex.

SEASONABLE HINTS

Don't think because you have a pure breed you have reached the limit. There is more difference very often in the individuals of the same breed than there is between the breeds. During six months of last year one half of our whole flock (four breeds) laid over 13,000 eggs, while the other half laid 5,000; but ten hens out of one pen laid 1,400, while another ten hens in the same pen laid 140—that is one hen laid as many as ten. Which kind is the more profitable?

Arrange for early green feed for the poultry. Winter rye makes the earliest. Sow it any time from now to the middle of September; the earlier it is sowed the more late pasture will there be available. Prepare the land as for wheat and sow one bushel to the acre.

If you have a piece of root ground, that is clean, and it is near the poultry plant, or can be turned into it, try some alfalfa next spring. Prepare it well as for grain, and sow 25 or 30 lbs. of good seed an acre. What the hens do not eat can be cut and saved for winter use.

The hen that does not lay during the winter will not be profitable. The pullet that lays during September will moult before New Year, and not start to lay till March or April. The mature pullet that starts to lay the middle of November or December will probably lay all winter.

ADVANTAGES OF POULTRY KEEPING

The poultry keeper above all other business men has the advantage of having for sale a product which is saleable every day in the year in any part of the country. There is no town so small, no village so remote that poultry and eggs are not in demand at all times, and in many instances the more remote the town the better the prices. The poultry keeper has also the advantage of being able to foretell within a narrow range what price he will obtain for his produce. He knows that at certain times he will be able to get high prices and at other times prices are very likely to fall. He knows that year after year certain price curves will be found in the market quotations and these will not vary widely in any series of years. The price of beef, mutton, pork, wool, cotton, farm produce of any kind, is likely to swing through a wide arc in consecutive years, prices being made on demand or according to

the quality produced. With the products of the poultry yard it is different. Prices go up and down almost as regularly as if they had been fixed to remain permanent, and the poultry keeper need not worry about supply and demand. He should give his whole attention to the economic phases of the work.

He should endeavor to feed so as to produce the greatest possible revenue from a given quantity of feed. He should study his fowls and use every endeavor to secure the largest number of eggs from each laying hen. It is characteristic of the business of producing eggs that a shortage in the summer or an overplus in the winter does not affect prices to any great degree. This is because the law of average applies. If one poultryman's hens lay well in winter the increased supply is not large enough to lower prices, while if one flock ceases to produce in early summer other flocks go right on producing the usual summer output. This gives the individual poultryman an opportunity to conduct his business so as to get the best results by producing the largest number of eggs at a time when the prices are highest. In the poultry keeping as in any other business it is ability to see ahead which makes for success.—Ex.

POULTRY NOTES

The ground over which fowls run, if the yard is a small one, should be plowed or spaded over each year. Many of the diseases af-

fecting poultry are carried over from year to year in the soil.



SHIPPING VICTORIA DISTRICT FRUIT TO THE NORTHWEST

fecting poultry are carried over from year to year in the soil.

AROUND THE FARM

THE FEEDING VALUE OF CERTAIN GRAINS AND FODDER FOR HOGS

Barley.
The grains ordinarily used in hog feeding, barley is the most common. This cereal is one of the best pork making foods available in this country. In the matter of making gains it is rather less valuable than corn, but since corn has not yet become a staple grain crop on the Canadian prairies, nor yet produced pork equal in quality to that made from barley mixed with certain other grains, its use need not be considered. Barley makes a well balanced feed for growing hogs. It contains the elements essential to animal growth in very nearly the proper proportion. It gives good results in hogs after they have attained some growth, but it should be fed very sparingly to sows suckling pigs, and used only in small quantities until the pigs are three months of age or better. It is the better for being finely ground and well soaked before feeding. Experiments conducted at Ottawa show that when barley is fed unground 12.5 per cent passes through the animal undigested and is, of course, practically lost.

Wheat
Wheat ordinarily is not used as a hog food. It is only when grain prices are unusually low or wheat unfit for milling is available, that this cereal is used much as hog feed. Around cleaning elevators wheat screenings may always be obtained and these, unless too large a portion of the stuff is weed seed, may be fed profitably. As a feed for hogs wheat will pro-

duce gains very nearly equal to those made on corn, and it makes a pork of good quality, that is, the meat is firm and not too fat, differing in this respect from corn made bacon. Wheat makes lean pork, not lard. Frozen wheat at the Montana station where some tests were made, proved equal in feeding value to a mixture of wheat, barley and peas. Opinions and results differ as to whether wheat should be fed ground or whole. If unground it should be thoroughly soaked before being fed, else a considerable amount passes off undigested. As a general rule it is best to use this grain mixed with a number of others, preferably oats and barley. It makes a pretty strong concentrated feed used alone. When so mixed it is, of course, ground.

Oats
Oats are an excellent hog food, particularly are they valuable for sows and growing stock. Oats are easily digested and when ground up fine, give satisfactory results. They are used to best advantage, though, in mixture. Fed alone they have rather too large a percentage of hull and a hog's stomach during the early part of its life is not adapted for the consumption of large quantities of bulky foods. Next to bran, this grain is most commonly used for feeding sows and breeding stock. Mixed with barley, wheat and shorts, oats make meat of excellent quality and at reasonably low cost. Unground oats are not very satisfactory. Too large a percentage is undigested and lost. Some feeders recommend scattering whole oats thinly on the floor for breeding sows when

Sugar Beets and Mangels
Both these roots may be used in hog feeding, and with advantage too, as results at the Guelph, Ottawa, and certain American stations show. Hogs prefer beets to any other form of roots. Mangels have a rather lower feeding value than sugar beets but have practically the same effect on the hog and the quality of pork produced. As a general rule when roots are fed, at all, too large a proportion of the ration is made up of this material. They should be fed to growing stock in about equal parts by weight, roots and grain. For young pigs a smaller proportion of roots to meal will be found preferable. Older hogs, sows and boars, may be given five or six times the weight of roots as grain and will do very well.

Peas
Somehow or other the impression seems to prevail all over the continent and in England, that the field pea is the staple hog food of Canada. Canadian pea fed bacon is frequently referred to, but as a matter of fact peas are used less than any other grain in hog feeding. In eastern Canada they are too uncertain a crop. Out here we have not yet the habit of growing them. They are rich in protein, containing something like 23 per cent, but are somewhat hard to digest. While they give good results used alone, peas are always the better for being mixed with some of the other lighter grains, such as barley or oats.

Rape
Experiments show that this is an exceptionally valuable food for swine. At the Ontario agricultural college a bunch of hogs was given about two-thirds grain ration and all the rape they could eat. The results were highly satisfactory. Good gains were made and made more economically than on a full grain ration. At the Wisconsin station tests it was shown

that an acre of rape has a feeding value for hogs equivalent to about 40 bushels of grain, estimating grain at about 60 pounds to the bushel. It may be fed either in pasture, or cut and given to the hogs in pens. Prof. Day, of the Guelph station, recommends cutting the rape and feeding it in small outside pens. More economical gains are made in this manner than from letting the hogs run and eat it off. Rape makes an excellent pasture for mature sows.

Alfalfa, Pasture and Hay
Hogs turned into a pasture of alfalfa and red clover will eat off the alfalfa first. It is almost ideal as a pasture for swine, but care must be taken not to over-stock an alfalfa plot, as the plant will not stand close cropping. Experiments show that this clover used as either pasture or hay in conjunction with a grain ration will produce cheaper gains than any other fodder or hay crop grown. Hogs at the Oklahoma station pastured on alfalfa and fed grain required 2.2 pounds of grain to produce a pound of gain. It is equally valuable if cured and fed as hay. At the Kansas station swine fed on alfalfa hay and corn gained at the rate of 10.88 pounds per bushel of grain, while another lot, fed on corn alone, gained at the rate of 7.48 pounds per bushel of grain consumed. Alfalfa possesses a feeding value beyond the actual nutrients it contains. It stimulates the appetite, aids digestion and keeps the animal in a healthy, thrifty condition.

It is more difficult to raise the temperature of 1 pound of water by 1 degree than 1 pound of any other substance in the soil. Thus the same amount of heat would raise the temperature of dry sand 10 degrees, dry clay 7 degrees, dry loam 7 degrees, dry muck or humus 5 degrees, and the same weight of water only 1 degree. A half-saturated soil is in about the best condition for tillage, for germination, and for plant germination, and, from a temperature standpoint, it is essential that the soil should not be too wet. Of the more common cereals, wheat seems to have the lowest germinating temperature at about 70 degrees, barley, oats and peas, probably in the order named, at about 80 degrees. Tests conducted over several years have shown that the order in which these grains should be sown is—1st, wheat; 2nd, barley; 3rd, oats; and lastly, peas; and in testing six different dates of seeding at intervals of one week, it has been found that for wheat and barley the first sowing is the best, but for oats and peas the second.

Another factor in crop production is the proper supply of air. Whether the roots actually breathe this air as the leaves do has never been decided, but the fact remains that they can no more do without it than the leaves can. But absolute exclusion of fresh air occurs only when the soil is filled with water. Soils in good state of cultivation permit sufficient change of air for all our crops but the legumes. This point has been tasted both last year and this year, and that is the conclusion arrived at. Peas, beans, clover, cow peas, vetches, etc., would all be benefited by more air than reaches the roots under ordinary conditions. This may explain why peas do so well on sod; the soil is open in texture, and allows much interchange of air.

Perhaps it may be interesting to note some of the agencies that promote aeration. First, there is change of temperature of the soil. The air in the soil expands as it is heated, and thus some of it is driven into the atmosphere. If the rise in temperature amounts to 10 degrees when the temperature of the soil stands at 45 degrees, then one-fiftieth of the air in the heated zone is expelled; and if it amounts to 20 degrees, then one-twenty-fifth is expelled, and so on. The change of atmospheric pressure also aids. If the pressure falls half an inch, the air expands and about one-sixtieth of it escapes; if the pressure falls one inch, one-thirtieth escapes. Rain is a very potent factor. As the water sinks into the ground, an equal volume of air must be displaced. As it passes away, by drainage, by evaporation or by absorption into the plant, the air is drawn into the soil again. Drainage aids very materially. When rain falls on undrained land, the imprisoned air must escape upward through the water as the water sinks down; the two actions, thus opposing one another, the air escapes very slowly, often so slowly that large quantities of water, being unable to make their way into the soil, run off the surface and are lost. But if the soil is well drained some of this run-off may be prevented, the imprisoned air escaping downward through the drains as the weight of water above increases, fresh air following the rain into the soil. This gives us another reason for the great superiority of the drained soil over the undrained. Proper tillage increases the efficiency of all these agencies of aeration.

FALL AND WINTER FEED FOR SHEEP

So long as there is a fair supply of grass, little else is needed for the flock, though some additional feed may be supplied with advantage as the pastures begin to fail. For the transition from pasture to winter feed, there should be in readiness some succulent crop on which the flock may be folded for a few hours daily until fully accustomed to the change, after which they may remain on the ground all the time. For this purpose, rape forms a reliable crop. Care is necessary not to allow too free access at first, as when wet with dew or rain there is danger of bloating; but such troubles may be avoided by keeping the flock on a near-by pasture and turning into the rape patch for a few hours daily during the middle of the day, returning to the pasture in the evening. Later the sheep may be allowed to remain in the rape patch all the time, confining them during the night in the portion previously eaten off, and supplying a small feed of hay in racks.

Following rape, a patch of turnips, to be eaten off on the ground, with an allowance of hay, will put the flock in good condition for going into winter quarters. For the winter ration, as far as roughage goes, there is none better than good clover hay, though corn fodder, oat or barley straw may be used also with good results. In England, where the climatic conditions admit of wintering the flocks in the open, roots form the greater portion of the diet. These and clover hay will supply all needed nutrition, though the addition of grain such as oats, bran and corn, will benefit. Corn, however, should form but a small portion of the ration for breeding ewes.

Ensilage, though not generally fed to sheep, has been used with success by many in wintering their flocks, and no doubt by judicious use of this succulent food and even a small daily ration of roots, better results would be obtained than in feeding an entirely dry ration. Wintering the flocks on straw and a little hay, without grain or roots of any kind, is certain to perpetuate a degenerated animal.

SHIPPING VICTORIA FRUIT TO MANITOBA

Some idea of the growth of the fruit-growing and shipping industry may be gleaned from the illustration published on this page. It shows part of two carloads of fruit shipped in one day by the Victoria Fruit Growers' Association. The boxes, as seen in the picture, are piled on the street in front of the warehouse on Yates street, ready to be taken to the cars.

The shipment was composed of apples, pears, prunes and tomatoes, 1800 boxes in all. The illustration is characteristic of many such days this season. The association is now shipping one car every two days of fruit grown in Victoria district, and its hold on the Northwest fruit market is now unmistakable.

Rapid progress is being made in the industry in this district. Packing-houses have now been established in all the fruit districts of the Island, and these have proven their value by making it possible for the fruit to be shipped away in excellent condition. Mr. Maxwell Smith, fruit inspector, recently congratulated the association on the quality of its fruit, commenting on the excellent way in which it was packed, both in boxes and in cars.

