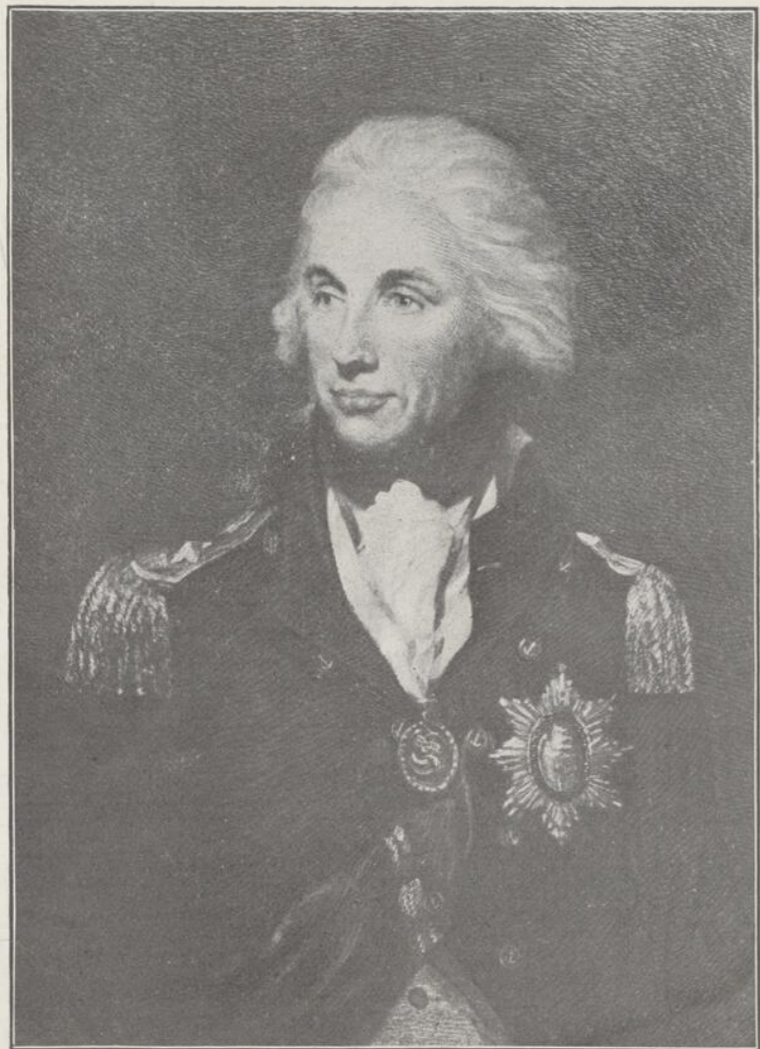


NELSON WON IMMORTALITY AT TRAFALGAR ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO TO-DAY

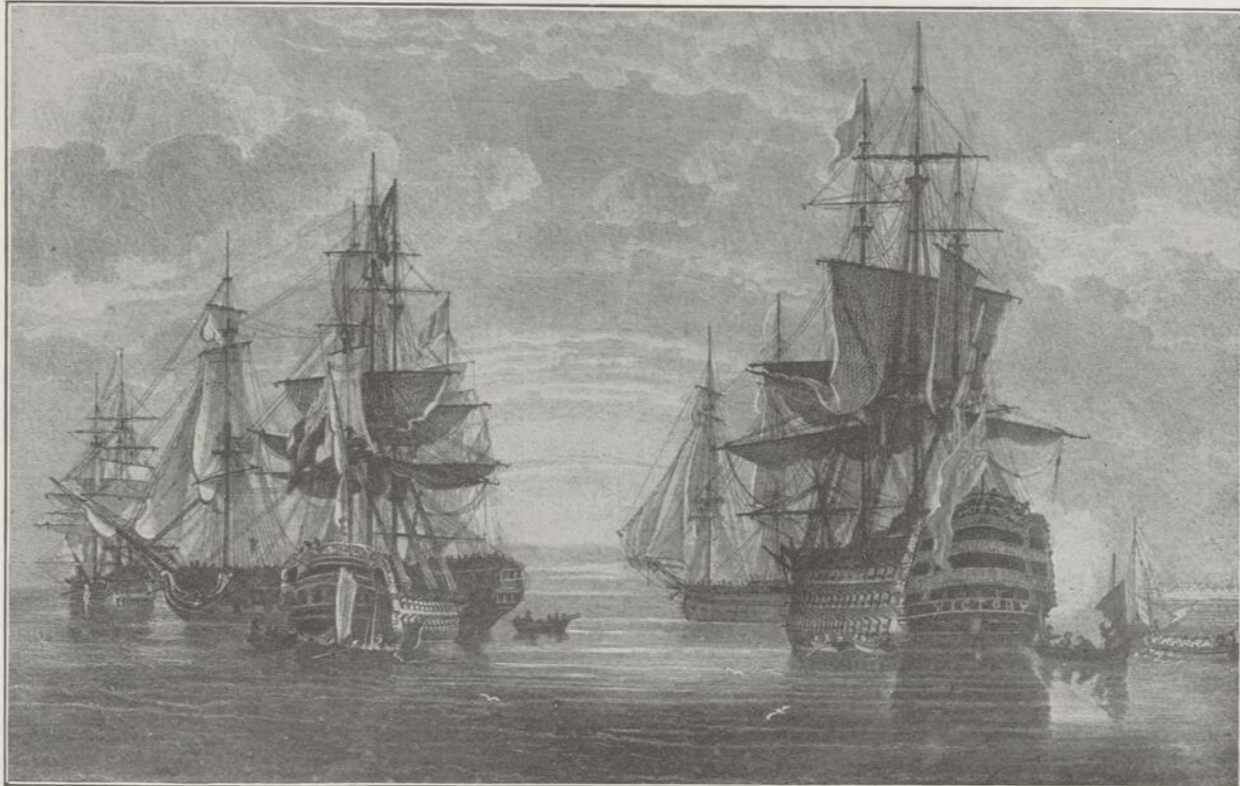


HEROIC FIGURES IN THE GREAT WORLD DRAMA PICTURED FOR STANDARD READERS



VICE-ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.

(From the painting by L. F. Abbott, in the National Portrait Gallery.)



HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS "AGAMEMNON," "CAPTAIN," "VANGUARD,"
"ELEPHANT," AND "VICTORY."

(From an engraving by J. Fittler, after the painting by N. Pocock.)
[The "Victory" is to the front and right of the picture. It was on this ship that Nelson met his death.]



LADY NELSON.

(From a photograph by Mr. E. Kelly, of Plymouth, of a miniature in the possession of Mrs. F. H. B. Eccles, of Sherwell House, Plymouth, a great-grand-daughter of Lady Nelson. Believed to have been painted about the time of the Battle of the Nile.)



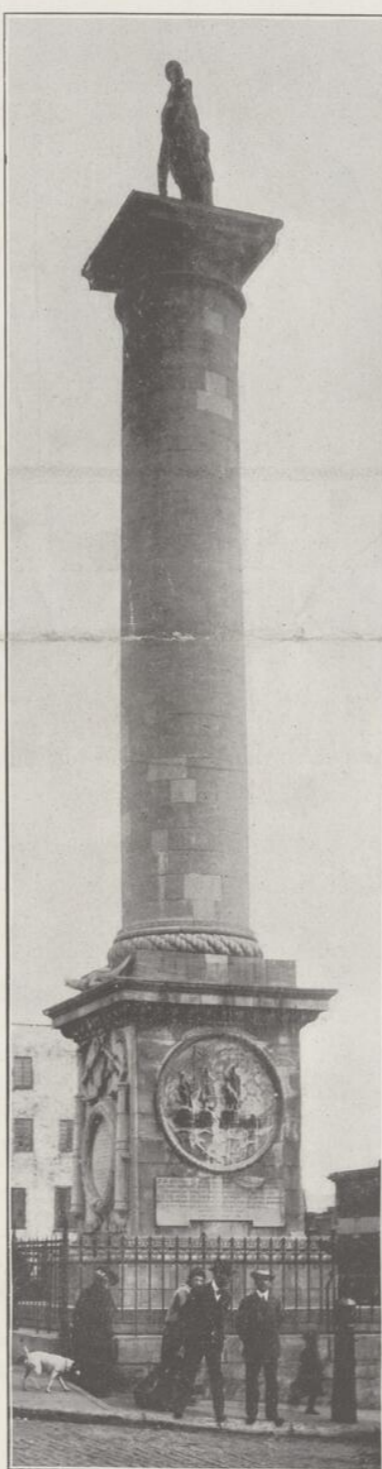
ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD.

(From the painting by Henry Howard, at Greenwich Hospital. On the death of Nelson, Admiral Collingwood took charge of the British fleet at Trafalgar.)

TO-DAY the English-speaking world is celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar—that great event in the early days of the nineteenth century which forever shattered the ambitious schemes of Napoleon the Great for the invasion and conquest of Great Britain, and which robbed the British navy of its most illustrious admiral, the dearly beloved and immortal Nelson.

To-day, in thousands of cities and towns and villages throughout the length and breadth of Britain's mighty Empire, the centenary is being observed with elation and enthusiasm, mingled with which, however, is the minor chord of regret and sorrow at the untimely death of the idol of the British fleet in his moment of supreme and decisive victory.

To-day THE STANDARD publishes a series of pictures of scenes and personages associated with Nelson's career. These are reproductions of many famous paintings to be found in the National Gallery of Art at London and in the Museum at Greenwich Hospital, and have been secured at considerable trouble for the readers of THE STANDARD.



THE NELSON MEMORIAL AT
MONTREAL.

This monument was erected in 1808 through the joint subscriptions of the French and English residents of the city. It is situated on Jacques Cartier Square, and is crowned with a figure of Lord Nelson. The bas-reliefs depict his engagements at the Nile, at Copenhagen and at Trafalgar.

A few years ago the monument, which had fallen into decay, was completely restored; it is now in as good a condition as when it was first built.



HORATIA NELSON.

(From a miniature by Sir William Charles Ross, in the possession of Mr. Nelson Ward. Horatia was the daughter of Nelson, and, it is said, Lady Hamilton, and the picture represents her at the age of 22.)



CAPTAIN THOMAS HARDY.

