

Canadians, Young and Middle-Aged, Who Take a Warm Interest in Amateur Theatricals

GAVE AWAY \$19,000,000 IN TWELVE MONTHS.
—When Andrew Carnegie, whose recent visit to Montreal is illustrated in this issue, receives a visitor for the first time, the latter is almost always astonished at the man who comes forward to greet him. He advances with outstretched hand to welcome his caller, and always



A WORLD-CHAMPION—Will, Sherring, of Hamilton, Ont., who won the Marathon Race at Athens, Greece, last week. The photograph from which this illustration was made was taken at the Stadium at Athens, the centre of the Olympian Games.

addresses him by name. It is a little man that comes forward, five feet four and a half inches high, with a large head of white hair and a short white beard. Blue eyes look sharply out from under thick white lashes. As he stands and talks, it is easy to examine his points. He weighs 160 pounds, wears No. 4 shoes and No. 6 gloves, and his head fits into a No. 7 hat. The glance of his eye tells of shrewdness, but has in it nothing of personal attraction; to a penetrating observer it explains the wondrous faculty its owner has for judging men, taking their measure and selecting the pegs that will just fit the holes he desires to fill.

There is a self-satisfied air about the smile that trembles on his lips—and well there may be, for few men have more legitimate occasion for satisfaction with themselves than Andrew Carnegie.

Wealth His Boyhood Ambition.

Andrew Carnegie, as a poor boy, set himself the task of amassing millions; having succeeded beyond all his hopes, he set himself another task: to spend his millions in such a manner that they would do good to others and enable him to pass out of the world as poor as he came into it, happy in the knowledge that he was leaving nothing over which any of his heirs could quarrel and nothing that would place any man in a position where work is unnecessary. He is achieving this result in a way that is satisfactory to him, so why should he have a care to worry him? Self-satisfied? Why not? The man is not human who would not be self-satisfied in Mr. Carnegie's position.



A GROUP PICTURE OF MONTREALERS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN AMATEUR THEATRICALS—They took part in the performance of "Cinderella" at the new Stanley Hall last week. (Flashlight photograph by Homier.)

This is the self-satisfaction of the man who, starting from the plain, has climbed laboriously to the summit of a great mountain, and looks out upon the world below him and the other great peaks around him, and having achieved, starts deliberately and happily to climb down again.

Mr. Carnegie will be sixty-nine years old next November, and



THE LATE HON. PETER WHITE—Ex-Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, who passed away last week.

would be considered a first-class risk by an insurance company. He is the picture of health, and loves to play golf, to take long walks in all sorts of weather, and to tour his coach and four over the rough roads of the Scottish Highlands as much to-day as he did when a much younger man—one cannot say when a young man, for in his youth, however he might have loved these things, he had no opportunity to enjoy them. He loves travelling, and his restless disposition explains his frequent flitting from residence to residence, now in New York, now in Florida, now in the Highlands of Scotland.

Has Nothing To Worry Him.

Mr. Carnegie has nothing to worry him. Several years ago he retired from business, leaving the vast industries his genius had created in the hands of young men, every one of whom owed his fortune to Mr. Carnegie's ability to see genius in others. He stopped work when still young enough to enjoy life, and he had ever had such a diversity of interests that when he closed his office door behind him he was not, like so many men who have spent their lives in amassing money, at a loss to know what to do with himself. Mr. Carnegie always enjoyed life. He never made himself a slave to his work. He had that inestimably valuable faculty of selecting as his subordinates men on whom he could rely implicitly to attend to all the details, leaving him free to devote himself to the broad, general direction of affairs. To this day he adheres to the same policy; his vast correspondence is conducted by a clever young Scotchman named Bertram and a large staff of clerks and stenographers. This is so systematized that not one letter in twenty ever reaches the master's eyes, and it is scarcely ever necessary for him to take a pen in his hand or even to go to the trouble of personal dictation.

There is one thing that angers Mr. Carnegie more than anything else, and that is a mistake. He is unmerciful to the man who makes it; he is so accurate himself, and has such shrewd foresight, that he is unable to understand how other people forget, make blunders, and are unable to see ahead. Such men he will not have about him. By close application to the work in hand, by honest study and perfecting himself in its every detail, he climbed to the top of the ladder, and by similar qualities the young men whom he has helped to rise

behind him have won his attention. If one could have watched the boy of sixteen and known that some day he would be worth \$15,000,000 a year, one could have prophesied the Carnegie libraries. These, the largesses of his days of prosperity, are the inevitable result of those days of early struggle. Then, books were to him things to be coveted, toiled for, things worth sacrifice—and to-day, casting about him for means of doing good to others, he looks back to those days when he was working as a bobbin-boy in a factory, when he was attending to a stationary engine and borrowing books from whomsoever would lend, in order to gain for himself the education his father's slender

means had not permitted; he thinks of the tens of thousands of youths who are hungering for knowledge as he did, and it is to place books within their reach that he endows a library wherever one is needed, or seems likely to be needed soon.

Andrew Carnegie's Democracy.

But Andrew Carnegie has learned one great lesson in his life, and that is that the man who will not help himself is not worth helping, and that the truest way to help a man is to place him in a position to help himself. Good, old, canny Scottish philosophy this. And so,

save under very exceptional circumstances, he will not give a library to any town that will not agree to maintain it. This is on the principle of stimulating public spirit and teaching towns that they have something more really worth while, something that uplifts the mental as well as the physical well-being of its citizens.

This boy, studying geography and history in the intervals of his work, reading Plutarch by the light of a candle at night, was the father to the munificent giver of free libraries and the author of the proverb, "The man who dies rich dies disgraced."

Throughout his life he had been a democrat—not in a political sense, but in a social. He has stood

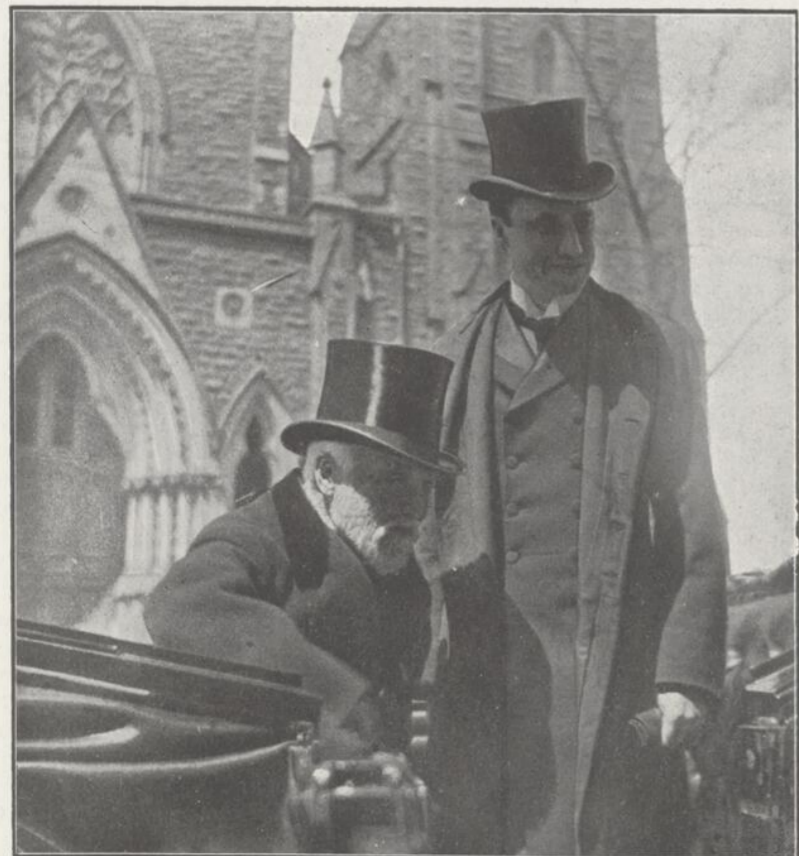
by the friends of his early days, and the word "Pittsburg" on a visiting card is said to be the open sesame to the doors of Skibo Castle, his palace in Scotland. His friends to-day are great men, the great men of all the world, chosen not because of titles or wealth, but because of sterling character. The late William Ewart Gladstone, John Morley, William Black, the



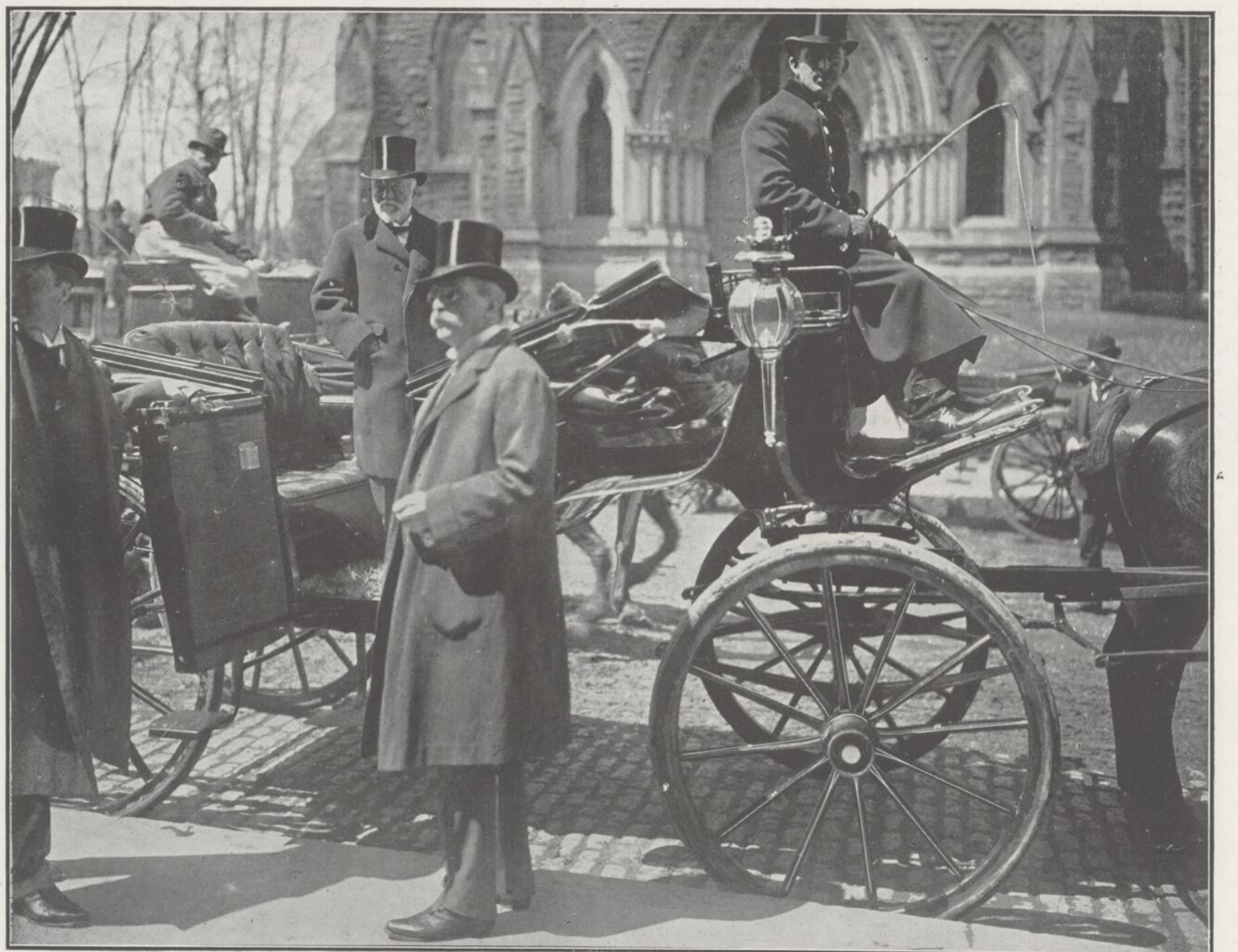
STREET SCENES IN MONTREAL—Mr. P. B. Mignault, the newly-elected Batonnier of the Montreal Bar, and a friend leaving the Court House. Mr. Mignault is on the left of the picture.

late Sir William Vernon Harcourt have been his intimate associates. Gladstone was denounced by the "nonconformists" of England for dining with Carnegie just after the latter had spoken disrespectfully of Queen Victoria, and the statesman felt obliged to justify himself, which he did in a card issued by his private secretary asserting that Mr. Carnegie had the deepest respect for the Queen. But it was as a woman that he respected her, not as a Queen, for Carnegie has no love for royalty, as any one who has read his "Triumphant Democracy" must know. There is to him but one aristocracy—that of brains—and he would just as leave hobnob with a noble lord as with a laborer, always supposing the noble lord has as much brains as the laborer.

Mr. Carnegie is now busy getting rid of his millions. He has already given away \$150,000,000; in one single year he gave \$52,000,000, but his income is still about \$15,000,000 a year, and he finds some difficulty in disposing of them where they will do the most good, for he is no believer in indiscriminate charity.



MR. CARNEGIE IN MONTREAL—The well-known philanthropist is here represented in the act of conversing with a friend shortly after his arrival at the Windsor Station.



