It is to the credit of Canadians that this valuable daily is being more and more appreciated by them.—'Observer,' Coaticook, Que.

Montreal Weekly Witness
and Canadian Homestead.

The 'Witness' has shown itself one of Canada's leading papers. It is deserving of warm commendation from all who are interested in the development of Canada. — 'Tritune,' Sackville, N.B.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR
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MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS
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THE TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION

Vast Crowds Enthusiastically Welcomed the Prince of Wales.

Brilliant Scenes and Eloquent Speeches---A Message from the King---Honors for Canadians---Great Naval Review---A Notable Dinner at the Citadel.

(Special Staff Correspondence.)

Quebec, July 23.—Old Quebec never looked more brilliant than she did yesterday when she was adorned for the coming of the Prince of Wales. The decorations, already on the most lavish scale, had been greatly augmented during the morning. The heavy rain of the early morning had given way to a glorious summer day, the blazing sunshine being a little too ardent if anything, but tempered by a refreshing breeze blowing up from the river.

Huge crowds had gathered on the Dufferin Terrace, on the roofs of the houses, and upon every coign of vantage overlooking the river. From the high masts of the huge warships in the river flew the flags not only of the nations to which those ships belonged, but with them, by way of compliment, the flags of the other powers represented on the river, while from the heights around the Citadel immediately beyond the Dufferin Terrace, there was sent up a constant succession of daylight fireworks and fantastic balloons of many shapes and colors, which floated out over the warships, and were lost to view far in the distance on the other side of the river.

The 'Indomitable' was scheduled to arrive at two o'clock, but it was not until half-past two that the masts of her convoy, the armored cruiser 'Minotaur,' could be distinguished in the haze which enveloped the channel far down the river between the misty shape of the Island of Orleans and the Levis shore. The vessel was moving rapidly, and in another minute the whole of her huge and sinister bulk emerged into view as she stood out in the middle of the river above the Island. Then the masts and turrets of the Prince's ship, the 'Indomitable,' hove into sight, and the moment this ship too had gained the head of the island, the guns of the combined fleets in the harbor roared forth the salutes from the throats of their heavy guns. There was no particular significance in the incident, but it was noticeable that the American battleship, the 'New Hampshire,' was the first to lead the firing as she had been the first to run up the Union Jack.

Twenty-one guns were fired by each of the warships, and by the Citadel, the cannonading, when half a dozen of the big guns went off simultaneously, being terrific. Like repeated claps in a fierce thunderstorm did the tremendous roar and boom echo and re-echo across the river. Following the custom when royalty is on board, the two incoming cruisers made no reply, except to acknowledge by signals from their mastheads the signals of welcome which were run up to the mastheads of the ships of the fleets.

A couple of river steamers crowded with sightseers had gone down the river to meet the boats, and several white yachts and tiny launches that looked like ducks fussing about on the water, played around on either side of the grim fighting machines as in slow and stately procession they made their way up opposite the city, past the two French battleships to their anchoring places opposite the King's wharf.

As they came nearer it could be seen that their decks were lined with bluejackets, and the bluejackets who also lined the other ships lustily cheered the newcomers, the French sailors leading.

Down the river floated the thin mist into which the clouds of smoke from the firing of the guns had resolved itself, and through this mist, from the heights of Levis, far above the scattered houses, there flashed the brilliant signals of the heliograph in a military camp there, telling another military camp on the Plains of Abraham how the Prince had arrived.

Slowly and more slowly did the huge vessels plough their way up the river. Then suddenly the hoarse rattle of the anchor chains was heard, as first one and then the other of the newcomers dropped their anchors. The water at the sterns of either seethed and boiled as the screws were reversed, and a moment later the vessels were riding at anchor.

There was a moment of silent waiting, as though everybody were wondering what was the right thing to do next, and waiting for somebody to take the lead. Extremely happy was the incident that bridged over the hiatus, for in the true spirit of the entente cordiale, the band of the French flagship, the 'Leon Gambetta,' burst out into the National Anthem, the strains of which were wafted like faint fairy music up to the waiting crowds on the hills and ramparts of old Quebec.