SOIL TEMPERATURE AND VENTILATION

This is an important soil factor. A wet soil is a cold soil, while a dry soil is a warm one. The seed bed of a well-drained, well-tilled soil will be 5 to 15 degrees warmer than of a poorly-drained, poorly-tilled one. The reason for this is found in two facts, as explained by Mr. W. Day, Lecturer of Physics at Ontario Agricultural College. It rests on the behavior of different substances toward heat.

HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

A TRUE BEAR STORY

(By Richard L. Pocock.)



WHEN a man has the temerity to write stories of fishing and hunting, he must make up his mind to say goodbye to any reputation he may have for veracity. Why this should be so I know not, but certain it is that, ever since the days of

Jonah, those who speak of write of fish and game must make a liberal allowance for discounting the tale of their exploits. Fish-stories and bear-stories seem to be looked upon with about equal suspicion. One can lie all day about grouse or deer, moose or wapiti or bighorn, and never have a suspicion of doubt cast upon one's narrative; but spin a perfectly true yarn about a big trout or a ferocious grizzly and you must inevitably face the cold smile of polite incredulity.

This bear-story is strictly true. Some ten or eleven years ago it was my fortune to have as a partner in prospecting and working some Kootenay mining claims, an old-time placer miner, hunter, and trapper, who had been in most of the mining excitement of the last two generations or so, and who possessed, together with a perfect knowledge of woodcraft, an abundant fund of dry humor, and an almost inexhaustible supply of excellent camp-fire stories—stories of hardship and adventure, the sudden making of fortunes and the equally sudden loss of them, tales of bad men in frontier mining-camps, tales of adventure in forest and mountain, tales which rang true, told as they were by such a man, a typical hardy prospector of many years' experience, wonderful and unlikely though, some of them might sound to the city dweller, fresh from the roar of the traffic and the glare of the lights of London town.

It was late in the fall and the two of us, old Jack and myself, had just finished building a log-cabin on a claim in the mountains, some few miles from Nelson, where we were about to spend the winter developing a "hole in the ground" into the best mine ever.

We were on a last visit to town for a few days' rest before starting in on the winter's work up in the snow, and were enjoying the warmth of the big box stove in the Nelson hotel, then kept by Steve White, of the White Tally-Ho line, and swopping yarns. One or two of the crowd were "chechaco," and none of them knew the old man so well as I, and it was some time before we got him warmed up to yarn-spinning, but after a few doses of his favorite nose-ointment he began to get reminiscent of old days at Cripple Creek and Boise Basin, Cariboo and Fraser river bars. Interspersed with his tales of men and mines were tales of traps and guns, and it was these latter that specially interested one of the younger members of the party, who, fresh from the Old Country with the latest West End equipment, had never seen a bear outside a cage, but was abundantly eager to come to close quarters with one in his wild sate.

As the old man had been talking, the tenderfoot had chipped in once or twice with expressions and exclamations indicative of incredulity, so that, knowing old Jack's pride and touchiness in this particular, I felt rather alarmed for the harmony of the gathering, when, at a pause in the conversation, he tackled the old-timer thus: "I say, old chap, can't you give us a good bear-story—a really true one this time, you know?"

There was an ominous silence for half-a-minute or so, and then Jack, looking straight at his challenger with a solemn face and not a twinkle in his eye, answered slowly, "Well, yes, I guess so. I do know a few stories about bears which might interest ye, and I'll just tell ye one which is true as Gospel and which I hope ye'll find no difficulty in believing."

"It was just a few years ago; I was prospecting and hunting up in the Big Bend country, when I ran across an old partner o' mine, by name Jim Smart, who had got tired of tramping the blessed mountains with a pack on his back, and had taken up a bit of land and cleared an acre or so, where he had planted a few fruit-trees and raised a few spuds and such like in the summer, and hunted and trapped some in the winter. We had drifted into talk about old times, and we'd done a bit of hunting together in old days, Jim and me had. 'Talking of hunting,' says Jim, 'there's an old bear browsing round here somewhere, right now. I see his tracks down there by the potato-patch this morning, and mebbe if you was to take down old Betsy Anne, and take a mosey round the hill back there while I cook the supper you might run across him. There's quite a few deer round too, and I'm plumb out o' fresh meat.'

"Well, I catches up the old gun, Betsy Anne was his name for her, and went out for a stroll, never thinking to run across no bear, mind you, but just for a look round the ranch, so to speak. I started off down to the bottom of his garden and over the fence through some skunk cabbage, where I could see the bear had been having a feed, but I didn't see no bear. Then I struck up, catcornered across the hill into the big timber, but I never seed no bear. So I kep' on up to the top, and, after circling round a bit, started down again in the direction of old Jim's shanty, came through the woods and down into the bottom. Given up even thinkin' about bear by this time, and was more concerned in thinkin' about the pork and beans that I knew would be bubbling on the stove, and the good hot coffee and biscuits that Jim was a while at makin', when, walkin' on without noticing much, I came right down onto old Jim's clearing and the edge of his potato-

patch. Now I never expected, as you may imagine, to see no bear there right in Jim's garden near the shack and with him raising a racket with the fry-pan and tin plates, and so forth. It never entered my mind as at all possible that I should see any bear that evening, and, would you believe it now, young feller, no more I didn't, neither, no more I didn't. No, sirree Bob! neither hide nor hair of one."

DOG TRAINING AND ITS COST

There is a popular fallacy among a large class of sportsmen to the effect that the training of a dog is a very simple and inexpensive matter, and that if it were not for the fact that they were too busy to give the pup the time the "exorbitant" charges of trainers and handlers could be avoided.

How many men who make this statement have considered the matter from a purely practical and business standpoint? The only point that presents itself at a glance is the time it takes. That being obvious, we will take it under consideration first. We will assume that the pup has reached the age when serious work can be commenced, and he is sent to a trainer to be made into a dog "that will be a bird dog."

Now, as there is a great diversity of opinion as to when a dog should begin his education, it is more than probable that the dog's age is not within several months one way or the other of the trainer's idea of the proper age for that particular dog; however, he must get the pup in shape by the time the season opens or within a certain time which suits the owner's convenience. Then it is that the element of time begins to loom up like a lighthouse in a fog.

The average pup at six months—which is the time so many sportsmen deem it proper to begin training—is so undeveloped that it will take several weeks of observation to determine as to what methods will apply to his particular case. He must be taken day after day to localities where he can find game, his hunting instinct being strong, he will find it, give chase, and lose himself for periods varying from fifteen minutes to hours without end. He may be nervous and high-strung, and the first rush of a bunch of birds will frighten him almost into a spasm, and he takes to his heels. The latter case is much the hardest to deal with and may require months of work to overcome. Should this occur in the dry season, when scenting conditions are at their worst, it is almost hopeless to attempt game work until the rains come, and in the interval every effort must be made to overcome the timidity by constant and gentle yard-work. Right here a mistake in his treatment may in five minutes undo the work of weeks, and the whole proceeding have to be gone over again.

It is not my intention to write a treatise on training, but I wish simply to give a general idea of the cost and some of the difficulties which make the prices asked for trained dogs, and for training dogs, seem high to the uninitiated, when in reality the trainer makes but very little profit when his time is computed at \$3.00 per day. Yard training must proceed step by step, lesson by lesson, and each lesson must be thoroughly learned by the pupil before the next one is taken up. The pup must be made to know that he must do certain things instantly and without hesitation, and when he knows that he must be kept in practice. Some lessons must be repeated every day for a week before the pup realizes what is expected of him; if the preceding is distasteful to him he will be several days before he will make any attempt to obey the order without the force which put him through the motions of the lesson in the beginning.

These lessons, with a pup, can not be carried much over an hour or the pup becomes confused, frightened, tired out, and sullen, and goes from bad to worse. He must then be given time to rest and think it over. After that comes his run, to put him in good spirits and to let him have a chance on game.

The yard work complete, and the pup under control by whistle and order, he is then ready to begin the actual finding, pointing staunchly, and retrieving game for his handler—heretofore it has been for his own amusement. Another month's work with the gun and he is broken, but not finished. He has his diploma from the faculty of his college, he has a good foundation to work on, and he is ready to enter the employment of the sportsman who understands the work and has the time to put the finishing touches on him and give him the experience he needs; but for the man who only goes out about three times a season he needs experience, change of locality, different cover, to be hunted in company with strange dogs, to be steadied down, to become impressed with the idea that to lose his head is a crime—and these things will take more time, much work, and some ammunition.

Now this has taken at least two hours a day for three months; allowing ten hours for a working day at \$3.00 per day, we have 60c a day, or in three months of 26 working days we find a total of \$46.80 worth of time alone. The dog's feed will amount to nearly \$10, for he must be kept in condition, and he must have food that agrees with him; if his coat is rough he must have a raw egg night and morning; he will have had at least 100 shots fired over him (cost, \$2.40); he may need a little medicine or he may need a good deal or none at all, but it is safe to add 50 cents to the total for medicine. The trainer must keep a horse, as a rule, or perhaps two, in order that he may take his dogs and himself to different game fields; he must have game on his own ground or he must "stand in" with owners of good bird grounds. He has put out in time and

cash \$59.70, or in round numbers \$60.00, and if he asks \$75.00 for his services he has a balance of \$15.00 with which to buy horse feed, build kennels, pay for chickens killed by pups, and pay for his advertising.

He has earned his wages and his profit (if any) by work of the hardest kind—for the trainer does not get sport out of hunting with unbroken dogs. He only kills game for the effect it will have on the dog, and his entire attention is taken up with developing the good qualities and correcting the faults in his pupil, so he has little time to enjoy sport as sport. He may and usually does enjoy his work, but sport and work are too entirely different things, and the enjoyment gotten out of each is of a totally different nature.

I do not see how the man who devotes his entire time to the training of bird dogs can turn out a well broken pup for less money than \$75.00 and really deliver the goods. Of course dogs can be brought to a certain degree of perfection in less time, but their accomplishments are few and of a superficial nature; in fact, they are high-school graduates instead of collegians. In the right hands they will develop, but they do not always fall into the right hands.

The man who takes one or two dogs to train as a side issue, and has time on his hands that would otherwise be unremunerative, can and often does turn out well-trained dogs, but he usually takes them with the understanding that the owner gets them when they are broken. He takes his own time and probably shoots over the dog a whole season before he is considered finished. He may charge less than the professional, but he will be much longer about it, and unless he is a rarity the dog hunts entirely to his notion and not to the owner's. Also, men who do not make a business of training and can train and will train are scarce.

American Field states that "the man who charges \$100 to train a dog and does it properly earns every cent, and we really do not see how it can be done for less. A first-class article can not be bought for a second-hand price."

Well-broken, experienced dogs can sometimes be bought for considerably less than the cost of training; they are thrown on the market by the owners—sportsmen, usually who are moving to a gameless country, moving to the city; setters sold because owner wants a pointer, and, vice versa, dogs sold because owner wants a bitch, and so on—not because they are not worth \$100 or more, but because of personal reasons of the owner; for well-bred dogs cost something to breed as well as to train.

For instance, I have before me a letter from a prominent Eastern breeder who says in reference to a dog now owned by me, "I paid out \$1,200 in cash to produce that litter."

Someone may say that paying for pedigree is all nonsense; that dogs with no pedigree at all are known to him to be wonders in the field. That may be so, and I have seen remarkably good dogs of no pedigree—but they were accidents of breeding. There is no animal known that will breed back so far as the dog, and the good dog of no pedigree is simply a throwback to some ancestor of good blood.

Mr. Bryson, the owner of old Gladstone, stated in a recent article that Gladstone always produced one liver-and-white pup, although there was no liver and white in his pedigree for three generations. I gave a bitch to a friend of mine and in her pedigree Gladstone appears in the fifth generation. Bred twice to a dog with Gladstone in his fifth generation, she has produced one liver-and-white pup in each litter, making the throwback nine generations, for there is no liver and white on either side back to Gladstone. Now the dog of no pedigree may reproduce his kind several generations hence, but the man who wants to raise pups does not want to struggle through five generations of curs to produce one good dog.

I do not mean by this that all litters throw back to some remote ancestor, but I do mean that in the dog of no breeding the scrub blood will predominate to such an extent that he will produce scrubs. The scrubs in his case have simply produced him by accident. Pedigree dogs—or I should say properly bred dogs—are not bred haphazardly simply because both sire and dam have a family tree, but are bred by careful selection of individuals and strains of blood. The problem of the breeder is to combine the best qualities of the different strains and eliminate the faults. This takes time and money; one strain crossed on a line of bitches may turn out simply mediocre hunters and of wrong conformation, and to find that out takes over a year, means the purchase of a dog or a heavy stud fee and express charges, and the "results" are either given away or sold for a song. After several tries the breeder secures the strain he wants; he knows it to be good and he knows what it has cost him to produce it, so he sets his prices accordingly, and as the prices of all things are very closely related to the cost of production, it is surprising that there are so many good pups on the market at prices that, when all is said, are only a reasonable profit on the capital invested.—F. F. Wilson, in Western Field.