MR. CARNEGIE IN MONTREAL—The "Laird of Skibo Castle" is here represented in the act of acknowledging the salutation of one of his Montreal friends. Principal Peterson, of McGill University, who accompanied him to this city from Ottawa, is standing beside the carriage. In this vehicle Mr. Carnegie was driven to McGill University and around the Mountain. During his recent visit to Montreal, Mr. Carnegie made use of certain statements which have somewhat shocked orthodox theologians, and which have since called forth some pointed comments from the pulpits of this city.

Canadian Tells Story of a Recent Trip Up Lava-Strewn Slopes of Mount Vesuvius



"THE CHIMNEY OF HELL"—View of the crater and dome of Mount Vesuvius, from a photograph taken during a lull in the recent terrific eruption of this volcano. The black specks in the clouds of smoke and steam are pieces of scoria from the interior of the earth.

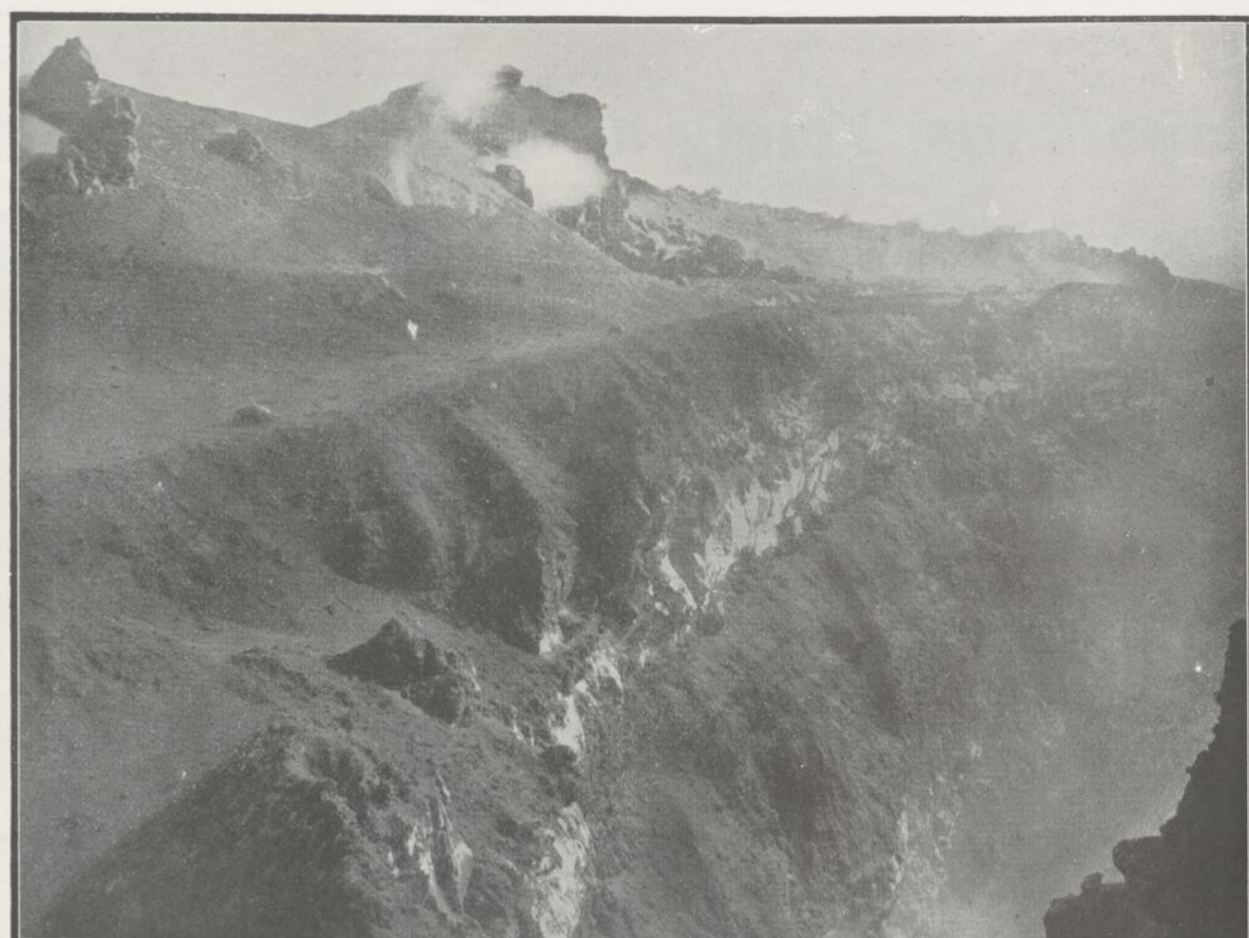
have always wanted to see Naples, to judge whether it was worthy of such a comparison. Then I remembered reading what Charles Dickens wrote after climbing up to the top of Mount Vesuvius, for there were no electric cars then to aid him in his ascent, as the public of to-day are favored with.

"What words can paint the gloom and grandeur of this scene?" said Dickens; and I lived to see one of the two objects which seemed to strike this great author as being most wonderful to behold. (The other was the Coliseum.) It was his lengthy stay in these parts which was responsible for his "Pictures of Italy." It was, therefore, no surprise for me to find myself in the midst of great excitement and pleasure while on my way to Mount Vesuvius.

View from Crater Was Magnificent.

We drove from the booking office, through the town, particularly the old and dirty quarter, always interesting to those who can drive through it in comfortable two-horse vehicles, and view the squalor and crowded tenements at a safe distance, and sitting on a comfortable cushioned seat. But one cannot help being moved to pity and compassion at the great poverty of the city, and its thousands of poor and ill-fed inhabitants. Many sad scenes meet the view of the stranger at every step; but the poverty goes on and on, and it is awful to think of the fearful suffering, penury, and woe which is following the continued decline of Italy.

After a ten or twelve-mile carriage



"THE CHIMNEY OF HELL"—An interior view of the crater of Mount Vesuvius, from a photograph taken during a period of inactivity. The recent eruption considerably enlarged this crater, and completely altered its appearance.

HOW I CLIMBED MOUNT VESUVIUS.—The recent disastrous overflow of Mount Vesuvius, described by a recent writer as "presenting the sublime beauty above, but in its descent filled with mysterious malignance of the Gods of the underground," did not occur without timely warnings being given to the unfortunate inhabitants living on its slopes and around its base; but, like many other similar cases, they had grown indifferent to the threatened danger constantly hanging over their heads. And what could the poor unfortunates do, even though they desired to respect the repeated warnings sent out by old Vesuvius? The majority of those residing in the little villages in close proximity to the volcano were of a class of fruit-growers belonging to the poor and ill-fed population of Southern Italy, eking out an existence by tilling the soil of lava and earth, which makes a fruitful mixture for the production of grapes, olives and other fruits. Many times had the crater, some four thousand feet above them, belched forth columns of black smoke, showers of red hot ashes and streams of molten lava; but it did not impress the inhabitants more than the report of a noon-day cannon in a fortress town, and when the smoke had blown away, the great black mountain, with its little smoking chimney, kept on lazily emitting but an insignificant sign of the fiery furnace which raged beneath.

It was very early in the morning when I arrived in Naples on a cruising yacht, and from my diary I take the following impressions I formed of its grandeur:—

Splendid Grandeur Of Vesuvius.

Jan. 29.—At 7 a.m. I arose and stood on the deck of our steamer as we sailed or steamed up the Bay of Naples. The sun had not risen, but there on our right rose Mount Vesuvius, like a colossal Egyptian pyramid, with the smoke curling up at the conical top. There was no wind, not even at that enormous height, to turn it one way or the other, and it hovered over the peak in a confused state, much like the hot air and smoke that remains stationary in the air after a balloon has capsized and descended to the ground, not knowing in which direction to wend its way.

How that scene impressed me, as I watched the changing colors of the horizon, which first cast a sombre hue over the sky and made the volcanic eruption look like a dark black cloud. Then it illuminated into a bright red, and later the whole east was ablaze with a most delicate pinkish tint, and the smoke again changed to a white and clear shadow in its lofty sphere, and Mount Vesuvius retained from first to last, that still, dark iron grey outline, which made it so perfect and magnificently grand beyond conception.

Mount Vesuvius! The world-renowned volcano! The wonder of centuries! The pre-eminent feature of the leading sight-seeing works of nature, stood before me in its awfulness. I clutched the railing of the ship, and tried to think, but something held back my thoughts, and refused me will power to even do that. It was Vesuvius, and I was under its wondrous spell.

The sun rose and put everything in a glow, and the sight of ships and small craft, with the dropping out of the heavy chain, told me we were coming to anchor, and I moved away, and there on the other side of us, under the brilliant light of that glorious sunny morning, was Naples, the city that has for the past ages been the attraction of the most famous authors, lecturers and philosophers, that has given history to the sages, art to the world, and if it will admit of comparison with any city in existence to-day, that city is Quebec.

We moored between Britain's latest and most modern cruiser, H.M.S. "London," and the North German Lloyd S.S. Company's "Hamburg," within a few feet of both. The band of the latter

was playing "God Save the King" in our honor, as we finally settled for our three days' visit, followed by the Russian Anthem, in recognition of a Russian ship, also near us. It seems we had all come into port that beautiful morning.

Spasmodic Outbursts From the Volcano.

Feb. 2.—Sunny Italy! How often have I heard and quoted these words without knowing their full meaning, or realizing their true significance as I do to-day. This is my fifth day in Italy, and every hour has been of a nature to win encomiums for its superb weather, balmy and pure air, and its clear blue water, and glorious sunsets. My hotel room was so favorably located that I had the benefit of the sun's rays by day, with its glowing sunsets in the evening, away from the din of the noisy streets, and facing the picturesque Bay of Naples. As I write these notes, the sun is sinking, but to describe it would require a poet's brain and a poetic audience, for one is subservient to the other; so I will proceed to describe my visit to the top of Mount Vesuvius instead.

This was the second day I had risen at seven o'clock, to join in an excursion to the top of the mountain. Yesterday morning, when we arrived at Cook's office, we were informed that the weather was unfavorable, and that the trip was postponed until the next morning; but later in the day I was informed that the real reason was the dangerous activity of the volcano. It seems that the strangers visiting Naples at the present time are favored with an extraordinary sight of Vesuvius, which, for many months, sleeps as peacefully as a child



MR. J. WILSON—Musical Director of Christ Church, Chatham.

in slumber. But to-day, and since arriving here, there has been a constant heavy cloud of smoke issuing from the crater, occasionally disturbed with spasmodic outbursts of red-hot ashes and cinders which scattered promiscuously in the air, descending upon the outlying villages and vineyards, and making it dangerous for visitors going too near the crater. Then the molten lava streams running down the side of the pinnacles, resembling two small rivulets, only so hot that their contact with the cold atmosphere made a steam that created a hissing sound, which can be heard for a long distance away. As the livid mass of lava separates itself down the sides of the volcano, it gradually hardens, and at last turns into a clinker substance, and piles itself, here, there, and everywhere, and after a time (years) forms part of the present great Mount known as Vesuvius. At any time these streams, and occasional explosions, can be seen from any part of the Bay of Naples, and on land for miles around, making a gorgeous spectacle. I considered myself very fortunate to have come to see it at its best.

Since arriving in Naples, more than ever have I become convinced that there

are many things in this world, and particularly in Naples, which mortal man cannot adequately describe, nor can the most perfect painting and illustration properly depict, and there is only one way to have them impressed upon you that is by a personal observation. Mount Vesuvius, with the other thousand and one relics of the dark and gay scenes of the past, opens up a vista to one's observation which is indelibly carved upon the mind forever. It can never be erased. Each picture, statue, church, palace, temple, and cities like Pompeii and Herculaneum, resurrected from another world, so to speak, with their thousands of rescued treasures in an almost perfect state of preservation, make one stand with awe and wonder. There is, however, one thing, the writer, lecturer, and artist can do, and that is, create a desire, or interest, to see those places which have stood so pre-eminent in the history of the world, and it is a good thing for all of us that we



CANADIAN VOCALISTS—Mr. Rodolph Plamondon, a Montreal baritone who has achieved a great success in Paris.

have such pride and curiosity to do the rest.

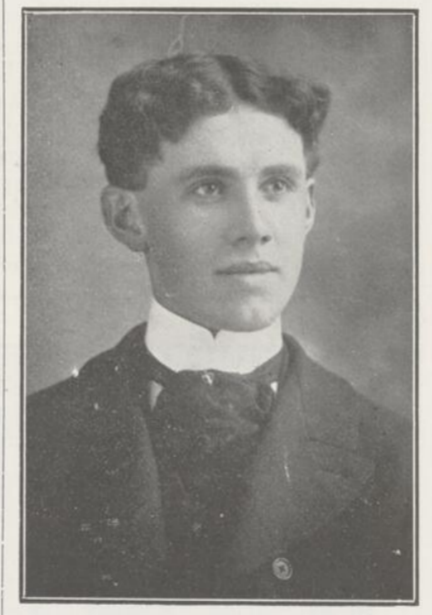
Naples and Quebec Coupled Together.

While lunching one day in the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, with Mr. D. L. Moody, the great evangelist, he looked out of the window and said:—"What a view! It puts me so much in mind of Naples." Since that day, many years ago, I



J. ROSS BRYSON—A gifted Canadian artist who has made a name for himself in the world of pictorial art.

drive, we arrived at the Vesuvius Electric Railway, which took us up for many thousand feet over a winding road, leaving Naples in the plain beneath, each house and street growing smaller and smaller as we kept going higher and higher, until we reached the huge fields of lava which had been



CANADIAN VOCALISTS—Mr. Joseph Saucier, the well-known baritone, who leaves for Europe in the near future.



