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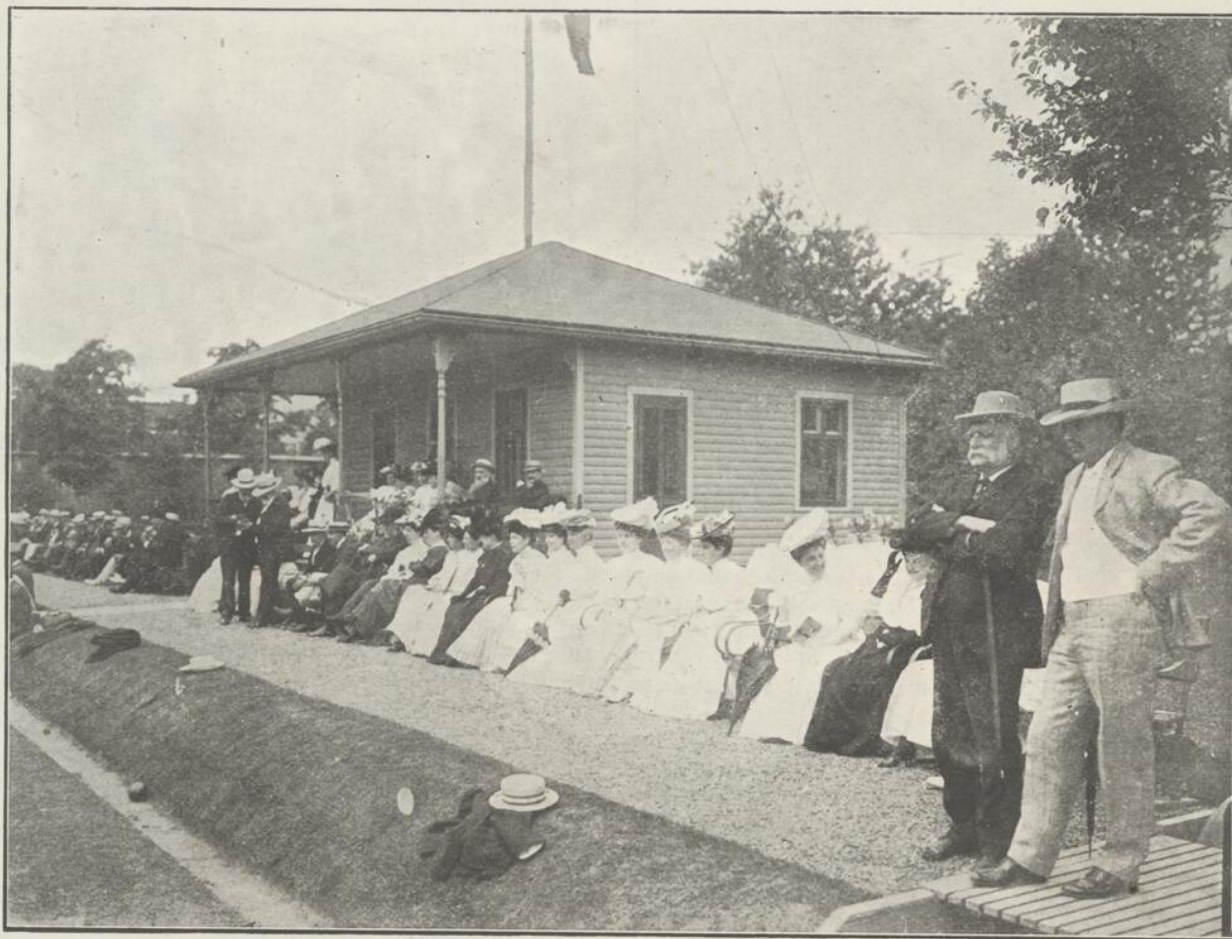
MONTREAL, CANADA.

171 ST. JAMES STREET.

Incidents Connected with First Visit of British Bowlers to Canadian Soil



VISIT TO CANADA OF THE BOWLERS FROM GREAT BRITAIN—Starting the ball rolling at Westmount.
(Photographed for The Standard.)



VISIT TO CANADA OF THE BOWLERS FROM GREAT BRITAIN—Some of the lady friends of the players.
(Photographed for The Standard.)



VISIT TO CANADA OF THE BOWLERS FROM GREAT BRITAIN—A moment of anxiety.
(Photographed for The Standard.)



VISIT TO CANADA OF THE BOWLERS FROM GREAT BRITAIN—Players and friends.
(Photographed for The Standard.)

VISIT OF THE BRITISH BOWLERS TO CANADA.—Four of the illustrations on this page relate to the British Bowling Team, which reached Canada on Saturday of last week, on the Allan SS. Virginian, and which has since been playing a number of matches in this city. The team, or rather party, includes forty bowlers, many of whom were accompanied to Canada by their wives and daughters. Of the forty, twenty-six are

Scotchmen; ten come from England; while four are natives of the "isle of the fairies." Wales does not furnish a single representative. Mr. S. Fingland, captain, and Mr. A. H. Hamilton, secretary, are both Scotchmen, while the average age of the members of the team is fifty-five. The doyen of the party is Mr. Campbell, of Perth, who is in the 83rd year of his age, but who is still a bowler who has to be reckoned with. A large crowd, consisting principally of bowling votaries, con-

gregated at the wharf in Montreal to greet the team on its arrival. The bowlers had a most enthusiastic reception upon landing, and were at once escorted to the Wind-

sor Hotel by their Montreal confreres. Their first match on Canadian soil was played at Westmount on the afternoon of the day of their arrival in Montreal.



BEAUTY SPOTS OF CANADA—A charming retreat near Lachine, on the shore of Lake St. Louis.
(Photographed for The Standard.)

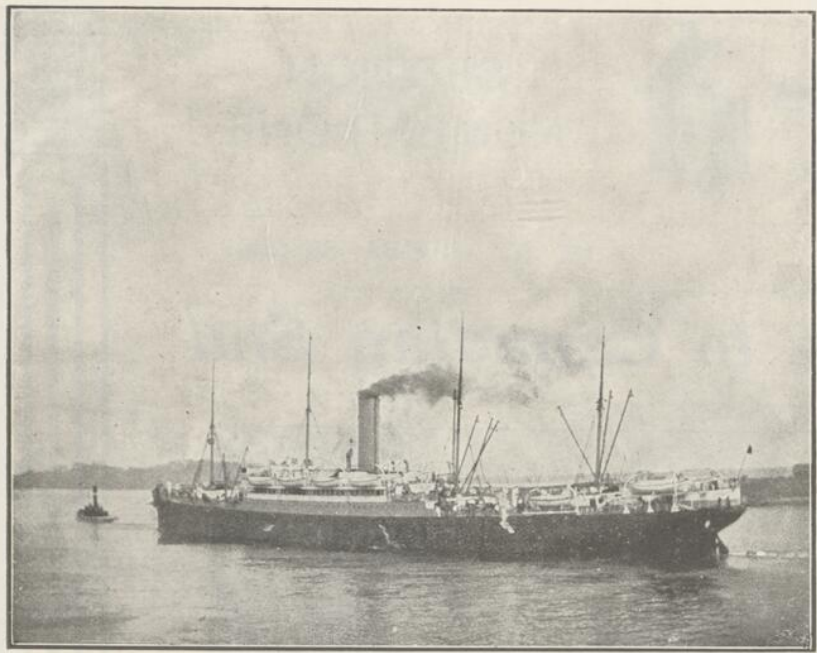


The Green Drive Around the park of Hotel Champlain, Bluff Point, N.Y.



SNAP-SHOTS OF PROMINENT MONTREALERS — Messrs. W. I. Gear and James Thom discuss ocean mails with a local journalist.

The Ocean Life of An Emigrant Day by Day from Mersey River to Port of Montreal



WESTWARD HO!—The good ship leaving the Mersey en route to the "land of the Maple."

(Written for The Standard.)

WESTWARD HO!—TALE OF OCEAN ATLANTIC VOYAGE.—A buzz of admiration went up from the multitude, as the huge liner, resplendent and beautiful as a toy in its coating of fresh paint and sparkling brasswork, drew up alongside the stage at Liverpool, preparatory to embarking her passengers, who, bidding adieu to the dear old home-land, were going forth to seek fame and fortune in the far-off land of the Maple Leaf.

There was that indefinable something in the soft, salt-laden air of the beautiful summer morning that made one feel glad to be alive; something that materially softened the pangs and sorrows of the many sad partings going on round about, and dried up the tears which, in spite of the brave front, would force themselves up from the wells of overful hearts, and, for a moment, glisten in eyes vainly trying to smile.

There was one case which, pathetic in its unspeakable grief, caused many to forget the dull aching at their own hearts in unselfish sympathy for the aged couple.

Brother and sister they might have been, whose hair was whitened by the snows of many winters, and upon whose tear-stained faces the finger prints of time had left their marks.

Hand clasped in hand, silent and grief-stricken, they stood alone among the crowd, waiting the signal when they must take their last farewell of each other. Occasionally, their tear-stained faces would be uplifted towards each other, and plaintive little smiles would break through the gloom as they lovingly gazed through the misty windows of their souls, hungrily endeavoring to imprint upon their hearts every crows-foot, every lineament of the faces they loved so well.

Fo'c'stle Bell Clanged Warning.

As the brazen-tongued bell on the fo'c'stle head clanged out the first warning, the aged people clasped each other convulsively, and, crossing to me, the old man asked, brokenly:

"Must ari t'visitors leave naa, officer? Doesn't bell mean they're tae gaun?" and when I assured them they had yet another ten minutes, their dimmed eyes mutely looked their thanks.

One more long, last kiss; one more embrace, and the man says: "Thou better gaun naa, lass; 'tis na use waitin' langer. Good-bye, God bless thee! Na, na, hinney, thou must'ned gie way laik that"—as the woman started to weep aloud—"thou must keep up tha' pecker, tha'll be hurtin' thesel. God bless thee, lass. Good-bye."

Pushing her gently towards the gangway, the man turned away; and, digging an old cherry-wood pipe from his pocket, applied a match, making a brave

attempt to smoke, though his poor old heart was nigh breaking. Glancing furtively towards the quay, a tear-stained face and waving handkerchief catches his eye. He tries to smile as he makes an involuntary step forward, his lips tremble, the pipe wobbles in the quivering mouth, then, as it falls to the deck with a thud, he turns away and buries his face in his hand, sobbing aloud. Well they knew, these two, that they will meet no more this side of the "Great Unknown"; that this is, indeed, their last farewell.

But there goes the second bell! "Haul the gangway ashore! Slack away forward—let go aft!" Loud-mouthed orders are bellowed along the deck, electrifying everyone into action. A warning blast on the whistle drowns for a



WESTWARD HO!—Impromptu dances have their turn among the deck diversions.

moment the babel of sounds; the telegraph rings; the huge vessel vibrates with the turning of the mighty machinery; and, as the bow of the ship falls off into mid-stream, the quartermaster at the signal halyards gives a pull, and at the foremast head bursts out a blaze of color as the blood-red flag with the embroidered coat-of-arms of Canada spreads itself to the brisk northerly breeze.

The band of the training ship has just halted on the deck, and, at a word from the bandmaster, the soul-stirring strains of "Rule Britannia" swells on the clarified air, and is taken up by thousands of spectators on the shore. Not to be outdone, a party of Canadians on board, led by the ship's bugler,



WESTWARD HO!—The deck of the steamship at sea presents an animated appearance about the third day out, when the sea sickness has passed.

strikes up "The Maple Leaf," and cheer after cheer resounds and echoes over the sparkling water as the huge ship swings majestically round, head down stream, and we are off.

Pilot Leaves The Ship.

By nightfall the pilot had left—the

know whoy th' ould country wis called the Imerlid Oisla.

"An' whoy moight it be, Barney darlint?" asks a near-by girl.

"Shure, an' isn't it as plain as th' nose on yer face, Mavourneen? Th' water is smooth an' greasy as oil, an' 'tis mol oyles that deceiver me if 'tis not th' color of th' Imerlid; an' is thot not th' Imerlid Oisla, acushla?"

I am still laughing at this typical Paddyism, when a touch on my arm causes me to look round, and encounter a little sharp-featured Cockney, who, touching a very much peaked cap with his forefinger, salutes me with:

"Beg pardon, guv'nor, might I mike so bold has to harsk yer a questshun?"

"Well, what is it?" I ask.

"It's like this 'ere, guv'nor; it's abaft that there rope. Me an' th' 'ere bloke 'as bin a hargifying abaft it." He pointed to the log line stretching out astern, and I moved a step nearer.