(From the painting by Robert Evans, at the Greenwich Hospital. Capt. Hardy was with Nelson in his last moments, and did much to ease the dying bed of his commander-in-chief. It was to the care of Hardy that Nelson commended Lady Hamilton in the tender words, spoken shortly before the Admiral's death: "Take care of dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy. Take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy. Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty.")



"LADY HAMILTON AS A BACCHANTE."

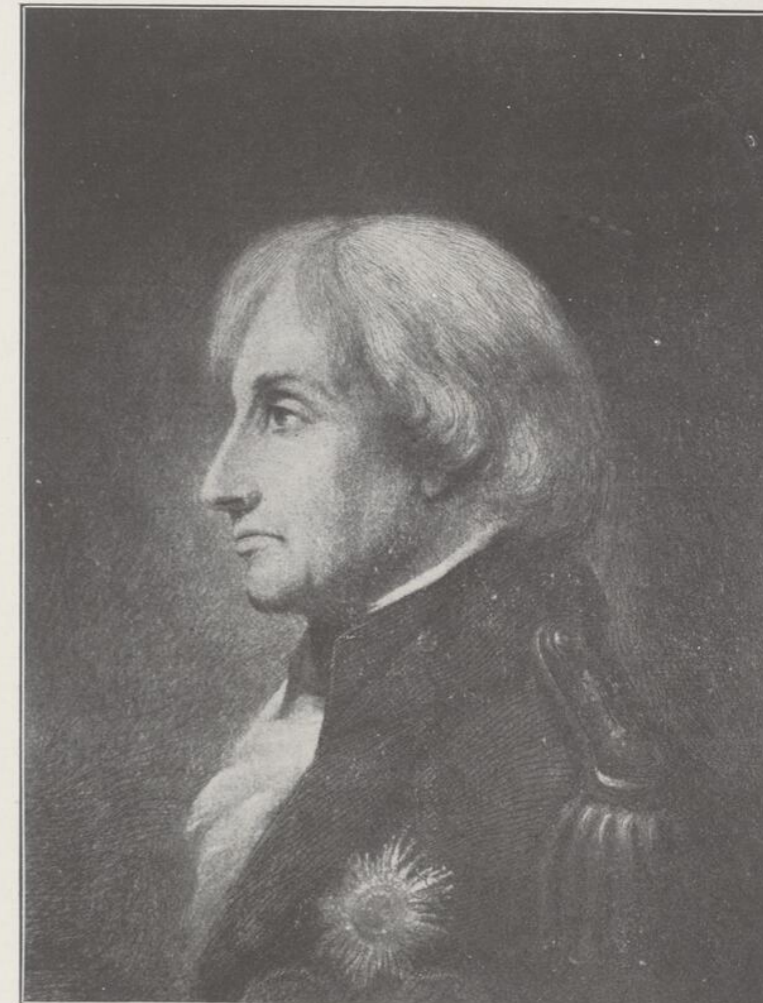
(From the celebrated painting, by Geo. Romney, in the National Gallery, London.)

Nelson's infatuation for Lady Hamilton was only equalled in intensity by that of Romney, the great painter, for the same person. To the latter she appeared as the personification of all feminine graces, and he never tired of representing her beauties under all possible aspects. Lady Hamilton must have been endowed with an extraordinary amount of fascination and with more than common cleverness to have captivated such men as Nelson and Romney.



THE DEATH OF NELSON.

(From the painting by D. Machise, R.A. By permission of the Art Union of London. The picture represents the scene in the cock-pit of the "Victory" as the shadow of death closed in around the gallant Admiral.)



VICE-ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.

(From the portrait in the possession of Sir W. Biddulph Parker, Bart., of Blackbrook House, Fareham, Hants. On the back of the original picture is written: "This head was sketched from the Hero during his short stay at Merton the beginning of September, 1805, by me, John Whichelo." The portrait, therefore, represents Nelson as he appeared during the month preceding his death.)

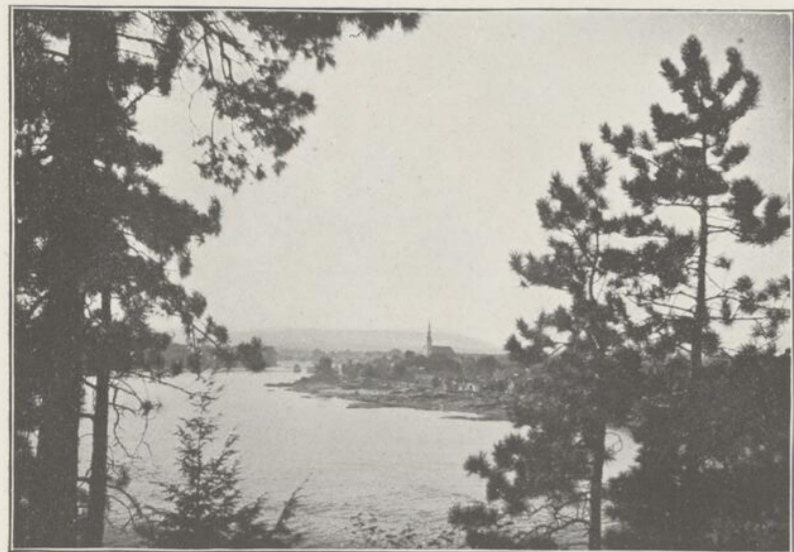
Commercialism and Literature

(Written for THE STANDARD by the Hon. Mr. Justice Longley, of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia.)

LITERATURE is the reflection of the age. It derives its hue from the dominant impulse of the era. The beginning of the twentieth century finds the world almost without literature,

and cotton crop in North America three months in advance of harvest.

We have, practically, no religious literature. Churches are run, to all intents and purposes,



STANDARD'S PRIZE COMPETITION—View of Gatineau Point from Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa. (Photo by G. M. Mathewson, Ottawa)

certainly the higher literature. Poets and poetry we have practically none. There is a cause for this. Intellectually, the age is as strong as ever; intelligence is more widely distributed; the reading public has expanded enormously within the last twenty or thirty years. Publications have multiplied, and still we have no poetry, very little philosophy, and no spiritual utterances which appeal in any degree to heart or soul.

Why? Because of the character of the age. It is commercial, scientific and materialistic. It is an age of invention, physical development, machinery, electricity, rapid transit, stock markets. When these constitute the regnant thought of the people of all civilized countries, what chance is there for poetry? Carlyle's "Latter-Day Pamphlets" would scarcely find readers if uttered today by a man whose reputation was unachieved. The only writer who commands general attention now is one who can set forth the means by which a steamer can cross the ocean in twenty-four hours less time than can now be done; who can unfold the workings of a machine by which men could fly at the rate of sixty miles an hour, or could foretell the grain

on commercial lines. They neither rise higher nor sink lower than the prevailing commercialism of the day. Orthodoxy in the church now means freedom from debt and a large and paying congregation. The priest or pastor who will pro-



STANDARD'S PRIZE COMPETITION—A party of Iroquois girls in camp. (Photo by J. W. Tindale, Iroquois, Ont.)

claim seriously from the pulpit the doctrine, "Sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor," would be regarded by the pillars of the church and public generally as marching straightway towards a hospital for the insane. It is not

to be supposed that this condition of things will last forever. Humanity has, naturally, a heart, and, sooner or later, the poetry of the human heart will find vent in the literature of the soul. High and holy thoughts of love and beauty will once more appeal, as of yore, to the human race, and religion will become a great reality, moulding human life and character. The age of commercialism will run its day, probably reach its climax, when its grotesqueness will dawn upon an awakened world, and lead to a revival of poetry and religion. A man or woman, who, at this particular moment, would venture to utter such thoughts as Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Hugo and Tennyson gave to the world, would seem like a voice crying in the wilderness. In the English speaking world, the most popular poem of the last decade was written by Rudyard Kipling on the inspiring topic of passing round the hat.

Let us speak a word for the present age. It has developed freedom of thought, freedom of expression, broader views in respect of dogmas and beliefs; developed a vast range of scientific discovery; improved enormously the conditions of physical life; and inaugurated widespread philanthropy toward the needy, helpless and oppressed.

But all these do not touch the highest in humanity; and the literature of the twentieth century will not have a high place in the annals of mankind until a change has come over the spirit of our dreams, and commercialism

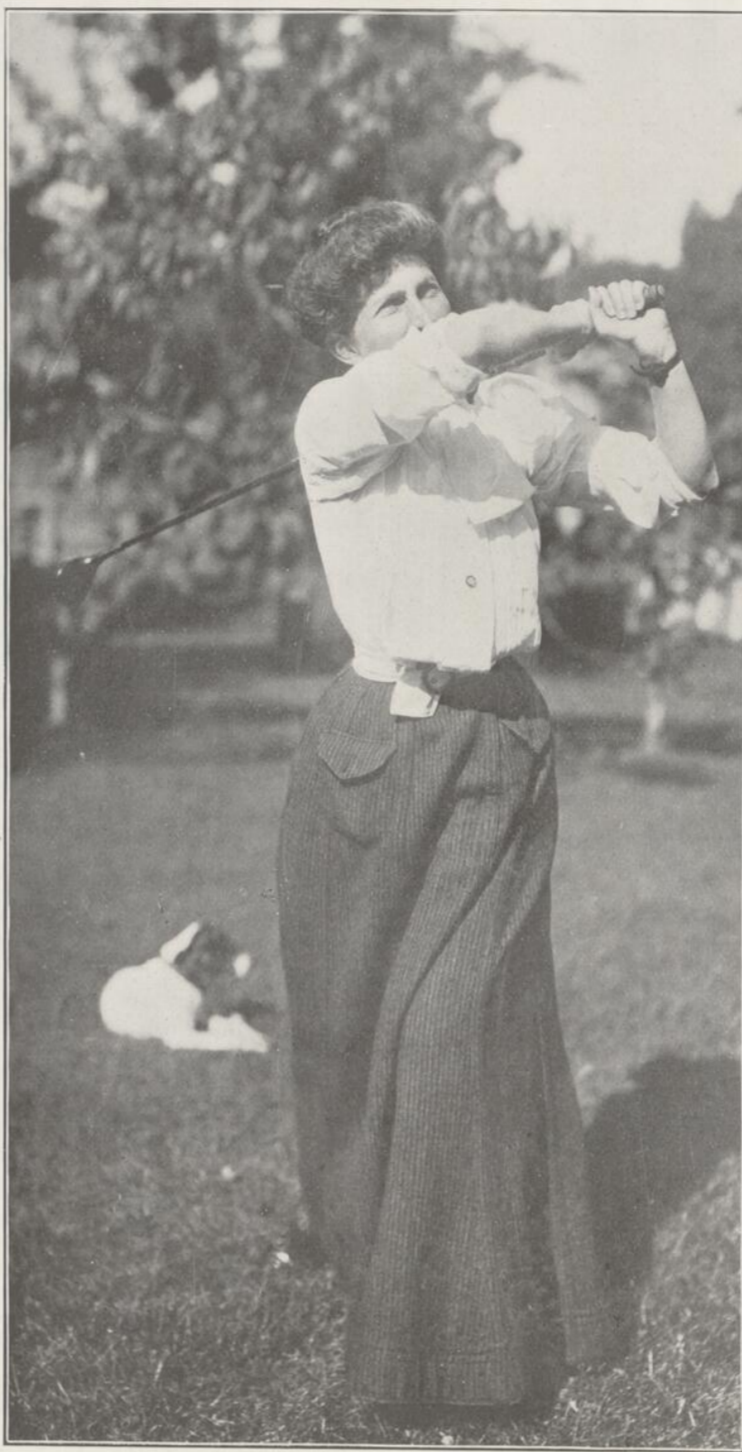
has resigned its throne to sentiment and love.