"THE CHIMNEY OF HELL"—The ruin wrought in Pompeii A.D. 79, by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. After being buried for upwards of 1800 years, under the lava and ashes which Vesuvius rained upon the town in the first century of the Christian era, the ruins are now being uncovered and explored. This work has been going on for 25 years.

thrown up in 1872 and 1895, when Vesuvius erupted millions of tons of red-hot cinders, ashes, and rivers of molten lava, and destroyed many lives and property.

The view from the open-air car was magnificent, and from every side elicited unusual admiration. The day was perfect, barely a breeze blowing to waft the smoke away from the crater, as it appeared on the surface. Only the air became colder, and many complained of cold feet and hands, and those who had brought heavy wraps found good use for them.

We were more than half-way up, when an electric motor car came out from a shed on the side of the track, and after being attached in the rear, began to shove us up by means of a cog-wheel upon a centre rail. This was necessary, as the track had assumed a greater incline which was beyond the power of the ordinary trolley.

We finally passed Cooke's hotel and

upon the sides of these heights, seemed impossible. But they had no fear, and lived, hoping that the eruption would not occur in their time. In fact, they never think of it unless someone asks them if they have any fear; and then they hardly know what to say. Living where they do, is sufficient evidence that they are not by any means sensitive about the dangers which hover over them. The molten lava, which flows past their doors, and the frequent explosions and incipient eruptions, have made them indifferently fearless.

Volcano Bursts Forth With Terrific Roar.

We finally passed the uninhabitable line, and were nearing a small station, the end of the electric line, and the beginning of another conveyance resembling an elevator, which carried us up a very steep part of the mountain for another distance. We were then about three thousand feet up the side of the volcano, and to do the other thousand feet we entered a small car holding about twelve persons, which was hauled up an almost perpendicular incline by a cable. It took about eight minutes to accomplish the trip, reaching an impromptu looking station at the top, just large enough to contain the car. Here we found ourselves standing on the side of Vesuvius, almost at the top, with a magnificent panorama below; but by this time none of our party were much interested in views from such a dizzy height, or cared to look downward. There was no railing, only a small path which we commenced climbing, with a full knowledge that if we lost our balance, or made a misstep, there was a good long roll and tumble awaiting us. Each couple was given a guide, and



CANADIAN ORGANISTS—Mr. Edward Broome, who vacated the organ bench of the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, on May 1st, to become organist of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto.

thus we proceeded up the very steep path.

We had not left the station five minutes on our way up to the edge of the crater, to get a peep into it, when the volcano burst forth with a terrific roar, and there arose volumes of dense black smoke, and around us on all sides fell showers of small hot ashes and pumice stones, which fortunately were cooled off by the time they reached the spot where we were standing; or, I should say, lying down, as the somewhat unexpected reception a few feet away over our heads had, for the time being, given us all a slight scare. This sudden surprise settled a number of the party who had gone as far as they wanted to, and caused them to turn back; but there were several of us who were determined to go on to the top, even when our guides claimed it was very dangerous, and refused to accompany us any

further. We thought they were trying to deter us from the final climb, which was a most difficult feat, and required every effort and persistence to face; but with an old California miner, from whom I received courage, we started up. When half way up, we each had to take hold of a rope tied to a guide, as the sulphurous smoke was blinding and suffocating us, while the steep climb had left us very much out of breath, and our respiration was exceedingly heavy and breathing difficult.

A Descent Into The Big Crater.

We arrived at the top of the outer edge of the crater, descending it on the inner side for about twenty feet. At this point the air was as hot as in an engine-room, and the temperature perfectly moist and filled with sulphury fumes, while the noise of the boiling lava in the enormous opening was almost deafening. I could not see a foot ahead of me, and was depending entirely upon my guide, who was pulling me along at a rapid pace along a narrow strip of flat land. We came to another small ridge, but the guide stopped, intimating, by pulling me to the ground, to catch our breath, that we could go no farther. We must have been very near the crater; for while I could see nothing but a dense volume of steam and smoke, from the noise which came from below, I imagined that I must have been on the very edge of it. Almost choking with the hot sulphuric atmosphere, I thought we would never get out of it alive, as my throat and lungs were beginning to feel the effects of the sulphur and smoke, and I had a disagreeable choking sensation; but I seemed to have confidence in my guide, who pulled me along with a cord which he had fastened around my waist. The sensation of sliding down the incline and emerging out of the smoke and steam into the clear, sharp atmosphere, which was over freezing point, was as if I had dropped out of a cloud, and it required some time to recover from the novel experience; but the constant urging of my guide to hurry down, that if another explosion took place we were in great danger, made me strain every effort, and with his assistance, I finally got down to the wooden shed, where some of our party were awaiting my return. My companion, who, I later on found to be a sufferer from heart disease, had become unconscious, and was carried down to the mountain hotel. I was satisfied with my trip, as I had succeeded in accomplishing a long-felt desire to see the active crater of a volcano. It was a feat of which I was quite proud, but that was all I could say, or feel at the time, until we had reached the lower station, and my internal anatomy began to assume its natural state and hunger was appeased with a good lunch at a hotel on the side of the mountain (now washed away by the eruption).

Old Vesuvius the Same Night.

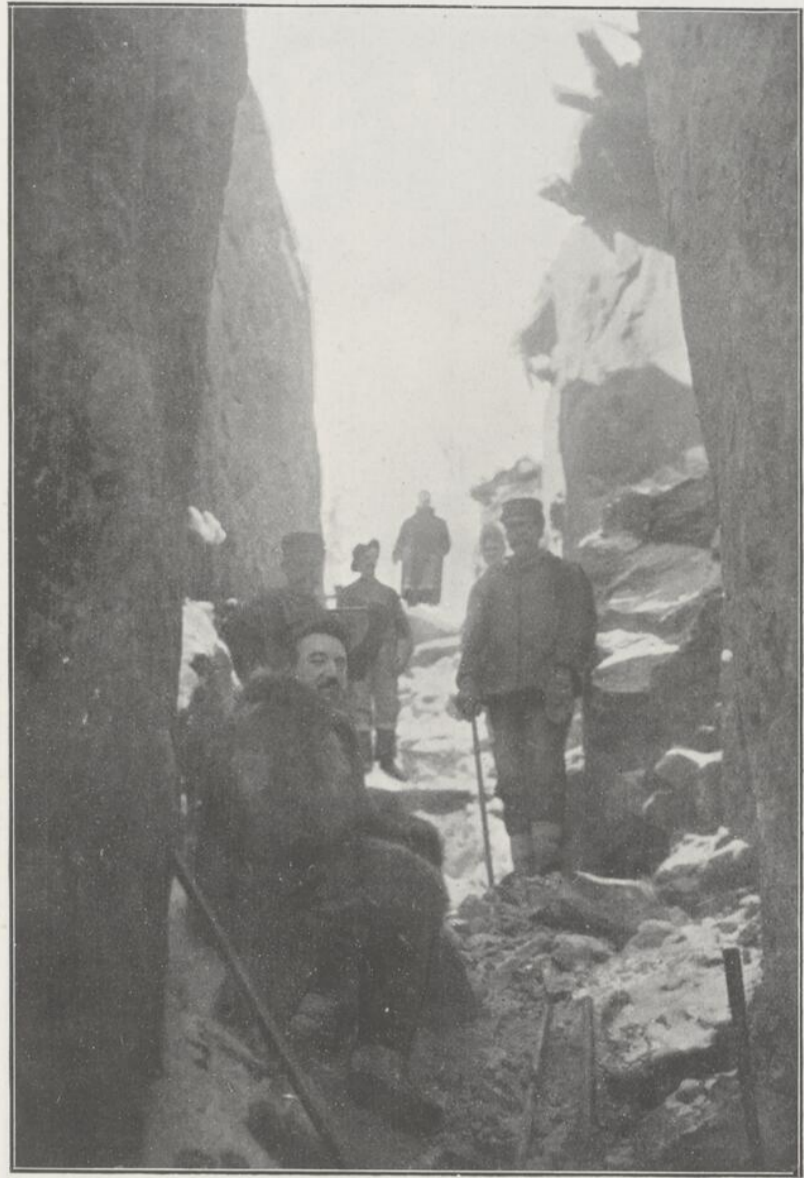
Night is when old Vesuvius makes a spectacular show of more than ordinary interest, such as I witnessed. The two streams of molten lava made brilliant effective outlines on the dark background of the volcano, which at times was attended with spurts of fire and flame, which lit up the whole Bay of Naples. It was a grand spectacle, with the two streams casting shadows upon the waters of the bay, like the reflection of a huge conflagration, revealing an enchanting picture, with the odd-shaped crafts floating by in the weird light.

During the following days the eruptions became so active and dangerous, that all the guides and railway officials had to leave their posts, and part of the railway was carried away.

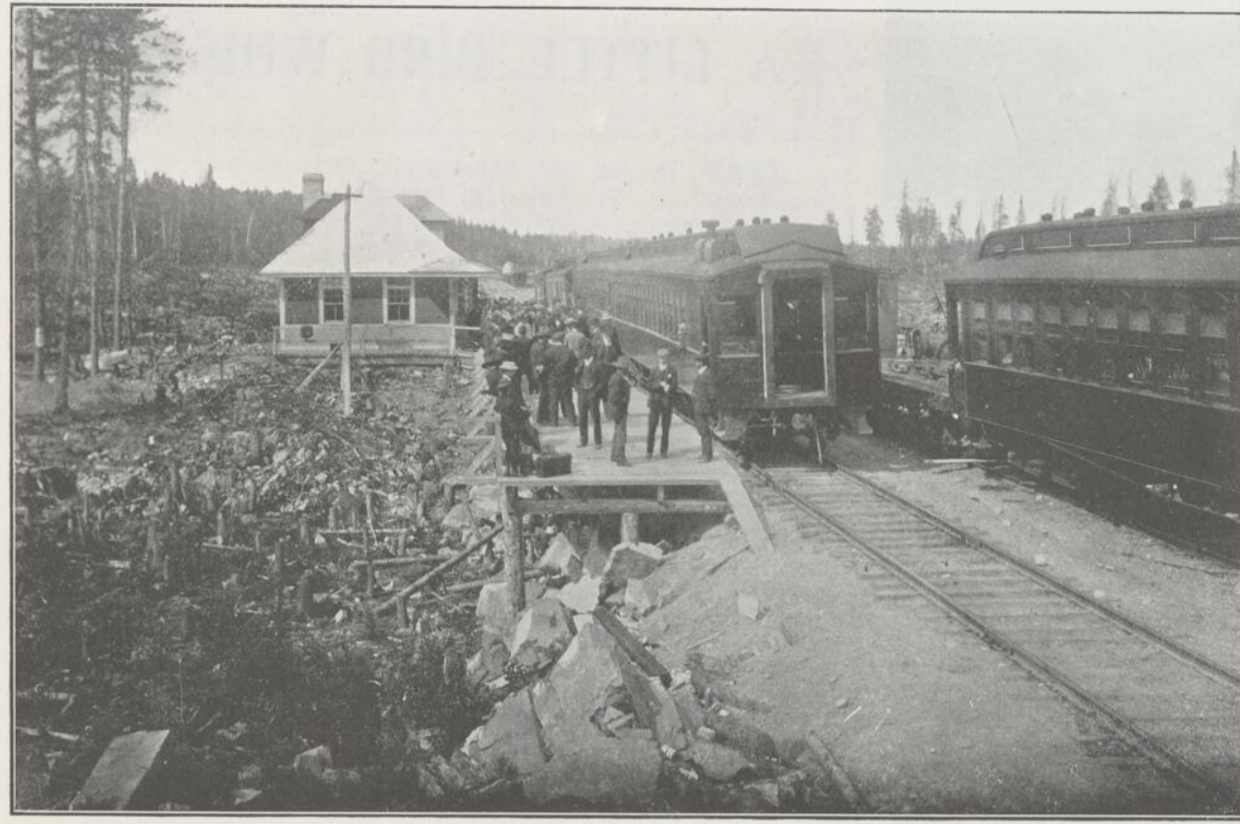
This was the beginning of the eruption of 1906, which has recently wrought such suffering and loss of life and property around Mount Vesuvius.

FRANK CARREL.