"E says, says 'e, as 'ow it's a line wot Captain Marryat speaks abaft in 'is books wot is used for catchin' hal-batrosses, an' I says it's not. I say it's for when a man falls overboard, so's 'e kin ketch a 'old of it an' 'ang on till the officer comes wif th' lifeboat an' picks 'im hup. Ain't I right, sir?"

"You've got it down pretty fine," I laugh, as I leave them; "but you forgot to mention about the basket at the end in which the man sits and waits until he is rescued."

"Oh, officer! officer!" I am recalled by the shrill voice of a woman I had noticed standing with clasped hands and wrapt attitude, gazing earnestly at the ship's wake reaching in two lines of shimmering, silver streaks away into the infinite. "Oh, officer! Now I know how you sailors find your way across the ocean. You have just to follow those two white lines back there, and you can't go wrong."

"That's all right, madam, so long as it is daylight," I answer—one has to humor those people, you know—"but what about the lines when it is dark?"

"Oh," the dear old girl wagged her head wisely, "then you have a lamp; didn't I see a sailor-man hanging one out there last night?"

Dear me, dear me; what childlike simplicity. An' all the professions known to the outsider, least of all is that of the sailor.

Fastnet, Grim Sentinel of the Deep.

Ere the sun had set, the Fastnet—that grim, rock-bound sentinel of the deep, had dropped from view behind the eastern rim of the horizon, and the Bull Rock, the last point of the eastern world, now but a grey blur, was fast merging into the surrounding sea mists. Before us, sombre-hued in the gathering twilight, stretches the illimitable

As we draw out from the land a long swell comes slinging away from the north-west, to which the steamer rolls an easy, rhythmic accompaniment. The motion that to the sailor is his very life is in the ship. The salt-laden air strikes keenly on his nostrils, his eye sparkles, his cheek tingles, and unconsciously he straightens himself, and the same feeling of exhilaration takes possession of him as that which animates the war charger sniffing the powder smoke of battle.

But what of the passengers? No such feeling of exhilaration pervades them—rather the reverse; in fact, one by one, or in droves, they seek the shelter of their cabins, and call faintly upon the stewards, or crawl down to leeward, where, holding on to a stanchion with a more than affectionate grip, they moan out their misery. Britishers, Americans, Jews, emigrants, first and second class passengers lie around in unshapely and dishevelled groups, caring not who sees them; forgetting sex, national antagonism, everything in those agonizing moment, for, lo! "mal de mer" is a great leveller of mankind.

One man I hear, who, not having yet received his call, is jocularly inclined, laughingly greets his chum as he makes a hurried rush for the side.

"Hello, Bill, wot's th' matter wiv yer; feelin' bad?"

"No," says the other, sarcastically, "jest doin' this fer a bloomin' lark!"

Dazzling Shines Sun Of a Sunday Morning.

For the greater part of the next day this "Don't care whether I sink or swim" feeling reigns supreme among the passengers; but with the next day's sun they have, with few exceptions, recovered. The surgeon gets a little breathing time, and the holy-stoned decks swarm with an animated mob of happy, laughing people.

This is Sunday, and everyone is dressed in their best. Dazzlingly shines the sun in the azure dome overhead, tipping with golden fingers the undulations of the ocean's heaving breast, and



WESTWARD HO!—Medical examination of the immigrants at Grosse Isle.

scintillating in a thousand varying colors on the sparkling spray tossed aside by our keen outwater. No sports are indulged in; the quiet restfulness of the Sabbath hangs over all. Divine service is held in the saloon, and in the various steerages. An antagonism, which has sprung up between parties of Methodists and Salvationists, is brought to an amicable conclusion by both joining together in praise on the common understanding that "it all leads the right road."

For the next few days the weather continues fine. The fates are indeed kind to us, and the dear old ship, as though recognizing the benevolence of the Wind God, bounds forward over the pathless ocean in long, heaving leaps, reaching ever forward towards the goal in the West.

Innocent Flirtations Indulged In.

Everyone has come to know every-one else by this time. Party feelings



WESTWARD HO!—A Doukhobour woman wondering what fate is in store for her beyond that dark, blue line. Note the peculiarity of the dress.

ran, struts majestically up and down to the accompanying skirl of the bagpipes. Striking up a well-known march, a number of his nationality, in whose hearts rankles some rude remarks of the Irish party, take up the refrain:

McGinty was a Heilanman,

He cam' frae Tipperary;

He fought th' battle o' Watherloo

Wi' Burns an' Heilan Mary.

Not to be outdone, and thinking to get some of his own back, a lad from

cigar, "don't lose yer tempers. Ef yer don't mind, I'll tell yeu something in favor of American sailing ships. Yeou wouldn't guess, tew look at me, that I'd sailed the briny for a matter of 35 years; wall, I hev! from a 20-foot dory to a five-sticker. The time I'm about tew speak of was when I was Cap'n of the 'James P. Hallett,' as purty a little schooner as ever stretched canvass. It was in the South-East Trades, bound to the Cape—and we was going for all we was wurth wiv every stitch on her 'cept th' mizzen gaff topsail, whose tack was jest a liddle bit snaky. Guess we must ha' bin going 'bout 16 knots.—Al-right, boys, yeou kin laugh.—At eight o'clock in the morning, as I was takin' observations, the mate pointed out to me a shark clean under the stern, and, boys, he was fairly sizzling through th' water, trying to keep up with us. Gentlemen, at noon, that shark was still there, and swimming mighty hard; at 4 p.m., sextant in hand, I looked over, and my little man-eater was still there, still gitting along like mad, but slowly and surely falling astern—he was about played out, I guess—and, gentlemen, believe me or not, so great was the strain on that shark, that all over his body, fore and aft, was big globes of sweat as big as a man's hand."

The loud shouts of laughter with which his "tall story" was received had scarce died away, when a peremptory bugle call, followed by a furious ringing of the forward bell, brought me to my feet like a shot.

It was the fire bell clanging its resonant warning throughout the ship! Dragging the saloon deck man with me, I flew along the deck at breakneck speed. From all parts of the ship sailors were rushing, laden with hoses, nozzles and couplings. Up from the fire-hole tumbled a grimy, sweating crowd of stokers. From the saloon doorway issued a long line of white-coated stewards armed wiv buckets and blankets.

"Fire in the forward steerage!" The order fairly leaps from the Captain's megaphone; the telegraph rings "Pumps!" and in an instant three streams of water converge on the place indicated, while from a fourth pump, the stewards, standing in a double row, pass buckets of water from hand to hand down the line, empty them, then repass them up the second line to be re-filled.

Two shrill, piercing notes on the bugle, and the men, dropping pumps and hoses, rush in a surging, scurrying crowd to the boats and line up alongside, where they are checked off by the First Officer, First Engineer, and Purser, who call the roll. Once more the Captain's megaphone comes into requisition, and in stentorian tones the dread warning rings out fore and aft the ship:

"Man overboard!"

The bos'n's pipe shrieks out shrilly as the next command leaps from the First Officer's throat:

(Continued on opposite page.)



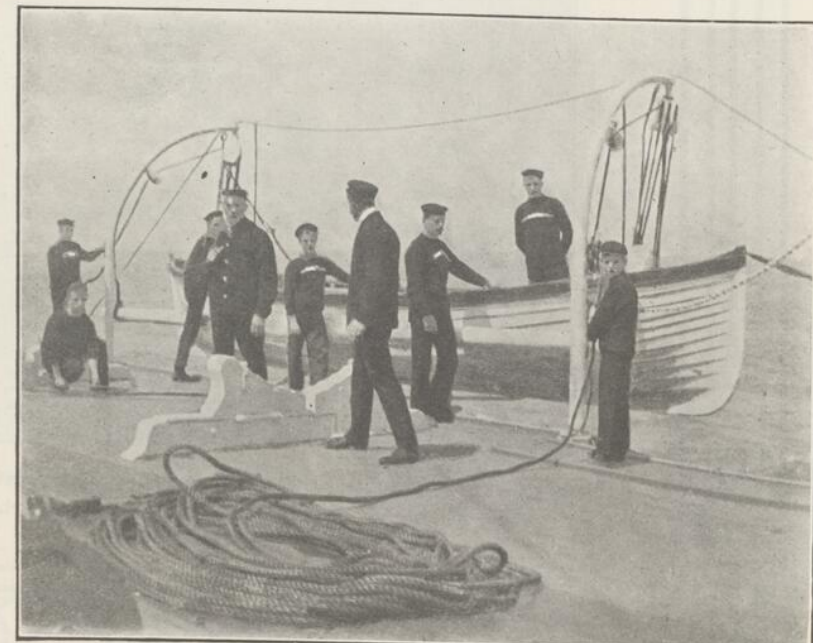
WESTWARD HO!—"Bounds forward in heaving leaps towards the goal in the west." Photograph taken from the flying-bridge in mid-Atlantic.



WESTWARD HO!—Little innocent flirtations have often been indulged in at sea.

ocean in all its mysterious grandeur, and many among us, gazing wistfully across the undulating waste of water towards the now illuminated sky, wondered what fate lay in store for them beyond that dark blue line where sea and sky join hands, and where the strange ways go down.

and politics have been aired and thrashed out; companionships have been formed; little innocent flirtations have been indulged in; dances, impromptu concerts, skipping, quoits, shuffle board and the hundred and one ship games have all had their turn. On the after-deck a big Highlander, in kilts and spor-



WESTWARD HO!—Emergency boats crew. This boat is always kept hanging in the tackles and "swung-out-board."

Children of St. Patrick's Enjoying Trolley Ride; Boys and Girls Who Sell The Standard



THE STANDARD'S OUTINGS FOR THE CHILDREN—The boys and girls of St. Patrick's Parish, who were recently taken for a trolley ride around the city by the Montreal Street Railway. A well-known Montrealese, and a gentleman who has frequently treated the orphan boys of St. Patrick's to similar rides, will be noticed in the illustration, in the person of Mr. Bernard Tansey.



TYPES OF MONTREAL "NEWSIES"—Some of the boys and girls who make big additions to their weekly wages by selling The Standard. Seven nationalities are represented in this illustration.

THE LOVE STORY OF LOVE STORY-TELLERS

EVERYBODY has often read the names of Marie Connor and Robert Leighton under the titles of serial novels in Answers and in many other periodicals. The story of how these clever writers came to be collaborators is very interesting.

Mr. Leighton was editor of "Young Folks," when he received many MSS. from a lady contributor named Marie Connor, whose work showed great promise. He frequently wrote encouraging notes to his unknown contributor, giving her the benefit of his journalistic experience, and offering to her advice, of which she was quick to take full advantage.

After a time he invited her to call at his office, that he might be better able to explain his ideas. She did so, and their friendship per post promptly de-

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. JAMES CRATHERN—Who has retired from the Harbor Board.

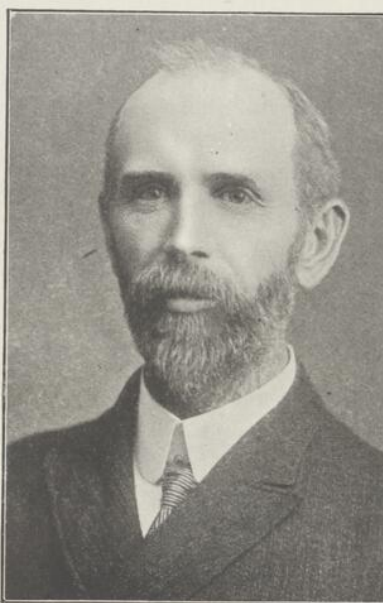
veloped into a very strong personal attachment, the first result of which was an agreement to form a writing partnership.

Their liking for each other grew, meanwhile, into unmistakable love, and so it came about that Mr. Leighton suggested a renewal of the alliance on a wider basis. Miss Marie Connor whispered "Yes," and the couple have been literary and home partners ever since.

VINTAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

The land of grapes and vineyards, Alsace, is naturally full of quaint and curious beliefs and superstitions concerning mysterious protectors of its great industry. In the spring, when the air is scented with blossoms, and everything points to an abundant harvest, the peasants believe that in the hill of Brunstall they can hear "wiglerie" fiddling lustily, and sounds of ringing glasses and merry dancing. Near Weissenburg, the "White Lady of Paulenels Castle" wanders at night

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. W. W. MAIN—Elected Alderman for Hamilton, Ont.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



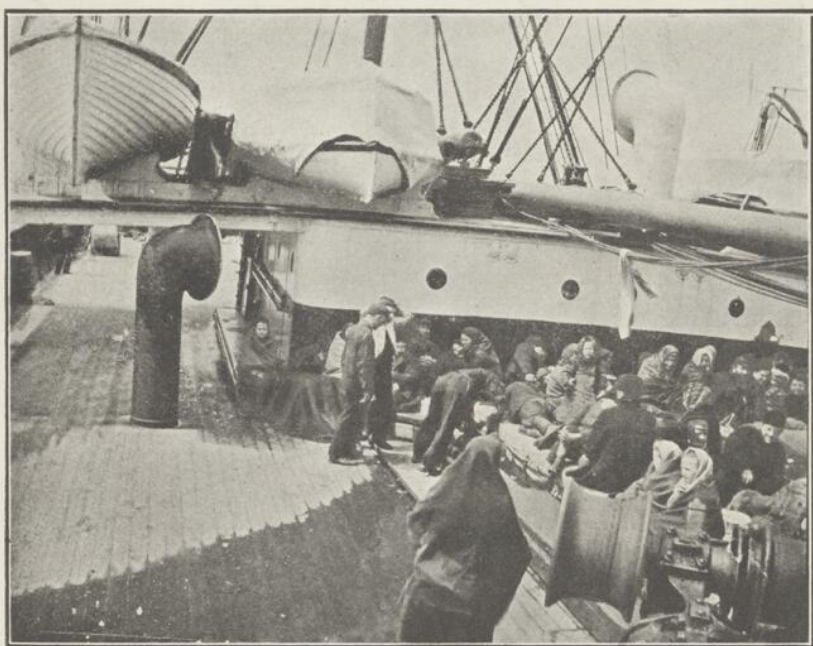
DR. FLEMING—A Western Member.

through the vines, rattling her keys gaily. But if the year is to be a bad one, she is close veiled, and appears to weep bitterly. The Alsations have an infallible oracle in the wine cellars of the Devil's Castle. In deep and spacious caverns below have lain for the last two hundred and fifty years enormous stocks of richest wines; but they are not touched, for the entrance has long been lost, though often sought. But in the spring of a good season the rich aroma of the hidden wine arises from the ground at the time of the blooming of the vines, and all can smell it far around. The Swabians say that the grapes will have a fine flavor if the vines are shaken on St. John's Day. The Bavarians have a proverb that to have good wine a text must be written on the

ask; and in South Germany, to make good vinegar from line, the names of three witches written on paper are brown into the cask.

THE RICHEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD

Signora Cousino, of South America, is said to be the richest woman in the world. Her silver, copper, and coal mines yield her £40,000 a month. Receipts from her stock farms are more than those from the mines, and among other things she owns a large interest in a fleet of steamships.



WESTWARD HO!—Sea-sick days. Second and third-class passengers reclining in unshapely, dishevelled groups.

(Continued from opposite page.)

"Emergency boat's crew away! smart, my lads, jump in—cast off the lashings—lower away—lower away handsomely there!"

Down Drops Boat With Rattle.

Down drops the boat with a rattle of patent sheaves to within a foot of the water's edge, when, at another "Ta, ra, ra" on the bugle, it is again hoisted up, swung inboard, and secured. The crew dismiss, and go about their various jobs; the wondering half-scared passengers regain their self-possession, and all is again as usual. It is only the usual fire and boat drill practised with a view to proficiency in case of emergency.

This is visiting day; the one day of the voyage when the passengers are allowed to tread the sacred planks of the flying-bridge. As I mount the ladder, I am buttonholed and taken possession of by a female. She is one of those terrible nightmares in petticoats—an old young woman, affecting picture hats and short cut pompadour skirts, below which a liberal supply of fancy openwork stocking is seen, and with a superabundance of affection and childlike simper.

"Do you know, I don't feel a bit strange," she gushes, driving me into a corner from which I cannot escape; "I am so used to being on a ship, y' know."

"Oh!" I say, though I am afraid not very encouragingly.

"Yes," she goes on, "my husband often takes me on voyages with him."

"Indeed; your husband is a captain, I presume?"

"Well—er, no—simpler—he's not exactly a captain—another simpler—he's a chief engineer on a large steamer."

"A big ship like this?" I question, wishing she'd let me go over to the group of ladies who are waiting for me, and watching me with pitying, amused smiles.

"Perhaps not so large," she says, slowly, "but, oh!" here she clasps her hands, and looks upward out of the



WESTWARD HO!—Photograph taken from the flying bridge when the wind was blowing seventy miles an hour, the ship making but twelve knots an hour.

The Ocean Life of An Emigrant Canada Bound

By this time we are nearing the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, that thrice accursed part of the North Atlantic so much dreaded and feared by the sailor, with its fogs, its icebergs, its wandering derelicts, and its numberless fishing craft. Every moment is a menace, every roller a peril. In the west the sun is setting in a blaze of glory, illuminating the sea and turning it into a shimmering circle of gold and crimson, but we know, we who can read the signs of the sky and the sea as the trapper reads the intricate paths of the forest, that that deep yellow band merging and ending in a rough green tint bodes anything but good; and, sure enough, before the dawn has lightened the Eastern sky, the wind chops round, and down swoops the fog demon with its outspread sable pinions, enshrouding us in its dark, depressing embrace, and chilling us in body and spirit alike in its very dreariness.

The engines are slowed down, the automatic foghorn booms forth its sonorous warning, the watches are doubled, and men posted at various parts of the ship with strict injunctions to keep their eyes peeled, and their ears open. And how cold it is; how dreary and wet and miserable; so different from the pleasant warmth of yesterday. Scarcely a sound but that of the fog siren is heard throughout the ship, everywhere stagnation and depression, as we, sightless and unseeing, drive ahead through the enveloping mists. The passengers, even in the warmth and shelter of their



WESTWARD HO!—"And down swoops the fog demon with outstretched sable pinions."

as we stagger blindly on, trusting to Providence to guide us aright. At last the interminable night is drawing to a close; astern of the ship the sky becomes less contracted with the first light of the coming day; but not for an instant is our vigilance relaxed. We never know the minute—

A Loud Shout Of Alarm.

Three short, sharp blasts on the horn from the man in the crow's nest is immediately followed by a loud shout of alarm from the look-out on the fore-castle head.

"Ice right ahead, sir!"

A dim, unshapely, glistening something; a light, a blink, looms up right in our course, and so close that our stern seems to all but touch it.

"Hard a-port! Stop starboard engine! Full speed astern starboard!"

Actions follow the words as they drop from the frozen lips of the captain. This is no time for dilly-dallying; thoughts and actions must work simultaneously, or, well—

Slowly the ship pays off; the ghostly glimmer crosses the fogs, draws nearer, and a huge mountain of ice, whose jagged interstices give back a thousand mocking echoes of our fog-horn, towers for an instant high over our heads, passes along our side—so perilously close—and disappears within the misty curtain astern.

We breathe again, and a sigh of re-

lief escapes us; one of us, in fact, whose nerves are overstrung, even laughs—but, oh, what a laugh, as he gasps huskily:

"A close shave, by jingo, and 1,000 souls on board!"

But the dangers are by no means past. Our bodies are still tingling with that eerie feeling which comes over one standing face to face with death; when, on our port bow, is heard the deep warning boom of a steamer's fog-horn. Blast for blast we answer her whistle as we draw closer and ever closer, till, presently, a ragged blur creeps out of the fog; shapeless and ghostly she creeps nearer, like a wraith in its clinging mantle of misty nothingness; she passes our beam within a biscuit throw, and, in another instant, the east-bound mail steamer, too, disappears within the dank, opaque shadow of the fog demon's outspread pinions.

Then, like a sheet, which has hidden from view the beautiful handwork of the artist, before the fog clears. The sky, opalescent and glorified as though a magic brush, wafted by fairy hands, had swept its deep dome of all superfluous matter, is paling with the light of the new born day, and presently up jumps the sun in all its beauty and glory to begin its diurnal, triumphal path through the heavens.

With a new life and a glad buoyancy in her every frame the dear old ship drives on her way, as though she, too, were glad the voyage was nearly done. Cold, yet wonderfully clear shone the sun, and rested lovingly on the little white-caps rushing towards us from the Canadian shores, like fairy hand stretched forth to welcome us.

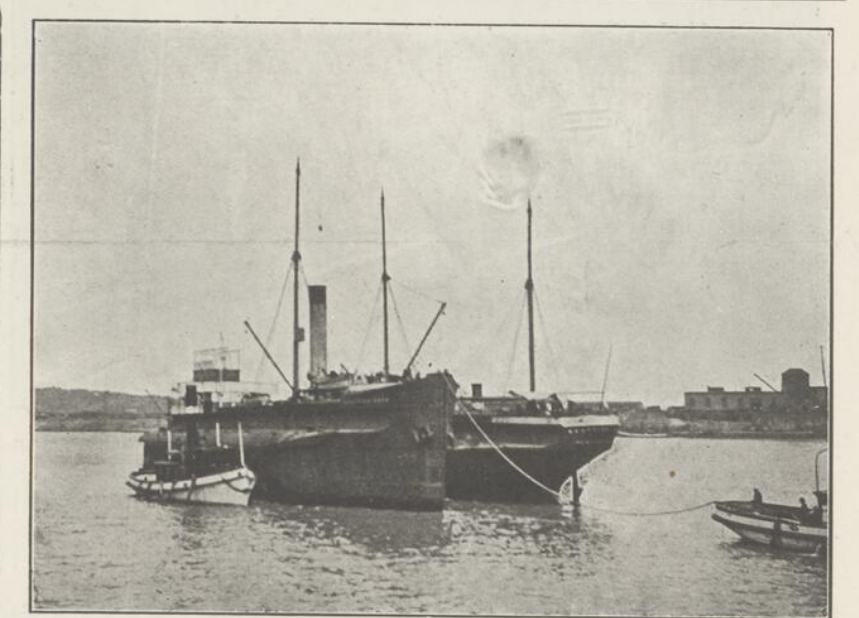
Land Ho! Land Ahead!

All day long, eager faces have been looking westward, waiting and watching for the first glimpse of the wonderful land beyond the sea rim, till, soon after the sun has crossed the meridian, the welcome cry rings out:

"Land ho! Land right ahead!"

Intense excitement prevails throughout as each one crowds to the rail to get his first glimpse of the Newfoundland coast.

Nor does this excitement diminish, but rather does it increase, as we steam up the noble Gulf of St. Lawrence, be-



WESTWARD HO!—One of the incidents of the trip. A ship that has been cut in halves preparatory to being "locked" through the St. Lawrence canals. This ship was seen on the voyage up the St. Lawrence.

coming more and more intensified as Cape Rosier, the land's end of New Brunswick, rises from out the sea right ahead, finally culminating in a mighty cheer on reaching Rimouski and the pilot, the first of the people with whom they are to make their future home, steps on board, bringing with him news of the outside world. As the steamer passes up the river the passengers have a perfect feast on all sides. Bic Island, with its grotesque peaks and highlands, clothed with verdure, is a three welcome sight. Tadousac to the north, at the mouth of the famed Saguenay river—a cold, savage, inhuman river flowing through the great chasm which opens through the heart of this region for sixty miles; Riviere du Loup, Murray Bay, Crane Island, all pass on in panoramic succession. Then comes Grosse Isle, and the doctor's visit and examination of emigrants; such a scene of moving people and bustle. Where is the quiet restfulness, the peace of yesterday? Gone, all gone—mother ocean claims them as her own. Once we come within touch of the hurry and bustle of the World, the quiet restfulness of the past few days sinks into oblivion, and becomes a thing of the past.

Quebec at last! Amid the thunderous acclamations with which the sight of this noble city, perched on the summit of its precipitous foundations, is received, one might imagine the days of Samuel de Champlain back again, and, in the vociferated cheerings, the shout-

ed words, "Quel bec," (what a beak), the cry which gave to the city its name. Stopping just long enough to disembark our emigrants, we again set off on this, the last day of our journey.

What a treat is in store for us as we sail—swift and silent—up the noble waterway. Nowhere in the world is to be found such gorgeous, such rarish scenery. The Tropics, with its waving palm trees and yellow sands, the mountain and lake districts, with their manifold beauties, cannot be compared to this; the sublimity and grandeur of which is beyond mere words.

No two points are alike; no two hill-sides of the same color. Wherever the delighted eye rests, something new, something strange rewards it.