SALMON ANGLERS IN ICELAND

Beyond knowing that Iceland was an island in the region of the Arctic circle, some hundreds of miles north of Scotland, our knowledge of the country, until we had looked up particulars in "Murray," was decidedly hazy. We certainly had no notion that it was one-sixth larger than Ireland, that the country was so thickly populated as to contain two human beings to the square mile, and that there

were no musk ox on the island. We must have confused Iceland with Greenland, for we rather expected to find these animals and Eskimos the only inhabitants. Towards the end of June we sailed from Granton in one of Sli-mon's trading and cattle boats, which had accommodation for ten or a dozen passengers. Besides ourselves, there were on board two parties of sportsmen bound for Reykjavik, which town we reached after a voyage lasting four days. We were not much impressed with our first view of it, though on our return from a two months' stay in the north it looked more imposing. It consists for the most part of one-story wooden houses, and looks like a small fishing village, though there are a few stone buildings, the cathedral, Althing house, Latin school, etc. The streets are narrow, with open drains on either side, and everywhere there is a strong odour of bad fish.

After landing passengers and cargo, we steamed up the west coast of the island, calling at Isafjord and a few other trading stations, and, finally, disembarking at Skagastrand, from which we had an eighty-mile ride to our destination, Storri Borg, in the Humavatt Syls, which we reached on the second day, having stayed one night at a farm on the way. As the pack ponies had to be sent for our baggage and tents, we stayed for the first week in the part of the farmhouse reserved for guests. This farmhouse was built with turf walls from six feet to eight feet thick, lined inside with match boarding, and having wooden gables, like all the Icelandic farm-houses. Our quarters were clean and comfortable, though not luxurious, and rather scantily furnished. Our host, Pieter Christopherson, was educated in Scotland, and spent some years in that country, so he spoke English fluently; but he told us that he had great difficulty in reading. This was hardly to be wondered at, since the only English literature he possessed was a number of copies of an American scientific journal entitled the Literary Microcosm, which despised words of less than three syllables, and most of the contents of which were incomprehensible to the ordinary layman. At the farm we lived in the lap of luxury (for Iceland) as far as food was concerned—white bread, salmon, char, trout, ducks, and occasional chunks of mutton for a change from the produce of our rods and guns. One thing we did not stomach at first—the butter made from sheep's milk. But one can get accustomed to most things in time, and we got to like even the sheep's butter, though it was white as lard, and tasted exactly like mutton suet.

After prospecting our country, we decided that the ride of four miles to the river and back every day would be a great waste of valuable time, and so we lost none in conveying our tents, etc., to the river bank. For the period of a month, during which we lived in stout, gipsy-type tents, and were assailed by every variety of weather, the Storri Borg river, fished with the usual Scotch flies, yielded sport quite beyond our expectations. We occasionally killed over 200 lb. of fish a day, and rarely less than 100 lb. Most of them were of fair average size, ranging from 10 lb. to 30 lb. Our heaviest was 34 lb., an ugly red brute, but we got many fish in the pink of condition of about 24 lb. No incident worth recording broke the monotony of our luck except that on one occasion a heavy fish, somewhat sensitive to the prick of the hook, went straight across the river in his first rush and beached himself high and dry on the far side, obliging the unwilling angler to wade across and administer the coup de grace in order to release his fly. On another occasion my own rod was put out of commission for a day owing to my neglect to bring a spare fly reel. Fishing from a high bank on a reach too deep for wading, a fish which I had played for some time, in his final effort to escape, ran out nearly all the line at such a pace that my reel jammed, and in the struggle to reel in the spindle broke off short. Fortunately, the fish—a 16 lb. salmon—was played out, and by drawing in the line by hand and leaving the slack trailing on the bank behind me I managed to bring him to the gaff without much trouble. In the evening I rode over to the farm with the reel, and one of the hands made a good job of it on my giving him an English shilling wherewith to do the brazing, as the Danish silver money contained too much alloy.

During this day I had made my first acquaintance with Arctic trout and char in a burn flowing from a big lake into the Laxa at the head of our water. These fish gave good sport, but this paled before an 8 lb. and a 10 lb. salmon, which I successfully brought to the gaff with my trout rod and light gut. When, thereafter, we sought out the trout as a change, we usually got between 15 lb. and 20 lb. a day without trouble, sometimes hooking a salmon. Conversely, in the big river we frequently hooked 2 lb. trout.

All good things are short-lived, however, and after rather more than a month's fishing the river became too low for sport with the rod, so we were invited by the local "gentry" to have a day's netting. The "gentry"—local farmers—turned up in force, and with Pieter and half a dozen of his men, we had a good muster to work the two nets. These were rather primitive affairs with large mesh, for all the world like long sheep nets, with pieces of charred wood for corks, and ponies' shank-bones threaded on to the bottom line instead of leads. The modus operandi was also primitive in the extreme. Ten or a dozen men held one net, which was three feet deep, across a comparatively shallow part of the river, while the rest of the men drove the salmon down,

drawing the other net along with them. During the first drive we assisted to hold the lower net, and at times this was no easy task. The salmon came down in such big droves as occasionally to knock a man off his legs, and sometimes a shoal or fifty or more big fish would charge the net, which was not over sound, and break right through between two men. When the drivers, with their net, reached the stop net and overlapped at one end, these two ends were brought round, and the two nets, thus forming a double wall, were rushed out on to the shallowing bank. At least nine out of ten of the fish managed to escape, owing to the mad excitement of the men and the rottenness of parts of the nets.

The next reach of the river to be netted contained the big pool, much too deep for the drag net to be of any use; but the farmers to a man joyfully volunteered to drive it by riding their ponies through. We knew the pool intimately, having had many a morning swim there, and particularly that there were numerous ledges terminating abruptly in deep water, so we anticipated "sport" of a different kind, and were not disappointed. We took up our positions at the stop net, together with the less adventurous spirits, and those who had not acquired sufficient Dutch courage to face the deep water. Standing in comparatively shallow water below the big pool, we had a splendid view of the whole performance. The farmers rode abreast about six feet apart, and got on all right until they arrived nearly at the middle of the pool, when first one and then another disappeared from sight, pony and all, with a tremendous splash, which had the desired effect of driving every salmon out of the pool. Seventy-four salmon in all were taken with the nets and divided amongst the farmers.

Snow and storm drove us from Borg, and we began our return journey with a string of pack ponies tied head to tail, accompanied by Pieter as guide and our gillie to look after the ponies. Before we had gone many miles a heavy snowstorm came on and continued the whole day, confirming us reluctantly in the opinion that the time had really come for us to return to civilization. When about halfway to Bordeyri we met a solitary rider—one of the "two inhabitants to the square mile"—who pulled up and produced from his pocket a copy of the Field addressed to me, the only communication from home which we received while in Iceland, though, as we afterwards heard, a regular supply of weekly papers and many interesting letters had been sent, which we trust were duly added to the Literary Microcosm library at Storri Borg. We stopped at Melstadir for luncheon, and when we reached the fjord opposite Bordeyri saw the outline of the steamer, which had just come into the fjord, looming in the distance through the snowstorm. She had come round by the east coast, and her last port of call on this trip was Reykjavik, where she had to stay four days in order to take on board her cargo of between 600 and 700 ponies.

There was one belated sportsman on board, who very kindly invited us to spend the four spare days fishing with him at Reynivellir, and as we were not at all keen about the 160-mile ride to the Geysers and back on "hired ponies" we gratefully accepted his invitation. Our friend did not fancy the forty miles' ride to his fishing, and decided to take his heavy baggage by boat to Reynivellir, but was delayed by rough weather, and though we rode out and had two good days' fishing there, we never saw our host again, or had an opportunity of thanking him for his hospitality. As it would have taken too long to land our own ponies, which we took back with us, we hired two in Reykjavik, and engaged a guide to show us the way to Reynivellir. We could find our way back without any difficulty, being both endowed with the bump of locality, so we dismissed the guide as soon as we reached our new fishing quarters.

The salmon here did not run half the size of those at Borg, the average being only about 6 lb., while the Borg fish averaged nearly 18 lb. Everything in the south, except the ponies, was on a smaller scale than in the north, but the rivers were well stocked, the country was much more fertile, and the riding much easier than in the north. We caught some good baskets of white trout in addition to salmon. There were two rivers, both of which emptied into a big pool over a small waterfall before reaching the sea. My friend took the smaller river, which ran through a big lake, giving the water time to get aired, and got sixteen salmon the first morning. I took the big river, which had some snow water in it, and the salmon would not look at a fly; but I got some good white trout in the sea pool below. We expected our host to turn up every minute, and after the first morning we were not fishing in earnest, spending most of the time watching the salmon and sea trout leaping up the waterfall out of the sea pool.

When we sailed from Reykjavik the weather was stormy, and when we had been at sea two days we met such a heavy sea that we had to lay to for forty-eight hours. This extended the voyage to six days, and as the ship was provisioned and had a supply of fresh water only for four we were nearly reduced to meals of horseflesh. When we sighted the shores of Scotland the Icelanders were surprised to see trees, and when we arrived at Leith and they saw some big dray horses on the quay their astonishment was unbounded, as they had always supposed that there were no horses in the world bigger than their Iceland hestur.—Hugh Aldersey in the Field.



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A Monastery North of the Arctic Circle

TWO days' voyage beyond the North Cape, in arctic regions where in summer there is darkness and no light in winter, lies the entrance to the White Sea. Enclosed by land, except for the narrow straits, and deprived of the influence of the Gulf Stream, which on the more exposed northwestern shores of Norway renders the fjords navigable throughout the whole winter, this inland sea presents at least one of the characteristics of Central and Northern Russia—the extreme of heat and cold. In winter its entire surface is frozen, but during the long summer days the sun burns fiercely and calls into sudden life the coarse herbage and the soft green leaves of the silver birch and ash trees that clothe its shores. Pleasant indeed is the vision of this verdure, and of the forests of pine, after the barren rocky coast, flecked with snow, which extends from the North Cape to the White Sea. Owing to its remote situation, and the shortness of the season during which its waters are open to navigation, and to the difficulties which the voyage presents, the travelers who visit the inhospitable region of the White Sea are few and far between; and even at Archangel itself, the capital of the province that forms its eastern shore, which has lately been connected by railway with Central Russia, the tourist is unknown. To M. Olivier, director of the Revue Generale des Sciences de Paris, is due the credit of the idea and its successful accomplishment, of visiting this almost unknown land on one of his well-organized cruises of the Ile-de-France; and it was the desire to see once more this northern waterway, which I visited many years ago, that induced me to join the cruise.

A perfect calm, a sky without a cloud, and a rise in the thermometer from a few degrees above freezing yesterday out in the Arctic Ocean to nearly 70 degrees today—and not a sign of fog! We have been already some 14 hours steaming southward in the White Sea. Before us lies a long, low island, covered with a dense vegetation of pine and silver birch, and indented with little bays, their surface dotted with a sprinkling of rocks. As we approach still nearer to the land the reflection of the pines stretches almost as far as our ship across the mirror of still water, broken only here and there where the head of some inquisitive seal, with scared eyes, appears for a moment; to dive again and leave no trace beyond a series of little moving circles.

As we turn to the south-east corner of the island there come into view, rising above the dark foreground of pines, the high white towers, crowned in domes and cupolas of emerald green, of the great monastery of Solovetsky, one of the richest and most celebrated in all Russia, a mass of strange, incongruous Oriental buildings. Viewed from the sea, the monastery is like a fairy palace transplanted by magic from some Indian or Persian city and set down in the forest of pines of this island of the frozen north. One would scarcely be surprised on revisiting the spot to find that the sorcerer's curse had been removed and that the monastery, with its churches and its towers, with its belltowers, its domes, and its cupolas, had disappeared. One sad, solitary being alone should remain, forgotten and left behind, to tell how the great pile of buildings had floated away in the night, and how the greasy monks and unkempt novices had become once more the princes and retainers of the fairy tale.

We disembark at a stone quay in the little port that faces the main entrance to the monastery. It is Asia that lies before us; we seem to have left Europe a thousand miles away. The crowd of strangely dressed monks and novices, the moujiks even, with their narrow eyes and tangled heads and beards, and the buildings themselves, from the gilded summits of their towers to the great wall of undressed boulders, worn by ice and water into curious smooth round shapes long before they were laboriously lifted into their present position, all speak of Asia. Above this great enclosing wall, and extending the entire circumference of the monastery, run ramparts, pierced for defence and covered with a roof painted crimson. At the corners are towers, of the same height and character as the walls themselves, except that above them the roofs rise to a great height in the form of immense red extinguishers. Over this encircling line of red appear the high white walls of the buildings within the vast enclosure, tier above tier, until, crowning all, rise the towers, with their green domes and cupolas, of the churches and belltowers.