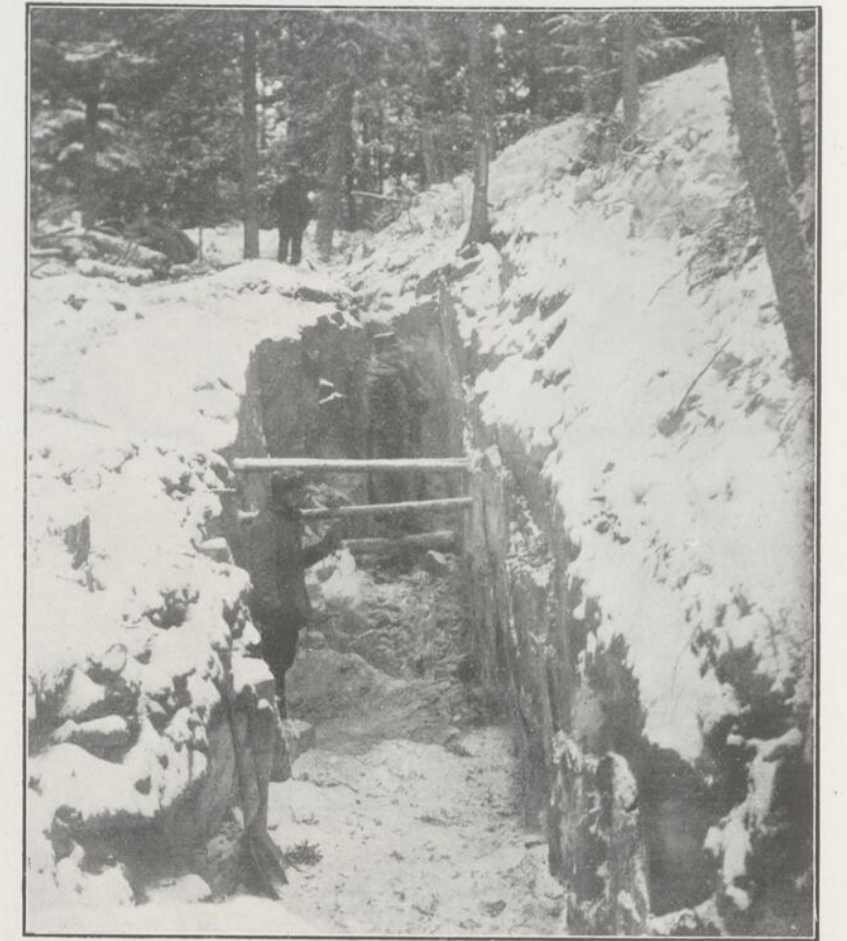
Winter is at Long Last Giving Up Its Stern Grip in the Wealthy Region of Cobalt



THE SILVER LINING OF NEW ONTARIO—Open cut through the rocks on the property of the Nipissing Mining Company at Cobalt. The vein at this point was very rich in silver



THE SILVER LINING OF NEW ONTARIO—The north and south bound trains passing at Temagami Station, near Cobalt, on the line of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway.



THE SILVER LINING OF NEW ONTARIO—A view at Kerr Lake Mining Company's property at Cobalt, showing beginning of mining operations on a two-inch vein of rich silver-cobalt ore.

COBALT — LAND OF PRECIOUS MINERALS.—When the Temiskaming and New Ontario Railway, in the township of Coleman and Buckle, in New Ontario, had been ballasted with 70 per cent. pure silver ore, and nuggets of almost pure silver bigger than a man could pack had been found on the surface, that part of the district of Nipissing gradually became of interest to the people of Ontario, and that was the beginning of an interesting exodus. A new name appeared on the map of North Ontario. It was Cobalt.

At the present time this exodus has assumed big proportions, and to-day throughout Canada there is an epidemic of enthusiasm about the Cobalt country. Thither prospectors are proceeding from all parts of the Dominion and from many centres in the United States. Already the town of Cobalt has a floating population of a couple of thousand men, most of whom are anxious to make their fortunes in a few days. Many are suffering from the common delusion that wealth is there to be picked up without labor, for the fairy tales that have been told concerning the richness of the country are worthy of old Grimm himself. Most of the men are not miners, or trained and expert professional prospectors—they are men who formerly led a grey-toned existence in city offices and shops, and on country farms.

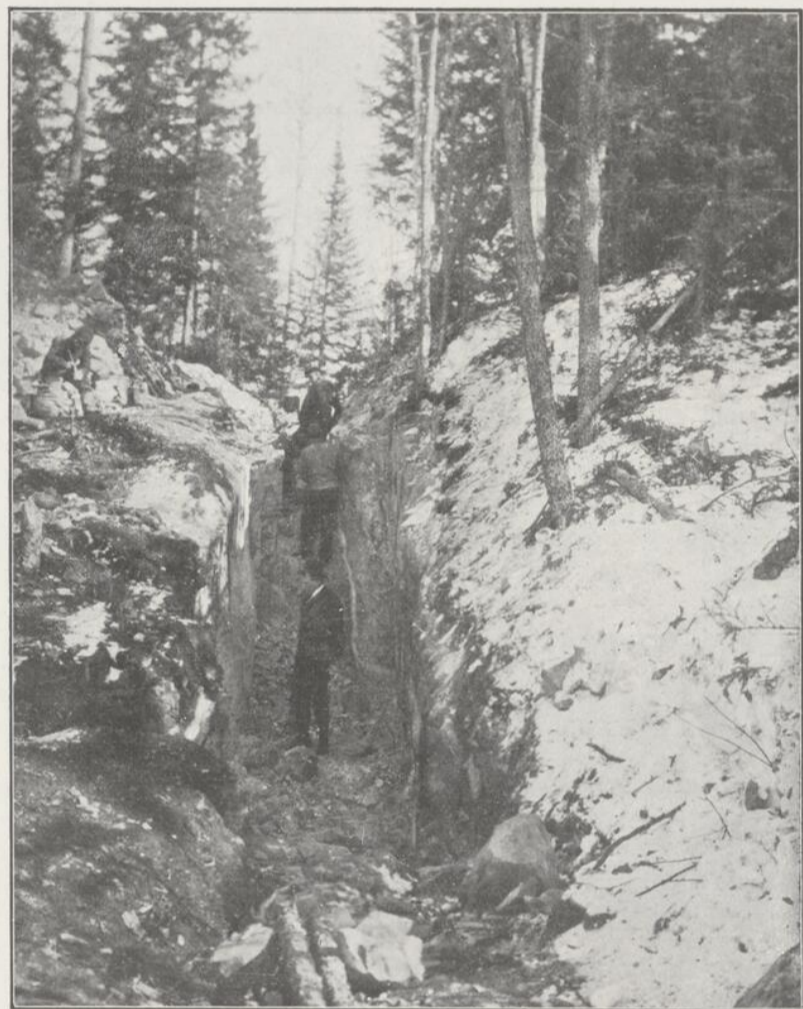
The name of Cobalt, therefore, has proved most alluring. And no wonder, as any part of the earth's surface which is buttered with ore running 10,000 ounces of silver to the ton is alluring to the man who is constructed on the human pattern, if he has not other business interests which are very profitable indeed.

On this page will be found a number of illustrations showing the wonderful mineral wealth of the Cobalt district, and the manner of mining the ore. These are reproductions of photographs taken recently by Mr. Milton Hersey, of this city, who made a thorough inspection of the district.

Minerals Found At Cobalt.

The minerals found in and about Cobalt are: Silver, cobalt, nickel, copper, asbestos, and galena. One of the richest mines in the district is the Trethewey mine, situated right in the heart of the town. Through the courtesy of Manager John Reddington, a correspondent of The Standard was allowed to inspect the property. Mr. Reddington told him that since July 17, 1905, the mine had shipped \$500,000 worth of

mineral, and that the total expenses had amounted to \$10,000. He pointed out a comparatively small hole in the ground, and said that \$250,000 worth of metal was taken out of it. He showed him ore worth all the way from \$70,000 to \$125,000 a car. There are nine veins on this property. The veins are from two to seven inches in width, and are found right on the surface, running from east to west. The value of this mine at this time cannot be estimated. There are a number of other large



THE SILVER LINING OF NEW ONTARIO—Rock cutting on Kerr Lake Mining Company's property at Cobalt. The crooked whitish line behind the man in the foreground is the vein, which is about two inches wide.

mines in and near Cobalt, and a larger number of smaller ones within a radius of ten miles. There was on exhibition recently in one of the banks a huge nugget weighing 250 pounds, and it was composed almost entirely of pure silver.

Wonderful Growth Of Cobalt Town.

The town of Cobalt now possesses a population of upwards of 2,000 souls, and yet it is only a baby in its swaddling clothes. In May, 1905, there was only one building in Cobalt; to-day

there are two banks, located in fine frame structures, two churches, one hotel nearly completed, and scores of good store buildings. There is not one saloon in the town, and the drunkenness and disorder of a new mining camp is conspicuous by its absence. Theft is a thing unknown in the district. Prospectors can leave their tools on a claim for weeks, and go back and find them safe; the same way in the town. The mines are shut down on Sunday, and the day is well observed.

Lots situated in gullies or on high places have sold as high as \$1,300. You cannot buy a residence lot for less than \$600, and money cannot buy most of the lots at this writing.

Development work is progressing very extensively south-west of Cobalt. Finds of all kinds are made or reported daily, but prospectors naturally do not talk about what they have until the prospector has passed their claim.

Metallic gold has been found in the diabase near the head of Cross Lake. While this is news to a majority, it is a

HOW KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER ARE MADE

IF inquiry were made of any competent authority, not in England only, but throughout the civilized world, "What is the greatest distinction and highest honor which could be bestowed, even upon a monarch?" the unhesitating reply would be, "The knighthood of the Garter." Its splendid and unsullied traditions, the rigid limitation of its membership both in numbers and personnel, its magnificence of ceremonial, dress, and surroundings, all combine to make a K.G. the summit of honor, and its insignia to be justly regarded as the proudest distinction which can be worn by even any Sovereign in the world.

The origin of this illustrious Order has been much disputed. The popular legend, to which, despite all the doubts thrown upon it, general belief still attaches, gives its origin in the picturesque story that Joan Countess of Salisbury, a beautiful dame of whom Edward III. was enamoured, while dancing at a high festival, accidentally slipped her garter of blue embroidered velvet. It was picked up by her Royal partner, who, noticing the significant looks of his courtiers, used the words to them which afterwards became the motto of the Order: "Honi soit qui mal y pense" ("Evil be to him who evil thinks"), adding, "that in a short time they should see that garter advanced to so high honor and estimation as to account themselves happy to wear it."

Pretty as this story is, however, it does not bear the light of prosaic investigation. Equally unsubstantial are the other stories of its origin, one asserting that it was first instituted by Richard Cœur de Lion in his assaults upon Cyprus, when he girded the legs of a chosen band of his bravest knights with a leathern garter. Going back to the dim shades of legend some writers have maintained that the Order is really only a revival by Edward III. of the Order of Knights of the Round Table established by King Arthur.

Another Story of Origin of Order.

Color was lent to this story by the undoubted fact that Edward III., who unquestionably instituted the Garter in its present form, when bent upon prosecuting his claims to the throne of France, gave forth that he intended a restoration of King Arthur's Round Table, and issued proclamations throughout England, Scotland, and the whole of Europe, inviting all knights, desirous of approving their valor, to a solemn feast and jousts, to be held within the Castle of Windsor on St. George's Day, 1345. The flower of the chivalry of Europe—excepting France—were present at the tournament, and at this chivalrous convocation the institution of the Order of the Garter was first arranged, but the actual foundation took place in 1348.

The constitution of the Order as then founded was substantially the same as it exists to-day, the only alteration having been made in 1831, when all lineal descendants of George I. were declared to be, as such, members of the Order. The knighthood consists of the Sovereign—who is invariably the head of the Order—twenty-five knights, the Prince of Wales, and such other knights "being reigning Sovereigns or their Heirs Apparent," as may be admitted by the King's or Queen's mandate.

The dress of Knights of the Garter for ceremonial occasions is, as befitting the premier Order of the world, most magnificent, and, with slight variations in detail, is the same as was worn on the first installation, when "the King, accompanied by the twenty-five knights-companions attired in gowns of russet, with mantles of fine blue woolen cloth, powdered, with garters and bearing the other insignia, the garter, surcoat, and hood, held the first chapter of the Order." Velvet lined with taffeta was substituted by Henry VI. in the material of the mantle, and the famous "George and collar" were added by Henry VIII., who revived and greatly added to the glories of the Order.

The full ceremonial dress, worn now

on great occasions, consists of, first, the Garter itself. It is of blue velvet edged with the richest gold lace, bears around it the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and has a buckle and pendant of solid gold richly chased. The mantle is of blue velvet, lined with taffeta (the finest white silk), and having the star of the Order embroidered on the left breast. A hood of crimson velvet, and surcoat, or coat without sleeves, of the same material, and lined like the mantle. A hat of black velvet fastened with a band of diamonds to the lining of white silk, and bearing a plume of white ostrich feathers, having in its centre a tuft of black heron's feathers.

Over the mantle is worn the "collar" of the finest gold "weighing 300z. troy," and consisting of twenty-six garters—signifying the number of members in the original foundation—enamelled in azure-blue, each enclosing a rose "gules" or red enamel, and having between each garter-link a knot and pendant in white enamel. From this is suspended the "great George," a figure



THE SILVER LINING OF NEW ONTARIO—Preliminary development of the rich Trethewey mines at Cobalt. The ore averages about \$2,500 per ton, and there are at least ten rich veins.

of the patron saint of England on horseback, who, having thrown the dragon on his back, is slaying him with a tilting-spear.

Across the left shoulder is worn a broad, dark-blue ribbon, with the "less-er George" pendant. Finally, on the left breast is worn the star of the Order, having eight points of silver with the cross of St. George in gules in its centre, and encircled with jewels. The latter may be added to both in number and richness at the discretion of the wearer.

The ribbon and star are worn invari-

ably by knights of the Order when attending at Court, the "great George" and collar being only assumed when, by special order of the Lord Chamberlain, any great ceremony is declared at the King's command to be a "collar day."