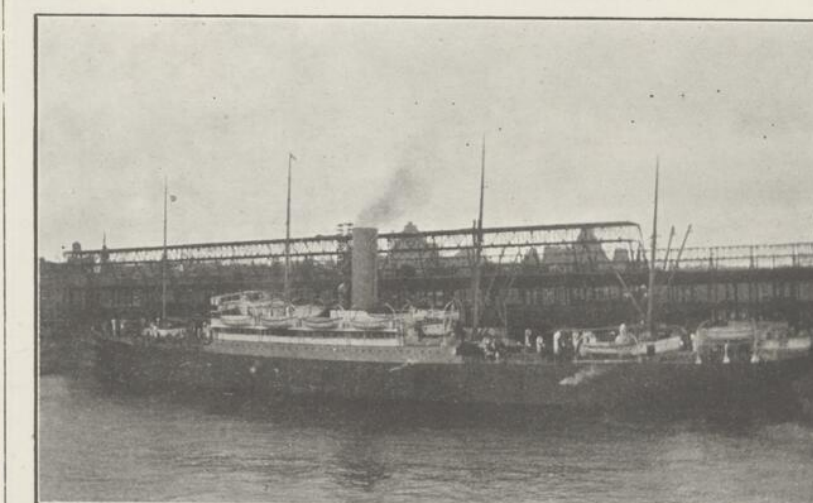
Fierce running rapids and circling whirlpools on the river; tumbling cascades, green carpeted slopes and precipitous cliffs on the shore; charming little towns nestling in sheltered valleys, pass by in an ever changing kaleidoscope.

But these are not the only things of interest. Strange crafts are passed by threading their way towards the mighty ocean. Queer little vessels with huge square sails, rafts of timber, palatial river steamers, and, on one occasion, a ship cut in halves, the last named being escorted along by two tiny, snorting tugs.

The sun is setting in a blaze of gold and crimson behind the gigantic saddleback of Mount Royal as we enter the portals of the city that nestles at its base.

The river swarms with craft of every description—huge liners run side by side with miniature petrol launches;—everywhere may be noted a scene of life and animation.

Soon we come within sight of our dock. We are seized by two tiny tugs. Puffing and snorting they shove us this way and that, till our ship's nose is pointed into the narrow cradle of water which is to be her home for the next week. Bang! bang! goes our gun, awaking the echoes round about—the ropes are made fast on the quay—we haul alongside—a cheer bursts forth on the still evening air—the engines cease their monotonous revolution, and—we have arrived—the voyage is over.



WESTWARD HO!—Docked at Montreal after the long voyage is finished.

Exclusive Dainty Parisian Fashion Creations for the Lady Readers of The Standard



THE STANDARD'S EXCLUSIVE PARISIAN FASHION SERVICE — An attractive street costume, designed by Rondeau Templier, Paris. (Photograph by Henri Manuel, Photographie d'Art, Paris.)

Up-to-Date Departmental Stores.

Canadian Lady Tells of Many Striking Things in the Chicago Business World.

CATERING to the comfort and well-being of feminine shoppers has been reduced to a science in Chicago. Marshall Fields huge store—which will be the largest in the world when the latest addition is completed—is ideal in this respect. Take the one matter of attractive, dainty lunches. One entire floor is devoted to various tea-rooms, where smart maids in black, with pointed linen cuffs and collar, and hint of a cap, wait deftly on the daintily-set tables. It was on one of the hottest days of the summer that I lunched there, and "summer sandwiches" on the menu looked temp-



Guests at the recent Dominion Day garden party at Knebworth, the country seat of Lord Strathcona.

ting. These were made of the thinnest bread and butter, with slices of tomato, on which chopped celery was sprinkled, the whole delicious edible crowned by a radish "rose." Orange punch was served in the half of an orange, a spray of smilax twining it round. When rose punch is ordered, it comes set in a fresh rose, which, on leaving, the customer pins on her gown.

Rest-Room Fitted up With Every Possible Convenience.

The "rest-room" or lounge, for men and women, is in gallery form. Here are easy chairs, writing-tables, a small library, magazines, telegraph, telephone, and post-offices. The retiring-room for la-

Little Bird Whispers.

THAT—It is announced that a return to the long sleeve is imminent.

THAT—The circular skirt is rapidly assuming the leadership in skirt styles, though rumor has it that there is a revulsion toward pleated skirts.

THAT—The predilection grows apace for the little mantelette or capelet of frivolous allure, which, be the gown what it may, invariably imparts a pleasing finish to the toilette.

THAT—Jet is frequently mentioned as a feature of coming season's trappings.

THAT—Du Barry rose pink, chartreuse green, sauterne yellow, periwinkle blue, and vieux rose are all popular colors now.

THAT—The Greek Key pattern is indubitably smart, also the chain of oval or round links; and still newer is a chain of interlocked triangles.

THAT—The "Johnny Jones" sailor hat is one of the smartest models this season, as it has more individuality than the ordinary hat called the "sailor."

THAT—Toilettes of black satin foulard, with large white coin-dots and parasol to match, are certainly smart.

THAT—High combs are being unearthed, as the Directoire coiffure is the latest dictum of fashion, and the hair must be piled up with a high comb on top to give the correct tilt to the modish hat.

THAT—Mantles and shawls are appearing on the sartorial horizon.

one feels as if a gallery in some European city had been visited.

Chicago Ladies Charged Stiff Prices for Gloves.

Canadian women who have been paying 75 cents or a dollar for silk gloves of elbow length, are more fortunate than their sisters in Chicago, who, in the sudden rage for the almost unattainable black, have been compelled to pay \$2.25 per pair. Other shades there were in plenty at a reasonable price, but nothing but the smart contrasting black was wanted.

I mentioned that a large store had its own post-office. The Monadnock block was pointed out, where a postman is appointed by the Government to make daily deliveries to the 4,000 people said to have addresses in the building.

The last horse-cars in Chicago drove up and down a block last week, transferring from the electric to the cable cars on a crowded portion of the city. All cable cars will shortly be done away with. An odd experience on the Evans-ton Avenue line is the journey through a tunnel underneath the



Another view of Knebworth, residence of Lord Strathcona.

river. These tunnels are found to be too high for some of the bigger boats, and they are shortly to be lowered at an immense cost.

THE DAY OF THE SCARF.

It must be admitted that some of the new scarfs are so diaphanous that their quality for warmth exists in name only. Soft, delicately tinted and shaded cobweb tissues, the most charming of them are fitting accompaniments to the most elaborate evening gowns, but as these are not of much use when the weather is really cool, society has taken up in earnest the mantles and capes of the late Empire date. The wide cloaks of light cloth, unlined and with bright-colored collars, worn by the men of



An interesting old tower at Knebworth, scene of the Garden party given by Lord Strathcona.

the First Empire, have been adapted to suit modern femininity.

Short jackets, too, cut in points like a shawl, and low in the neck, are worn. These fasten in front with heavy cords, and are trimmed with fancy buttons and balls and insertions of guimpe and point d'Alencon.

PONGEE BLOUSES.

Tailored waists of pongee and washable taffeta appeal to many women desiring a change from the heavy linens. They are made without the slightest fuss or feathers, and fit so splendidly that one is always sure to look smart in them. Variety, however, may be



adapted to the purposes of a Girl's School. Good equipment for the various courses of study.

LOCATION
One block east of Yonge Street on north side of Bloor Street. Near centre of city.

CHARACTER AND AIM
The College is designed to be in the highest sense a school of Christian learning.

E. A. HARDY, B.A., Principal.

Moulton College

TORONTO.

Academic Department of McMaster University.

Building and Equipment

The fine residence of the late Hon. Wm. McMaster, enlarged and equipped for the various courses of study.

COURSES OF STUDY
Matriculation Course, Classical Course, English Course, Modern Language Course, Preparatory Department, Primary Department, Art Course, Music Course, Domestic Science Course.

WRITE FOR CALENDAR.
MISS CHARLOTTE THRALL, Vice Principal.

Gentlemen, Remember!

THAT—The disappearance of the unstarched turn-over cuff is the most notable change in the new negligee shirt.

THAT—The use of two and three colors in plain stripes, as well as small figures, is a decided innovation, seen lately in the negligee shirt.

THAT—Pleats of one kind or another, according to the pattern of the material, ornament most of the soft negligee shirts.

THAT—Plain or checked linen and Madras are made up with broad box pleats, three on either side of centre.

THAT—For out-of-town wear, the standing turn-over collar is the usual accompaniment of the flannel shirt. It is held in place by the tie tightly pulled, and is secured under the knot by a gold bar pin.

THAT—The newest polo shirts are made in two colors independent of club or team regulations. The openings are shorter, and are fastened with buttons, the sleeves reaching only to the elbow.

THAT—The breeches worn for polo differ from ordinary riding-breeches, mainly in that they are usually made of white linen, or some other suitable light fabric, rather than of buckskin or cloth.

THAT—Tan boots and gaiters are the usual foot covering for polo, the gaiter with the snap fastenings being the favorite.

THAT—The polo cap is similar to the true jockey cap, a little lower in the crown, and with longer visor.

found in a design having a plain front, but trimmed in double-breasted effect. The sleeve is the ordinary shirt sleeve with tailored cuffs, this being the correct thing in all the latest models, and there is a broad, turn-down collar of the pongee finished with a four-in-hand tie.

A by no means unimportant feature of the tailored shirtwaist is the pocket, which is stitched upon the front on the left side, or sometimes on both sides. This may be a slit pocket, like that in a man's waistcoat, or an applied pocket, in which latter case it is usually put on with buttonhole stitching.

It is not surprising that the plain waist survives the onslaught of so many imitations, because if cut and fitted well, it requires a good figure to set it off. For slender fig-



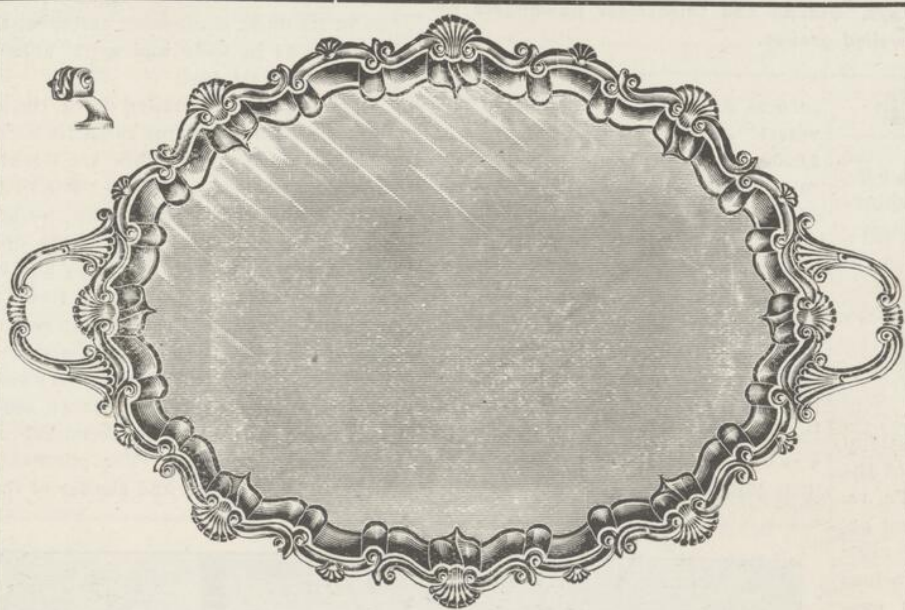
THE STANDARD'S EXCLUSIVE PARISIAN FASHION SERVICE — An afternoon gown, suitable for garden parties, designed by the Bone Sisters, Paris. (Photograph by Henri Manuel, Photographie d'Art, Paris.)

ures pleated waists with short sleeves and turndown collars are very pretty and becoming. The pleats are helped out by all kinds of fancy buttons, and, of course, a

bit of embroidery is never amiss. Embroidered initials upon the front, the pocket, cuffs, or even tops of the sleeves are very de rigueur.

Tea Trays

FINE
ENGLISH PLATE
ON BEST
NICKEL SILVER



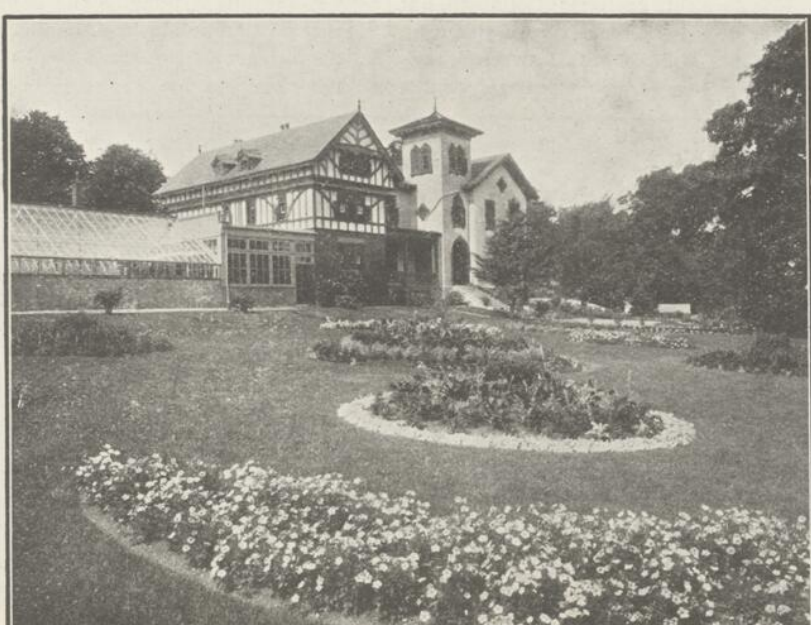
20 inches, - \$22.50 24 inches, - \$30.00
22 inches, - \$27.00 26 inches, - \$36.00

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

G. SEIFERT & SONS, 16 Fabrique St., QUEBEC.

JEWELLERS,

A RESIDENCE IN OUTREMONT.