A great porch, Chinese in form and in its crude coloring, supported by stunted fantastic pillars, overhangs the entrance of the dark archway that pierces the immense thickness of the outer walls. We go past iron-bound doors, hung with uncouth padlocks and bolts that would seem to require the strength of giants to manoeuvre; past walls formed of blocks of undressed stone Cyclopean in their size; through deep arches where the almost perpetual sunshine of the summer never penetrates to illumine the half-seen saints on the frescoed walls. Here is the twinkle of a little lamp burning before some sacred ikon, or the speck of light given forth by a taper offered to

some holy shrine half concealed in the thickness of the wall; there, a beggar, recalling the frozen North and exposing to the pity of the passer-by his footless frost-bitten legs—and suddenly one emerges into the great court within.

The first impression is one of sunlight and seagulls. The high buildings which surround the monastery square are painted white, and the reflection of the sunlight upon the vast expanse of wall is dazzling indeed. The seagulls are there in hundreds, on the ground, on the walls and roofs, and even perching on the trees; seagulls of every age, fluffy brown fledglings and mature birds, harmonious in grey and white, one and all crying, screaming, to be fed, and struggling over one another to reach the proffered bread. A few stunted trees and some high, rank grass, enclosed in white wooden palings, tell of an attempt, apparently abandoned, to form a garden in a climate where little or nothing will grow.

It is the Archimandrite himself who receives us in the stuffy saloons of his official residence, hung with inferior oil paintings of past Tsars and a large oleograph of the present Sovereign; and a few minutes later we start under his guidance to visit the two principal churches, which stand across the sunlit court.

We pass under an archway, and a wide stone stairway leads on up to a vast corridor, extending both to right and left. The walls, painted in terrifying frescoes representing the horrors of the infernal regions, and scarcely more attractive ones portraying the joys of heaven, form a curious background to the groups of priests and peasants and all sorts and conditions of men who move slowly about or stand in little groups gazing in silent wonder at these crude representations of a future life. Everywhere can be seen the black-robed and black-capped monks, their long, unkempt flaxen hair falling low over the shoulders of their faded, greasy robes. Whatever riches may be hidden in the treasuries of Solovetsky—and its wealth is undeniable and undeniable—the class of pilgrim most in evidence can bring but small offerings, though it is said that the monks can squeeze blood from a stone, and that few of the thousands of superstitious peasants who visit the monastery are allowed to leave it with many copecks in their pockets. In return for the scant hospitality the monastery provides they are expected, and almost forced, to give their little all.

Apparent on the faces of one and all is a look of stolid, unedifying devotion and reverence, the devotion of the absolutely ignorant, the reverence of the perpetually oppressed. They show little signs of intellect, these pilgrims of the far North, and it is not difficult to understand to how low a state of degradation they have fallen under the hardships of life in a land where for eight or nine months of the year they are in the clutches of rigorous winter. Devoid of all education, with few or none to relieve their wants and alleviate their sufferings, their lot is indeed a hard one, but happily there is already springing up a little hope that the time is not far distant when the peasant population of Russia will be considered as something more than breeders of soldiers for the army and beasts of burden for the official classes.

Never before can the great corridors of Solovetsky have presented the scene they did on that afternoon of July, for amongst the crowds of priests and peasants, monks and novices, moved the hundred passengers of the Ile-de-France. After three centuries and more of seclusion the monastery was invaded by the tourist, though it is only fair to remark that the tourists of the Revue des Sciences consist largely of men of science and others whose interest in all they see and do is marked by the greatest consideration for the beliefs and customs of others. Nor was a touch of brightness absent, for amongst the passengers were no small number of ladies who added an atmosphere of color to a scene otherwise sombre and gloomy. I could not help remarking that the stolidity of the peasants almost merged into a look of wonder as their eyes fell upon the charming figure of a fascinating French lady in a white serge dress and scarlet jacket, in whose enormous but very becoming hat a blue and yellow macaw parrot from the Amazons was apparently plucking alive an Argus pheasant that seemed to be attempting to escape its evil fate by concealing itself in a display of fireworks.

The two principal churches, dedicated to St. Herman and St. Sabas, open into this corridor, which occupies practically the whole length of one side of the great square of the monastery. As we pass through the iron gates that give access into the church, a vision of gorgeousness meets the eye—gilded wood-carving reaching from the floor to the vaulted and domed roof; frescoes of gaudy saints of gigantic proportions; columns of gold that turn and twist, festooned with gilded flowers, to end in ill-proportioned Corinthian capitals of gilt; glimpses of half-revealed sanctuaries, just visible between the heavy carvings of pierced golden doors; an altar, a blaze of light; little tapers burning before the pictures, and at the shrines, of saints; above, suspended from the ceilings, great candelabra of silver, through the intertwining branches of which

one can barely discern the dusky figures of unreal apathetic saints frescoed upon the gloomy domes and vaulted roofs above.

At the altar a priest drones the office in the musical nasal rhythm of constant repetition. Everywhere permeate the scent and the dimness of incense, half concealing the groups of peasants who stand here and there about the church, or pass silently and reverently from shrine to shrine and from picture to picture, with low obeisance, lighting a taper here and there and praying for a few moments at each favorite spot.

It is a scene as oppressive in its atmosphere as it is in its superfluity of gilded ornament. Taken in detail almost everything is deplorable in taste; yet altogether the whole is overpowering in its richness of color and in its oriental exaggeration of accumulated decoration. The priest has concluded his office and the choir of men and boys, hidden behind great screens, break into song. Primitive as is the chant, it is strangely appealing in its tones. The boys' voices, full of the freshness and purity of youth, blend with the deeper tones of the men in the simple harmonies that have echoed and re-echoed in the same spot for over three centuries and a half. The beauty of voice, the truth of note are there, but just as the singers lack all expression of countenance, so their voices seem wanting in devotion and expression. It is perhaps their absence—the apathy of soul of the singers—that renders the music so strange and remarkable. Slowly the chant progresses, unaccompanied by any instrument, rising and falling in the great church; now in the simplest and most beautiful of harmonies; now in unison—unimaginative, unromantic, and yet full of a fascination that holds one rooted to the spot. It is the voice of the North, the voice of souls chilled by the long frozen winters of darkness, worn out by the struggle for existence for generations in a land where nature strives to destroy rather than to produce, where trees never reach their full stature, where crops never ripen, where for the greater part of the year even the sea is frozen, and where from time immemorial the oppression of nature—and of man—has been paramount. Yet under these outward and visible signs of apathy there exists a deep-rooted faith, stubborn and unsympathetic, cold and undemonstrative, such as is found perhaps nowhere outside of Russia.

The Archimandrite, puffing and perspiring with his unwonted energy, led us next to the great vaulted refectory with its frescoes of saints and angels. Tables were laid ready for the monks' evening meal—great dishes of fish that emitted a perfume that spoke of considerable absence from the sea, and bowls of sour cabbage, evidently of a certain age. This, with loaves of black bread, seems to form the general fare. They on to the kitchens, where the principal features were the dirtiness of everything, including the boy cooks, and the still more pervasive odors of bad food.

At the head of a wide stairway is the studio, a large, well-lighted room, in which a number of apathetic youths were engaged in painting still more apathetic saints in glaring colors upon gilded backgrounds. The principal work in hand seemed to be that of restoration, that is to say, the entire repainting of the old pictures. The method is simple in its barbarity. The old panels, dating from centuries back, enriched and mellowed by time, with their primitive saints that breathe the spirit of endeavor that inspired the painters so long dead, were being washed and scraped, and upon the seasoned panels were being displaced by the soulless monotony of Russian modern religious art—expressionless, pompous, insipid elderly gentlemen of dissenting aspect, robed in dressing gowns and quite evidently wanting in intellect.

Already the student perpetrators of these outrages have ruined much of the charm of Solovetsky, for not content with the wholesale destruction of the small pictures, they have also repainted most of the frescoes of the churches in colors and in style that would shame the drop scene of an itinerant theatre.

Beyond the buildings which form the residential quarters of the monks and novices are situated the hospital and dispensary, both boasting a modern, if not very extensive, equipment. Long tunnels, dark and vaulted, containing a number of the tombs of the Archimandrites and principal monks of the past, lead one from courtyard to courtyard. In one are the great cellars where the kvass—or rye beer—is made and stored, in another a little shop where souvenirs of the pilgrimage are sold; but, turn where one will, one never loses sight of the great high walls, surmounted by the domed towers. Everywhere the monks and novices, in black and grey respectively, are to be met. Many of the latter are engaged in the daily labors of the monastery, for all the manual work is performed by the inmates. Carts laden with building material, and drawn by sturdy little ponies, rattle over the big paving stones, driven for the most part by boy novices who have not yet lost the look of the outer world, or become degenerated, as must in time be the case, by the influence of the apathetic and unmanly surroundings into which they have been introduced. One can mark in all its stages the gradual change from the healthy, clean youth of these young



novices to the effeminate, expressionless, almost sexless appearance of the monks.

The sea and the forest extend nearly up to the monastery walls on all sides, and the little port with its stone quays lies only a hundred yards or so from the main entrance. Alongside of the jetty lie a steamer or two, belonging to the monastery, and employed in the carriage of pilgrims and provisions from Archangel, which is some 15 hours' voyage away. A large hostelry, also the property of the monks, adjoins the quay. Although pretentious in size, it is of a most primitive character within, though all that is necessary, no doubt, for the class of pilgrims who visit Solovetsky.

On the inland side of the great block of buildings lies a fresh water lake of some acres in extent, situated above the level of the sea, and thus assuring a constant supply of fresh running water. Behind this lake, and forming almost a wall around the pasture land which has been cleared in the immediate vicinity of the monastery, rises the forest of pines. It is from an eminence above the port that the best view of Solovetsky is obtained and its astounding fantastic appearance is best realized; for criticize its architecture as one will, taken in conjunction with its position and its surroundings, its stupendous incongruity cannot be denied. This conglomeration of white buildings and towers, of crimson roofs and emerald domes and cupolas, should stand in the perpetual sunshine of some Far Eastern landscape. The dark forest of pines should be groves of waving palms, and in place of the dull black and grey of monk and novice should be seen the yellow robes of Buddhist priests. On that brilliant July afternoon it was difficult enough to realize that for the greater part of the year the monastery and forest lie covered in snow beside a frozen sea, in a land of almost perpetual night.

It is time to go on board. On the quay, gazing apathetically at our departure, stand a score or more of novices. Silent, stolid, uniform in the color and cut of their clothing—long grey coats strapped at the waist, tall black boots and high black caps—with their yellow or light brown hair hanging over their necks, all the show of interest that they could raise left them apparently cold and indifferent. Yet to them the advent of the first tourist steamer that had ever penetrated into the waters of the White Sea must have been an event of consequence. For the first time in their lives, probably, they gazed upon men and women from the further ends of Europe. But the great lone North had marked them for its own, and they seemed, even in the glorious sunshine of that July afternoon, to feel the touch of those dreary winter months of everlasting frozen night. Through the

narrow channel that leads from the port to the open sea we are towed back by the ship's launch. On either hand, on islets and on rocks, stand great wooden crosses, placed there to guide vessels into port, and souls to Paradise. As we steam away in the glow of the setting sun—though it wants but an hour of midnight—the great monastery appears to hang between an opal sky and an opal sea; and, as we turn the corner of the island, Solovetsky is hidden by the long line of the gloomy forest.—The Times.

TYRANNY OF PARENTS

First they bring us into the world without our volition—then they educate us after their own ideas, or according to their means. They enjoy our childhood, precipitate us into lifelong mistakes, and bewail our ingratitude if, when the period of adolescence is reached, we do not choose them for our friends.

It is not only in France that a child must marry to be free. The boy that leaves home to escape his father's domination, the girl whose letters "must contain something very wrong if she doesn't want her own mother to read them," are common to the civilized world.

The child by right may expect his parents "to protect his youth"—his body, that he may not be handicapped in the coming struggle; his mind, that he may have power to find and fill his own niche; but it is the child's niche, not the parent's, that he should be permitted, nay, encouraged, to seek. He may by right expect such advice as a veteran soldier might offer to a drummer-boy; as though the parent said, "I have travelled a little further along the way. Trust me now, and perhaps, after a while you will teach me."

But the parent has no more excuse for forcing the growing child to be a pocket edition of himself than he would have to rob of his most cherished possessions the guest who sojourns beneath his roof for a time. Indeed, he has less right, for the guest is not helpless—his individuality cannot be invaded, shaped for ends to which it is not native, deprived of the chance of self-expression; for which cause we were created separate entities—no two of us alike. Each child should be regarded as a fresh beginning, and given a fresh start free of old blunders.

The parent who is his child's friend is in a class by himself—a class which holds too few, since the very atmosphere of friendship is freedom. But when the period of ignorance and blind submission is past and the child awakes, reasons, questions, and judges, the parent will reap whatever he has sown. "To him that hath shall be given."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Feminine Fancies and Home Circle Chat

"A WOMAN'S WOMAN"



The general criticism to which we all subject others, and to which we ourselves are in turn subjected, is not unusual to hear a woman described as a "woman's woman."