Like a flock of curious aquatic birds, full of curiosity, and yet of fear at the apparation of two strange monsters into their midst, the little steam launches and yachts and tiny river boats flocked around the newcomers, going as near as they dare, but edging away constantly as though prepared at any moment for rapid flight.

A little grey steam launch, in which were individuals in brilliant uniforms, came swiftly across from the 'Leon Gambetta,' throwing the water from its prow in big white waves, so rapid was its progress. It was the launch bearing Vice Admiral Jaureguiberry and his staff, to pay their official visit to the Prince of Wales. The launch reached the 'Indomitable' before the gangway had been lowered, and had to wait a short time. Meanwhile two British launches came steaming up, with the vice-admiral of the North Atlantic fleet, the Hon. Sir Assheton Gore Curzon Howe, Sir John R. Jellicoe, Rear-Admiral Kingsmill, and the captains of the fleet. Following these was the United States launch, with Rear-Admiral Cowles and his staff.

After all these high officials had gone aboard the 'Indomitable,' on the deck of which was a guard of honor of marines, there was another booming of the guns of the Citadel as the launch of His Excellency the Governor-General steamed out from the wharf, with Col. Hanbury-Williams, his military secretary, and Captain Newton, A.D.C. It was not until four o'clock that the official visits of the dignitaries was concluded.

THE SCENE ON THE WHARF.

The King's Wharf presented a brilliant scene prior to the arrival of the Prince. It had been artistically but not lavishly decorated. A pretty little canopied landing stage rose and fell with the heaving of the water at the side of the wharf, and flags and streamers fluttered over the wharf itself.

The gateway through which the Prince was to drive to gain entrance to the streets had been transformed into a double triumphal arch, decorated with he royal arms and the national flags, and bearing expressions of welcome in both English and French.

The distinguished company of military dignitaries in their most resplendent uniforms, and the high officers of church and state in their picturesque levée dress, formed a notable sight.

In the centre row of seats was Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in his state uniform. On his left was the Lord Bishop of Quebec, and on his right, the Hon. R. W. Scott, as the senior Privy Councillor of the Dominion. Other members of the Cabinet present were the Hon. Messrs. Fielding, Templeton, Brodeur, Lemieux, Oliver, and Sir Frederick Borden; Speaker R. Dandurand, of the Senate, and Speaker R. Sutherland, of the Commons.

The Duke of Norfolk, in a bright scarlet tunic, and wearing the blue ribbon of a Knight of the Garter, was accompanied by Sir Charles Fitzpatrick. Lord Roberts also wore a scarlet tunic, with Field Marshal's hat and white plumes, and his breast covered with medals and other insignia.

A loud cheer went up as he came on to the wharf, in company with Her Excellency the Countess Grey, Colonel Dennison, his aide-de-camp, Captain Newton, A.D.C., Sir Charles Custe, and Col. Shore, of the Nineteenth Indian Lancers.