SONNET.

You, who have passed the threshold of the day,
And know the golden hours of that
Beyond,
I could not weep for you, however fond!
I could not think of you as snatched away
By ruthless death, as though in demon-play;
Or as the simple beauty of the flower,
That knows the dew and sunlight for an hour,
Then droops and dies—a joy that could not stay!

I thought of you as one who had out-worn
The complex pleasures of this earthly span!
As one who lived, and made the lagging time
Seem happier for your smile—I did not mourn
For you! I knew that you had passed the ban
That separates the soul from the Sublime!
Montreal. SYDNEY C. DALTON.

CANADIAN LADY GOLF PLAYERS



MRS. A. S. WOODRUFF.

of St. Catharines, who was the winner in the driving competition at Dixie during the Ladies' Tournament. Since returning home she won the Visitors' Cup, for highest score, in Buffalo.

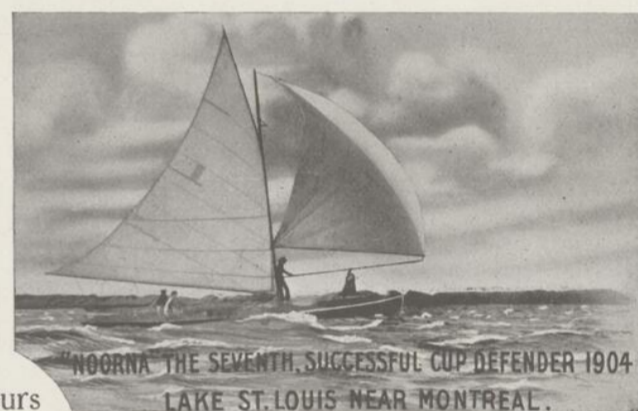
She is also the winner of trophies in St. Catharines, among others, the driving competition last week.



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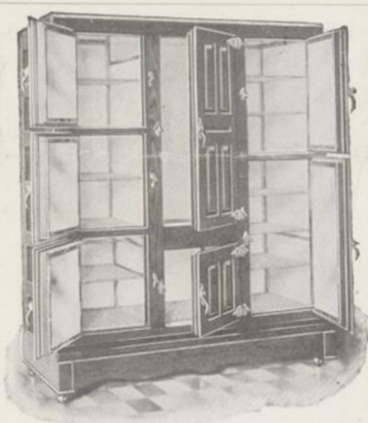
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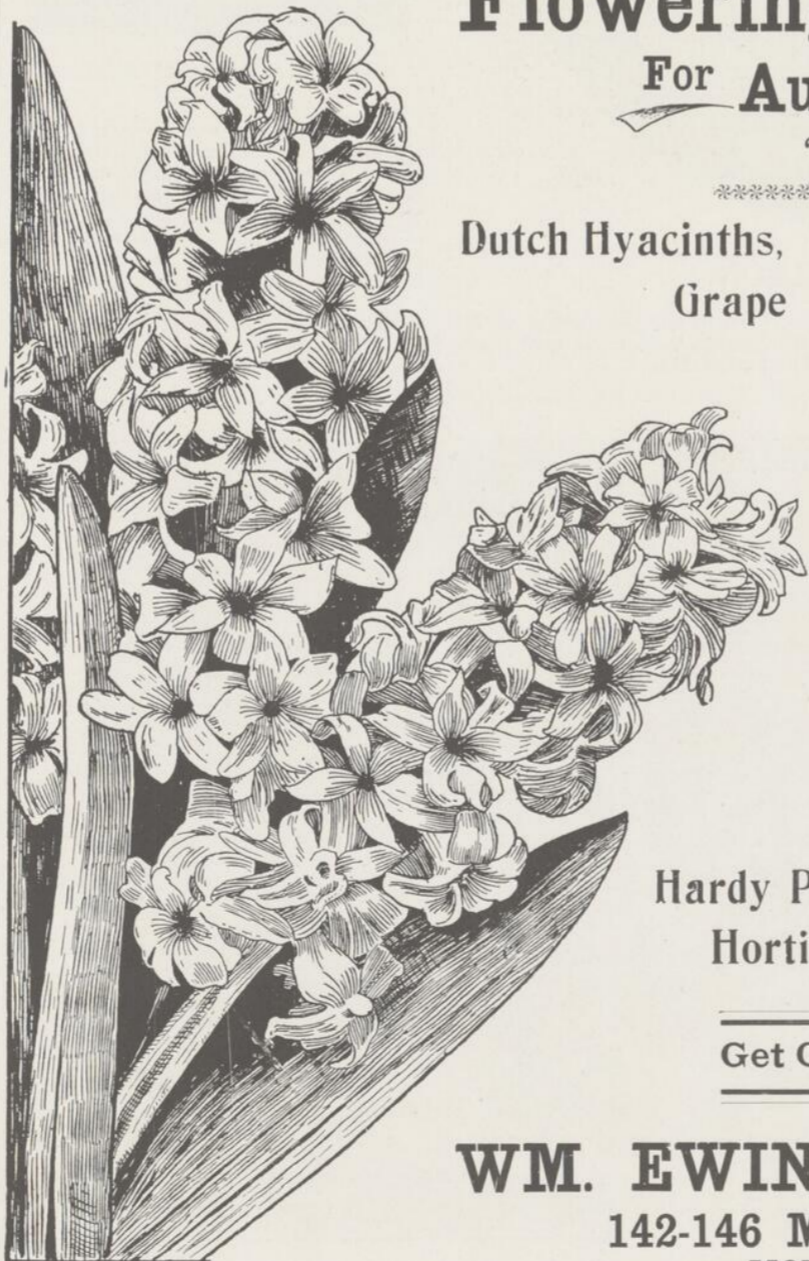
The cable steamer Colonia, taken at Canso, N.S., just before sailing to commence laying the new cable off the Irish Coast.



Bishop's Palace and St. Dunstan's Cathedral at Charlottetown, P.E.I.



The newly completed bridge over the Hillsboro River, P.E.I. (First picture taken.)



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A Group of Prominent Halifax Citizens Welcoming His Serene Highness



Watson Studio
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Studley, Sept 1905

The recent visit of Prince Louis of Battenberg to Halifax—The entertainment in honor of His Serene Highness at the grounds of the famous Studley Quoit Club, which enjoys the distinction of having entertained from time to time the most distinguished visitors to the Dominion of Canada.

A Few of the Latest Fashion Hints for the Many Lady Readers of The Standard



A LITTLE BIRD WHISPERS

That—Opera cloaks will be made in rich brocades of delicate tints, with fur linings. Embroideries with paillettes, with gold and with narrow ribbons, will further glorify some of the most sumptuous.

That—Fashions' decree for pile fabrics will be very gratifying to all who are engaged in their manufacture. Chiffon velvet heads the list in toilettes of ceremony and evening cloaks. Mirror and paon velvets absorb the demand for millinery.

That—The importance of moires in the winter silk aggregation is growing rapidly. There are moires in plaids and checks, plaided and Pekin striped taffetas galore, and it is quite safe to add Roman stripes to the list.

That—Every indication points to the fact that the separate waist remains unobscured.

That—Sterling silver belt buckles, in bright finish, with beautiful chased designs, are much in demand for dressy belts.

That—Tabs are taking a prominent place in the new neckwear, some reaching halfway to the waist.

That—The wide sash ribbons, with embroidered floral design, are being used to develop handsome work bags, with the sides of the bag forming pockets for the stowing away of various necessities and leaving the centre free for the work in course of construction.

That—Pearls, rough and smooth, are among Fashion's pet ornaments. Black pearls and white pearls are having a great vogue, black pearls being put to pretty use as buttons and in embroideries.

That—While necklaces have grown smaller, finger rings are larger than ever, a handsome specimen of an oblong ring reaching to the first knuckle.

That—Beautiful white India shawls, with borders in the Oriental colorings, are being revived.

That—Broderie Anglaise is still in high favor, and appears in cloth, velvet and silk for the autumn, and black silk hose have broderie Anglaise done in white.

That—The employment of ribbons for dress trimming purposes seems to be increasing in popularity. We hear of gowns of point d'esprit, with their flounces bordered with narrow satin ribbon in three or five rows; shaded from dark, on the edge, to the palest.

That—Broadcloth, in pastel and gobelin shades, will continue to be the foundation fabric of modish evening cloaks.

That—Burnt out embroideries, on very sheer soft goods, have the baby crochet designs and elaborate fancy edges. These very sheer, delicate embroideries also come in repousse effects.

That—The tend of fashion is certainly veering toward the tailor-made gown with its elegant simplicity of lines.

That—Very long coats, which reach within four inches of the ground, are the novel feature of the season.

That—The pierrot ruche of tulle, very full, very wide and very fluffy, is the popular Parisian neck-throw at present.



A CHAPEAU OF SMART SIMPLICITY.

It is in the fine French felt shape that the style of this dainty chapeau exists. Like all of the newer shapes, this is finished with a raw edge, and a bandeau mounted in the headsize serves to lift it smartly at the left side and to a lesser degree in the back. This is filled in with a soft white ottoman ribbon, disposed in loops and rosettes, and two cut-steel buckles are deftly inserted with excellent effect. The top of the hat has a huge gull in several shades of gray posed flat on the crown, and just a broad strand of ribbon is interwoven through the wings.