The present membership of the Order comprises twelve dukes, five marquesses, and eight earls of the kingdom; the foreign members, appointed by special mandate of the Sovereign, in accordance with the rule of the Order previously quoted, consists of twenty-one reigning Sovereigns—including the Emperor of Japan, who has within the past few months been solemnly invest-

ed with the insignia of the Garter by H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, acting as the specially appointed envoy of the King; and six heirs apparent to European crowns.

The installation of a knight, when solemnized at a full chapter of the Order, is one of the most gorgeous ceremonies to be seen in the present day, though rarely carried out now owing to the great preparations necessary. It takes place in the beautiful Chapel of St. George, in Windsor Castle. In the glorious choir are the exquisitely-carved stalls, one for each knight-compan-

ion of the Order, above which hang the banners, helmets, crests, and swords of the owners, and the Royal staff of the Sovereign as head of the knighthood.

The ceremonial, carried out in full, follows exactly the lines laid down by Henry VIII. The King, robed in full habiliments, enters the chapter-house—situated at the north-east corner of the chapel—accompanied by the chief officers of the Order, proceeds to the end of the "vestment board" or table, and takes his place on a chair with cushions and cloth of State, the knights-companions whose stalls in the choir are on the "King's side" seating themselves at his command on his right, while those whose posts are on the Prince's side take their places on the left; the officers of the Order stand in their respective places—the Prelate and the Chancellor at the upper end of the table, the Garter King-at-Arms and the Registrar at the foot. When the King and knights are seated, intimation being given by an usher to the "Black Rod"—the officer whose duty it is to keep the door—that the newly-elected knight is without, the intelligence is communicated to the King, who orders two "sponsors" to induct him.

This being obeyed, the knight-elect approaches, Garter marching before him. Bowing reverently to the monarch, he sets his foot upon a gilt stool placed for him by Garter, who pronounces the following admonition: "My good lord, the loving company of the Order of the Garter have received you as their brother and fellow. In token whereof they give you this garter, which God grant you may receive and wear from henceforth, to His praise and glory, and to the exaltation and honor of the noble Order and yourself."

The garter is then girded on and buckled by the senior sponsor; the new knight then kneels before the Sovereign, who invests him with the gold chain and George; the Chancellor pronounces another short admonition, and the knight arises and takes his place among his new brethren.

This full ceremonial is rarely now carried out, a K.G. being usually invested by the Earl-Marshal, commissioned by the King. The officers of the Order are the Chancellor, an office held by the Bishop of Oxford; the Prelate, always the Bishop of Winchester; the Registrar, which post goes with the Deanery of Windsor; the Garter King-at-Arms, who is ex-officio the chief herald of the kingdom, the present occupant of which most important office is Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty; and the secretary and Black Rod, Colonel D. F. R. Dawson, C.M.G.

The beautiful insignia of knighthood, the star, garter, and two Georges, are the property of the King, and at the death of a member of the Order are invariably returned to His Majesty by the successor to the title of the deceased.



THE SILVER LINING OF NEW ONTARIO—The comfortable log cabin camps on the wonderful Trethewey properties at Cobalt. These are not luxuriously fitted up, but they are, nevertheless, cozy.



THE SILVER LINING OF NEW ONTARIO—Power house and shaft house at Trethewey's famous mines near railway station at Cobalt. Mr. Reddington, the Superintendent, in the foreground.

Latest Styles in Wedding Gowns and Going Away Costumes for the June Brides



THE WEDDING GOWN—The bridal gown illustrated is an exquisite robe of fine net applied with braid lace above the white moire hem, the whole mounted over a foundation of accordion plaited chiffon, tacked at intervals to the taffeta Princess slip fully featherboned to the figure. More of this lace is used for an overjacket draping the bodice of Lierre lace that is shirred into Empire effect at the bust line. The sleeves are of Lierre lace, ruffled and met at the elbow by long white gloves. The simple tulle veil is coroneted upon the pompadour of the low coiffure, a wreath of orange blossoms caressing the soft, waved hair.

A LITTLE BIRD WHISPERS

THAT—Dotted and embroidered Swisses show greater variety than heretofore. Small flowers, both single and double clusters, are to be had in abundance, as well as the regulation stripes and dots.

THAT—Plaids and stripes are quite the thing in organdies, the patterns being almost without exception laid over a crossing and barring of fine cords.

THAT—Green bronze straws and green erin hats trimmed with narrow wreaths of small flowers, and many looped bows at the back, are very much in favor.

THAT—Peacock feathers and green velvet are much used upon Leghorn hats.

THAT—For coming summer days, in harmony with linen suits, are the white and yellow pongee parasols and white embroidered linen ones, together with parasols which match the suits.

THAT—Black and white costume combinations are among the most fascinating early summer creations.

THAT—Pointed toes and high heels in shoes remain unchanged, both for indoor and outdoor wear.

THAT—There seems to be no limit to the beauty and usefulness of ribbons. This year's favorite is a striped one, with a satin border on the edge.

est of garments from the establishment which makes a specialty of fine hand-made lingerie. But the average girl prefers to fashion these immediate garments with her own hands, leaving the bridal and various other gowns to the discretion of the dressmaker, who, in nine cases out of ten, delivers that most important garment of the whole trousseau, the wedding gown, at the eleventh hour.

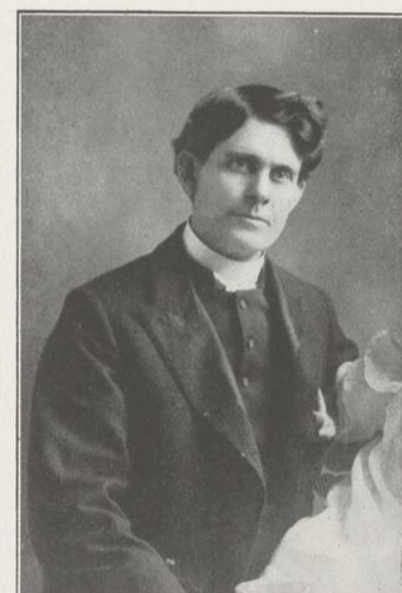
Many a woman has stormed in vain over such a condition of affairs.

Rivals for White Satin Are Here This Season.

White satin, though always fashionable for wedding gowns, is this season finding rivals in the moire antiques, silk poplins, and exquisite lace robes, among the fashionables. The first of these rivals does not mean that stiff, heavy brown, blue or gray fabric that our mothers were married in; not at all. The modern article is of shimmering white silk, quite soft and sheer, and with the watered line quite indistinct, the whole blending exquisitely with any satin bands or chiffon flounces that may be used for trimmings.

The poplins, though quite expensive, are so exquisitely dainty that their use is very general, while the chiffon grenadines and nets, plain or dotted, seem to be just suited to the June bridal gown, so delicately suggestive are they of this first summer month of flowers.

Of these latter fabrics, the white net is undoubtedly the favorite, as it is quite as accessible to the girl



REV. K. J. MACDONALD—Who was last week inducted into the pastorate of St. Matthew's Church, Point St. Charles.

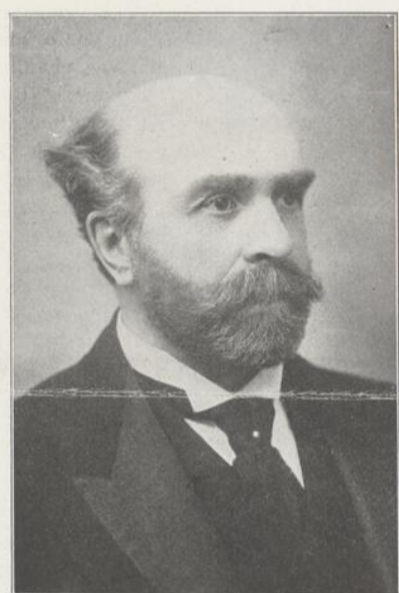
of small means as to her more fortunate neighbor. Its present popularity can doubtless be traced to its use in the wedding gown worn by one of the dainty American actresses in the last act of that popular English play, "The Catch of the Season." That practical suggestions can be obtained from the gowns worn on the stage is demonstrated in this instance.

Novel and Unique Note Was the Bride's Bouquet.

The body of net was applied with Chantilly lace, made up into a loosely-fitted Empire gown with demi-train, and mounted over a



THE BRIDE IN HER GOING-AWAY GOWN—"Going-away" gowns are of first importance after the bridal dress. The illustration above depicts an unusually handsome model of lace and broadcloth, that might be copied in any other material, even linen, without losing a jot of its swagger appearance. The color note is gray, the medallions and curved banded inserts of lace dyed to match. The Eton coat is a network of this lace, fitting the figure very closely, with an edge of broadcloth to insure the maintenance of its perfect shape. The whole gown is made over yellow silk. The hat of gray straw is faced with yellow malinette and trimmed with yellow ostrich tips held to the brim by a gray smoked-pearl buckle.



MR. ALEXANDER LANG—For thirteen years Manager of the London branch of the Bank of Montreal, who has retired to become a member of the London Committee. One cannot speak of the London agency of the Bank of Montreal without an allusion to Mr. Lang, who, from 1893, until a few weeks ago, filled the position of Manager with distinction to himself and advantage to Canada and the Empire.

the arrangement and carrying of the bouquet.

Importance of the Slippers and Hosiery.

Slippers and hosiery must not be overlooked. "Her feet, like little mice," may peep out from beneath her gown satin shod, with dainty jewelled buckled effects, or else be clad in white suede, or else be clad in blue ribbon crossing her always white silken-elad ankles, the blue bit insuring the proverbial luck.

The dresses of the up-to-date bridesmaids and honor maid will have their full complement of lace also. Dainty frocks of mull and Valenciennes lace are high in favor, the white dress of the honor maid reproducing the solid color of the bridesmaids' frocks in colored flower embroidery. But bridesmaids' gowns are only details of the wedding, that go with the flowers and the trimmings, the real interest being centred upon full quota of gowns and accessories of the bridal trousseau, the travelling or going-away gown, as it is now termed, coming next in importance to the wedding gown.

Wide Choice of Materials For Going-Away Gown.

For this there is a wide choice of materials, the summer season allowing much freedom of choice. One may choose a creamy-colored shan-tung shot with coral threads, made into an Eton suit trimmed with a Greek key design in green, and pink soutache braid banding coat and skirt. Worn with a green straw hat, showing quantities of cream-colored and pink roses, the happy bride would certainly be the personification of the month of June.

JEANNETTE.

The June Bride and Her Trousseau

Materials for the Bridal Gown—Soft Silks, Poplins and Exquisite Laces—Inexpensive Net Gowns Favored. Going-Away Gown and Separate Coat.

NEW YORK, May 10.—June, that glorious month of roses and brides, is close upon us, budding branches and bridal preparations, reminding us that May days will soon glide by. On every side one and the other

will be almost equally in evidence, the bride eliciting quite as much if not more interest and admiration than the rose.

How the bride is gowned, what her going-away gown is to be, and, indeed, every item of her entire

trousseau, are burning questions, full of the dearest of feminine interest.

Careful Attention Bestowed On Lingerie Requirements.

The lingerie requirements are, of course, the first to receive the careful attention bestowed upon every article of the trousseau, and these the prospective bride begins to collect one by one even before the wedding day is publicly announced; or if she be one of the fortunates, she orders these dainti-

GENTLEMEN, REMEMBER!

THAT—For wet weather, the most satisfactory boot or shoe is of calf or tan leather, with thick soles.

THAT—Any of the good styles in gray felt hats are permissible for town wear.

THAT—Some of the newest half-hose to be seen are of light-weight wool, in pretty designs, for wear with low shoes.

THAT—In umbrellas, there is no one design of handle particularly in fashion; but simple styles of wood are better for use than ornate effects in bone or silver.

THAT—Light gray seems to be the predominating shade for early summer suits, and the English over-plaid designs—some of them rather striking—are very much in vogue.

foundation of lily white chiffon satin. Upon the headings of the chiffon flounces, sleeve ruffles, and fastening the Duchesse lace bertha, were tiny lover's knots of silver thread and pearls, while the tulle veil was caught to the coiffure with a softly-waving aigrette of pearls and natural lilies of the valley. But the most novel and unique note of the entire costume was the bouquet which hung over the bride's shoulder in shower effect, mingling prettily with the folds of the veil. This really pretty and graceful fashion represents the latest London decision regarding

Bell's Galleries

Decorators, Designers. Cabinet Makers, Upholsterers.