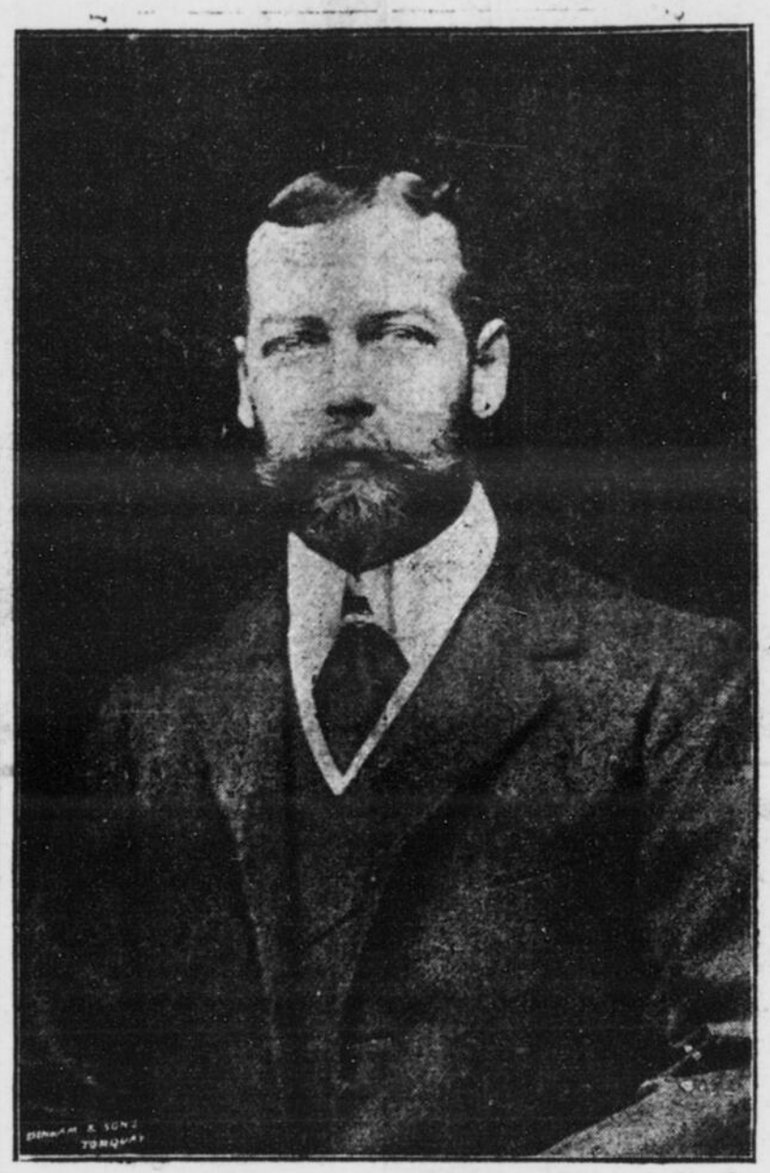
In another section was the rather limited company of distinguished guests, including the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, Sir Louis Jetté, the Lieut.-Governor of Alberta, the Hon. F. Bullyea, and the Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, the Hon. D. C. Fraser.

The carpeted wharf was lined with troops, while to the west was a guard of honor of the 43rd Regiment, with their band. On the east was a canopy over the throne chair from the parliament buildings, and it was near this that the distinguished personages before mentioned were sitting, together with various newspaper men and detectives, most of them garbed in frock coats and silk hats. There was also a number of Frenchmen who followed the ancient custom of their country and appeared in evening dress and opera hats. They formed a most effective foil to the gorgeous uniforms of the state functionaries, while not the least interesting part of the general picture was the gay company of ladies in their loveliest of summer toilets occupying a little patch of seats all to themselves against the grey government building at the back of the wharf.

THE PRINCE LANDS.

When the signal that the Prince was about to debark was given, the band of the guard of honor played the National Anthem, and presently a small grey launch put out from the 'Indomitable' with the Royal Standard floating from its stern.

A tremendous cheer, caught up and re-echoed by the crowds far and near, went up from the assemblage on the wharf as the Prince's form was recognized—a cheer immediately swallowed up in the greater roar of the Citadel guns.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The various war vessels at the same time ran up their dressings of flags from stem to masts, and from masts to stern, while when the boom of the guns had died away the many bells of the city churches could be heard ringing.

His Royal Highness, in the most unaffected way, bowed right and left to the assembled company, and then formally inspected the guard of honor, chatting genially meanwhile to the officers accompanying him.

Then the party approached the canopy where Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a noble and striking figure in his Windsor uniform and cocked hat, presented the members of his Cabinet.

As Sir Wilfrid read the address embodying the welcome of Canada, the Prince stood with his left hand on his sword.

When presently he began to read his reply, the company was surprised at his full resonant voice, which carried itself easily all over the wharf. He made the reply in both English and French, the latter precise with the clear-cut, mincing niceness of Parisian accent, mingled with something of the hearty roll of a man accustomed to express himself like an English sailor.

SIR WILFRID'S ADDRESS.

Sir Wilfrid's address was as follows:—

To the Most High, Most Puissant, and Most Illustrious Prince, George Frederick Ernest Albert, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Cornwall and of Rothesay, Earl of Chester, Carrick, and Dublin, Baron of Renfrew and Lord of the Isles, Great Steward of Scotland, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, etc., etc., etc.