A DAY WITH THE HOUNDS; AMONG THE FOOTBALL PLAYERS; CANADIANS RECENTLY HONORED ABROAD



A Day with the Hounds.

A group of huntsmen and a few of their lady friends. Photographed for THE STANDARD at the country house of Dr. Charles McEachran, Cartierville. Among those pictured are Dr. and Mrs. Charles McEachran, Major Hooper, Colin Campbell, Miss Campbell, A. D. Ogilvie, H. H. Learmont, W. Ogilvie, H. Gault and Bartlett McLennan.

clear, high, bracing air which he had inhaled most of his life, the constant exercise—and that of the most vigorous sort—to which he had subjected his body, had kept him extraordinarily young, and at the age mentioned he has the fresh face of a young man, the step of thirty, and the brightness of eye, the alertness of mind, which we associate with life at its zenith.

PREFERRED TO BE ALONE.

The habit of Mr. Whympier has been to go out alone. Once in a long while he might accept the services of the Swiss guides provided by the C. P. R.

It was a sight to see the famous climber starting out. He wore the regulation costume, surmounted by a low cap, from beneath which the keen blue eyes looked out, clear, and, perhaps, a little defiant.

Mr. Whympier is not an anchorite, and he always brought with him an abundant commissariat, which included every conceivable creature comfort.

Thus fortified, the veteran climber would start out, and during the whole summer there would never a word be heard from him.

He slept out in the open. He climbed all day. He gathered



A Day with the Hounds.

Mr. Colin Campbell and his daughter, Miss Enid. Photographed for THE STANDARD.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS on this page of THE STANDARD are of varied interest. Three depict scenes connected with the autumn programme of the Montreal Hunt; and a like number illustrate the splendid game of football, the season for which is now in full swing.

The Montreal Hunt is deservedly one of the best organizations on the island of Montreal. Its membership is large, and its annual programmes of races, steeple-chases, cross-country rides, etc., are eagerly looked forward to by those who enjoy such recreations. The club has a splendid home, back of the mountain—a place that has been the scene of many stirring entertainments, in which royalty and vice-royalty have frequently participated. A run with the hounds invariably attracts the true-hearted sportsman, and no more enjoyable day can be spent in the country than on the saddle of a horse which is following the keen-scented animals as they run their prey to cover. At this particular period of the year the pendulum of Hunt Clubs is at its highest swing as it were, and with steeple-chases and cross-country runs, their members are having a good time. The pictures on this page were taken at the country house of Dr. Charles McEachran, at Cartierville, and portray a number of enthusiastic huntsmen and a few of their lady friends. The large group embraces Dr. and Mrs. Charles McEachran, Major Hooper, Colin Campbell, Miss Campbell, A. D. Ogilvie, H. H. Learmont, W. Ogilvie, H. B. McDougall and A. Gault. The group of four, mounted, comprises Dr. and Mrs. McEachran, Messrs. Watson, Ogilvie and Reg. Gault.

The football pictures give the reader an excellent idea of the huskiness and virility of the Montreal and Rough Riders' Football Clubs. That of the Montreal Club was taken immediately after its recent tussle with the Westmount team. The players give evidence of having emerged from a clean and invigorating contest. The Rough Riders' Club is now in the pink of perfection and the picture shows the robustness and fine

physique of its members, all of whom are evidently somewhat older than the players shown in the other picture.

A FAMOUS MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.

Mr. Edward Whympier Has Achieved Some Remarkable Feats in Europe and Canada.

(Written for THE STANDARD.)

MR. EDWARD WHYMPIER is a unique character. He has been climbing high mountains all his life. As a boy the passion grew upon him.

His parents were in the habit of taking him to Switzerland in the summer time, and although their idea was simply rest and quiet recreation, the Alps enchained the young lad's fancy, and bred in him the desire for lofty altitudes.

When a very young man, Mr. Whympier successfully ascended

the Matterhorn and every other peak of note in the Alpine range. He undertook the most imminent risks, often disdained the help of a guide, and never knew an atom of fear.

And his pen was as ready as his feet were daring, for his habit was to get back to London, in which he lived, and write books describing his experiences. These were extremely fascinating, and the British public, which loves daring, began to look for Mr. Whympier's literary efforts.

Mr. Whympier was left comfortably off by his father, and could indulge his tastes at will. Year after year he made fresh records, and came at last to be regarded as the most famous mountain climber in the world.

At a time when most men are considered old, Mr. Whympier began the practice of coming out to Canada every summer to essay the most difficult peaks of our own Rockies. He was probably sixty-five years of age when the Rockies began to exert their lure upon him.

The out-door life, however, which Mr. Whympier had led, the



A Day with the Hounds.

Dr. Charles McEachran and Mrs. McEachran, Messrs. Watson Ogilvie and Reg. Gault. Photographed for THE STANDARD at Dr. McEachran's country house, Cartierville.

SON TRANSFORMS THE CZARINA.

The Empress of Russia has come back to her own; she is a changed being. The birth of her son fourteen months ago, has not only filled her with maternal happiness, with pride that she has pleased her lord, but has rejuvenated her, restored her spirits and her geniality.

When Princess Alix of Hesse, Queen Victoria's granddaughter, married Nicholas Nov. 14, 1894, she was one of the most popular princesses in Europe, not only with those of her rank but with all people. But after her marriage, she was robbed of her vivacity and amiability by the rigorous court etiquette and the stern discipline exercised by Pobiedonosteff, Procurator of the Holy Synod, in whose hands she was put for further religious instruction.

As every one knows, until quite recently the young Empress of Russia was regarded in Court circles as a comparative nonentity, all the real power being vested in the Dowager Empress, a brainy and scheming woman, who, according to an old European custom, was considered to hold the first place in the Empire as mother of the future Czar.

The birth of the little Czarevitch has changed all this. The young Empress has now asserted her power and all recognize her as being second only to the Czar.

But this is not the only evolution which the happy advent of the small Grand Duke Alexis wrought in his mother's life. After four daughters, who are now ten, eight, six and four years of age, he came to bless her, and since his coming her reserve and taciturnity, which had formed such a barrier between her and her subjects, has now given place to a smiling geniality. She is always talking of her little son, and often, in the midst of an animated conversation on the topics of the day, the proud young mother with obvious irrelevancy will break in with: "And you know baby?"—which clearly betrays that her mind is far away indeed from the subject under discussion.

CANADIANS HONORED ABROAD.



DR. F. J. SHEPHERD.

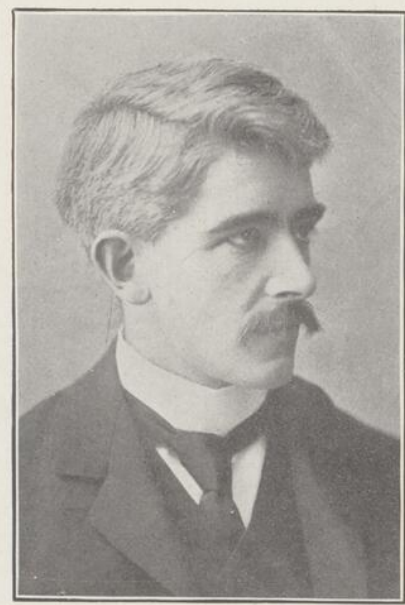
Professor of Anatomy at McGill University, upon whom, at the celebration of the fourth centenary of the Royal College of Surgeons, held in Edinburgh, the honorary fellowship of that ancient body was conferred.



The Montreal Football Team.

Photographed for THE STANDARD on the M.A.A.A. grounds immediately after its recent match with Westmount.

CANADIANS HONORED ABROAD.



PROF. S. M. DIXON.

of Dalhousie University, Halifax, who has been appointed to the chair of civil engineering in the University of Birmingham. This university has just inaugurated this department, and Professor Dixon is the first occupant.



The Rough Riders' Football Team, of Ottawa.

Photographed for THE STANDARD on the Montreal Baseball grounds at the conclusion of its recent Westmount match

specimens, for he is both botanist and entomologist as well as climber, and, indeed, he has traced the source of many valuable minerals among the Rockies.

Naturally, the newspapers desired to hear from Mr. Whympier something about his exploits upon his return to Montreal in the autumn.

Now, Mr. Whympier does not particularly love the press. He is a little choleric, if the truth must be told, and it needed the greatest finesse to secure admittance to his room at the Windsor Hotel.

The would-be interviewers would exhaust every little artifice. They were not sparing of praise. They were properly meek and respectful. They showed, with eloquence, that the whole world had agreed to praise Mr. Whympier as the greatest mountain climber that ever had been.

THE GREAT MAN'S "NO!"

And Mr. Whympier, looking out from beneath his shaggy brows, always thundered— "No!"

And then the newspaper men would daringly suggest that in

(Continued in General Section.)



A Tackle at the recent Montreal-Westmount Football Game.

Photographed for THE STANDARD.

IN the death of Henry Irving the stage has lost its most illustrious figure and the world has lost a great benefactor. He has died in the fulness of artistic achievement and at the summit of a spotless and splendid renown. He began poor and in a humble position, and by force of character, integrity of purpose, incessant industry, fidelity to duty, and the charm of genius, he raised himself to splendid eminence, and he raised the dramatic profession, of which he was the most conspicuous representative, to a dignity that it had never before possessed. He was animated by the noblest form of human ambition—the wish and purpose to make his generation better and happier by excelling as an interpreter of human nature, a minister of beauty and a guide to the spiritual life. For thirty years he held the destiny of the English stage in the hollow of his hand, and during that time he presented only the greatest subjects, and presented them only in the greatest manner. He touched nothing base. His energy was tremendous and his activity never made a pause. He left nothing to chance. He scrupulously regarded as well the slightest detail as the grandest design. He not only accomplished a benefit and an evolution in the painting of scenery and the setting and designing of plays, but he revived and maintained the natural method of acting—the method that makes impersonation the chief object of dramatic art.