Montreal's Most Beautiful Suburb.

Outremont

WANTS GOOD RESIDENTS.

It offers you more than any other Suburb.

Outremont has been at a standstill for 50 years. Now it sees its own virtues and will tell them to the public in a series of advertisements in "The Standard." Its object is to attract good citizens. It has a strong story to tell and will tell it in parts, every week, until it is told. If you are a prospective builder of a home follow these ads.

THE OUTREMONT TOWN COUNCIL.

A RESIDENCE IN OUTREMONT.



Great Hall and King's Box Where Canadian Music Was Performed in London

BRITISH-CANADIAN MUSICAL FESTIVAL. The following very interesting description of the British-Canadian Musical Festival, held in the Queen's Hall, London, on June 27, and at which His Majesty the King was present in state, will give Canadians some idea of the importance



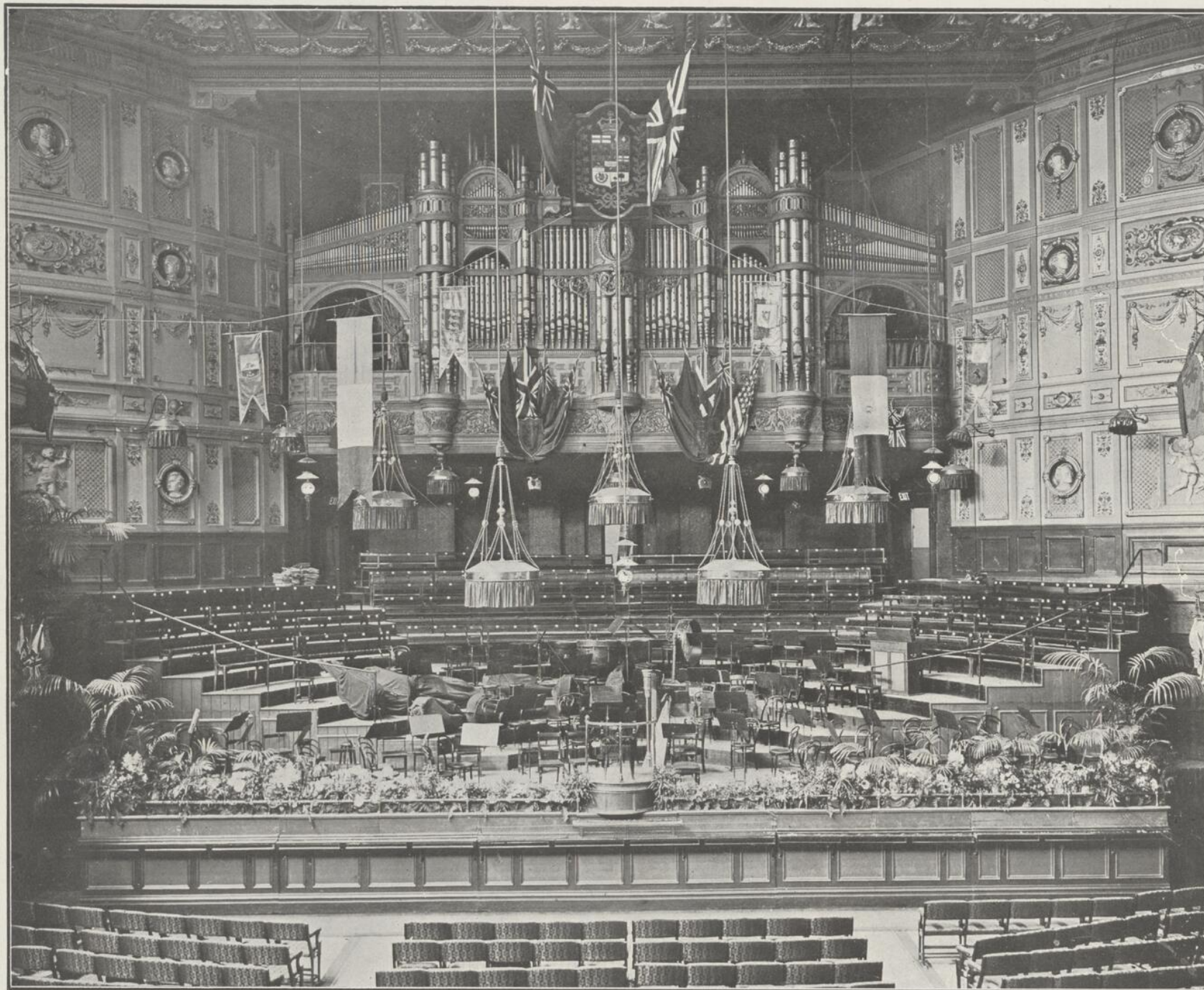
THE BRITISH-CANADIAN MUSICAL FESTIVAL—Dr. Charles A. E. Harriss, of Montreal, whose choric idyll "Pan" was one of the features of the Festival.

of the event and the select character of the audience present: "The time of the King's arrival indicated very clearly that His Majesty had designed to pay Canada a special compliment. It was close upon half-past nine when Sir Alexander Mackenzie gave the signal to the band to play the "National



THE BRITISH-CANADIAN MUSICAL FESTIVAL—Miss Ida Kahn, dramatic soprano, who sang the part of "The Echo" in "Pan."

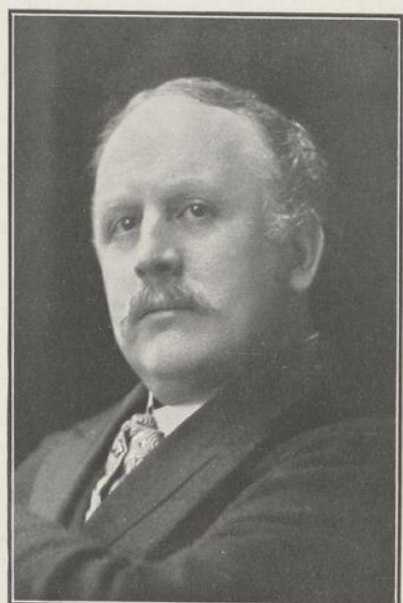
Anthem," and by that time four of the works by the English composers had been disposed of—the "Britannia" overture by Sir Alexander Mackenzie; the second Irish Rhapsody of Sir Charles Villiers Stanford; "Blest Pair of Syrens," by Sir Hubert Parry; and the



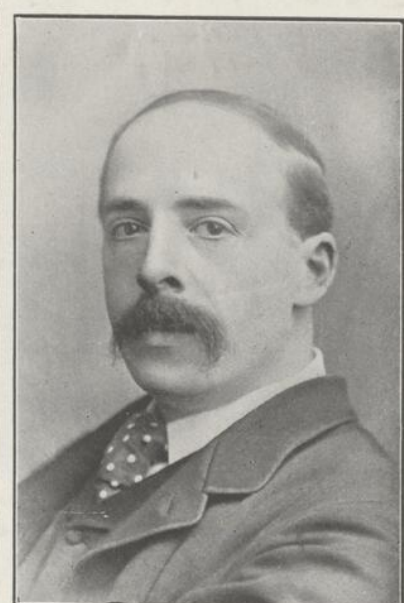
THE BRITISH-CANADIAN MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN LONDON, ENG.—Interior view of the Queen's Hall, in which the concert was held, showing the great organ, the chorus seats, and the space allotted for the London Symphony Orchestra, which accompanied the soloists and chorus. The illustration also shows the elaborate decorations, which, in so far as this part of the hall was concerned, consisted of the Dominion coat-of-arms; two French flags, each bearing a beaver and a wreath of maple leaves; several bannerets carrying the coats-of-arms of the Canadian provinces; and a sextette of trophies, composed of British and Canadian ensigns. The front of the platform was a mass of palms and potted plants, the latter bearing huge clusters of flowers. This is the type of concert hall required in Montreal.

"Butterfly's Ball" overture of Frederick Cowen.

"The hall in its gala dress provided a brilliant and inspiring scene when King Edward came forward to the front of the balcony, accompanied by the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and received the enthusiastic greeting of the large and fashionable audience. His Majesty, evidently much pleased by the loyal outburst, bowed several times before taking his seat. Princess Louise, who looked very handsome in soft blush-rose satin, veiled in embroidered net, and wore a glittering tiara of diamonds and rubies, and some fine pearls, was present in kindly recognition of the pleasant years she spent in Canada when the Duke of Argyll was Governor-General of the Dominion. The Duke also attended, and those in the King's suite included Lord Knollys, Lord Colebrooke, Sir A. Condie Ste-



THE BRITISH-CANADIAN MUSICAL FESTIVAL — Mr. Frangon-Davies, basso, the creator of the title role in "Pan," London.



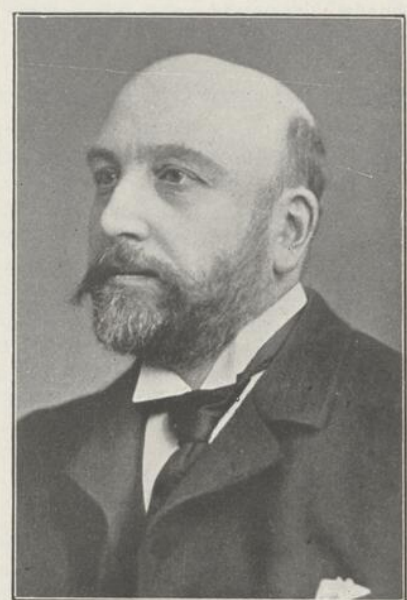
THE BRITISH-CANADIAN MUSICAL FESTIVAL—Dr. F. H. Cowen, who conducted his overture, "The Butterfly."

but her beautiful voice and dramatic style suited to perfection the character of the appealing Syrinx. Mr. Harrison, as the Faun, also sang splendidly, especially in the impassioned air bidding Pan "take heart again"; but it was to Mr. Frangon-Davies, in the title-part, that the chief honors fell. The cultured artist found in "Pan" a character after his own heart, and he sang with a power, pathos, and sardonic humor which were truly delightful.

"Like the solos, the choruses were, without exception, made up of bright, tuneful, unhackneyed music, expressive in the highest degree of the classic idea and pastoral beauty of the old-time legends of Pan.

"At the close the composer, who adds to an undoubted genius an intensely dramatic style of conducting, came in for a great ovation, being twice recalled. There were cries of 'Bravo, bravo' from all parts of the hall, and the singers and band rose in their places and cheered him lustily.

"It is not too much to say that the Canadian took his audience by storm, and to show the worth of the compliments he received, it is only necessary to mention that at once he was approached with a request for a repetition of the work in London at an early date, and for permission to translate the libretto of Josephine Preston Peabody into



THE BRITISH-CANADIAN MUSICAL FESTIVAL—Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who conducted his overture, "Britannia," and Sir Edward Elgar's overture, "Cockaigne."