May it please Your Royal Highness:—

The members of the government of Canada desire, in their own name, and in that of the parliament and people of the Dominion, to offer to Your Royal Highness a respectful and cordial greeting.

We are deeply sensible of the honor which Your Royal Highness has done us in making this special visit for the purpose of gracing by your presence the glad occasion which we are assembled to celebrate. We rejoice to welcome, in the person of Your Royal Highness, the representative of our beloved Sovereign, whose never-failing interest in all that pertains to the welfare of this country has had no small share in stimulating those feelings of devoted attachment toward His Majesty's person and government, which animate His Majesty's Canadian subjects from one end of the Dominion to the other.

Three hundred years ago, almost on this very spot, the heroic Samuel de Champlain laid the foundations of this ancient city, and with admirable constancy and courage, labored for many years, in the face of privations and hardships innumerable, in the noble work of implanting in the heart of a savage wilderness the blessings of Christianity and civilization. His equally undaunted successors carried on his work after him, until at length their prophetic vision was realized, and the grain of mustard seed has grown into a great tree whose branches overshadow the land.

Your Royal Highness, who we are glad to know, is no stranger to Quebec, will not fail to recall the rich memories of its storied past. How during a century and a half New France gradually rose into being—how Canada became the theatre of the Old World conflicts—and how the fortunes of war, long trembling in the balance, at length decreed that it should pass under British rule.

We cannot doubt that Your Royal Highness will agree with us in believing it fitting that the scene of these exploits, and especially the ground upon which Montcalm and Wolfe strove with equal valor for the mastery, should be set apart as a perpetual memorial by English and French Canadians, of the great deeds in which both peoples feel an equal pride.

It is to preside over this great solemnity that we have asked your Royal Highness to be with us at this time. We much regret that circumstances did not permit us to have the great pleasure of welcoming Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, whose gracious and winning personality has endeared her to all Canadians.

We trust that Your Royal Highness may enjoy your all too brief stay amongst us, and that on your return home, you will convey to the King the assurance of our unswerving loyalty and devotion, and of our united resolve to do our part to promote the interests of the great empire to which we are all proud to belong.

THE PRINCE'S REPLY.

His Royal Highness replied as follows:—

I am greatly touched by the loyal and sympathetic words of your address, with which you, in the name of the people of Canada, welcome me on this occasion of my sixth visit to the Dominion.

I am fully sensible of the honor and responsibilty of my position as the representative of our Sovereign, who, ever mindful of the unswerving loyalty of his Canadian subjects follows with affectionate interest everything which concerns the welfare and development of the Dominion. My privilege is therefore twofold, for I join with you both as the representative of the King, and on my own behalf, in celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of your famous city by Samuel de Champlain. I look forward with keen interest to the impressive ceremonies of the next few days, during which the past and the present will appear before us upon a stage of unsurpassed natural beauty. And here, in Quebec, I recall with much pleasure the no uncertain proofs which I have received on my several visits to Canada, of the loyalty of the King's French-Canadian subjects. Their proved fidelity in times of difficulty and danger, happily long past, is one of the greatest tributes to the political genius of England's rule, and the knowledge that they and their fellow-Canadians of British origin are working hand in hand in the upbuilding of the Dominion is a source of deep satisfaction to the King, as well as to all those who take pride in British institutions.

I cordially agree with you in the propriety of setting apart, as a memorial for present and future generations, the battle ground of the Plains of Abraham, hallowed by the association of past years, and I heartily congratulate all concerned in this noble undertaking, upon the success which has attended their patriotic efforts.

I much regret that my present visit cannot be extended beyond Quebec, and also that the Princess of Wales was unable to accompany me on this occasion. We both retain the happiest recollections of our stay in Canada seven years ago, and of the kind and affectionate welcome we experienced during that most interesting and enjoyable visit.

I shall not fail to convey to my dear father the King, who takes the deepest interest in this celebration, the gratifying expressions of your loyalty and attachment to his throne and person, of which His Majesty is well assured.