His devotion to the theatre as an instrument of human advancement and happiness was religious in its feeling and passionate in its sincerity. He exemplified the dignity of his profession and he was never weary of asserting its cause. He was a great actor—certainly the greatest actor of his time—and so far as the printed records of the stage enable a studious observer to judge, he was the greatest

THE LATE SIR HENRY IRVING



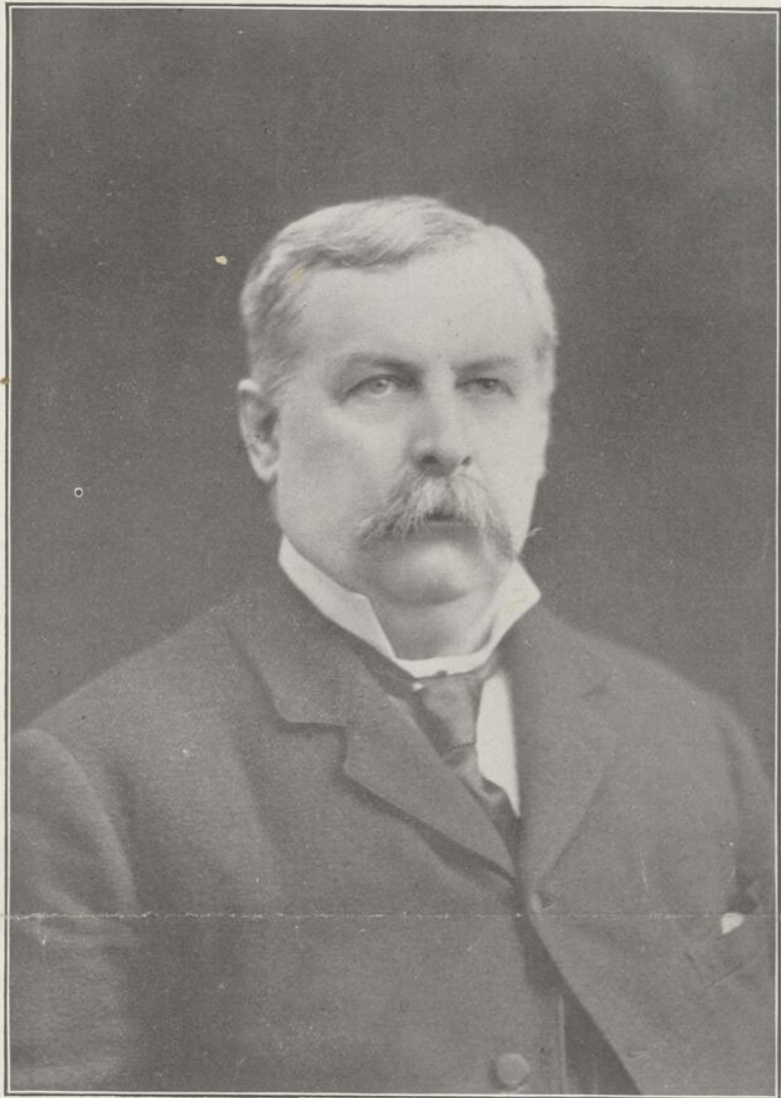
IN THE CHARACTER OF "CARDINAL WOLSEY."

The world-famous actor, who passed away so suddenly last week, is here represented in the character of "Cardinal Wolsey" in Shakespeare's historical drama of "King Henry VIII." This play he revived some years ago in London with considerable success. Miss Ellen Terry played the part of "Queen Katherine," and her personal triumph was no less marked than that of Irving in the role of the great Cardinal Archbishop of York, whose life was one of opulence and power, and whose passing at Leicester Abbey was a bitter commentary on the frailty and mutability of human greatness.

"O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to my enemies!"

[Wolsey in Scene II., Act III. "King Henry VIII."]

He was beloved by his conferees, and in his death, an exceedingly useful and brilliant career was cut short.



THE LATE DR. FRANK BULLER,
Canada's World-famous Oculist.



LATE MR. ARTHUR TURCOTTE,
Prothonotary of the Superior Court,
Montreal, who died suddenly
last week.

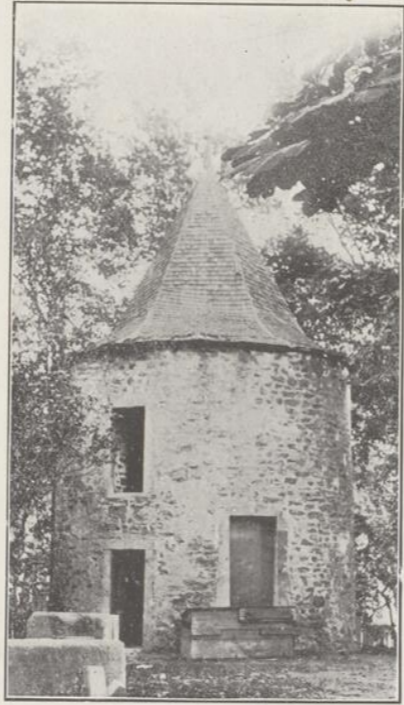
THE LATE DR. BULLER.

The late Dr. Buller, who passed away last week at the comparatively early age of 61, was one of the famous oculists of the world. His reputation was as wide as the earth itself, and it was not an unusual thing for his patients to come from as far as the eastern limits of Europe on the east, and the Pacific coast on the west, to seek his advice and assistance. He was most successful in his operations, and many cases which had baffled the skill of other oculists were successfully treated by him. He was a man with a big heart and many cases of acute suffering were assuaged by him when it was not possible for the patients to tender him any remuneration.

LATE MR. A. TURCOTTE

The sudden death last week of Mr. Arthur Turcotte, the prothonotary of the Superior Court for the district of Montreal, removed a figure of considerable prominence in political and legal circles in Montreal. He was a former speaker of the Quebec Legislature, and a brilliant platform orator. For some years previous to his death he had retired from active participation in politics, devoting his time to the interests of the prothonotary's office at the Court house. He was a man respected by all and his circle of friends was a wide one. He passed away in his chair while at work at the Court house.

THE STANDARD'S PRIZE COMPETITION.



One of the old towers in the grounds of the Montreal College, Sherbrooke Street. This tower is now used as a store-house for tools and implements. [Photo by J. A. Whitaker, Montreal.]

THE RETIRING POST-MASTER-GENERAL.

Sir William Mulock, who recently resigned the portfolio of Postmaster-General in the Laurier Cabinet, has been identified with Canadian politics for many years. He was one of Sir Wilfrid's able lieutenants while the latter led the Opposition in the Federal House, in fact, he acted in the same capacity to the Hon. Edward Blake. On the return of the Liberal party to power in 1896, he was invited by Sir Wilfrid to join the latter's Cabinet as Postmaster-General, an invitation which he accepted. His record at the head of the post-office department is well-known. During his regime many reforms were instituted, the principal one, perhaps, being the change in the letter-rate from three to two cents, and the establishment of a two-cent letter rate to many parts of the Empire. Sir William was also

actor that ever lived, for there is no record of any man who has played so many and such widely contrasted parts of the highest order and played them all equally well. His range included Hamlet and Jingle; Macbeth and Don Quixote; King Lear (which he considered his best performance) and Robert Macaire; Dr. Primrose, the Vicar of Wakefield, and Louis XI; Mephistopheles and Benedict; Lesurques and Dubose; Shylock and Doricourt; Becket and Corporal Brewster, and Mathias, in "The Bells," a part in which no other actor could come within a thousand miles of him, a fabric of his own wonderful imagination, into which he poured all the fire of his generous nature and liberated the finest reserves of his soul. His interest in humanity was as wide as the human mind can reach and the human heart can feel.

In his character he combined great wisdom with great simplicity. His whole being was dominated by intellect, but his sympathy extended to every suffering creature upon earth, and in practical charity his munificence was boundless. In many ways he was a lonely man—isolated in part by mental supremacy, in part by temperament, and in part by circumstances of cruel personal experience—but he loved to make others happy, and he gazed with eyes of benevolence on all the wide pageantry and pathos of this mortal scene. No mind more noble, no heart more tender, no spirit more pure and gentle ever came into this world. Henry Irving lived to bless mankind, and in his death—which is a universal bereavement—he leaves an immortal memory of genius and goodness and an immortal example of all that is heroic and beautiful in the conduct of life.

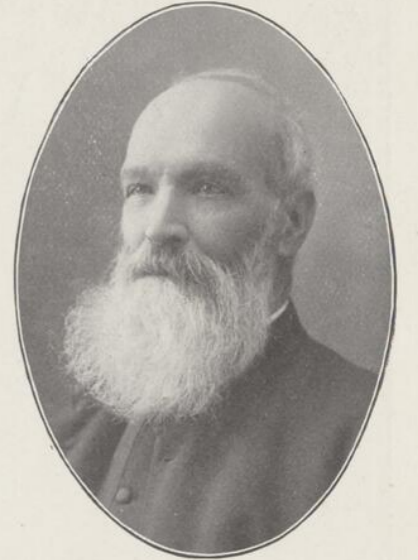
WILLIAM WINTER.



SIR WILLIAM MULOCK,
who has resigned his position as Postmaster-General in the Laurier Administration.

A LITTERATEUR'S DEATH.

The Rev. G. G. Roberts, D. D., rector of Fredericton, N. B., who passed away last week, was one of the well-known clergymen of the Maritime Provinces. He was the father of Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, the brilliant Canadian litterateur, and a former professor of literature in Acadia University. The members of his family have distinguished themselves in literary work, and the deceased was a writer of considerable power and originality. He died of pleuro-pneumonia last week after an illness of three days' duration.



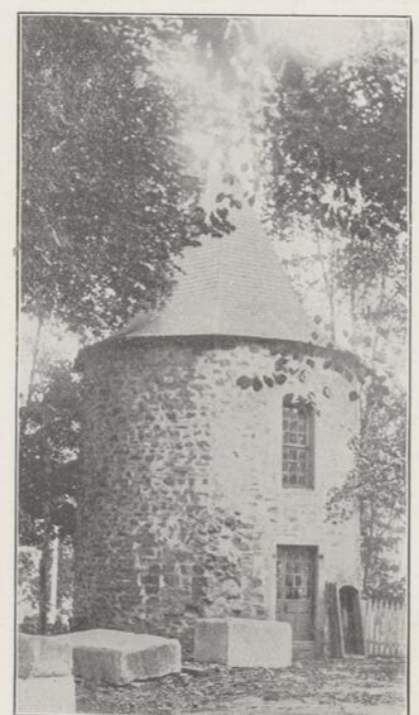
LATE REV. G. G. ROBERTS, D.D.,
Father of Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts,
the well-known writer, who died at
Fredericton, N.B., last week,
after a three days' illness.