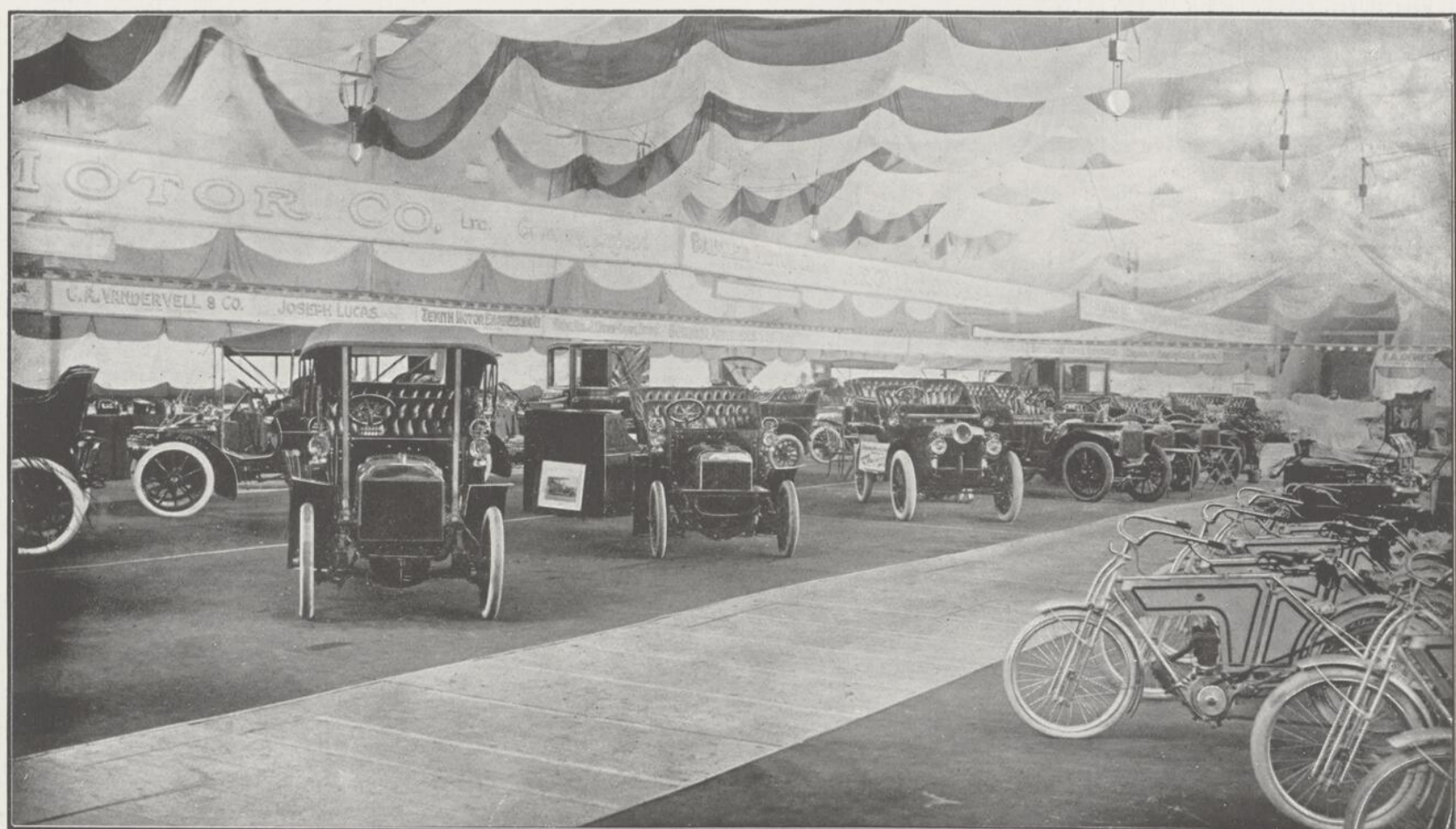
2336-2338 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

This illustration represents a Drawing-Room in a Sherbrooke Street residence, re-modelled, decorated and furnished (in the Louis period) by W. Henry Bell.

We undertake the re-modelling, decorating and furnishing of one room, or the whole house, in any style from the most simple to the most elaborate, always keeping in harmony the key note of refined taste, color and design. We manufacture at our own workshop all kinds of high grade Cabinet Work, such as wainscoting, door trims, mantels, and furniture. We also keep a large staff of upholsterers who re-model and re-cover all furniture. We also keep a large staff of decorative artists, paperhangers, and painters, who execute work in any part of the Dominion the same as at our own doors. We will be pleased to submit estimates and drawings for any work of this kind. We always carry a large stock of

Fine Rugs and Carpets, Wall Hangings, Curtains, Electric Light Fixtures, etc.

SHOWROOMS—2336-2338 ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL.



THE AUTOMOBILE INVASION OF MONTREAL—A view of the interior of the Arena recently, showing carriages and motor cycles, many of which came from various parts of Great Britain and Europe.

A Page of Beautiful Kootenay Views by a Prominent Canadian Member of Parliament

SCENERY IN THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.—If one is moved to enthusiasm in contemplating the great future of other provinces of the Dominion, the mind is struck with wonder in endeavoring to grasp the possibilities that lie before the province on the Pacific. All the great natural features of the other provinces, the level prairies of the Northwest alone excepted, are reproduced here on a magnified scale. In mere geographical extent British Columbia is the largest in the confederation. It has an area of 341,305 miles, or about 357,000, including Vancouver Island, and thus equals the area of France, Italy, Belgium and Holland all put together. It has a greater variety of climate than all the other provinces together, for the upper slopes of the Rockies are as cold as Labrador, while on the southern coast oranges were last year ripened in the open air. Its wonderful coast line; its unrivaled fisheries; its stupendous forests, many trees of which measure 8 to 10 feet in diameter; its incalculable wealth in those minerals which are the most valued and most necessary to man; and its peculiar geographical position on the Pacific Ocean all mark out the province of British Columbia



BEAUTIFUL SCENES IN THE PACIFIC PROVINCE OF CANADA—The Upper Kootenay River, B.C.

(Photograph by Col. Sam. Hughes, M.P.)

the varied and exhaustless resources of the country are becoming known to the world. The increase by immigration alone in 1888 was estimated at 11,000.

Geographical Position of Province.

British Columbia is nearly a par-

are masses of mountains, and along the coast lies a high range usually indicated as a continuation of the Cascades, but, in fact, a northern extension of the great coast range. Lying between these two is an irregular belt of elevated plateau. Down the centre of this plateau flows the Fraser River. The other great streams of the interior

WHERE THE KING KEEPS HIS CLOTHES.

Wherever he goes and whatever he does, His Majesty King Edward is followed by the eyes of all his people, who like to know everything he does, everything he says, everything he eats, and who would like, no doubt, to be able to include

will be called upon to grace with his presence, yet when the occasion arises, he is there in the particular dress which is required, whether it is that of a colonel of some regiment he is called upon to inspect, or of a naval officer when he visits the fleet. Literally there are some hundreds of different uniforms, in addition to ordinary costumes,

to some special regiment, etc., in which His Majesty holds honorary rank. Almost every country in the world has its own special section, which is so arranged that if the King is about to visit that country, the head valet can instantly lay his fingers on the particular uniforms that are likely to be required. Thus, in the section devoted to Germany there will be a special division, in the shape of a drawer or shelf, devoted to every regiment whose uniform His Majesty has a right to wear.

Every-day Dress Suitable to Seasons.

In addition to these official sections, there are others where items of every-day dress are stored under different headings. There is a section for each of the four seasons, the clothes varying in texture and thickness according to the weather associated with the period of the year. The section for each season, again, is divided into spaces for overcoats, frock coats, lounge suits, morning coats, and so on, and each garment bears a distinctive mark which enables the valets to replace it in the correct section.

As head of the kingdom, His Ma-

JUBILEE OF A GREAT ACTRESS.

Fifty years ago—on April 28th, 1856—"the greatest actress in the world," as Mme. Bernhardt once enthusiastically described Miss Ellen Terry, made her first appearance on the stage which she has so greatly and graciously adorned.

She was but a child of eight when she played Mamillius, in "The Winter's Tale," at the Princess's Theatre; and she says, recalling that long-past day, "How my young heart swelled with pride! I can recall the sensation now when I was told what I had to do. I can see myself as though it were yesterday, in my little white and red coat, very short, very pink silk stockings, and a row of light sausage curls clustered round my head."

Never, perhaps, did a child make her debut as an actress under more trying conditions, for the house was crowded with the wealth and beauty and fashion of London, and from the Royal box Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and the Princess Royal looked down on her childish efforts—no doubt with smiles of approval and encouragement. To add to the little maid's discomfort, "a small cart, which (she says) it was my duty to drag about the stage, was a great trouble to me. I was told to run about with it on the stage, and while carrying out my instructions with more vigor than discretion, I tripped over the handle, and down I came on my back. A titter ran all through the house, and I felt that my career as an actress was ruined for ever. Bitter and copious were the tears I shed."

"Times" Praised Her Acting.

Her tears turned to smiles of pride and pleasure the next morning when she learned that the great "Times" itself had praised her acting, and said pretty things about her "vivacious precocity." But there was never, except in her own diffident little mind, the least fear of her success as an actress. Acting was in her blood; for was not her grandfather, Daniel Terry,



BEAUTIFUL SCENES IN THE PACIFIC PROVINCE OF CANADA—The Kootenay River, Nelson, with the C. P. R. track on the left.

(Photograph by Col. Sam. Hughes, M.P.)

as one of the imperial realms of the future.

Discovery and Settlement.

In the year 1792—by a coincidence just 300 years after the discovery of America by Columbus,—the ship Columbia of Boston, commanded by Capt. Gray, sailed into the mouth of the noble river upon which he bestowed the name of his vessel, and which afterwards gave the name to the province of British Columbia, where its head stream lies, and through which it runs for a course of 440 miles. Long before this it had been known to the Spanish navigators who called it the St. Roe, but it was not till 1811 that its main course was navigated by the astronomer of the Northwest Fur Trading Company. In the year that Capt. Gray saw the mouth of the Columbia, a hardy Scotchman named Simon Fraser joined his fortunes to the North West Co., and in 1805-7 was sent on the first expedition across the Canadian Rockies, to explore the country beyond and open up trade with the Indians. He discovered the river which took his name, and having established trading posts, assumed sovereignty of the country in the name of his company, under whose control it remained till its fusion with the Hudson Bay Co. in 1821. It was also in 1792 that Capt. Vancouver, of the Royal Navy, sailed up the Pacific, and gave his name to Vancouver Island, which he discovered, and which proved to be the largest on the west coast of America. Although discovered so long ago, it was not till 1843 that a permanent settlement was made on Vancouver Island by the Hudson Bay Co., who in that year built a fort and trading post on the spot where the beautiful city of Victoria now stands. Six years later this settlement developed into the colony of Vancouver. The mainland of British Columbia remained a wilderness with two or three fur-trading posts till in 1858, some gold prospectors advanced up the coast and discovered the rich diggings of the Fraser River. The influx of people was so great that the region was erected into a crown colony in the same year, under the name of British Columbia. In 1866 the two colonies were united, and in 1871 the province joined the Confederation of Canada. In that year the population of the Province was only 36,247 including the Indians. Now it is about 100,000, and is rapidly increasing as

allelogram in shape, being about 760 miles long north and south, and about 500 broad. For about 300 miles down the coast from the north, a very narrow strip of the United States Territory of Alaska intervenes between it and the sea; but even with this strip cut off, it has a coast line, reckoning its wonderful labyrinth of bays and inlets, of perhaps 2,000 miles. The scenery of the coast is unlike that of any shore yet discovered, and was thus graphically pictured by the late Lord Dufferin when he visited it in 1876:

"Such a spectacle as its coast line presents is not to be paralleled by any country in the world. Day after day for a whole week, in a vessel of nearly 2,000 tons, we threaded an interminable labyrinth of watery lanes and reaches that wound endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promontories, and peninsulas, for thousands of miles, untroubled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at every turn an ever-shifting combination of rock, verdure, forest, glacier, and snow-capped mountain of unrivaled grandeur and beauty."

Features of The Country.

The general surface of the country is mountainous and broken, consisting of short ranges, detached groups of mountains, elevated plateaus and valleys of various extent. Running parallel with the Rockies, and in many places scarcely distinguishable from them



BEAUTIFUL SCENES IN THE PACIFIC PROVINCE OF CANADA—The snow-capped Rockies and Kootenay Lake. Miss Ruby Hughes is seen in the foreground.

(Photograph by Col. Sam. Hughes, M.P.)

are the Thompson River, entering the Fraser from the east, and the Okanagan, Columbia, and Kootenay, the two last having most eccentric courses. The Kootenay, illustrations of which appear on this page, rises in the south-eastern corner of the province, and makes a long sweep to the south, crossing the boundary line, and returning again, discharges its waters into the Columbia River. A number of pretty lakes dot its course, such as that shown in one of the illustrations. The scenery along this river is about as pretty as any to be found in British Columbia, and the illustrations on this page adequately depict its glory.

everything he thinks. But although they carefully read the accounts of his various public appearances in England or in other countries, and admire his photographs in various costumes, from the Highland kilt to that of an honorary officer in the regiment of some Continental country, it hardly ever occurs to anyone to wonder where and how the enormous quantity of clothes is kept which must necessarily be ready to hand for whatever purpose may be demanded by unforeseen circumstances.