While each sex is undeniably the best judge of its own members, it is however more than doubtful whether any woman would ever really feel flattered at hearing herself thus described. For one thing the phrase suggests that her popularity is confined to her own sex. Gratifying as the universal admiration of her fellow women may be the female has yet to be born to whom the undying devotion of even one man would not possibly prove more sustaining. At the same time it must be admitted that the description like that of a "man's woman" is misleading, giving as it does the impression that men and women do not like the same type of woman—nothing could be more absurd, for while there are a certain number of women who are conspicuous for the fact that they are only appreciated by men and others who appeal only to their own sex, the really popular woman is equally popular with both sexes. It is supposed that jealousy is the cause of the average woman's dislike of the "man's woman."

This however, is not the case. The "man's woman" is disliked by her own sex simply because she is a fool, and there is nobody so unpopular in feminine society as a fool. Everybody is down on her, even her fellow fools being only sorry for her. And when one woman is "sorry for" another, it can only mean one thing—that is—there is nothing to be feared from her.

The first thing on the other hand which a clever woman bent on social success does is to ingratiate herself with other women, especially with married ones. She knows that a great deal of consolation is to be derived from the possession of at least one sufficient-ly dowdy and dull to allay the inherent suspicious-ness with which the membership of the female sex usually regard each other. One friend of this description indeed, is a "woman's woman." She may be a bore, on the other hand her very lack of imagination is one of the greatest assets she possesses in attracting the friendship of other women, for it means that she will never do anything to offend a woman who knows the relief of feeling herself in the presence of another woman who will not pick her to pieces the moment her back is turned. The worst of the "woman's woman" is that she is surrounded by impossible females, and when she marries—as of course she frequently does—her house immediately becomes an asylum for all the "poor things" of her acquaintance. Nothing bores her husband quite so much as the number of strange females to be found hanging round her neck at odd times, and nothing scares men more from their homes than a bevy of plain, but affectionate spinsters who are always to be found seated round the dining room of the "woman's woman" at tea time.

At the same time, in a way, there is no doubt a natural suspicion attaches to the woman without feminine friends. Women, if bad judges of men are seldom wrong in their estimate of other women, and if they are inclined to be harder on each other than a man would be, on the other hand, they are so easily propitiated that a woman who is unpopular with her own sex has really only her own tactlessness to blame.

In nine cases out of ten her unpopularity is simply due to the fact that she does not consider it worth her while to obtain the goodwill of her own sex and that she cannot resist parading her triumphs over her less successful sisters.

The really popular woman on the other hand, is always considerate towards other women, and in a thousand little ways promotes that feeling of satisfaction with themselves without which they will only feel jealous of her. She invariably makes a point of telling them how nice they look, and how their ears show so flattering remark she has just heard made about them. So long as a woman of this type keeps the members of her own sex in good humor with themselves, so long will she keep the good will towards her and so prove her superiority not only over the "man's woman" but the "woman's woman."

FASHION'S FANCIES

Shepherd's plaid always seems to recur every autumn with a regularity that is most pleasing to those who appreciate this extremely useful and generally becoming material. An exception however should be made to the latter qualification, for a good complexion is essential to the wearer of so severe a contrast of black and white, and the bodies of most women look their best in a check of this type. It may be embellished with a collar of black satin and innumerable little buttons of the same set very close together. Indeed, not only the bodies, but the sleeves of any diminution of favor, the only question is to see that they are of the right kind, and put on in the correct manner. Of course, as a rule, they have obviously been specially made for the particular costume.

The newest tweeds are either very rough or like a smooth cloth with a faint diagonal line. If our choice must rest on something which will have to do for town wear, one of the latter fabrics is, of course, most suitable. But for the girl who wants a knock about costume, a rough tweed gown is a very desirable possession. It is true that even the most conservative houses are making models of coats that illustrate various passing fashions, but the suits actually bought and worn by their customers show very little variation year after year.

I have just heard of a charming and attractive afternoon gown carried out in a pale green cloth. The skirt was made as though it buttoned up on either side with flat satin buttons and the bodice had a vest and sleeves of green tulle, and the collar and tiny cravat were of fine lace with a little gold stitchery introduced here and there. These elusive touches of metallic thread are certainly very effective. The only trimming to this gown was an applique of cloth in a design borrowed from oak leaves. The subject of tea gowns is always absorbing at this time of the year and both crepe and soft satin can be brought into service. Ninon and chiffon of good quality are still as much used as ever in the evening and I have seen a most charming lace coat made out of the remains of a lace robe which met with an accident in the front width.

The prettiest of the lace coats for indoor afternoon wear have a wide sash which carries the back up fairly high waisted, passes beneath the immediate front and then descends down the skirt in long ends. It is easy enough to get some lace for the sleeves, which will accord with the rest of the design, and another lovely model in the way of a coat which took my fancy very much, was a long coat laid down in long tufts of small pink chiffon, which had a sash of cerise colored satin and a collar of perhaps woolly be more accurate to say a stole of silver embroidery. People sometimes forget that we live in an age when we can wear exactly the same thing as our mothers and that it is a successful result—skirts are cut on the straight and on the cross, and the same may be said of sleeves and bodices, and what with added hems and wide insertions, and the other vagaries of fashion, we are enabled to do many things which would have been quite impossible a short time back.

In Paris the rage is all for classical draperies composed of long scarves which are draped round the hips and held together by a knot in front. These draperies, of course only look well when carried out in soft satin or crepe, and they may be composed of transparencies, such as tulle Grecque, and it is quite evident that whatever may be said to the contrary, what is best known as the classical vogue will dominate the fashions of the immediate future.

HOW TO BE POPULAR

There are not so very many keys upon this bunch! One of the most successful is the power of telling good stories. The plainest woman, or the most inelegant of men is welcome if he, or she, is an amusing raconteur.

Look out upon society and see how the gift is a perfect "open sesame" to every door!

A simple enough accomplishment—that of story-telling—so one would imagine. But it is not so. Good story-tellers are as rare as prima donnas. The role simply bristles with difficulties. To begin with the story-teller is to be the point at the last moment with—has to be accompanied by tact, or we shall tell our best stories at the wrong time and place. After having embarked on an anecdote to change it or cut it short from a feeling, "It won't do here," requires more readiness than most of us possess.

Freshness must be aimed at though nothing but constant practice keeps the hand in. A good memory is indispensable—so imagination to clothe the naked fact and make it lively. Words must be few, and side issues resolutely barred. Above all the point must not miss fire by a hair's breadth.

The most terrible thing that can possibly happen to a story-teller is to be the point at the last moment, perhaps when a roomful of people or a whole dinner party are anxiously awaiting the climax!

Nothing but an earthquake can save the situation! In story-telling there is no such thing as mediocrity. Either you are a distinct success or a dead failure! But you may succeed in different ways. If a woman you may pick up odds and ends of funny things for what they are worth. You may weave little stories out of them—not good-enough to keep—but first rate for immediate use.

They are "morning gathered" as it were and have the sparkle of champagne. This is where women excel. In all other respects women is not half as good at the game as men are.

Men's stories are better told as a rule and have more point. So they should, for men have wider opportunities for anecdotes-collecting. They are much more in the habit of telling stories to each other too, and so they get more practice. On the other hand men are far more prone to tell the same tale twice than women. It is seldom that you hear a "chestnut" from a woman.

The line that divides the bore from the successful story-teller is so fine that one cannot be surprised if sometimes it disappears altogether. The right key may turn rusty and creak in the lock, better throw it away altogether, in good time!

There are one or two rules for story-tellers. They must not giggle while telling their stories. Afterwards they may giggle as much as they like, or make some remark such as "Isn't it funny?" which seems to put everybody in a good mood and ready for the next "sally." They must keep their temper under the most exasperating contradiction, and smile blandly at the oblivious listener who insists on correcting details.

A pleasant face and manner are great helps, or in men a quaintly serious face.

People delight in being amused. A well-dressed pretty woman who has the knack of story-telling is more certain to draw at an amateur concert or entertainment than any singer or musician.

Remember Schopenhauer and not long afterwards Becky Sharp, who owed her most brilliant successes to her powers of mimicry and making up droll stories. With all her faults she was entertaining. In short good story-tellers greatly add to their popularity in life, and richly deserve the popularity they get.

THE ART OF COOKING

How to Cook a Cutlet

"When in doubt play trumps" used to be the maxim of the good housewife, and it is no less applicable when what was the fashionable pastime of the day.

"When in doubt order cutlets" might well be the motto of the modern housekeeper, when she is in that state of mind bordering on despair, which all housewives know so well.

Who amongst us does not long the vain longing that someone might "invent a new animal" when repeating vaguely to oneself "beef, mutton, veal, pork, oh what shall we have today?" and he goes regularly in turn during the last fortnight and there seems nothing else left!

Then, say I, in such moments, fall back on cutlets. There seems to end to the variety of ways in which they may be served, but unfortunately, although it is really an everyday sort of dish it is very seldom properly prepared, and it is by no means an inexpensive luxury when ordered from the butcher as "cutlets" and so on, as it should be in the routine.

There is quite an art in trimming a cutlet, but once the process is thoroughly grasped it presents but few difficulties.

First of all when ordering cutlets, always see that the neck of mutton is properly hung, and have the chine bone, that is the top of the ribs, removed by the butcher, as then the joint can be easily divided into cutlets by the cook, which is certainly a convenience, each bone with a sharp strong knife. If however, the neck of mutton is a large one the line of the bone should be followed allowing a small margin all round, and thus leaving a boneless piece of meat between every two cutlets.

There are always seven cutlets in a neck of mutton, so if more are required these boneless pieces of meat can be trimmed and served alternately with the cutlets proper.

Take each cutlet separately, place it on a wetted meat board, and with a wetted knife or even a wetted rolling pin beat it into shape so as to make the meat level with the bone.

Then trim off all superfluous fat and skin; put the point of the knife in just where the lean meat really ends, cut right down to the bone, cutting away everything down to the tip, and scrape the bone quite clean.

When the cutlets are all trimmed chop the bones to an equal length, and then the cutlets are ready for use. But as well as neck cutlets there are loin cutlets or noisettes, which are certainly better, but require even more careful trimming to make them shapely, and not merely unappetising "chops." Remove the meat whole from the loin, and divide this into cutlets of the desired thickness.

If the loin has been already jointed, free each cutlet from the bone, in either case trim off all superfluous fat, roll and fasten with a skewer, this skewer is taken out before serving.

Sometimes the bone is removed from the cutlets proper when they too are served as noisettes. Never on any account order ready trimmed chops or cutlets from the butcher.

This is a most extravagant course; instead order the whole loin or neck, as the scrap end answers admirably for haricot, Irish stew, hot-pot, Scotch broth, etc.

Lamb cutlets are usually treated exactly the same as mutton. Veal cutlets are usually cut from a fillet of veal and should not be more than half as large again as a dollar piece. The best end of the neck may however be used. Pork cutlets are obtained from the best end of the neck, and should be cut with a margin of about half an inch of fat all round. Below I append some excellent recipes for cutlets: But first I must tell you

How to Lard Cutlets

Cut some strips of fat bacon of a size to fit the large end of a larding needle; push the point of the needle into the meat, holding the other end firmly, about 1/4 inch deep, and bring out the point about two inches away, draw it through leaving a piece of bacon at each end, take the next piece through about one inch apart and so on. Trim the ends of the bacon neatly.

Cutlets Sautes (Hot)

Have ready a well buttered saute pan, lay the cutlets in this, taking care not to let them touch one another, pour a little wine over them, season with pepper and salt. Cover with a buttered paper. Place

the pan on a clear fire, and turn occasionally. They must be very carefully cooked.

Stewed Cutlets (Hot)

Grease a pan well and line it with sliced vegetables, a small slice of ham, or bacon, and salt and pepper to taste. Lay the cutlets in this, and let them fry for a few moments until the vegetables begin to brown, then pour in just enough stock to cover them and cover up the pan and simmer slowly for about an hour. Arrange in a pile of cooked carrots, and pour the gravy round, and serve very hot.

Fried Cutlets (Hot)

Egg and breadcrumb some cutlets, place in a frying basket, and fry in an ample quantity of clarified fat for about 15 minutes. Let them drain and serve on a hot dish, on a border of mashed potato, tomato, French beans, etc.

Cutlets au Papillotes (Hot)

Spread some trimmed cutlets with a puree of pate de foie gras. Oil some oval pieces of kitchen paper, fold the paper neatly over each cutlet and broil. Serve in their papers. (These are very good indeed, and if foie gras is unobtainable or not liked, a puree of mushrooms, tomato, onions, or potted ham may be used.)

Splendid Cutlets (Hot)

Have ready some cutlets. Mix together one tablespoonful of minced savory herbs, four tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, one tablespoonful of parsley, the same of minced shallot, one tablespoonful of grated lemon peel, and pepper and salt to taste. Dip the cutlets in clarified dripping, then into beaten egg yolk, then in the above mixture. Fry a nice golden brown, and serve with a good brown sauce.