THE STANDARD'S PRIZE PHOTO COMPETITION



Our Visiting British Warships—The "Cumberland."

(Photo by W. S. Louson.)



One of the old towers in the grounds of the Montreal College, Sherbrooke Street. This tower contains the old altar which was used 200 years ago. [Photo by J. A. Whitaker, Montreal.]

THE STANDARD'S PRIZE PHOTO COMPETITION



Our Visiting British Warships—The flagship "Drake" and the cruisers "Bedford" and "Essex."

(Photo by W. S. Louson.)

Many Picturesque Scenes in Montreal Which Prove a Great Attraction to Visitors



A Market Scene in Montreal—Arranging the vegetables.

(Photographed for THE STANDARD.)



A Day's Marketing—"An excellent fowl."

(Photographed for THE STANDARD.)

WHEN THE MONTREAL CABMAN has taken his "fare" around the mountain, he says: "But the greatest treat is yet in store for you, sir. You must see one of the sights of Montreal—the Bonsecours Market." There certainly is a wonderful charm about the open markets of Montreal. The atmosphere is peculiar to the Province of Quebec. It is here that one finds still lingering in the bustling twentieth century quaint accents, picturesque costumes, manners and usages which retain all their pristine flavor, notwithstanding that the trolley car is at the elbow. All the markets have a little of this old-world quaintness, but Bonsecours is the great attraction both for Montrealers and the hundreds of tourists to the city. The farmers and their wives, for miles around, come to the Bonsecours Market with the products of their vegetable gardens and orchards. You will see them driving in the night previous to the market day. Their waggons are loaded. In the fall of the year the ripe things make a brave show. The mammoth squash peeps out fat and golden, the great bundles of celery show their flesh fibres, the red apples shine, the onions give forth that flavor which the immortal Don Quixote found so delicious on the breath of his

There is a solid mass of carts filled to overflowing with apples and green stuff, tobacco, turnips, carrots, onions, and every product of the vegetable garden.

The buyers assemble at an early

good deal of human nature in evidence, and the way they pretend to come down from the price they originally asked, the aspect of despair they present when the buyer insists upon a less figure than the first named, all suggest native shrewdness.

The women are, for the most part, fat and "sonsy." Corsets are disdained. Accordingly, they are strong and healthy, with rosy cheeks even in their old age, and show a degree of suppleness, both physically and mentally, which is quite wonderful.

But the good humor which marks the scene is quite infectious,

you have to carry the stuff home, and many a housewife, desiring to economize, may be seen, a little shame-faced, carrying home the goose or the chicken, whose head peeps out of the basket, in the street car.

But while the butcher charges you ten cents for the cauliflower, the habitant in the market will give you the same for five.

You can get a peck of apples for a trifle.

When the cold weather sets in and the habitant brings in the beef he has killed, you can get a "side" for five cents a pound.

THE ORIGIN OF LOVE

(Written for THE STANDARD by Professor J. Clark Murray, of Montreal.)

It cannot be that only
Upon this little star,
Where each one is so lonely,
And known but from afar,
I have known this form of beauty,
Whose magic through me stole
With the power with which strong
Duty
Arrests the God-born soul.

It must be something fairer
Than shapes of this life's birth,
That charms a passion rarer
Than likings born on earth.
Two souls together growing
Till twined in one at last,
And then together going
From out the hidden past,
Have found these forms material,
In which we two appear,
Yet yearn for their ethereal
Communion even here.

When'er the light which dances
In her resistless eyes,
Gleams one of those love-glances,
Through which I dare surmise
That, though past human seeing
The link by which they clasp,
The deep roots of our being
Each other strongly grasp,
It seems as echoes clearly
Were heard from whence we
Come,
And I cherish them as dearly
As memories of home.

But when her loveless glances
To my remembrance cling,
And in those hope-lorn trances
Which deeper sorrows bring,
These echoes seem but fancies
Which from our wishes spring.

Yet if she knew the sadness
These doubts teach me to know,
And if she knew the gladness
Her love could cause to flow,
She would pardon all the madness
With which my wishes glow.



A Day's Marketing—Old and young.

(Photographed for THE STANDARD.)



Market day at Jacques Cartier Square, Montreal, Nelson's Monument seen in the distance.

(Photographed for THE STANDARD.)

hour, and the chattering commences. From six o'clock in the morning until late at night, the scene is full of animation. The habitant and his wife coax the passing citizens.

The women show their homemade stockings, or jams, while the men hold up the mammoth squash, or offer the St. Lawrence apple to inspection.

The price is purposely placed a little high, for the market is the place where every housewife expects to get bargains. There is a

The habitant sings, in a low voice, some of the old chansons, the wife chatters away, the people are inspired by the general good temper, and the sight of the pretty

simples which are made up into nosegays, far more charming than the best effects of the hot house.

When you buy from the carts,

Indeed, contrary to the law of the universe, it would appear as though one could really get bargains at the markets.

But, chiefly, in a prosaic day, you get poetry, you get picturesque effects, you get a flavor of a world which, outside Quebec, has, for good or ill, passed quite away.

Dulcinea, while over all, and above all, in the regard and love of the French-Canadian, is the bundle of home-grown tobacco, which will, on the morrow, be offered to the searching criticism of his compatriots, who, if they know anything well, can tell to a nicety the merits or demerits of the native weed.

The women find lodgings hard by, while the "habitants," for the most part, especially in the dark nights, sit up close to their waggons, playing, by the aid of improvised flambeau, or the city electric lights, cards or dominoes. With the first streak of dawn which breaks across the sky, the bustling scene commences. The Canadians set forth their wares, the waggons are joined together along the wharf (at the end of the old Court House) in the centre of Jacques Cartier Square, right up to Nelson's monument.

THE STANDARD'S PICTURE GALLERY.



AN OLD FORT.

The illustration shows the block-house of the fort near Prescott. Only the top of this can be seen over the embankment and palisades. This fort was built during the war of 1812, the legend of its conception being that certain British officers were at mess one day when an American bullet passed over their heads. They grew angry and with their men crossed the river on the ice and captured Ogdensburg. Later they decided to build a fort, and did so. It was never attacked, and is still in use as a military store house.



THE BLUE CHURCH

is the oldest place of worship in the vicinity of Prescott. It stands in the midst of a burying ground over 125 years old. The land was originally granted the Anglican church by the Crown, but the old burying ground has always been free to all creeds. The church was built prior to 1825 and many years ago rebuilt after being destroyed by fire. In the cemetery, near the church, is the grave of Barbara Heck (the founder of Methodism in Canada), born 1734—died 1804, and of her husband, Paul Heck; born 1730—died 1795. The site is about two miles above Prescott.



At the City Markets—Inspecting the produce.

(Photographed for THE STANDARD.)

The Marvellous Growth of the Canadian North-West Illustrated for The Standard



Typical Feature in Canada's Great Western Heritage—Driving in a buggy through an oat field near Lethbridge, Alta., Season of 1905.

(Photo by Notman.)

years ago a wilderness existed, tenanted only by the red man and the trapper and regarded as a vast peltry preserve alone, with a few Hudson's Bay Company posts scattered through it, may now be found splendid modern cities, prosperous communities, thriving settlements, extending away to the remoter regions, and a boom in farming that resulted in a wheat crop this year of 100,000,000 bushels.

The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway gave an impetus to the Canadian west, and the construction of other roads has stimulated that impetus to such an extent that the land in the North-west is rapidly being taken up. The territory that thirty years ago had no commercial value, is now dotted with thriving farms and villages; industries multiply along the waterways; steamers connect-



Views in the City of Winnipeg—The City Hall and Soldiers' Memorial.

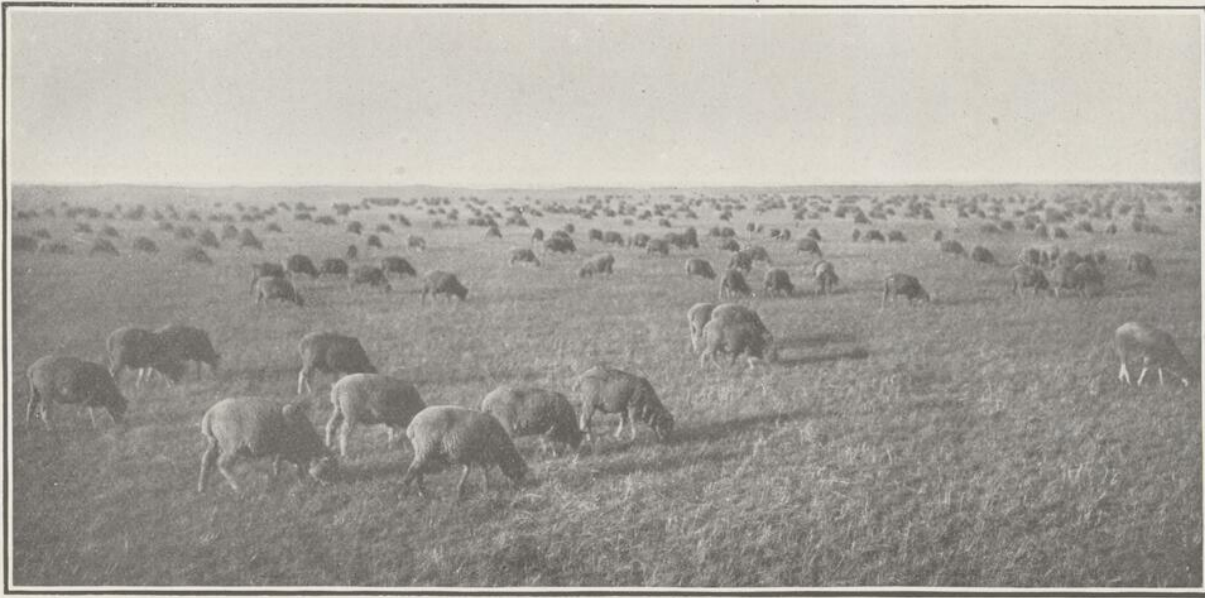
(Photo by Notman.)

THE ILLUSTRATIONS on this page depict a number of animated and picturesque scenes in our great Canadian North-West—the mecca towards which at present are travelling representatives of nearly every country on earth.

Three deal with life in the City of Winnipeg, the great commercial centre of the west.