If His Majesty pays a visit, for instance, to France, he may not know of all the functions that he

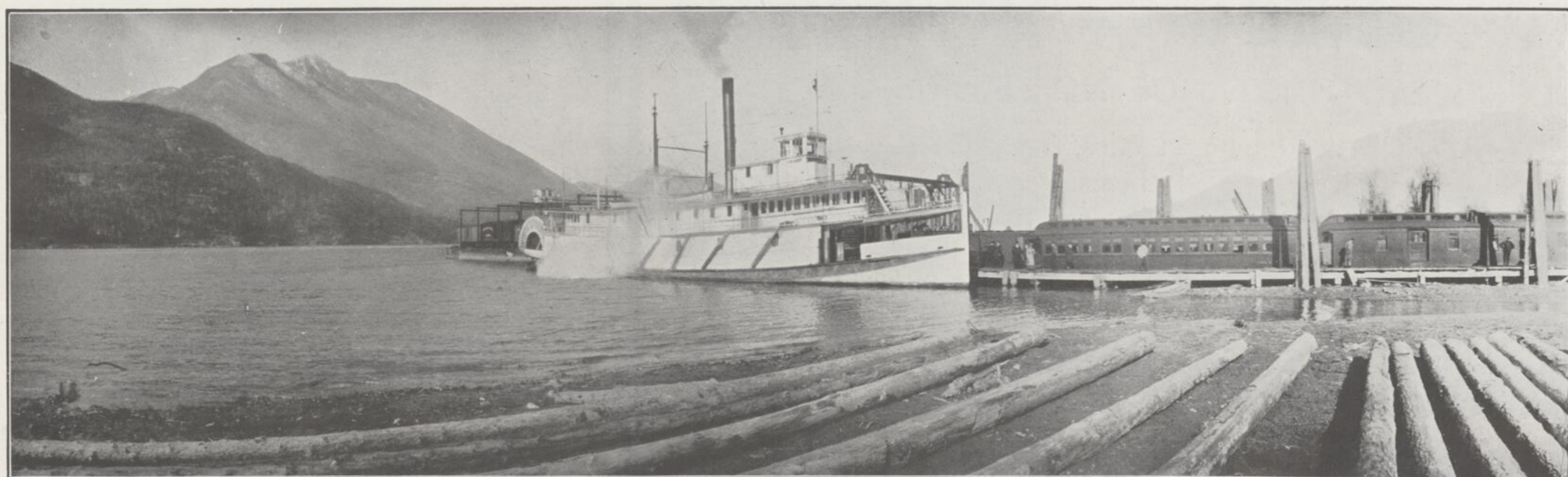
which the King may have occasion to don at some time or another, and in order to make certain that the particular dress required may be found at a moment's notice, the most careful organization and arrangement is necessary. The headquarters of the Royal wardrobe are at Buckingham Palace, where one large room is devoted entirely to the storage of articles of wearing apparel, which are carefully tended and cared for by a special staff of valets. Each side of the room is divided into sections, and each section is devoted to a different country, the sections being in turn subdivided into shelves and drawers, each devoted

jesty has, of course, to be the best-dressed man in it, and consequently the sections where his ordinary wearing apparel is stored have to be constantly re-stocked, for among such a mass of different suits some are worn but once or twice before they get out of fashion. There is, therefore, plenty of work to be done to keep the clothes in order, for every garment in the wardrobe is brushed and pressed regularly once a week in order that it may be ready for use at a moment's notice, the same care being shown towards those uniforms which are but seldom used as towards the things that are more likely to be needed.

one of the ornaments of the stage when last century was very young? And her parents had won many stage laurels before Ellen, who was destined to be the cleverest member of a highly-gifted family, was introduced to the world at No. 5 (or, as some contend, No. 26) Market Street, Coventry, one February day in 1848.

It was only a few months later that the little actress had another—and this time an alarming—misadventure on the stage. She was playing Puck in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," and, to quote her own words, "I had come up through a trap at the end of the last act to give the final speech. My sister Kate was playing Titania. Up I came; but not quite up, for the man shut the trapdoor too soon and caught my toe. I screamed. Kate rushed to me and banged her foot on the stage. But the man closed the trap tighter, mistaking the signal. 'Oh, Katie! Katie!' I cried. 'Oh, Nelly, Nelly!' returned my sister. Mrs. Keane came rushing on, and made them open the trap, and so I released my foot. 'Finish the play, dear,' she whispered, excitedly, 'and I'll double your salary!' There was Katie holding me up on the one side, and Mrs. Keane on the other. Fortunately a well-known surgeon was at hand: the injury was promptly and skilfully attended to, and the tears were soon wiped away.

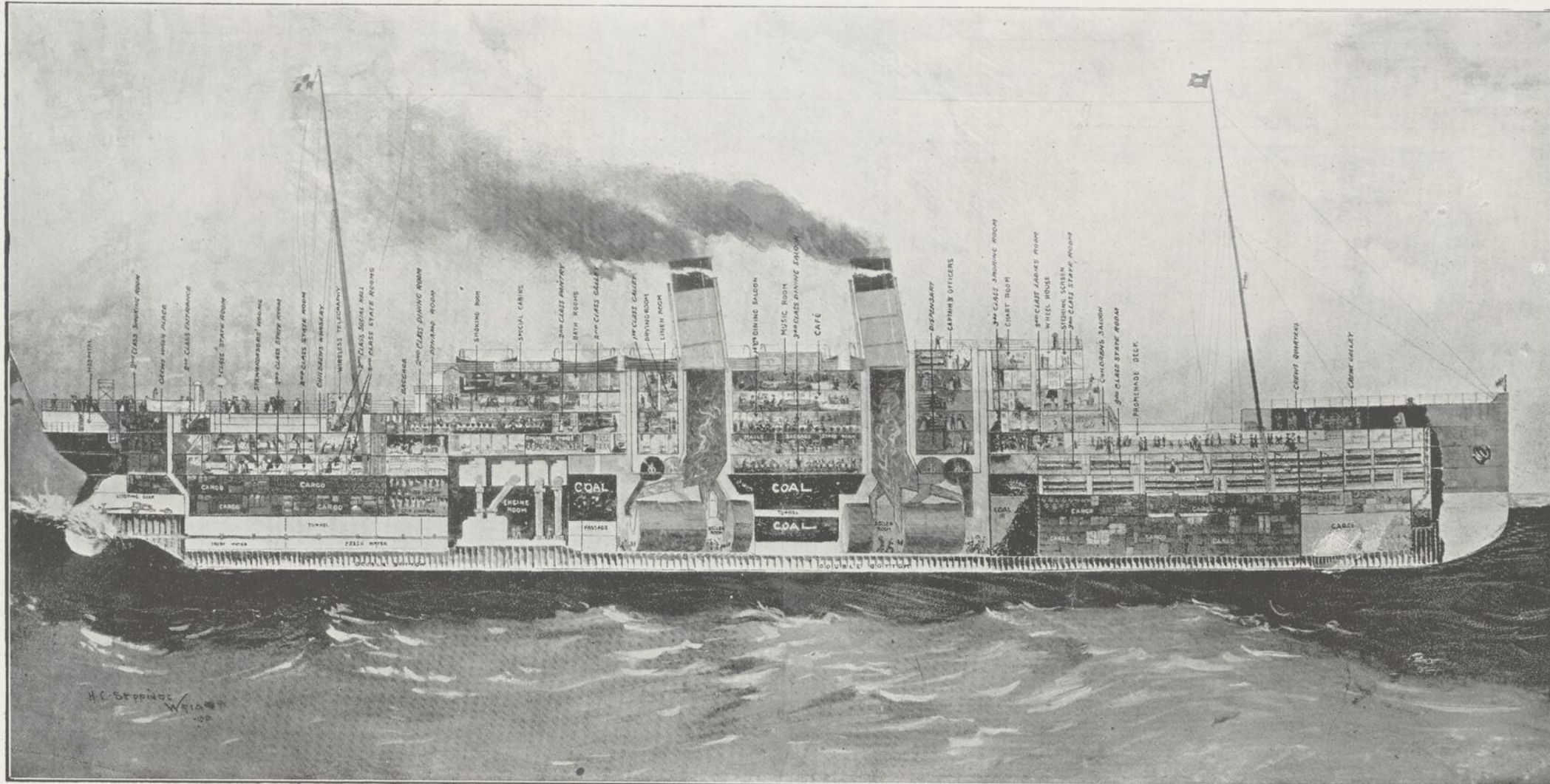
And now this great actress has completed half a century of distinguished service to the stage, while retaining a youthfulness and vigor and charm almost without a parallel after a career so long.



BEAUTIFUL SCENES IN THE PACIFIC PROVINCE OF CANADA—Kootenay Landing, B.C., showing the C. P. R. steamer and train.

(Photograph by Col. Sam. Hughes, M.P.)

Immense New C. P. R. Atlantic Liner Which is Scheduled to Arrive in Quebec To-day



CROSS-SECTION VIEW OF THE NEW C. P. R. SS. "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN," WHICH SHOULD REACH QUEBEC TO-DAY—This illustration depicts the interior of the largest ocean leviathan which has yet ascended the St. Lawrence. The chief dimensions of the "Empress of Britain" are:—Length over all, 569 feet; breadth, 65 feet 6 inches; and depth to upper deck, 40 feet; the tonnage being 14,500 tons, and the displacement 20,000 tons. In appearance the "Empress of Britain" is a very high ship, having four decks above the upper deck, and a topgallant forecastle, which it is calculated will keep her dry in the worst Atlantic seas. Deep (27 inches) V-shaped bilge-keels are fitted to prevent excessive rolling, so that she will be a very steady as well as a good sea boat. To ensure safety, the hull is divided into ten watertight compartments, any two of which might be flooded and the ship yet remain afloat. Further, there is a double cellular bottom extending from stem to stern. A balanced rudder is fitted with two underwater steering gears of latest telemotor type... The propelling machinery consists of two separate sets of quadruple expansion engines, aggregating 18,000 indicated horse-power, each set having four cylinders working on four cranks, balanced on the Yarrow, Schlick and Tweedy system, which reduces vibration to a minimum. The propellers have each four blades of manganese bronze. There are nine boilers of the ordinary multitubular type in two watertight compartments, six double-ended with eight furnaces, and three single-ended with four furnaces. The furnaces are fitted with forced draught, and the working steam pressure is 220lb. to the square inch. In all there are eight decks—boat, upper, promenade, lower promenade, shelter, upper, main, lower, orlop.

In touch with the facts of the case will dispute. That Canadian trade with China has wonderful possibilities is fully demonstrated by the measure of success which has attended the C. P. R.'s trans-Pacific fleet of steamers.

Such being the case, it might be wisdom for Canada to adopt a more lenient policy towards Chinese coming into the country, otherwise we can only hope to be served the same way as the United States has been.

Vapo-Cresolene

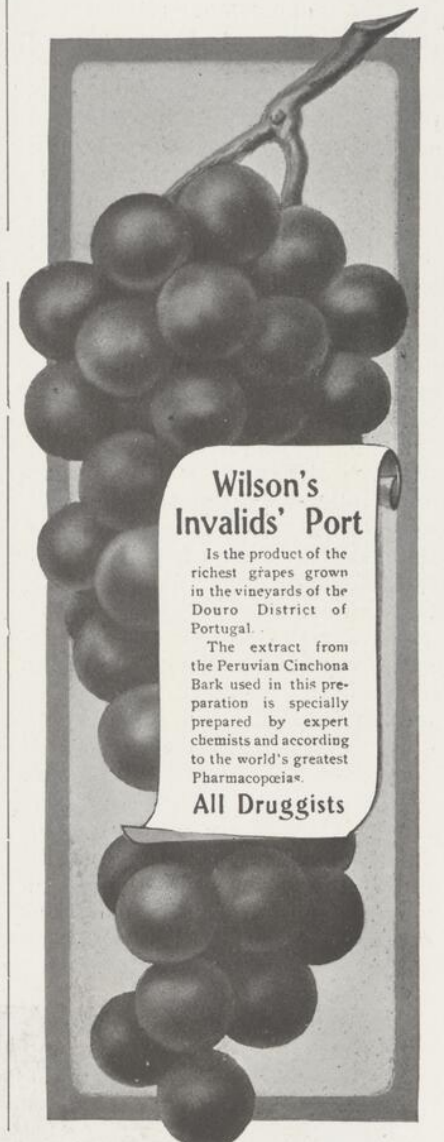
(Established 1870)
"Cures While You Sleep."
**Whooping-Cough, Croup,
Bronchitis, Coughs,
Influenza, Catarrh.**

Confidence can be placed in a remedy which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once.

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Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10 cts. in stamps.
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Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada.



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Is the product of the richest grapes grown in the vineyards of the Douro District of Portugal.
The extract from the Peruvian Cinchona Bark used in this preparation is specially prepared by expert chemists and according to the world's greatest Pharmacopoeia.
All Druggists

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When planning for your summer outing, don't forget to include a Camera. If you have never taken one with you—you have missed a great deal. You would enjoy yourself a hundred fold more. Many a spot that has delighted the eye, and many an association that has offered much pleasure and comfort can be made a tangible reminiscence.

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Dept (S)



countries be a huge enough proposition for all Europe and America to deal with?

"That China is at the present moment the greatest unexploited market in the world, no business man who is



CAPT. WM. STEWART—Who was in command of the new C. P. R. SS. "Empress of Britain," due at the port of Quebec on Saturday, on her maiden trip to Canada. Capt. Stewart was formerly in command of the C. P. R. SS. "Lake Champlain." He is here represented in the act of taking the time.

CANADIAN TALKS OF CHINESE BOYCOTT

(See Illustration on Page 7.)
(Special Correspondence of The Standard.)

In view of the importance attached at present to the spirit of development manifesting itself in China, The Standard took steps recently to ascertain the position which the Chinese are assuming with regard to foreigners and foreign trade. In this connection, The Standard to-day publishes an interesting and valuable communication from a gentleman formerly a resident of Montreal, who has been in the Celestial Kingdom for several years. Mr. Rankin Leslie tells of his own investigations along these lines in China, the result of which he has communicated to The Standard, and which will doubtless be read with much interest.