Fricasseed Cutlets (Hot)

Flour some cutlets lightly. Fry a sliced Spanish onion, and three or four tomatoes seasoned with pepper and salt; then chop the onion and fry till nicely browned; remove them and then place in another saucepan with the tomatoes. Strain the gravy from the onions, etc., thicken with a little flour, and cook for ten minutes. Beat ready some nicely boiled rice, pile this up in the centre of a dish, arrange the cutlets round it, and pour the gravy round them.

Mutton Cutlets for an Invalid (Hot)

Cut three nice cutlets, trim them, and mince them carefully. Tie all three together sitting on one corner project farther. Broil over a clear fire till the outer ones are burnt; the middle one will then be ready and may be served with a little potato snow, or spinach or artichoke puree.

Cutlets a la Reforme (Hot)

Have ready some fresh breadcrumbs and finely chopped ham, season the cutlets with pepper and salt, dip in beaten egg, dip in breadcrumbs and then in the ham, fry in oil or lard butter. Meanwhile, cut into neat strips one slice of ham, the white of one hard boiled egg, some gherkins, a truffle, heat these in a pan with a little good stock, drain the cutlets and lay them on a hot plate. Sprinkle the ham, egg, etc., with the sauce, and serve the cutlets with the sauce.

Put a piece of butter, add to this a teaspoonful of flour, and stir till it just begins to brown slightly, add one gill of good stock, two or three cloves, three or four peppercorns, a very small slice of onion, a sprig of parsley and a bay leaf and season with salt. Boil this sauce for ten minutes, then skim well, and add a small wineglassful of port-bottle wine for ten minutes more, strain the sauce, and serve the cutlets with it.

Note: This dish makes a very good entree at a smart dinner party.

Cutlets a la Souffle (Hot)

Roll some cutlets, and serve on a wall of mashed potato with Souffle sauce, which is made as follows: Blanch two medium onions in salted boiling water, drain them and chop up finely. Put this on again with one ounce of butter or clarified dripping and cook till quite tender but do not let it color. Take the pan off the fire, stir in two gills of white sauce, boil up skimming it well. Boil it up again to reduce it and pass it through a sieve, adding at the last a spoonful of cream, which improves the whiteness of the sauce. This makes another good entree.

Cutlets a la Bretonne (Hot)

The same as above only the sauce is allowed to brown. Cutlets can be served in a variety of ways by varying the sauces and garnishes. For example:

Cutlets a la Financiere (Hot)

are simply broiled or breadcrumb cutlets, served with Financiere garnish which can be bought in bottles.

Veal Cutlets (Hot)

Dip some neatly trimmed veal cutlets in egg and breadcrumbs, fry a golden brown and serve on a wall of mashed potatoes with nicely fried rolls of bacon and a good sauce, made by diluting some brown veal stock made from the veal trimmings poured round them.

Veal Cutlets au Gratin (Hot)

Sprinkle some cutlets on both sides with salt and pepper, and roll them in a mixture of bread and shallot, a little tarragon, and parsley, mix it well together with a raw egg. Spread this farce on to each cutlet and brush over with some egg yolk. Butter a hot oven, and broil the cutlets in this with a gill each of stock, and claret and bake till nicely cooked, when the stock, etc., will be almost all absorbed.

Pork Cutlets (Hot)

Cut as many as you want from the best end of neck and trim them. Broil over a clear fire from 15 to 18 minutes as they must be well cooked, and serve with tomato, apple or any rather sharp hot sauce.

SMALL TALK

The question of matrimony is always interesting, and it is always a marvel why so many people do marry one another!

Some folks—as sages have remarked, seem born to be loved or hated, but the generality of mankind is of such negative excellence that it must be propinquity solely that prompts Mr. Brown to lay his heart and his fortune at his lady's feet. Beauty may be vain, but I cannot help thinking that some of the unfortunate alliances one hears about would be less unfortunate if the lady could take a sufficiently intelligent interest in her endeavor to compensate for the error of her ways by congratulating her in a studied and effusive manner on her smart appearance, when she was really wearing a frock in which she had adorned society for the last three years, and an ancient hat which had graced all too many assemblies.

Such farthings as these are really unendurable, and since, in spite of the preachers, we have, not altogether eradicated vanity, I wish something could be done to alter matters! The youthful husband of a summer thinks his wife an angel and probably tells her so, but it is after the first enthusiasm has fallen off, that the draggle-tailed enthusiast is apt to begin. I see no reason why wives should always save their own clothes for home consumption, or imagine for a single moment that all men tolerate the untidy wife, for they do nothing of the sort. Loveliness may not need the foreign aid of ornament, but I very much doubt if there are ten women of our acquaintance who

can afford to disregard their frocks and appearance generally.

It is very difficult to look nice always, and so much depends upon the mood of the hour. On Monday it may require a stupendous effort to do one's hair nicely and put on one's clothes with care and success, and when every evening seems extremely bright and happy, a successful appearance will be achieved with the aid of the oldest frock in the wardrobe. But Nemesis pursues us relentlessly if ever we let ourselves dress in a slovenly manner, and who knows what the fate ever hangs in store for any of us?

I never admired the terribly masculine young woman with the stiff linen collar and the intimidating expression, but really I think she is preferable to the girl who never by any chance wears spotlessly clean attire. A girl who makes a muddle of her wardrobe will probably do the same with her house, and the astute young man who is wise enough to recognize the fact may seem unromantic at the time, but is to be congratulated. Romance is a thing which is bound to disappear under the constant pressure of bad and inefficient housekeeping, and the perennial mutton chop with a cinder in the gravy, and a table presided over by a dowdy wife.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

A Man's Room

Just as every small builds his house to suit himself, so every man should be allowed to furnish his own den after his own fashion.

The average married man is condemned to live in a "mist" room, in which he never feels really at home.

When he enters double harness he furnishes it, perhaps like a glorified office, roll top desk, revolving chair, a solid, sturdy useful table, good reading lamp, and everything practical and workaday. And then his wife comes along and decides that it isn't homelike and cosy. So she volunteers to give it a few "comfortable woman touches."

Lace chair backs and cushions are lavished round, much to her husband's annoyance, though he doesn't like to hurt her feelings and to criticize. But in private he says a good deal about the confusion and the macassar which hang on to his shoulders and coat tails with the pertinacity of the Old Man of the Sea, whenever he gets out of his comfortable arm chair.

A man of simple practical tastes, he wanted a plain hermit-like room, nevertheless he is obliged to inhabit a fussy, feminine room decorated like a wedding cake with ribbons and bows. The keynote of the average bachelor's room is comfort—everything for use, but nothing in what a woman calls its "right place." The ladies he asks to lunch or tea, long to "tidy" his den in general, re-arrange and dust his pipe rack and sort the miscellaneous collection of tobacco pouches, photographs, letters, match boxes, ash trays and odds and ends on the mantle piece.

But he knows exactly where to lay his hands on anything he wants at a particular moment; the room suits him, his chair stands exactly where he wants it, and he has no wish to live in a "pretty" room—comfort, convenience and suiting himself are the foundations of the living room of the everyday sensible man.

"Vanity undergraduate, young Guardsman, musician, or artist sometimes affect a florid style of furnishing. They pride themselves on a "color scheme." Collection crazes leave their mark on the room of an artistically-minded man.

This type has Turkish carpets—if he can afford it—the heaviest, richest portieres, everything Orientally luxurious suggesting cushioned ease. Flowers growing plants, and subdued lights abound. To a man of this type his "brasserie" are almost a religion. He will spend weeks in searching for the right shade of silk to use for his electric lights, or for a bed spread and yet when he marries, he usually deserts art, and doesn't turn a hair when his wife puts up all the chairs in his own particular den with "baby pink" satin sashes.

Some men's rooms are a delightful blend of study and sport. They are book lovers and big game hunters. There are first editions in plain substantial book cases lining the room. On the walls are horned beasts as wild as some of the living creatures of the Apocalypse. A fisherman dearly loves to have a few of his favorite flies in evidence in his den, the golfer frames caricatures of links celebrities for the decoration of his walls, a cricketer, billiard-player or motorist delights to surround himself with reminders of his hobbies.

Left to himself, nearly every man contrives to make his own room characteristic of himself, his pursuits and amusements. The reason why so many men solve such ugly, unsuitable and un-individual rooms is that nearly all of them are obliged to conform to some woman's ideal of the kind of room a man likes. Somebody in skirts, even if it be only a landlady or a maid-of-all-work, conspires to keep a man's room "tidy" and all the character of it is promptly stamped out.

Little girls are allowed a voice in the decoration of their own bed-rooms, but boys are "broken in" very early—like young colts—to the fact that a light femine rein is going to be kept over their rooms, and that no "litter" will be allowed and anything left about will be ruthlessly "tidied" away into drawers and cupboards.

Consequently, though many of them know how very well the kind of room a man likes, they realize that a woman mostly has the casting vote in the kind of room a man shall be allowed to have!

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS

Mr. Paul Woodroffe has made a series of beautiful color illustrations for an edition of Shakespeare's "Tempest" which has just been published (Messrs. Chapman and Hall). The belief is expressed that the fairy fantasy and deep allegorical suggestion of "Tempest" have never been so exhaustively rendered. The songs in the play have been set to music by Mr. Joseph Moorat.

Mme. Modjeska has written her "Memories and Impressions" in two volumes. The first deals with her life in Poland where her friends included Paderewski, the De Reszkes, and Skleniewski, the author of "Quo Vadis." The second volume tells of Mme. Modjeska's early life in America. She did not go there, in the first place to act but as the leader of a group of Poles who hoped to establish a new Utopia in California.

Mr. Fisher Unwin published last month a new novel by Mr. W. H. Williamson, entitled "The Prince's Marriage." The story depicts in a veiled way the short and brilliant career of the late Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. It does not pretend to be an historical novel, but many of the incidents are factually true to fact. A love story at once poignant and natural woven with the Prince's career, and the plotting against the Prince because of his good ruling of his adopted country is seen in its nakedness and thrilling development.

Mr. John Long will shortly publish Mrs. Colson Kerzhansk's new novel "The Sin of Gabriel." It shows how the life of a man of high ideals may be wrecked by the artifices of a beautiful but unscrupulous woman.

Mr. Murray will shortly publish "The Waters of Jordan," by Horace Annesley Vachell. "The Waters of Jordan" as the title indicates is a story of the regeneration of a strong and lovable man who has fallen low. It describes vividly and dramatically the sinner's struggles to rise to higher things. In its general scope and treatment this novel will recall a former book of Mr. Vachell's—"Brothers." The scene is

laid in London and the New Forest, and its publication should prove one of the events of the season.

Another interesting novel which Mr. Murray promises is "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly" by Mrs. L. Allen Harker. Readers of "Paul and Flametta" will expect to find in a new novel by Mrs. Harker originality, refinement, and a true sense of humor, and they will not be disappointed in "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly." The accomplished Oxford Don, who has had to retire from the world in consequence of an incipient tendency to drink, and takes refuge as a guest in the house of Miss Esperance, on the shores of the Fifth of Forth is a well drawn and a true character as is his delightful and well bred hostess. The death of a nephew of Miss Esperance involves the couple in the charge of two high-spirited boys aged two and six respectively and the education of these "pickles"—telling the education of the educators—is a treat these admirably worked out.

POETICAL CLIPPINGS

"Seventy" and "Seven"

"What does my darling say?
"Seven years of age today,
Please, Granma, come and play
Down in the glen!"
"Nay! I'm too weak and old;
Seventy long years have rolled;
Most of life's tale is told—
Three score and ten!"

"Once I could romp and run,
Eager like you for fun;
Powers fallow me one by one,
Scarce know I when
Youth, you will find, will flee;
You, too, may live to be
What now they say of me—
Three score and ten!"

"Ah! how I love to trace
Clear in your childish face
One who held foremost place
In my heart then!
Child of my child, mine own,
Oh, how the years have flown,
Leaving me so lone—
Three score and ten!"

"Bright are your baby eyes,
Blue as the heavenly skies
Something within them lies
Past human ken;
Priceless beyond compare!
God keep it fresh and fair!
Grant that it still be long—
At three score and ten."

Rev. I. Hudson, M.A., in The Gentlewoman.

Light of My Life

Wake, Light of my life,
Why must I bid farewell to thee?
The night's soft skies
With radiance glow—
The roses are gemmed
With bright, crystal dew,
But my lone heart sighs,
My sweetheart, for you.

Wake, Light of my life,
Yonder fair star
Is beaming on us
In blue skies afar!
And on silver clouds
Shoots softening afloat
Wake, Light of my life,
Soothe my heart's unrest.

Wake, Light of my life,
A rose-kiss of dew
The shy zephyrs wait
To wait on you!
This is the time
With true love from me
Will rest on your lips
Long and tenderly.

Oh, Light of my life
From her shy dreaming
Zephyrs have wakened,
Her eyes love-beaming,
She looks at me
With lips smiling apart—
Ah, Light of my life,
Take me now to your heart.

—Augusta Wall.

The Land of Any-How
Beyond the Isle of What's-the-Use,
Where Elphinstone Point is now,
There used to be, when I was young,
The Land of Any-How.

Don't-care was king of all this realm,
A cruel king was he,
For those who served him with good heart
He treated shamefully.