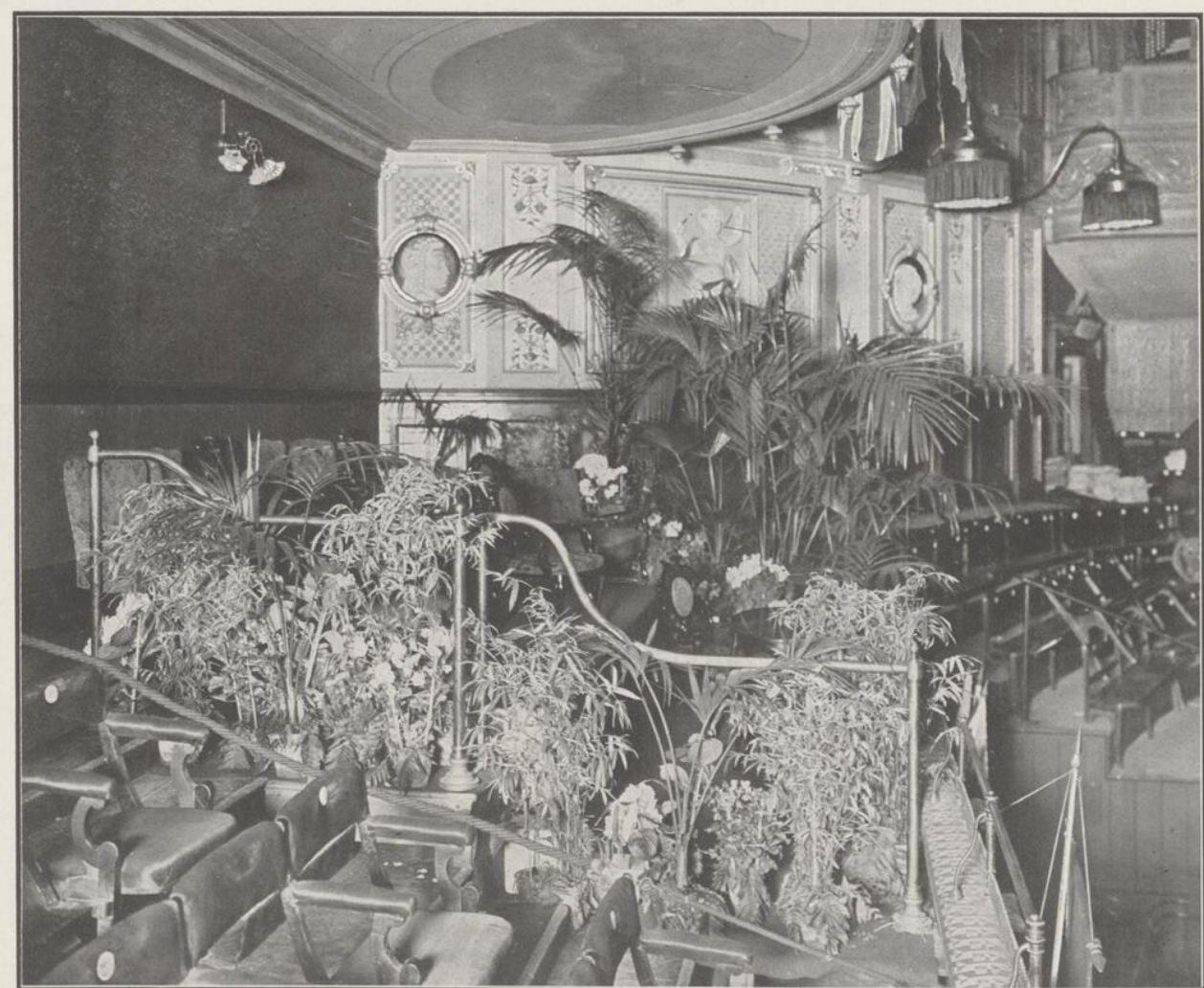
German, and to produce the work in Vienna. The last-named request came from Herr Franz Schalk, who was especially optimistic as to the reception awaiting "Pan" on the Continent."

The London Telegraph says of the work:—"Canada relied, and with much success, upon Dr.



THE BRITISH-CANADIAN MUSICAL FESTIVAL — Mr. John Harrison, tenor of the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, who sang the part of "The Faun" in "Pan."

Charles Harriss. His "Pan" is a short cantata of a useful type, eminently singable; its music is natural and unsought, full of bright sun, while its composer avoids the common pitfalls of the more erudite musicians, who, seeking more, attain less."



THE BRITISH-CANADIAN MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN LONDON, ENG.—The royal loge, on the left of the orchestra, occupied by His Majesty the King, Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) and other members of the royal party. His Majesty sat on the chair facing the table in the front row. The floral decorations of the loge, as may be seen from the illustration, were superb.

phens, and Majors G. Holford and F. Ponsonby, and Lieut.-Col. C. Frederick. The audience also was largely augmented about the time of the King's arrival, and there were present, in addition to Lord Stratheona and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, who received His Majesty, Her Excellency the Countess Grey and party, the Earls of Pembroke and Kilmorey, Lord Alverstone (Lord Chief Justice), Lord Burnham, and a large number of well-known musicians, including Sir Walter Parratt, Mr. Randegger, Signor Tosti, Herr Franz Schalk, conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic Society, as well, of course, as the distinguished composers whose works appeared on the programme.

Fine Orchestra And Soloists.

"After bowing low to the King, Dr. Harriss took up the baton to conduct a band of musicians capable of giving adequate expression to almost any work. The platform was occupied by the London Symphony Orchestra, and a picked chorus of 250 fresh and cultivated voices, while the composer was also particularly happy in the choice of his soloists. Mlle. Pauline Donald, herself a Canadian, was the soprano, Mr. Frangon-Davies the bass, Mr. John Harrison the tenor, and Miss Ida Kahn was given the small part of "Echo." Mlle. Donald's part was not a large one,



THE BRITISH-CANADIAN MUSICAL FESTIVAL — Mlle. Donald, who sang the role of "Syrinx" in Dr. Harriss's "Pan." Mlle. Donald, who was Miss Pauline Lightstone, of Montreal, was married in London last week to M. Paul Seveilhac, a prominent French baritone.

Famous Canadian Birthplace of College Presidents and Navigators the World Over



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF COLLEGE PRESIDENTS FOR CANADA — The vine-covered home of the late Rev. Dr. McCulloch, the father of Higher Education in Canada, who passed away many years ago, full of years and honors, after a lifetime of struggle in behalf of the cause he loved. (Photo by W. M. Munro, Pictou, N.S.)

A BLUNT white shaft on a long narrow tongue of land with a twinkling beam of light at eve 'ide marks the entrance to Pictou harbor.

Across the bar, covered with sapphire-colored crisp curling waves, or, at other times, greenish-hued sullen rollers, have sailed in and out many brave ships which have carried the fame of Pictou skippers into many far away ports the world over.

The pilots sitting under the lee of the old Slip engine-house on a warm sunny day, with an eye seaward, will tell you many a tale of stormy voyages to foreign parts; of the gallant barque that foundered beyond the light on her first voyage out; of cold, dreary days beating about the Straits of Northumberland for ships Pictou-bound; above all, of the strange vessel of fire which is seen on dark and stormy nights with every mast and yard and bit of rigging agleam with mysterious phosphor-

ring of the ship caulker's hammer; but the same expanse of shimmering water across the Abercrombie Plains; and the same three rivers emptying themselves into the Bay, as the "Hector" sailed along, of yore, seeking a landing place on that September day. A few more Indians to greet them with wondering eyes; but the same glory of the maples beginning to wear their wealth of autumn color.

Home of Great Educationists.

Since then, Pictou has reared a wonderful seafaring race; a race of skippers who have paced the quarter-deck in every quarter of the globe, and made the name of the quaint Scottish town on Northumberland Straits famous the world over,—on the Mersey, as well as at the River Plate, the Indies, and ports around the Horn.

But perhaps it is as the home of



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF COLLEGE PRESIDENTS FOR CANADA — The old Pictou Academy, one of the most famous institutions of learning in America. Here a long list of men who afterwards became famous, either taught or had their early training, including Sir William Dawson, Principal George M. Grant, Principal Macrae (of Morin College), Principal Gordon (of Queen's), Principal Forrest (of Dalhousie), Professor Bayne (Royal Military College, Kingston), Professors Purves and McKenzie, Dr. A. H. Mackay (Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia), Prof. Creighton (of Cornell), and a host of others.

escent fire; full sail set for the lighthouse and the bar she never crossed.

And the pilots will tell you of the tragedy of the "Fairy Queen" and the floating ashore of Martin I. Wilkins; of the wreck of the "Inverault" within sight of port, and the drowning of the salvage men who fled for their lives from the doomed ship; but, through it all, the lighthouse will loom up seaward far down the harbor through the haze, and the tongue of land on which it stands will seem to creep across the water to the other side, just as it did in the long ago, when the sturdy little "Hector," with its ship load of hardy Scottish pioneers, approached these thickly wooded shores, and crossing the bar, beat up the harbor to found a town which was destined to become a famous spot in the New World.

Magnificent Harbor; Beauty of Maples.

Nothing very much changed; more heavily wooded, surely, then, and no

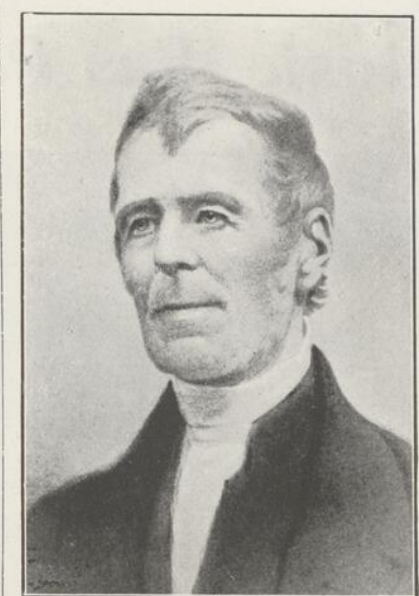
great educationists that Pictou has latterly chiefly owed its fame. Its settlers, of rugged Presbyterian stock esteemed education of next importance to the Bible, and quickly planted a school on the lines of Edinburgh University, in their eyes the idea of what a college should be.

Here, Dr. McCulloch, in the old Pictou Academy, laid broad and deep, in a life of unremitting toil, the foundations of the Higher Education structure in Canada.

Here, the citizens, in self-denying heroic spirit, started an academy which was destined to furnish an object lesson in the New World of what education should be, and which was, in after years, to draw students from every clime; which was to train a class of enlightened men to result in after years in the famous school legislation of Dr. now Sir Charles, Tupper, which even to-day remains the envy and despair of every other Province of the Dominion.

With this wonderful foresight displayed by the early settlers themselves

A Pretty Town on the Straits of Northumberland Which Holds the Record in Canada for Producing Principals of Universities.



THE LATE REV. DR. THOMAS McCULLOCH, D.D.—Principal of Dalhousie College, and the father of Higher Education in Canada. (Photo by W. M. Munro, Pictou, N.S.)

In connection with everything pertaining to education, it is hardly, perhaps, to be wondered at that in the process of development and growth of their system, the town and surrounding county should gradually become famous as the great Mother of College Presidents for the rest of Canada.

For in the olden days, when McKenzie, and Purves, and Bayne were deep in laboratory experiments in preparation for later research work in Germany, others were in training for high executive positions.

Dr. McCulloch had gone to assume the principalship of Dalhousie College at Halifax, and William, afterwards Sir William, Dawson, was soon to leave his studies in geology at the Academy to proceed to Edinburgh, and subsequently become Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia. After this began his great life work at McGill University. George M. Grant was playing about the little farm at Horne's Brook, not dreaming, perhaps, of the career which awaited him in guiding the destinies of Queen's, and the honor, on his dying bed, of being the only Canadian to receive a private visit from England's future King. Yet, the bare-footed lad who drove his cows home through the sweet-smelling spruce trees was to

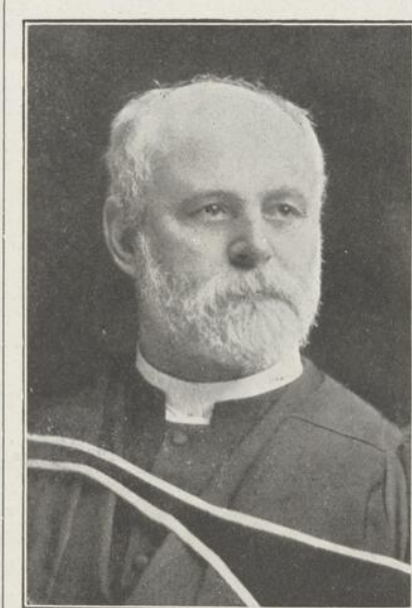
Academy, had gone to Edinburgh University, the great mother-house of Pictou's educational ideals, and after a brilliant career, returned bearing the coveted medal proclaiming him the peer of all students in attendance at the grey Northern Capital. His promotion to the Principalship of Queen's University came years afterwards, and was accepted by the citizens as a matter of course.

Another Future College President.

Up the West River, along a famous coaching road, another boy was busily delving in classical and historical lore. Perhaps even at that early day he had visions of some day sitting in the exalted seat of Dr. McCulloch; but, at any rate, the wheels revolved, and Principal John Forrest, of Dalhousie College, to-day directs the fortunes of that University.

And across the West and Middle Rivers, at Hopewell, the future Dr. Macrae, Principal of Morin College, was already busy at his Latin and Greek.