By contrast are shown a series of illustrations, depicting the prairies as transformed by the white man. Where the buffalo formerly roamed in herds of many thousands, harvests are now gathered of such dimensions as to astonish the world. Where the Indians hunted the bison of the plains, the food supply of many nations, now covers the ground in fields of waving grain.

The transformation which has been effected in the past 30 years has been marvellous, but the end has not yet been reached. Indeed, one may truthfully say that, as yet, a beginning has but been made, and that the future years will record an even more wondrous



Typical Feature in Canada's Great Western Heritage—A flock of 4000 sheep on a ranch in Southern Alberta.

(Photo by Notman.)

change in the development of the west.

The formal recognition of Canada's two new Western provinces—Saskatchewan and Alberta—in the first week of September marked

an onward step toward national greatness, the results of which can be only dimly realized at the present juncture. It is less than forty years since the Canadian Confederation was consummated,

ing with the trains churn lakes and rivers that were till then as unknown as the rivers of Keewatin; mines have been discovered and are profitably worked in various districts, and settlements are pressing toward the Arctic Circle, to the astonishment of all except those who make them.

It is not merely probable, it is an undeniable fact, that much of the settlement of western Canada will be American. Already the United States is losing thousands of its farmers, stock men and

Dakotas inhospitable in soil, climate and aridity; but there is a more equable temperature, a greater rainfall, more constant and abundant streams and springs, a heavier forestation in the Canadian country west of 115 degrees Greenwich than there is in much of the United States territory beyond that line. Utah and Nevada are correspondent in latitude with Spain, but like that country they are largely barren, while the parts of Canada that lie more than a thousand miles north of them, thus corresponding to the geographical position of Great Britain, the Netherlands, Denmark and Germany, have larger areas of good soil and are altogether more inviting to the immigrant.

Therefore, it is only fair, all things considered, to look upon these new provinces which Canada has created, as destined to become regions unsurpassed in their possibilities, as compared with the others which go to make up the Dominion. By endowing them



Views in the City of Winnipeg—The Post Office.

(Photo by Notman.)



Typical Feature in Canada's Great Western Heritage—Cutting the grain in Southern Alberta in the Season of 1905.

(Photo by Notman.)

IN THE PUBLIC EYE



Mr. C. C. Ballantyne.

The newly elected President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

and only in 1870 did the young Dominion buy out, for \$1,500,000, the Hudson's Bay Company's rights in the vast Northwest, save its privileges as a trading corporation and its proprietorship of 5,000 acres of land round each of its posts, or stations, and one-twentieth of the area in the fertile belt adjoining the international boundary.

Marvellous as was the growth of the American West, the material advancement of newer Canada bids fair to rival it. Where thirty

mechanics every year to this country. It seems strange that men should seek the northern latitudes when they find the

with self-government and permitting them to work out their destinies without interference from the federal authorities at Ottawa they will have an opportunity to mould their destinies along the lines of local needs and thereby be able to accomplish them even more successfully than they could if they were to be as subject to federal dictation in the future as they have been in the past.



Views in the City of Winnipeg—Main street with the City Hall in the distance.

(Photo by Notman.)

STANDARD PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION



Standard Prize Competition—A country road. (Contributed by R. Sissons, jr., Montreal.)



Standard Amateur Photographic Competition.

Historic old windmill, near Grondines, P.Q., built by the French settlers 200 years ago. The roof appears to have been renewed, but the moss-covered walls show no signs of ever having been repaired. Photo by A. O. Anderson, Levis.

THE SWEET O' THE YEAR

Crimson bushes line the hollows,
Yellow treetops fringe the hills,
The sky is full of swallows,
With a twitter in their bills.
The sky is full of swallows,
The air is full of sun,
And sparkling winter follows
When autumn's done.

Ivory pillar, crystal rafter,
Make a palace of the wood.
The world is blithe with laughter,
She wears an ermine hood.
The world peeps out in laughter,
Her hood will melt anon,
But oh, the spring comes after,
When winter's gone.

Sea and summit tempt the rover;
Fairy horns to forest call.
The bees are drunk with clover,
The earth's a dancing ball.
The bees are drunk with clover,
The poem of the year
Turns a new leaf over,
And autumn's here.

STANDARD AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION



Entrance to Cote des Neiges Cemetery, Montreal. (Contributed by W. J. R. Smeaton, Montreal.)



Mount Calvary, Cote des Neiges Cemetery, Montreal. (Contributed by W. J. R. Smeaton, Montreal.)



Vaults at Cote des Neiges Cemetery, Montreal. (Contributed by W. J. R. Smeaton, Montreal.)

STANDARD PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION



"Mother is Coming." Contributed by Mr. Joseph Lee, Montreal.



Standard Prize Competition—View in Westmount Park. (Contributed by Fred. G. Smith, Montreal.)



MR. JUSTICE NESBITT, OF THE SUPREME COURT, WHO HAS RESIGNED HIS POSITION.

Mr. Justice Nesbitt, who has been for some time past a prominent figure on the bench of the Supreme Court of Canada—the highest judicial body in the Dominion—doffed the ermine recently, and is now following the practice of the legal profession in Toronto, his former home. He is a distinct loss to the bench of Canada, and his retirement has caused a general feeling of regret. Family reasons, it is said, induced His Lordship to resign his exalted position.



ONE OF THE STATELIEST HOUSES ON THE SLOPE OF MOUNT ROYAL is that known as the "McIntyre Mansion." It occupies a charming position on Upper Peel Street, and, viewed from either the look-out on the mountain, or from the street, presents a fine appearance. The house is built of grey sandstone in a very effective style of architecture, and the beauty of its contour is very considerably heightened by the nicely laid-out grounds, with their wealth of trees, flora and shrubbery. The house is one of the sights of the city, and most visitors are given opportunities for seeing it. To see it and its beautiful lawn, is to admire both.

intermixing used to work to the injury of Canada, because so much larger a quantity of Canadian wheat found its way to England via the United States

the large suppliers of the United Kingdom. The practical question that these figures suggest is whether it is wise for Great Britain (whose

necessity to draw from the widest, broadest area possible.

Canada would like to sell to the Motherland's people as much of her surplus as she can. Canada would like to see the great centre of the British political system as fully supplied from the associate countries as is possible, for a country that has to rely upon foreign countries for such a necessity as wheat is not in the best position. Needing 365 pounds of wheat for the yearly supply of each person within her bounds,

and able to provide only 15 per cent. of that supply from her own fields, the United Kingdom is in a ticklish position. Russia and the United States together, contribute more than one-third of the 310 pounds obtained from countries outside of the United Kingdom.

If they combined to prevent their wheat reaching the ports of the British Isles there might not be a famine of wheat but there would be a grievous scarcity. Take from the 1,825 pounds, which the average family of Great Britain requires

(Continued in General Section.)

GREAT BRITAIN'S BREAD.

Its Controlling Force in Empire Politics.—Canada's Part in Producing Food-Stuffs.

(Written for THE STANDARD by Geo. Johnson, Dominion Statistician.)

To supply her yearly wants the United Kingdom raises and imports over 7,800,000 tons of wheat. That is, as near as may be, 365 pounds for every man, woman and child in the British Isles, after deducting the quantity exported by them.

Of this quantity of 365 pounds, the wheat fields of the United Kingdom supply 55 pounds, leaving 310 pounds of each person's needs in the wheat and flour line to be provided by outside countries.

About 82 per cent. of this outside supply goes into the United Kingdom in the shape of grain; the remaining 18 per cent. enters as flour.

Nearly 30 countries situated in different quarters of the globe contribute a share, more or less, to this great wheat-bin from which the people of the Motherland have to draw the material out of which to make their staff of life. Six of these supplying countries are parts of the King's Dominions beyond the sea. These half dozen supply about 121 pounds in each 310 pounds sent from outside countries.

Of this colonial supply of 121 pounds, about 67 pounds are sent by the British East Indies; 29½ by Australia; 23 pounds by Canada; leaving 14½ pounds to come from other parts of the Empire, not including therein, as yet, Egypt.

The foreign countries supply as follows:—Argentina, 57½ pounds; Austria-Hungary, 2½ pounds; France, 3½ pounds; Roumania, 4 pounds; Russia, 62 pounds; U.S.A., 48½ pounds, and other countries, 11½ pounds.

BRITISH INDIA LEADS.

British India supplied the largest quantity to that 310 pounds. Then came Russia, then Argentina, followed by the United States, Australia, Canada (6th), etc.

There is a little difficulty in



A VIEW OF NOTRE DAME CHURCH AND THE QUIANT OLD SEMINARY GARDENS Taken from the top of the Harbor Commissioners' Elevator. (Photographed for THE STANDARD.)

accepting the figures of the British blue book, and as the difficulty arises chiefly in connection with Canada and the United States,

it may be well to straighten it out before going on. The British returns show that Canada and the United States together contribute 71½ pounds of the 310 pounds sent from outside countries to assist in building up British brawn and brain. In allotting the quota each country supplies, the British authorities, as a rule, credit imports to the country of last shipment. Owing to this rule Canada is credited with a certain quantity of wheat and flour belonging to the States, but sent by the superior Canadian route. At the same time the United States are credited with Canadian wheat, which through ignorance or self-interest, has been shipped by the poorer route through the United States. This

routes than of United States wheat through Canadian channels to the same destination. By readjusting the figures by comparison of British returns of imports with Canadian and United States returns of exports the 71½ pounds are apportioned, 26½ pounds to Canada and 45 pounds to the United States. The readjustment still leaves Canada sixth among

own fields supply one loaf of bread in every 15 loaves eaten by the teeming millions of the population), to depend upon her own supply plus the supply drawn from the colonies or outside auxiliary kingdoms which make up the British Empire, or whether in Great Britain's case it is not a