When boys and girls their tasks would slight
And cloud poor mother's brow,
He'd say, "Don't fret! It's good enough!
Just do it anyhow!"

But when in after life they longed
To make proud Fortune bow,
He'd bid them that Fortune never smiles
On work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap
Must learn to use the plough,
And pitch his tent a long way on
From Land of Any-How.

Love's Springtide
My heart was winter-bound until
I heard you sing;
O voice of Love, hush not, but fill
My life with spring!

My hopes were homeless things before
I saw your eyes;
O smile of Love, close not the door
To paradise!

My dreams were bitter ones, and then
I found them bliss;
O lips of Love, give me again
Your rose to kiss!

Springtime of love! The secret sweet
Is ours alone;
O heart of Love, at last you beat
Against my own!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

Song
She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me,
O then I saw her eyes were bright,
O well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they never reply,
Am I I ceased not to behold
The love light in her eyes,
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

—Hartley Coleridge.

Be True
Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach.

It needs a heart
To give the lips full speech.

—Horatio Bonar.

FACE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

The Fernie people are building their city very fast. Before the winter the little town will be nearly as large as before the fire.

At the Coal Mines in Cape Breton men are being laid off. There is not much demand for coal and the owners cannot afford to carry on the work.

A coal mine, though not a pretty, is a very valuable thing for a city to have. In fact, it is a truth in the report that there is coal in Kitilano, a suburb of Vancouver, the people of the Terminal City will be fortunate.

Asiatic cholera is spreading in Russia. This terrible disease was, half a century ago common in almost every country in the world. Now it is rarely found except where people suffer from want or where the water is bad.

There is one way in which we in Victoria would do well to learn a lesson from the people of our younger though larger city. Every one there little and big, is proud of their city and is ready to do something to make it finer and larger than it is already.

In Winnipeg on Tuesday the strikers tried to stop a young man coming from the shops. He fired his revolver and a man was wounded seriously. Different stories are told but what is certain is that blood has been shed. This is the first serious trouble and it is to be hoped that it will be the last.

The editor is much obliged to L.O.T. for her very interesting letter and hopes it will be the first of many that we will receive during the winter. Every one who writes so far from home but in a friendly way, is often a different from those of other children. There is always room on this page for letters and drawings of the young people.

That was a daring deed of the lad who sprang from the ship the "Falls of Dee," to recover a boat which a mate had allowed to go adrift. Young Macnamara may have a far from burning and great distress, but we are sure he will not be found wanting. If you have not read the story you better hunt up Wednesday's paper.

The government returns show that nearly four hundred more Chinamen entered Canada this year than last. Twenty years ago there were very few Chinese east of the Rocky Mountains, now they are in most cities between Halifax and Victoria. It is not likely, however, that many will settle in Eastern Canada, as they cannot bear the cold.

All last week the fires still continued to rage near Port Arthur in Ontario, Duluth in Minnesota and on the Adirondacks in New York. The destruction of timber has been great, damage has been done to the railroads, and many homes and places of business have been caused to the people. Much of this has been caused by the carelessness of farmers and of campers.

Two English newspaper men have started to walk from Quebec to Vancouver. It is nearly fifty years ago since a party of people from Toronto walked over the mountains into Cariboo but then there was no railway to take them here. It will be interesting to learn if these Englishmen are as vigorous and vigorous as Mr. Micking and his young companions were.

It will not be long before the people of Victoria will feel that there is no real danger from fire than there is at present. Work has begun in laying the mains which are to carry the salt water into the business streets of the city to be used for the high pressure steam which is being used in the city. It can be thrown easily to the top of the highest building we may sleep soundly even when the fire bells ring.

Exhibition week's coming near and it is to be hoped that when the school exhibit is in place we will be proud of it. There are in Victoria people from Winnipeg and from other schools who are showing their work every year. The very best that you can do is none too good to show these strangers. Let no one who can work well hesitate or neglect to show his or her work. Remember you are working for the honor of your schools and of Victoria.

It is said that thousands of idle mechanics from Glasgow are being brought over to take the place of the striking mechanics in the machine shops of the Canadian Pacific railroad. All Canadians would be delighted to welcome such intelligent and industrious men as most of these mechanics are if there were a plenty of work both for them and for our own working men. As it is, it is to be feared there will be suffering this winter in Canada.

There is trouble on the Canadian Northern between the company and its men. The men have asked that the government should appoint a board to settle their differences. It is to be hoped this will prevent a strike. With thousands of men out of work, and many of them coming to Canada, nothing but the greatest justice should make men leave their employment. It was hoped that the Lemieux Act would make it impossible for the great companies to treat their men badly.

Emperor William of Germany is always doing something unexpected. A short time ago he displeased the French government by acknowledging M. Haid as Sultan of Morocco. This week he has been sight seeing in the Vosges Mountains which border the beautiful province of Alsace Lorraine taken in the Franco-German war. From France news was received that the royal tourist intended to cross the frontier in order to enjoy the view from his summit. The polite French were ready to welcome him, but the emperor changed his mind.

This year France joined with England to prepare a great exhibition in the United States. It is said, will hold an exhibition in London. This will show the progress of the Western States since 1849, the year of the discovery of gold in California. Such an exhibition will bring thousands of American people to England and show Great Britain what her eldest daughter has been able to accomplish in the home she has made for herself. Friendship has taken the place of the old dislike between England and the United States. This peaceful display will help on the work that the peace conferences are performing.

There have been a number of very terrible accidents this week. Some of these have been the result of carelessness. Among these are shooting accidents. It really seems as if the man who shoots an animal instead of a deer or some other wild animal deserves to be punished. To bring grief and trouble to a home is a terrible thing even when it cannot be helped. If the man or boy who fires the gun has the right sort of feeling he is perhaps more to be pitied than his victims. There are many who think that it is wrong to take the life of animals needlessly.

When Mr. Hamar Greenwood spoke a few days ago before the Canadian Club, he said a few fine things. In the first place he believes in England and the English people. He said "England is the greatest country in the world. In sport all that is fairest in business all that is most honest, in war all that is bravest and in victory all that is most generous." That is good for us to hear and better for us to believe. England is the heart of the Empire and if it is sound every part will be healthy.

Mr. Greenwood tried to show us that the rulers of England must work for the whole empire and not for any one part of it alone. He showed that every island and every colony were defended by England's army and navy.

This British statesman, who by the way, was born in Canada, likes to show his friends and wholesome girls are among the most valuable possessions of Bri-

tish Columbia. If our fair province were ten times as rich as it is, that would still be true. It is the people who make the country great and the boys and girls who are now in school will soon be doing the work of the province. They do well to think much of themselves and to scorn what is mean and base.

No less valuable will prove the visit of the Scottish farmers who were here last week and who will go through the Okanagan country before they return. These men are remaining in the province but a very short time, yet they will be able to form an intelligent opinion of the country. There are no better farmers in the world than those who live in the Lowlands of Scotland. If they or their sons decide to come to British Columbia, they will not only make the most of the land, but they will show others how to cultivate it in the very best way.

Mr. Palmer, who has taken Mr. Anderson's place in the Agricultural department, has gone to England again this year to look after the display of British Columbia fruit. His visit will serve two purposes. A

Catholic Church march through the streets near the Cathedral, some who acted in a manner which showed that the old hatred has not yet passed away. Men who can hold their own faith firmly while they respect the feelings of those who differ from them are the best Christians.

A very large party of mining engineers, many of them very distinguished men are visiting British Columbia. They will visit all the principal mines in the province. In their talk with these skillful and learned visitors, the mining men of British Columbia will, no doubt receive many valuable hints about their work. They will also when they return to their homes be able to tell the people of their own countries just how rich the mines of British Columbia are.

How many of the boys and girls of Vancouver Island will find a rare flower or shrub or tree to add to the native plants in the park? Wouldn't it be a fine thing if all the trees that the old botanist David Douglas discovered in this province and others that even he did not find were grown in Victoria? There

are many English and Scotch members who think that it would be better for the discontented Irishmen to make their own laws, there are more who think that Ireland is ruled now justly and wisely and that the change would be good neither for Ireland nor for the Empire.

All summer a gentleman has been climbing the mountains and walking along the ledges of rock between Victoria and Ladysmith. Every now and again he would break off a piece of rock and he kept a sharp look out for any unusual sign of gold, iron or other valuable mineral. This gentleman's name is George H. Clapp, and he is employed by the Dominion government to examine and describe the rocks of this island. He has taken back to Ottawa a great many pieces of rock and some ore. Mr. Clapp does not think there is very rich ore in the south of Vancouver Island but he believes that at Sooke and near Mount Sicker there are bodies of low grade ore. He, however, was unwilling to say much till he had examined his specimens. Whatever doubts Mr. Clapp may have about our minerals, he has none about the climate, which he declares to be the best in North America.

CAPTAIN SCOTT, OF THE RELIANCE

One morning in January, when the ice in the Hudson river ran unusually heavy, a Hoboken ferryboat until the thickness of the pack choked her in the mid-river. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men and the drivers standing inside the cabins were a solid mass up to the swinging doors. While she was gathering strength for a further effort an ocean tug sheered to avoid her, veered a point and crashed into her side, cutting her below the waterline in a great V-shaped gash. A moment more and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam, helpless. Into the V-shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It quivered but a question of minutes before she would lunge headlong below the ice.

Within two hundred yards of both boats, and free of the heaviest ice, steamed the wrecking tug Reliance, of the Onshore Wrecking Company, and on her deck forward stood Captain Scott. When the ocean tug reversed her engines after the collision and backed clear of the shattered wheel house of the ferryboat, he sprang forward, stooped down, ran his eye along the waterline, noted in a flash every shattered plank, climbed into the pilot house of his own boat, and before the astonished pilot could catch his breath pushed the nose of the Reliance along the rail of the ferryboat and dropped upon the latter's deck like a cat.

With a threat to throw overboard any man who stirred he dropped into the engine room, met the engineer half-way up the ladder, compelled him to return, dragged the mattresses from the crew's bunk, stripped off blankets, snatched up clothes, overalls, cotton waste and rags of carpet, cramming them into the great rent left by the tug's water.

It was useless. Little by little water gained, bursting out first below, then on the side, only to be calked out again and only to rush in once more. Captain Scott stood a moment as if undecided, ran his eye searchingly over the engine room, saw that for his needs it was empty, then deliberately tore down the top wall of calking he had so carefully built up, and before the engineer could protest, forced his own body into the gap, with his arm outside, level with the drifting ice.

An hour later the disabled ferryboat, with every soul on board, was towed into the Hoboken slip. When they lifted the Captain, the man who was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood, and the floating ice had torn his flesh from his protruding arm from shoulder to wrist. When the color began to creep back, he opened his eyes and said to the doctor who was winding the bandages:

"Was any of them babies hurt?"

"A month passed before he regained his strength, and another week before the arm had healed so well, he could get his coat on. Then he went back to the Reliance.—F. Hopkinson Smith, in Everybody's."

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

A Little Boy's Summer

Once there was a little boy and a mama. It was beginning to be summer-time at last, but all the summer-time the little boy knew was a little bit of best-clothes visit to the park on Sunday afternoons, in a flat and his mama was too busy to go to the park on other days.

The weather grew warmer and warmer, and by and by the little boy didn't feel well. He couldn't sleep and sound, and he wasn't good, and hungry for breakfast. So mama went to the telephone and called up Doctor John. Doctor John came and looked at the little boy's tongue and held his hand, and then he said to the mama: "All he needs is soft-boiled eggs, chicken-broth, baked potatoes, loaf of fruit, and a chance to roll and tumble about in the soft grass under the shady trees—and in the sunshine too—all day long. Can't you take him to the country for about seventy days?"

"Why, yes said Mama. I can take him to Grandpa's. She lives up among the hills where there's the best kind of fresh air—and Jersey cows and berries and shady trees and chickens and little lambs, and everything that is lovely!"

"All right," said Doctor John, "that is the place for this little tot." Better take him right away." Then Doctor John said, "Good Morning," and went away.

Then Mama and Mary, the girl who helped with the housework, just drew about, packing a lunch-box and books and clothes, and Mama remembered to pack the little boy's blocks and cart and little shovel and the rabbit-bank. Then she rushed to the telephone and said: "Mr. Carriage Man, please send a carriage around for the ten-fifteen choo-choo bus. The carriage man answered back: "Yes, ma'am, all right, ma'am!" Then Mama telephoned to Grandpa and said: "Grandpa, dear, we are coming out today to make you a long visit." And Grandpa answered back: "Oh, I am so delighted! I'll have Jimmy at the station to meet you with the ponies."

Then Mama dressed the little boy in his pretty clothes and Sunday hat, and by and by Mr. Carriage Man hurried up to the door and they hurried down stairs and got into the carriage with their grips and lunch-box and umbrella and shawl and fan, and away they went down the street and up another street and along another street, until they came to the station, and there was the Choo Choo huffing and puffing and almost ready to start. So they hurried and climbed up into the Choo Choo, and the engine and Choo Man brought in their things, and the engine said "Whoo!-Whoo!" and off they went. The little boy knelt up by the window and had such a good time watching the houses and people and carriages flying by, and pretty soon the Choo Choo huffed and puffed away out into the country, and the little boy could see the hills and trees, and the horses and cows in the fields, and the blue sky and white houses and red barns and little dogs that ran out and barked at the Choo Choo and made the little boy laugh.