A wonderful list of college presidents



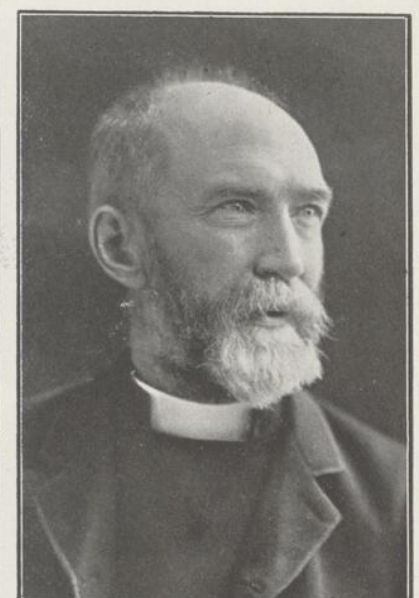
REV. DANIEL M. GORDON, M.A., LL.D., Principal of Queen's University.

for a small town; and just across the water is the birthplace and early home of President Schurman, of Cornell, whose name has lately been prominent



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF COLLEGE PRESIDENTS FOR CANADA—Pictou Academy No. 3. An excellent illustration of Pictou Academy No. 1 is shown elsewhere on this page. Pictou Academy No. 2 was destroyed by fire some years ago, when portions of a very valuable museum were lost. The work of the institution is carried on at present, at a high degree of excellence, under Principal Robert McLellan.

to his way through the old Academy; build up, through his efforts, a great University; and finally, wear upon his breast, as he lay in state after weary



THE LATE REV. GEORGE M. GRANT, D.D., C.M.G.—Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, who had the honor of receiving the only private visit paid to a subject by H. R. H. Duke of York, while on his tour through Canada in 1901. (Photo by Notman.)

months of suffering, the decoration of his Sovereign.

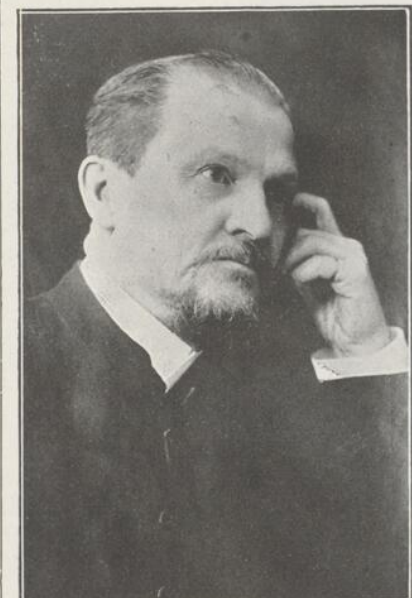
Dr. Gordon Succeeds President Grant.

And when, Grant's work done, Queen's needed another man to sit in the Presidential Chair, it is not, strange, perhaps, after all, that a man from the same little town should be called to the high office. Daniel M. Gordon, trained in the hard, thorough school of Pictou

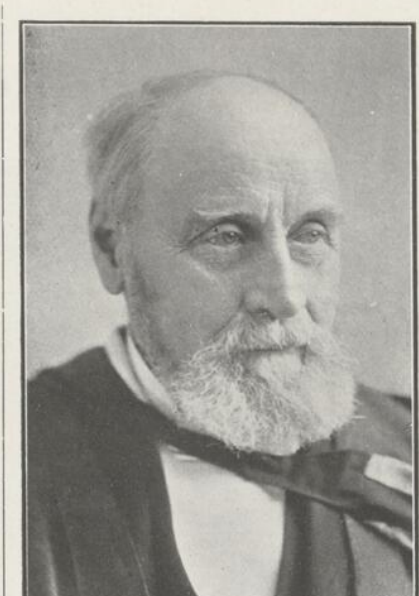
in connection with the highest position in the gift of Varsity.

Perhaps it is the air down by the sea which makes college presidents; perhaps it is the rare Scottish stock, and the Scottish ideas of the Bible and of what true education consists; perhaps a combination of all four; who can tell?

There is nothing romantic about the square little wooden house at the foot of the Deacon's Hill, where Sir William Dawson first saw the light. The humble dwelling faces a dusty street, with little to attract. At the top of the hill, however, is a gorgeous view seaward and riverward, and in the winter-time merry coasting parties go roaring down the steep decline to the town below; and of a Sunday morning, across the road, the Kirkfolk—strong Macdonald and Tupper men—are wont to assemble at the sonorous tolling of the



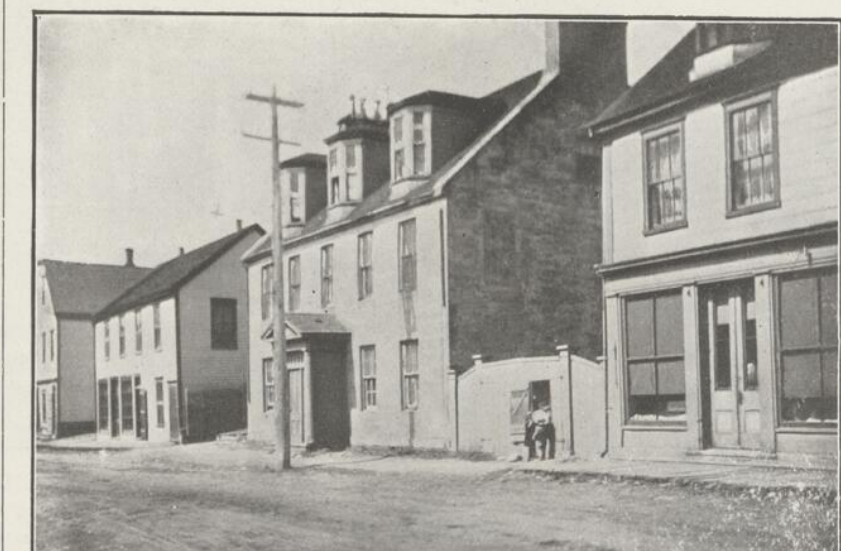
REV. D. MACRAE, M.A., D.D.—For some time Principal of Morin College. Born at Hopewell, Pictou Co., N.S.



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM DAWSON, K.C.M.G.—Principal of McGill University, and famous the world over for his works on Geology. This illustration is executed from what was his favorite photograph. (Photo by Notman.)

bell. Further westward, on the same street, still stands the "Gordon" house, a stately stone structure, even to-day, where the President of Queen's came into the world.

Still further westward, now a mass of clinging vines, and surrounded with



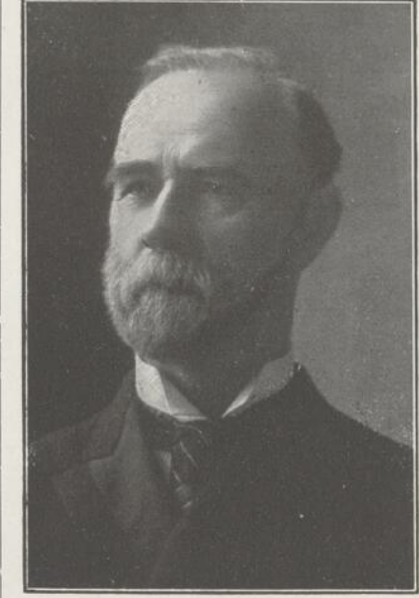
THE BIRTH-PLACE OF COLLEGE PRESIDENTS FOR CANADA—Centre building, with portico, is the Gordon house, wherein Rev. Dr. Daniel M. Gordon, LL.D., Principal of Queen's University, was born.

trees and flowers, is the old home of Principal McCulloch.

Hard Scholastic Training as of Yore.

The old hard training of students for the battle of life goes on in Pictou as of yore; the academy graduates battle for supremacy at all the great seats of learning in the old and new worlds. The news of a great appointment, of a signal achievement, does not surprise the townspeople. They and their forefathers have been used to these things for a century!

Perhaps, after all, the environment may have something to do with it. The town slopes pleasantly from surrounding hills to the water's edge. Shade trees crown the upper ridges and make a noble mass of greenery. A bay, three miles in length, receives the waters of the East, Middle, and West Rivers. Far up the former stream can be seen the smoke of the Nova Scotia Steel Works plant, which began with a humble blacksmith's shop. At the mouth of the



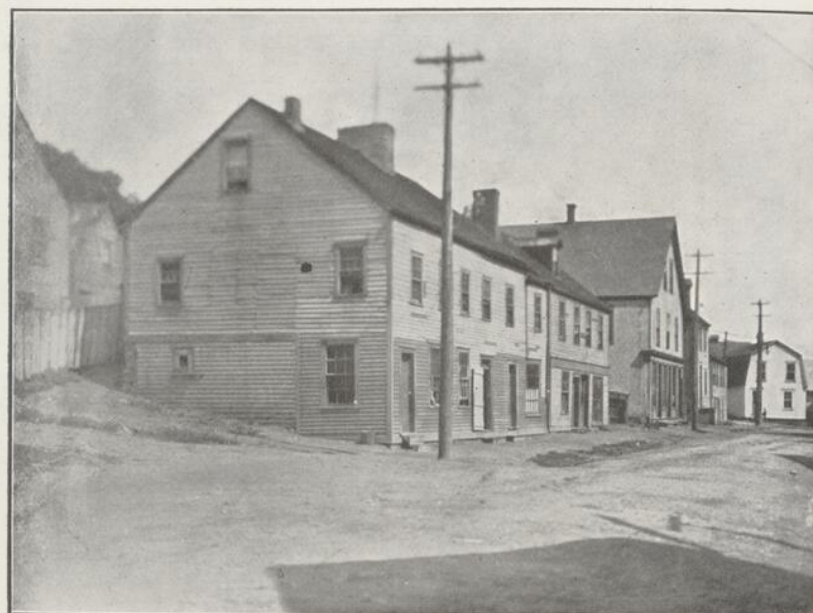
REV. JOHN FORREST, D.D.—President of Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S.

Middle River is the large new pier of the Intercolonial Coal Mining Company, and along the West River are the works of the Logan Tanning Company. These, however, are the principle evidences of gross materialism; the rest is peaceful and sylvan.

On a summer's afternoon, small sailing craft manned by the descendants of the skilful navigators of old, flash up and down the sparkling waters of the harbor.

Delightful Avenue Of Famous Beeches.

Not far from the lighthouse is the Quarry, a famous picnic spot, with



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF COLLEGE PRESIDENTS FOR CANADA — The corner house is where the late Sir William Dawson, K.C.M.G., Principal of McGill University, was born. Just across the street is St. Andrew's Church, attended as a youth by Principal Gordon, of Queen's, and whose pulpit he has often since occupied.

heavy undergrowth and road winding laboriously to the shore. And westward are the wonderful old beech trees and willows, which make an archway of gloom and coolness on the hottest summer day. Under these willows lovers walk of a summer evening, and follow through the greenery the bright eye of the lighthouse gleaming far out across the Straits.

Beautiful Green Hill in the distance.

Ever westward still is the Battery, where great cumbersome cannon roar

bright golden eye of Pictou light, and a solitary belated fishing smack slips silently across the bar.

FREDERIC YORSTON, A.B. (Harv.)



"And westward are the wonderful old beech trees and willows, which make an archway of gloom and coolness on the hottest summer day."

MY OLD HOME.

Back to my home, where waterfalls Course through their jewel-pebbled halls,

And fresh, cool fountains laugh through spray

Dashed from their rainbow-tinted play; Where once my feet were wont to pass Through wandering paths of waving grass,

To valleys, laden deep with dew, Beneath o'er hanging cliffs of blue, Where ever-varying beauty spills Itself upon my native hills,

'Tis there my soul with rapture swells To hear the chime of evening bells.

I rove the streets, where stately trees Exhale each garden's scented breeze, And tempting porches, screened with vine,

Allure the wanderer to recline, Where gaily-knitted hammocks cling To branches, like a fairy's swing,

Rocked to and fro with drowsy charm By many a dimpled hand and arm, While calmer Age, with locks of grey, Basks in the closing hours of day.

There, too, amid the busy mart, The rumbling of the ponderous cart, And clatter of a thousand feet

Wake echoes in my native street, Till, stirred by memory's spell, my mind Seems restless as the roving wind.

And dear to me is one green lawn, When day's last glimmer is withdrawn; Near by the river's tranquil flow I watch the mystic afterglow,

And, once again a child, I roam Around my memory-haunted home: Then—nothing earthly can compare With my fond mother's evening prayer!