"If the Chinese boycott of American goods means anything deeper than the native's antipathy toward a nation which will not grant ordinary courtesies toward Chinese going into their coun-

try, it certainly strongly suggests to those of us who are in touch with existing conditions, that China of to-day is a different country, as compared with the China of a few years ago.

"That China has been trampled upon and abused by almost every European Power is a well known fact. That she has submitted to about all the indignities that she proposes to submit to, is another fact which all Europe would do well to bear in mind.

Old Examinations Abolished.

"The awakening which all foreigners resident in the Middle Kingdom have been expecting has at last begun. Every day the native press contains articles relative to the reform which is swiftly and surely transforming Old China into what will be (and that at no distant date), a modern nation.

"One of the most significant signs of the times is the abolition of the old system of examinations for official positions. The candidate now is required to answer questions which would be asked under similar conditions in al-

most any country. This, compared with the old regime, whereby the candidate's knowledge of the Confucian classics, and native hieroglyphics, were supposed to be all that any official would require, is a mighty step towards the modernization of China.

"Other indications of the march of Western civilization in China are: the sending abroad of commissioners to enquire into the methods of government in foreign countries; the turning of many of the old temples into institutions of modern education; the training of an army along modern lines; the fitting up of an efficient navy; the polling of the large cities; the prospect of the forming of a Parliament in the near future; the disappearance of the queue; and the education of women.

"China will develop along much the same lines as Japan has done, and the latter country will without doubt be her instructor in most cases. That the much talked of 'Yellow Peril' may some day in the future become a live factor, we have sufficient reason to believe. For when China with her four hundred millions is modernized to the same extent that Japan is to-day, would not a combination of the forces of these two



LIFE ON PARLIAMENT HILL—Senator McDonald, P.E.I., one of the three surviving fathers of Confederation, and one of the oldest members of the Canadian Senate.



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SIZE NO OBJECT—DISTANCE NO BARRIER.

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Montreal's Sunshine Society; The Prince in Canadian West



MEMBERS OF THE BOYS' SUNSHINE CLUB OF WESTMOUNT, QUE.—This organization, which accomplished much excellent work during the past winter, wound up the season this week by holding a Scotch Fair and Entertainment in Victoria Hall. The entertainments were a splendid success, and reflected the greatest credit on the boys.

MEMBERS OF BOYS' SUNSHINE CLUB.

Top row, from left to right—N. Smith, S. Holland, G. Scater, F. Spurr, F. Sticht, K. Kelly.
 Second row—H. Rittenhouse, Austin Scater, F. Barlow, H. McHoull, M. Pope, N. Ahler, R. Murray, M. Coleman.
 Third row (seated)—R. McKay, L. Barnard (assistant recording secretary), Alex. Scater (corresponding secretary), F. O. Call (president), S. Stevens (recording secretary), S. Barnard (treasurer), H. Dreyer (second vice-president).
 Fourth row—H. Sticht, H. Murray, H. Kerr, P. Gorman (third vice-president), Allan Scater, G. Binns, F. Leonard.

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Near to Nature's Heart

There's a way to avoid the ills of indigestion and the dangers of adulterated foods—keep close to Nature. There's no fraud in Nature. She does not paint string-beans or peas with copperas, nor does she make spices out of ground cocoa-shells. She does not color the fruits of the field with aniline dyes.

And the way to keep close to Nature is to eat a natural food—a food not touched by chemicals or human hands—a food that presents in pristine purity the elements that Nature has organized for man's perfect nourishment.

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Shredded Wheat is not "treated" or "flavored" with anything. It is the cleanest and purest cereal food, made in the cleanest and finest industrial building on this continent.

The **Biscuit** is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fruits, creamed vegetables or meats. **Triscuit** is the shredded whole wheat wafer, better than bread as a toast, with butter, cheese or preserves. Our cook book is sent free.

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"IT'S ALL IN THE SHREDS"

—He who never attempts anything until he is sure he can do it, just right, is likely never to attempt anything at all.



THE "TARTAR GENERAL" AND HIS TWO CHIEF LIEUTENANTS—The highest military officials in the Province of Canton, China. Standing behind the officials are Mr. Rankin Leslie, Dr. Shaw, and Dr. Todd. Mr. Leslie is an old Montrealer, and was born in Picout, N.S.

—Rehearse not that which is told unto thee, and thou shalt fare never the worse. Whether it be to a friend or foe, talk not of other men's lives, and if thou canst, without offence, reveal them not.

—You cannot set the world right or

the times, but you can do something for the truth; and all you can do will certainly tell if the work you do is for the Master, who gives you your share, and so the burden of responsibility is lifted off. This assurance gives peace, satisfaction and repose even in the partial work done upon earth.

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It will soon give you a nice green sward

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Fancy White Dutch Clover for lawns, per lb., 30c.

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PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT LEAVING OGILVIE'S WINNIPEG MILL—Reading from left to right: Sir Daniel McMillan, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba; H.R.H. Prince Arthur; W. A. Black, Ogilvie's Manager; Mayor Sharpe; W. R. Baker, C.P.R. representative on the Royal trip; W. Campbell, Assistant Manager Ogilvie's Mill; Ald. Davidson; Ald. Sandison, and Admiral Seymour. On Monday, April 9th, Prince Arthur, accompanied by Admiral Seymour, Sir Daniel McMillan, Mayor Sharpe, and several of the City Aldermen, paid a visit to the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company's large mill at Winnipeg, and were received by Mr. W. A. Black, the Winnipeg Manager. They were shown all over the premises, and were much interested in the various processes of the manufacture of flour. The above snap-shot was taken just as the party was leaving the mill.

A Comprehensive Group Picture of the Mail Conductors of the Postal District of Montreal



MAIL CONDUCTORS OF THE POSTAL DISTRICT OF MONTREAL—For a long time, the mail conductors of the Postal District of Montreal have wished to present a token of esteem to their Superintendent, Mr. S. Briegel, who has been in the active service of the Post Office for almost forty years. Recently they presented to their chief a superb group picture, containing the photograph of Mr. Briegel, surrounded by those of the staff. Messrs. Channel, M. Felion, H. D. Felion, Dewar, Jones, Peters, O'Regan, and Lachapelle, in turn made speeches. At the same time, letters of regret were read from Mr. B. N. Armstrong (Controller), Mr. A. LeBlanc, and Mr. F. Tuck, expressing their regret at being unable to assist at the re-union. The enjoyable occasion was brought to a close by the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Mr. Briegel entered the postal service on March 17th, 1866, and, under the present Administration, was named Superintendent of the Postal District of Montreal. By his courtesy and ability, Mr. Briegel has been able to secure the esteem of a great number of citizens. The ladies of the Postal District of St. John, N.B., have also presented him with a handsome gold-headed cane. Madame and Melle. Briegel, especially invited to the function, received each a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

MEDALS WON BY THE GRAND TRUNK

THE two handsome medals which were awarded the Grand Trunk Railway System at the World's Fair, held at St. Louis in 1904, have reached the General offices of the railway in this city.

The obverse of the medals contains two figures, one of which, Columbia, tall and stately, is about to envelop the youthful maiden by her side—typifying the Louisiana Territory—in the Stars and Stripes, thus receiving her into the sisterhood of States. The other

figure is depicted in the act of divesting herself of the cloak of France, symbolized in the emblem of Napoleon—the busy bee—embroidered thereon. In the background is shown the rising sun, the



These medals were awarded the Grand Trunk for two special clas-



sifications, namely: (1) their beautiful picture exhibit, and (2) their collection of fish and game that composed a portion of the excellent arrangement of the general scheme. The dies of the medals were engraved and the medals were struck at the United States Government Mint at Philadelphia.

CANADIAN ARTIST AND HIS WORK.

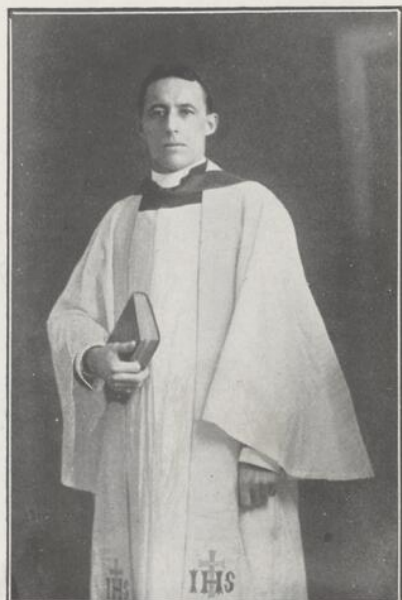
Mr. J. Ross Bryson, whose portrait appears on page 2, though still a young man, has accomplished much in the field of art. By birth Mr. Bryson is a Canadian, having been born near Montreal. By a queer turn of fate, he was as a boy apprenticed to a sign painter. Naturally this gave his artistic instincts little chance for development, but he served his time, and did his prosaic work faithfully. At the close of his apprenticeship he started for Europe, where he spent several years, visited all the art centres, and studying under the best masters. Returning to the United States, he settled down to hard work, determined to make a name for himself. He soon found that pastel was his favorite medium, its peculiar softness and deli-

cate transparency appealing to him strongly. To-day he ranks as perhaps the greatest pastel painter on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Bryson has his studio in Chicago. A visitor finds but few of his works upon its walls, however, since from the first, buyers have been more numerous than pictures, notwithstanding his industry at the easel. But his pictures are frequently seen in the more prominent exhibitions all over the country, and many examples hang upon the walls of the leading Chicago clubs, and in the houses of the more discriminating art lovers. A future of continued brilliant achievement is predicted for Mr. Bryson by the best art critics.

NEW RECTOR OF SAULT STE MARIE.

Rev. H. A. Brooke, M.A., for the past four years Curate at the St. James the Apostle, in this city, who left last week for Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., to become Rector of St. Luke's pro-Cathedral, of the Diocese of Algoma, is an honor graduate of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, where he took his B.A. degree in 1890, and his M.A. in 1896. He was ordained by the Lord Bishop of Quebec, his ordination being the first episcopal act of the Right Rev. Dr. Dunn, who



REV. H. A. BROOKE—Who this week became rector of the Anglican pro-Cathedral at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

was elected to the See of Quebec in 1892. The departure of the Rev. Mr. Brooke from the Church of St. James the Apostle and from the Diocese of Montreal, where he has been an active worker and good example, is a matter of regret to the congregation of St. James the Apostle, as well as to many others. Rev. Mr. Brooke is what is called a "good Churchman," and before leaving, was presented with a new cassock, surplice, and stole from the Woman's Auxiliary; a travelling clock from the infant class at the Sunday-school; a book-case from the St. Antoine Street Mission, of the Parish of St. James the Apostle; a substantial purse of gold from friends in the congregation of St. James the Apostle; a handsome French movement clock from the city clergy of the Diocese of Montreal; and other tokens of regard and esteem, including a gold cross from personal friends, coupled with the good wishes of his many friends and former parishioners in Montreal.

Mr. Robert Brussel, musical critic of the Figaro (Paris), gives a detailed account of the libretto as well as of the score. He says that the music clearly shows the influence of Mozart, Donizetti, and Rossini, and especially of "Don Pasquale," but that it is by no means merely imitative. It is not strikingly original, but it blends French subtlety and grace with Italian melodic charm.

NEWLY DISCOVERED OPERA BY BIZET.

By pure accident, a youthful operatic work of Georges Bizet, the French musician, composer of "Carmen" (which opera Nietzsche declared to be superior to any music drama of Wagner), was found several weeks ago among a mass of old papers long neglected. It is entitled "Don Procopio," and is a bouffe operetta in two acts, founded on a story which is very old in Italian literature. Bizet wrote the score for it at the age of nineteen; it was never produced, however, though he spoke of it in letters to his mother and friends, and expressed satisfaction with the music. It was apparently lost after his death, for his fame would have induced more than one impresario to produce it, had its existence been known, and could it have been recovered.

The announcement of this interesting "find" created great interest in Paris, but the Prince of Monaco, who is a patron of the arts, secured the privilege of producing it first at the Monte-Carlo opera. The musical event occurred last month, and all accounts agree that

the occasion was notable. The operetta proved to be delightful, and equal to the best work done in the same style. It disclosed the very qualities which later brought Bizet fame, and the critics think that it will survive on its own merits.

There are, says Mr. Brussel, reminiscences of older music as well as curious adumbrations of the more dramatic and significant music of "Carmen." The melodies are bright and fresh; there are spirited and humorous choruses and a brilliant march movement; above all, the orchestral accompaniment is remarkably opulent and colorful for the period, and for so young a man as Bizet was at the time. Among the most pleasing numbers are: An aria of Bettina, a serenade, a love duet, a trio, and an aria by Ernesto. Bizet was not content to provide a minimum of melody; he was lavish in this respect, and there is not a "dry" scene in the whole operetta.



LIFE ON PARLIAMENT HILL—The Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Minister of Railways and Canals, and the Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, Postmaster-General, strolling in the grounds surrounding the Parliament Buildings. (Photographed by The Standard's Special Photographer.)



LIFE ON PARLIAMENT HILL—The Hon. Charles Hyman, Minister of Public Works, and the Hon. Wm. Paterson, Minister of Customs, leaving the Privy Council Chamber. (Photographed by The Standard's Special Photographer.)