By and by the little boy said he was hungry. So Mama opened the lunch-box and spread a napkin in his lap and gave him a little wooden plate with a bread-and-jam sandwich, a cookie and a banana on it, and he ate every bit and drank a cup of milk, too. And Mama laughed and said he must be feeling better already.

Then the little boy knelt by the window again but pretty soon he got tired of seeing so many things flying by, and he lay down on the seat and went sound asleep with Mama's shawl for a pillow. When he woke up the Choo Choo was getting pretty near the place where Grandpa lived, so he and Mama put out their hats and gathered up their things, and by and by there was Grandpa's house, so he and Mama got down the green hill with shady trees all about it and red chimneys and white fences, just as it was in the picture in Mama's dining-room.

Presently the Choo Choo stopped, and Mama and the little boy hurried out, and there was Jimmy to

meet them! Jimmy was a big boy—almost as big as Doctor John—and he had two beautiful gray ponies and a pretty carriage with yellow wheels. He took the little boy up on the front seat with him and let him hold the ends of the lines, and Mama sat in the back seat with the grips and the lunch-box and the shawl and the fan and the umbrella. Then they drove away over the smooth country road, the air sweet with flowers and grass, and the birds singing their sunset songs in the trees. By and by they drove through a wide gateway and trotted straight up to Grandpa's house, and there was Grandpa waiting in the porch to hug and kiss them. After she had hugged and kissed them she said: "Supper is almost ready, but there's time for him to pick his strawberries, bless his heart!"

So after he was washed and brushed, Grandpa gave him a bright tin cup and showed him where the strawberries grew. And wasn't that fun? In a little while he picked the cup full, besides three big ones which he carried in his hand. And Grandpa pulled wires and stuck and put the berries in a pretty dish and poured yellow cream over them and sprinkled them with sugar, and the little boy had them for his supper with two great big slices of toasted whole-wheat bread.

Then, after supper, he went out to the barn with Jimmy and helped him feed the ponies and milk the cows. And Jimmy showed him a little baby cow and three other baby sheep, and he climbed the eggs from a hen's nest and carry them in his hat—very carefully—to Grandpa.

But the greatest fun was the next day. The weather was bright and warm, and Mama and the little boy went down through the orchard and climbed a fence, and pretty soon they came to the nice clear water of a little brook. And Mama took off the little boy's shoes and stockings and rolled his trousers away up to his knees, and let him go splashing and splashing about in the lovely water. And he played and splashed until they heard the dinner-horn toot-toot-tooting for dinner.

And the next day, and the next day, and the next day—and all the seventy days they stayed at Grandpa's—the little boy played with the brook and the lambs and the baby cows and gathered eggs—very carefully—and drank fresh milk and ate fruit and brown bread and chicken-soup and soft-boiled eggs and rolled and tumbled in the grass, until, when he went back home—what do you think?—all his cool weather clothes and shoes and slippers were too small for him, and Mama had to buy all kinds of new things for him right away!

And Mama said it was so much nicer than paying a big doctor's bill.

A VISIT TO ELK RIVER

Dear Editor—Would you like to hear of a trip I took up the Elk River this summer?

We started from the mouth of Kennedy river in a launch, towing a row-boat with provisions in it. Of course you know the Kennedy river flows into the Clayoquot Sound.

We followed the river for about half a mile and had to anchor the launch because it was too large to take up the rapids, which extend for about half a mile. Some of the men walked on the shore and pulled the boat up by a rope, and others kept it off the rocks with an oar, while the rest of us walked along a trail me up partly of fallen trees smoothed on the upper side.

When we came to the end of the rapids we got into a smaller launch which had been taken up at high tide a half mile before. From there we had four and a half miles to go before we reached the Kennedy Lake, which is said to be one of the largest lakes on Vancouver Island.

We met some Indians in canoes who had been getting rushes to make baskets. We saw some water lily pads, but the lilies were only in bud. When we were crossing the lake we saw several seals.

We now had about eleven miles to go across the lake before we came to the Elk river. A little distance up the river we came to a bend where the view was beautiful. Above was a snow-capped mountain and it was reflected perfectly in the stream. Under the trees on both sides of the river were beautiful ferns and moss and the water was so clear that the big pebbles in the bed of the river looked as if you could put your hand in and pick them up. When the water was disturbed by the boats it seemed like little rainbows around the pebbles.

We got stuck on a sand bar, so some of us had to get into the row boat to lighten the launch. We could go no farther because there were rapids ahead, so we got out and had our lunch here and it did taste good for it was now after one o'clock.

After lunch some of the party went up farther to see a mine called the Rose Marie. We children wanted to go in but we didn't, because the water was icy cold, we started on our home trip, and when we came to a sand bar we landed and found that even here the water was too cold and we had to content ourselves with watching.

One of the older people made some willow whistles for us.

About six o'clock the men who had gone to the mine joined us and we started on our homeward way. The wind had sprung up and the lake was quite rough and we got well splashed.

We children did not mind the long ride home, for after we had something to eat we went to sleep. It was ten o'clock and pitch dark when we reached the Kennedy Rapids. Here we left the launch anchored so that the men could get her the next day. We wondered how we could ever walk the trail, for we could scarcely see a foot ahead of us, but we aged except for some bruises and torn clothes. At the end of the trail we took to the boats again on the last stage of our journey and reached home after a long trip to Elk River Rapids and back to Victoria, forty miles, having been on a trip very few little white girls have ever taken. L.O.T.

WITH THE POETS

At Carnarvon

(A Legend of the First Prince of Wales)

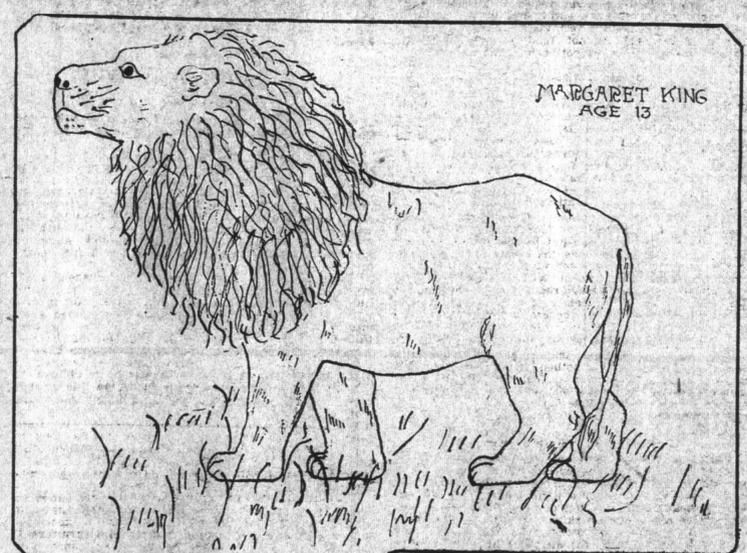
A legend runs of Edward, the first king of the name, A conqueror of England, whose mighty army came into the Welshman's country in cuirasses of steel. On warlike steeds so armor clad they could no arrows feel. Because the Prince Llewellyn had refused to homage pay, Said Edward, "He shall bow to me, or else I go to slay." They fought, and brave Llewellyn was killed upon his plains. His brother David, sent by night to Shrewsbury, in chains, To perish as a traitor, and all the good Welsh lands, His peers, and her castles strong came into English hands.

At Carnarvon the king abode—the fairest spot in Wales; And there to gain his subjects' love—so run the old monks' tales— He offered them a splendid prize, "a Welshman true by birth, And one who spoke no other tongue than theirs upon the earth."

The people shouted loud with joy while low on bended knees They promised loyalty to him who sought their hearts to please. The king then brought his new-born son—the "Welshman true by birth, And one who spoke no other tongue than theirs upon the earth."

The baby cooed and cooed in glee, and kicked his tiny feet, And through chagrined, the people owned their new-born prince was sweet. And thus that day at Carnarvon—so run the old monks' tales— Into the world this little came that first small Prince of Wales.

—By Cornelia Channing Ward in St. Nicholas.



good market will be found for our apples and any other fruit which will stand a long journey and the people of Great Britain will see just how valuable the fruit lands of British Columbia are. As the is a fruit grower himself, Mr. Palmer can take the people the exact truth about our province. This is a laborer best. Industrious and sensible men who come to the province, knowing what to expect are never discontented or unhappy settlers.

Until very lately, all that most of us knew about the Queen Charlotte Islands was that they were the home of the finest looking and the most skillful race of Indians on the Pacific coast. The carving of the Hydah Indians and their basket work has been admired ever since Vancouver's time.

During the last two years however, settlers have gone to the islands and the mines of which the old prospectors used to tell are being worked. Copper ore is being shipped to the smelters and it is reported that an iron mine has been discovered. If Prince Rupert grows to be a great city like the Queen Charlotte Islands, will be settled not only by miners but by farmers, lumbermen and fishermen.

Everyone knows that the Victoria and Sidney railroad does not give a good service. It was hoped that it was first built that there would be a great trade between the Fraser River Valley and Victoria. The city promised to let the company have the Market Hall and a large sum of money every year if they would put on a fine ferry steamer and make a good service. The city does not think the Railroad Company kept its bargain. Now the V. & S. Company want to build a new station on Blanchard street and to run the road along it. This would spoil the property near and as many people have built fine homes on this street they asked the city not to allow the road to be built. The request has therefore been rejected. There is likely to be a lawsuit over the matter as the City Council thinks the people of Victoria have been wronged by the company.

G. H. Barnard has been chosen as the Conservative candidate for Victoria to oppose John Wm. Templeman, Minister of the Interior. Vancouver, George H. Cowan has been nominated by the Conservatives to oppose W. B. McInnis, the Liberal candidate. All over Canada the followers of R. L. Borden are preparing to take the places now held by those of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Joseph Martin, who a few years ago was premier of British Columbia is another Vancouver candidate. He has been nominated by the United States League. The elections are to be held on the 26th of next month so there will not be much time to discuss political questions. In this page we will give the names of the candidates for the different districts of British Columbia. Boys and girls should know who the public men in their own province are.

It is strange that many people who would not steal money from a person never hesitate to take what does not belong to them when the owners are all the people of the country. The codfish and mackerel of the Gulf of St. Lawrence have been stolen by United States fishermen for forty years and more and as soon as it was found that the halibut near the shores of Vancouver Island were plentiful they, too, are carried away. It is too bad that there is any need of cruisers to preserve the fish, belonging to Canada for the use of her people. What would be thought of the parents who let their boys climb the wall and steal their neighbors' apples? It is not one bit better for the United States government to let her fishing boats come into our waters to catch our fish. It is the dishonest people who make policemen and fishery cruisers necessary. It is well for nations as well as families to have honest neighbors.

A very remarkable gathering took place in London last week. Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church from every part of the world assembled at Westminster Cathedral in that great city. Among them was the messenger of the head of that church, the pope of Rome. It is hundreds of years since a papal legate, as this messenger is called, was in England. Many very splendid services were held but when the Bishops decided to form a public procession last Sunday at the head of which the Host or Sacrament would be carried, it was thought best by the British government to ask them not to perform a ceremony that would be thought wrong by many people. Among the old laws against Catholics was one that forbade such processions and this had not been done away with or, at least, it was not certain that it was not still in force. The Bishops obeyed the wishes of the government and they were greatly disappointed. They thought such a gathering could take place in London shows that the times have passed away when men could be punished for their beliefs. There were, in the crowd that assembled to see the high officials of the Roman

are a number of gentlemen who are trying to bring this about and if all the active boys and bright-eyed girls who attend the schools were to help by the time they become men and women there would be a native botanical garden of which they and all Victoria would be proud.

It is sad to learn that Lord Strathcona has been forbidden to come to Canada by his physician. He is a very old man and an illness which in a younger man might seem trifling is a very serious matter. How ever we may hope that the old gentleman who has done so much for Canada, will yet realize his wish and see the changes that have been made not only in his own prairie home but in the province, through his hardy kinsman, Simon Fraser. The people who remember and honor the names of Douglas, Finlayson and others of the old Hudson Bay men have a hearty welcome ready for Lord Strathcona (Donald A. Smith).

For a long time now, many of the Irish members of the British parliament have been asking that the laws shall be altered so that Ireland can govern herself. It is more than a hundred years since the parliaments of Ireland and England were united, but the people never became one and almost ever since there have been discontent and sometimes rebellion. Among the members of parliament who are asking for what is called Home Rule for Ireland are John G. Russell and Joseph Devlin. These gentlemen have come to the United States to attend a great meeting of Irishmen to be held in Boston the end of this month. There are a great many Irishmen in the United States and it is hoped they will help their relations in the old land to get a parliament of their own again. When the members left Queenstown in Ireland great crowds of people assembled to bid them good-bye. While

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