W. GARFIELD REES. (36 Mance street.)

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The Bisley Team Members of which Distinguished Themselves by Winning Kolapore Cup



THE CANADIAN BISLEY TEAM FOR 1906—Reading from left to right, the team includes:—Top row: John Deslaurier, house steward; Sergt. H. Kerr, 48th Highlanders, Toronto; Pte. E. H. Nicholls, 12th Regt., Guelph, Ont.; Sergt. G. M. Whitely, Q.O.R., Toronto; Sergt.-Major J. Gaven, 5th C. A., Victoria, B.C. Second row (standing): Staff-Sergt. Mortimer, G. G. F. G., Ottawa; Pte. J. Leask, Q. O. R., Toronto; Piper S. Leask, 48th Highlanders, Toronto; Pte. F. N. Allen, 7th Fusiliers, London, Ont.; Pte. Leon Pinard, 43rd D. C. O. R., Ottawa; Sergt.-Major S. J. Huggins, 13th Regt., Hamilton; Pte. W. A. Smith, G. G. F. G., Ottawa. Third row (seated): Capt. W. H. Forrest, 6th D.C.O.R., Vancouver, B.C.; Major R. Dillon, 24th Regt., Chatham; Lt.-Col. O. E. Talbot, M.P., 17th Regt., adjutant; Lt.-Col. E. W. Wilson, 3rd Victoria Rifles, Montreal; Capt. E. Skedden, 91st Highlanders, Hamilton; Lieut. W. H. Semple, 78th Regt., Truro, N.S. Bottom row: Pte. J. Drysdale, 3rd Victoria Rifles, Montreal; Pte. H. M. Blackburn, 90th Rifles, Winnipeg; Corp. W. H. Youhill, 90th Rifles, Winnipeg.

The Standard's Military Chat

The announcement was recently made of two more presentations to ships of the Royal Navy which receive their names from different portions of the British Empire. One was to the Dominion and the other to the London, the gifts coming from the Dominion of Canada and the Corporation of London respectively. Nineteen thousand persons, distributed from Halifax

sions, and 29,331 of disability pensions, a total of 34,136. The service pensions to non-commissioned officers and men were 11,074, and the disability pensions 31,592, and the total pensions 42,666.

A serious defect has been discovered in the equipment issued to British Mounted Infantry with the new short rifle. It has been found

presenting the interim between 1790 and the present day; and a torchlight tattoo. A colossal concert, in which 1,300 musicians took part, was given under the direction of Bandmaster Sims, Royal Artillery Mounted Band. This was the largest massed military band ever conducted by a single bandmaster in Great Britain. The fete also included all the pastimes of a country fair, to which had been added the special entertainment of ascents in both captive and free balloons. On both days the spectators were numerous.

The new War Office, opposite

dodge of causing himself to be arrested as an Arab spy. Lord Kitchener used to be a great man at "making up" in his scouting days, and, of course, he knows all the ins and outs of the native dialects and habits.

Sir Evelyn Wood began his distinguished career in the senior ser-

OLD OPPONENT OF SIR CHAS. TUPPER DEAD.

His Honor the late William Agnew Denny Morse, Judge of the County Court for the Counties of Cumberland and Pictou, Nova Scotia, recently passed away at Amherst, N.S.

Judge Morse was the second son of the late Hon. James S. Morse, by his wife, Augusta Agnew, daughter of Andrew Kinneir, of Halifax. On both sides he was of Loyalist descent, and was always very proud of his ancestry. Born at Amherst, on June 1, 1837, he was educated at a private school, at Horton, and at Sackville Aca-

rear of Havelock's relieving column. Colonel H. G. Browne Cornwall, L.I., was one of Lucknow's small but invincible garrison.

1872 against Sir Charles Tupper, Bart. He was appointed to the Judgeship for District No. 5 Aug. 21, 1876.

His Honor was a member of the Anglican Church. He married, in December, 1873, Ella Frances Rebecca, daughter of R. Beaumont Boggs, who survives him.

Was a Man of Brilliant Parts.

The late Judge Morse was a man of brilliant talents. As a lawyer he was zealous and brilliant; as an

orator he had few equals in his native province; and he filled the duties pertaining to the Bench in a manner satisfactory to all concerned. His knowledge of local history was very great, particularly incidents connected with the passing of that part of the country from French to British rule. He was very often called upon by literary societies to deliver lectures upon Acadian history, and it is to be very much regretted that before his lamented death he did not commit to paper the knowledge which he had secured in connection with his native land.



GHUZNEE MEDAL, 1839. (First Afghan War.)

AFTER the capture of the Fortress of Ghuznee, on July 23, 1839, Shah Shoojah announced his intention of conferring a medal on the troops employed, as a mark of his estimation of their gallantry. The medal was manufactured at the Government Mint in Calcutta, but

branches of laurel; 23rd July above, 1839 below. The name of the recipient was generally en-

GHUZNEE MEDAL.



Reverse.

GHUZNEE MEDAL.



Obverse.

graved on the field, but this was done at the owner's expense, as the medal was issued without names. The ribbon was a broad one, one-half crimson and the other half green.

The British regiments present in this action were the 4th and 16th Light Dragoons; 2nd, 13th, and 17th Foot; and the following Indian regiments took part in the capture: the 2nd Regiment of Skinner's Horse, the 3rd Bombay Cavalry, the Poonah Horse, the Bombay Sappers and Miners, and the Bengal European Regiment.



HOW A CANADIAN SUMMER IS ENJOYED—Scene on the beach in front of the Cartierville Boating Club.

to Vancouver, contributed to the fund for the purchase of gifts for the Dominion, the subscriptions being limited to 25c. each, and \$4,012 were collected. This sum will be used for the purchase of a shield, to be competed for annually amongst the crews of the big guns, together with a 4 per cent. bond of 1,500 dollars as prize money; a loving cup for the officers; and four cigar and cigarette boxes, fashioned in the shape of seamen's chests, accompanied by lighters representing a 12-in. gun, one to each mess.

The Secretary of State for War has given the following summary of the number of non-commissioned officers and men discharged with pensions during each of the seven years 1899-1900 to 1905-06. During that period 6269 non-commissioned officers received service pensions and 2261 disability pensions, a total of 8530. Corporals and privates to the number of 4805 were in receipt of service pen-

that in the wear and tear of mounted work, the spring of the safety bolt gets gradually worn by constant friction with the bucket, and ultimately becomes useless.

It is announced from Washington that Rear-Admiral Evans, commanding the North Atlantic Squadron, will have under his command before the autumn a fleet of sixteen battleships, the largest ever assembled by the United States.

A grand military fete was held recently in the grounds of Government House, Aldershot, under the patronage of Lieut.-Gen. Sir John and Lady French, in aid of military charities. The various competitions incidental to a tournament were held, and there was also a life-saving display by men of the Victory between ship and shore; a grand historical pageant, under the direction of Col. Ferguson, King's Dragoon Guards, re-

the Horse Guards, at Charing Cross, London, is fast approaching completion, and it will not be long before the military and civil staff, who are now compelled to occupy offices nearly half a mile away from one another, will be housed in a fit and proper building.

Lord Kitchener's father, who was rather a Spartan parent, was also a soldier; but in Ireland he turned his attention to breeding pigs as a source of income. Kitchener and his brother had to drive the pigs to market. They were sent off without breakfast, and had to do without that meal on their return if the pigs remained unsold.

Lord Kitchener once disguised himself as a native slave, in order to attend a meeting between a treacherous chief, who pretended to be siding with the British, and the envoys of the Mahdi. He got back to camp by a clever but risky



THE HON. WM. A. D. MORSE—An old political opponent of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., who passed away recently.

vice, and was, as a youth of sixteen, recommended for the Victoria Cross by Captain Lushington during the Crimean War. It was, however, not bestowed until later.

Thirty-two crosses were given in connection with the memorable siege and capture of Delhi, of whom only six recipients remain. General Sir J. Hills-Johnes, G.C.B., Bengal Artillery, was decorated for an obstinate defence of two guns against repeated furious attacks by a large force of the enemy.

Three Delhi veterans who won crosses are Colonel Cadell, I.S.C., Royal Munster Fusiliers; Colonel Sir Edward Thackeray, K.C.B., R.E.; and Sergeant-Major Coghlan, Gordon Highlanders, members of the chivalrous fraternity who risked their own lives in face of desperate odds to save others.

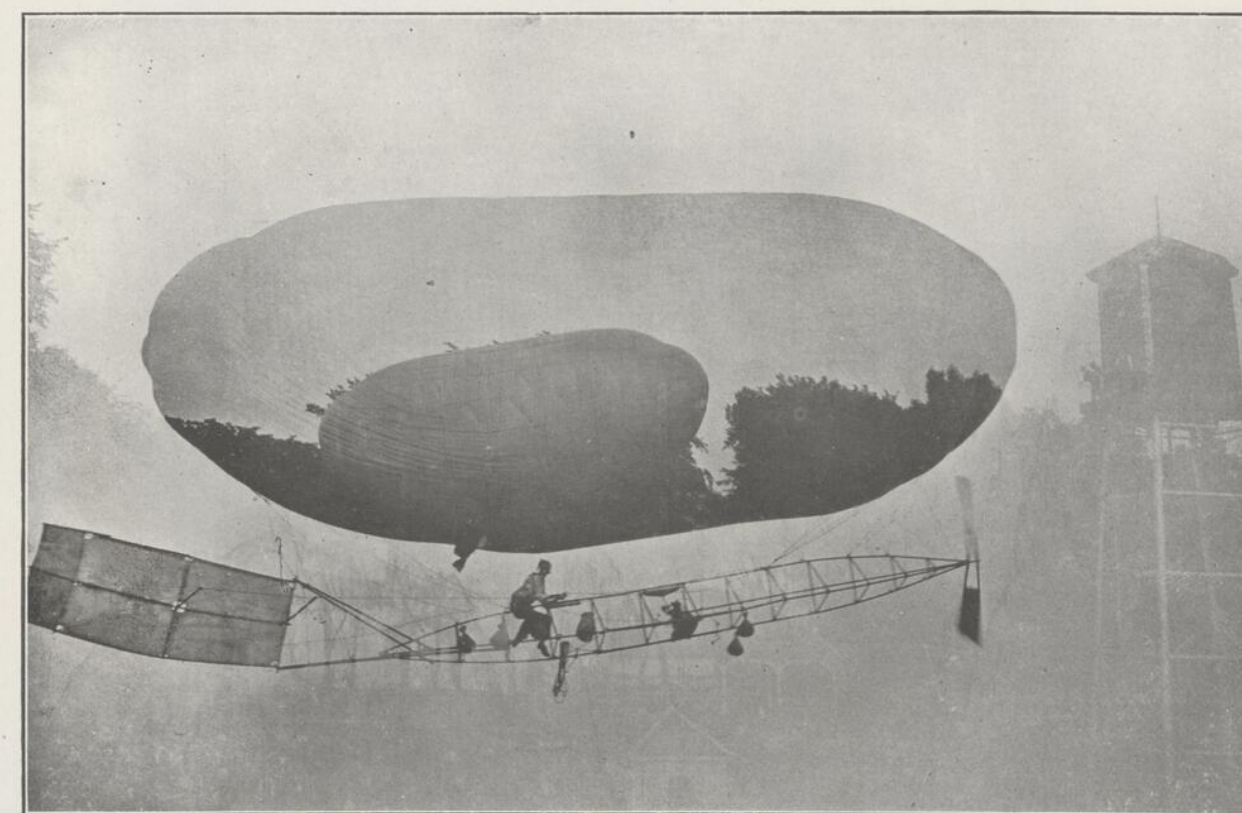
Seventy out of innumerable splendid deeds during the defence, two reliefs, and final capture by the British troops at Lucknow were recognized by the award of their Sovereign's Cross. Those left are Admiral of the Fleet Sir Nowell Salmon, G.C.B., and Seaman Hall, two naval heroes of the Shah Nujiff, the latter being one of the three men of color gazetted. General Sir John Watson, G.C.B., Punjab Cavalry, like Lord Roberts, nearly ended his career as a lieutenant in a furious encounter with a rebel whose musket missed fire. Surgeon-General Sir Anthony Home, K.C.B., Scottish Rifles, will always be remembered for his magnificent twenty-two hours' defence, with only a few helpers, of the wounded under his care at the



WATCHING A RACE ON THE RIVIERE DES PRAIRIES—An ordinary Saturday afternoon scene at the club house of the Cartierville Boating Club.



STANDARD NEWSBOYS AND NEWSGIRLS GETTING ON THE STREET CARS FOR AN OUTING.



FREAK PHOTOGRAPH OF THE REUBENUSH AIR-SHIP, RECENTLY AT DOMINION PARK—This novel illustration is the result of two photographic exposures on the same plate. The larger picture shows Hamilton, the operator, in the act of guiding the air-ship upwards, preparatory to an attempt at a flight over the city. The smaller picture shows the air-ship about to skim the tops of the trees in the Park. In the excitement of the moment the two exposures were made on the same plate, with the above curious and unique result.