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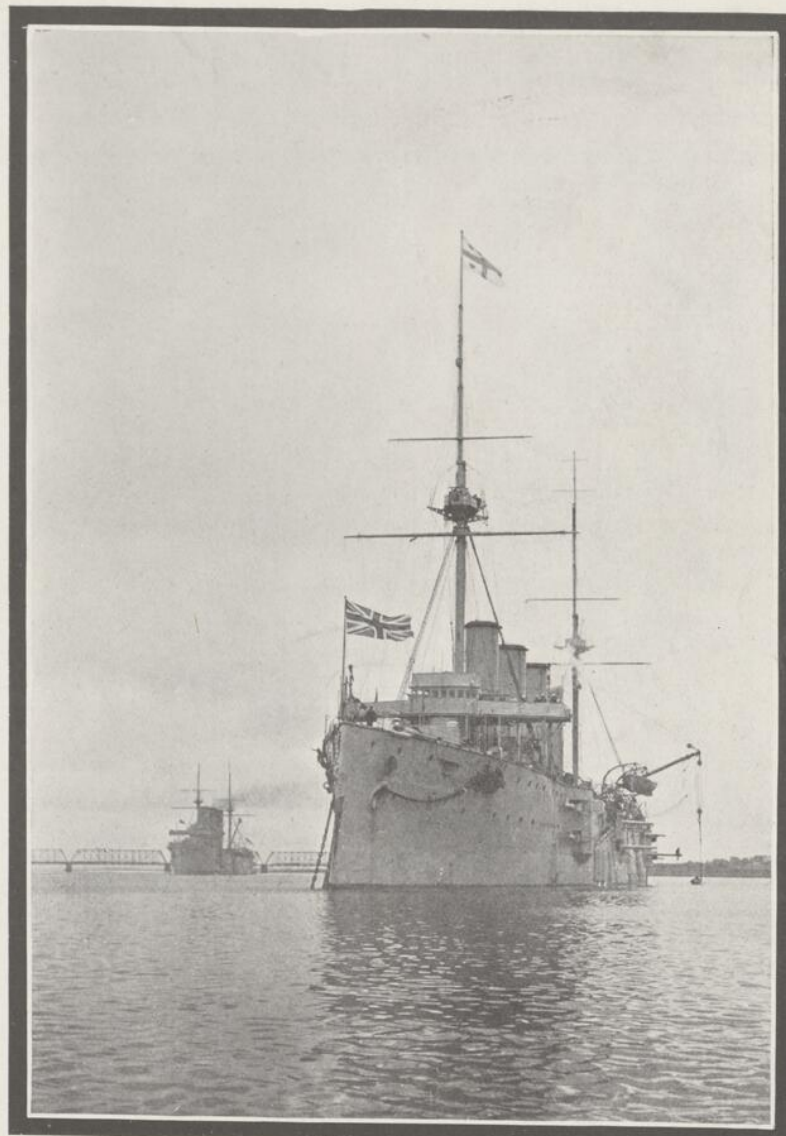
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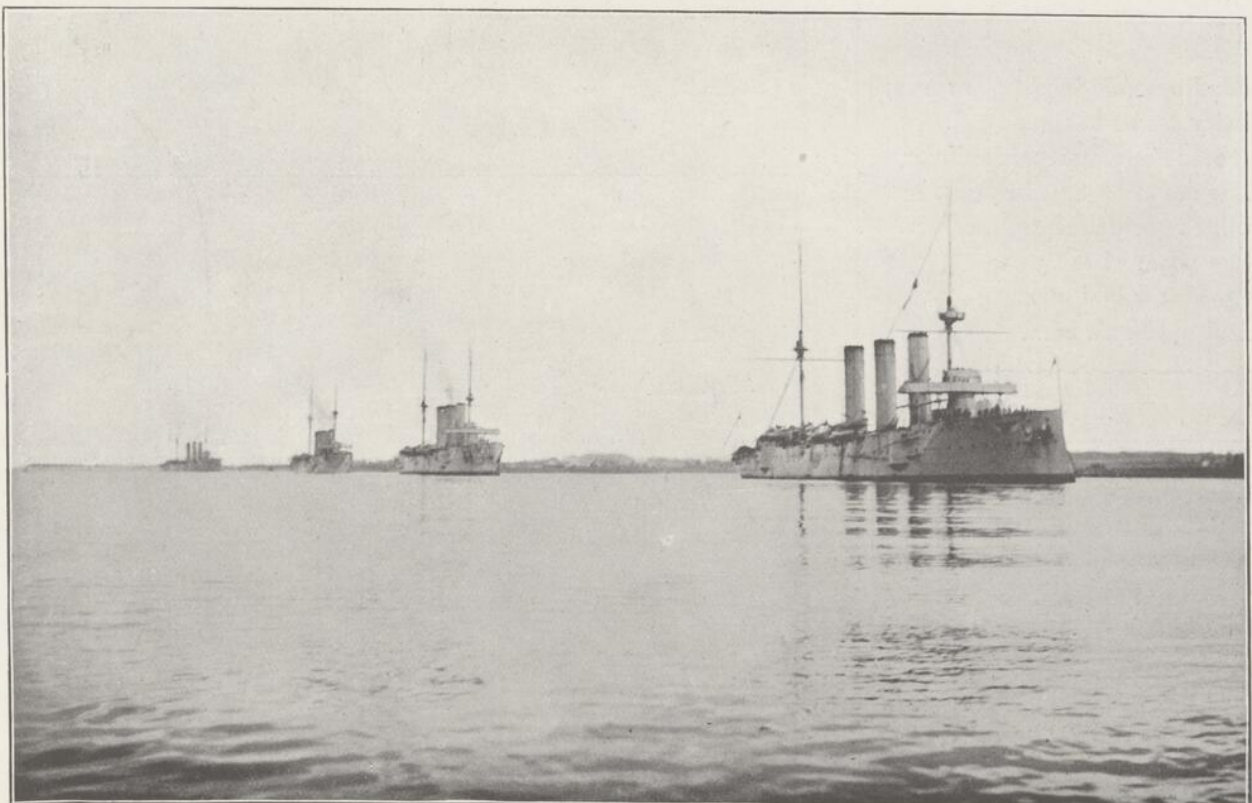
THE VISITING WARSHIPS.

A view of the Flagship "Drake," with the "Cumberland" in the distance. (Photographed for THE STANDARD by W. L. Louison.)



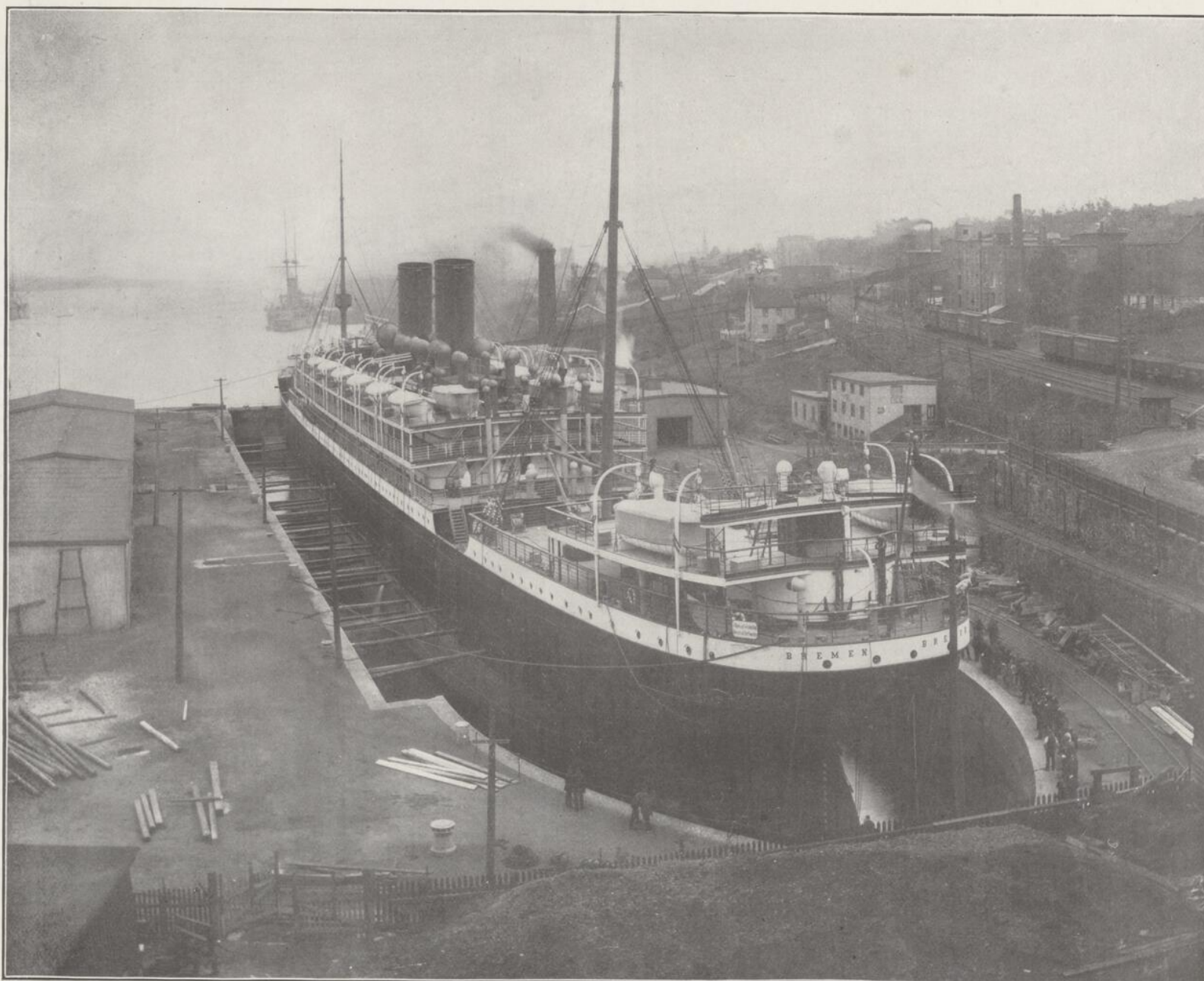
A GARDEN PARTY SCENE AT RIDEAU HALL.

Luncheon and reception tendered His Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenberg when in Ottawa lately. To his right is His Excellency the Governor-General, to the left Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The gentleman behind the chair is Hon. Mr. Scott, Secretary of State. At the table is seated Hon. Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance, and behind it stands Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia. Miss Fielding and others are also in the group.



A PROCESSION OF THE VISITING BRITISH WARSHIPS.

H.M.S. "Essex," H.M.S. "Bedford," H.M.S. "Drake," H.M.S. "Cumberland," leaving Charlottetown, P.E.I., for Halifax, N.S. (Photographed for THE STANDARD.)



THE MONSTER OCEAN LINER S. S. BREMEN IN DRY DOCK AT HALIFAX.

This vessel was towed into Halifax with a broken shaft and subsequently placed in dry dock. She is the largest ocean steamship ever docked in Canada. (Photo by Notman.)