Once more I thank you from my heart for your kindly greeting.

PROCESSION FORMED.

The speech-making over, the royal procession was formed, and immediately left the wharf for the Citadel. At the head rode Chief Trudel, of the local police, with two other police officers, and following them four of the Royal North-West Mounted Police in their scarlet uniforms and Stetson hats, riding abreast.

All along the sinuous route leading from the waterside up through the old city, past the Chateau Frontenac, and up St. Louis street to the Citadel, on the hill, the streets were lined with troops, and back of them were thousands upon thousands of people—a long drawn out multitude many deep.

The Prince of Wales, with his full beard and brilliant uniform, was easily recognized by all. As he came into sight of the different sections of the crowd the troops on either side of the route presented arms, and there was tremendous cheering, and handkerchief-waving on the part of the crowd—as warm and hearty and spontaneous a welcome as any crowd could possibly give.

His Royal Highness was obviously pleased at the tremendous enthusiasm with which he was greeted at every turn of the route, and continually raised his hat and bowed and smiled.

HONORS FOR CANADIANS.

Quebec, July 23.—In honor of the Tercentenary, the Prince of Wales early this afternoon bestowed a number of decorations at a special investiture held at the Citadel. The royal honors include four knighthoods and a number of lesser distinctions to those who took leading parts in the arrangements for the Tercentenary.

His Excellency Earl Grey is made a Grand Commander of the Victorian Order, while Col. Hanbury-Williams becomes Colonel Sir John Hanbury-Williams, K.C.V.O.

The premier of Quebec, the Hon. Lomer Gouin; Premier Whitney, of Ontario, and Mayor Garneau, of Quebec, receive knighthood as plain knights bachelor.

Sir George Drummond, Mr. Byron E. Walker, Mr. Joseph Pope, and the Hon. Adelard Turgeon get the C.V.O., while Colonel Percy Sherwood and Colonel Alex. Roy are made members of the Victorian Order.

Mr. Chouinard, city clerk of Quebec, who originated the Tercentenary idea in a newspaper article, was made a Commander of St. Michael and St. George.

A MESSAGE FROM THE KING.

Quebec, July 24.—The city has been swarming with visitors all the week, but yesterday their numbers seem to have been trebled, for every street in the uptown and lower town was packed with holiday crowds.

They had come, of course, to see the Prince, and they were not disappointed, for everybody had ample opportunity for seeing him.

It was between three and four o'clock when the booming of the guns in a Royal salute at the Citadel announced that His Royal Highness had departed, and a minute or two later the carriages bearing the Royal guests began to arrive at the foot of the Champlain monument by way of St. Louis street.

The various personages were heartily cheered as they arrived, and many Canadians joined with numerous American citizens in acclaiming Vice-President Fairbanks, the representative of the United States. Dressed in top hat and frock coat, the Vice-President reared his giant six-feet form in the carriage, and bowed his acknowledgments right and left.

Lord Roberts drove up in a motor car with his daughter and one or two friends, and he had a perfectly wonderful reception, for already here in Quebec 'Bobs' has become the general favorite of the people, as he is the idol of the British army.

Two companies of white-helmeted, red-coated dragoons galloping down St. Louis street heralded the state carriage, with its postillions, in which rode the Prince of Wales and his aide-de-camps, and two companies of dragoons also trotted behind it.

Cheer after cheer went up from the vast crowd as His Royal Highness came in sight, the reception evidently greatly delighting him. He alighted at the end of the Chateau and walked to the dais erected under the Champlain monument, while behind him the dragoons drew up into a double line, the horses, champing their bits and tossing their heads, forming a pretty sight.

To the right the piper band of the 48th Highlanders of Toronto played the National Anthem as the Prince passed, while at the back was a guard of honor of the same regiment, in kilts.

After His Royal Highness had taken his place on the dais, he received Mayor Garneau and the aldermen of the City Council, shaking hands and saying a pleasant word to each as they passed before.

The proceedings that followed were very simple, but the speeches, nevertheless, were notable. The Prince's two addresses, one in French and the other in English, were marked by an appreciation of the significance of the occasion, and by marked diplomatic tone.

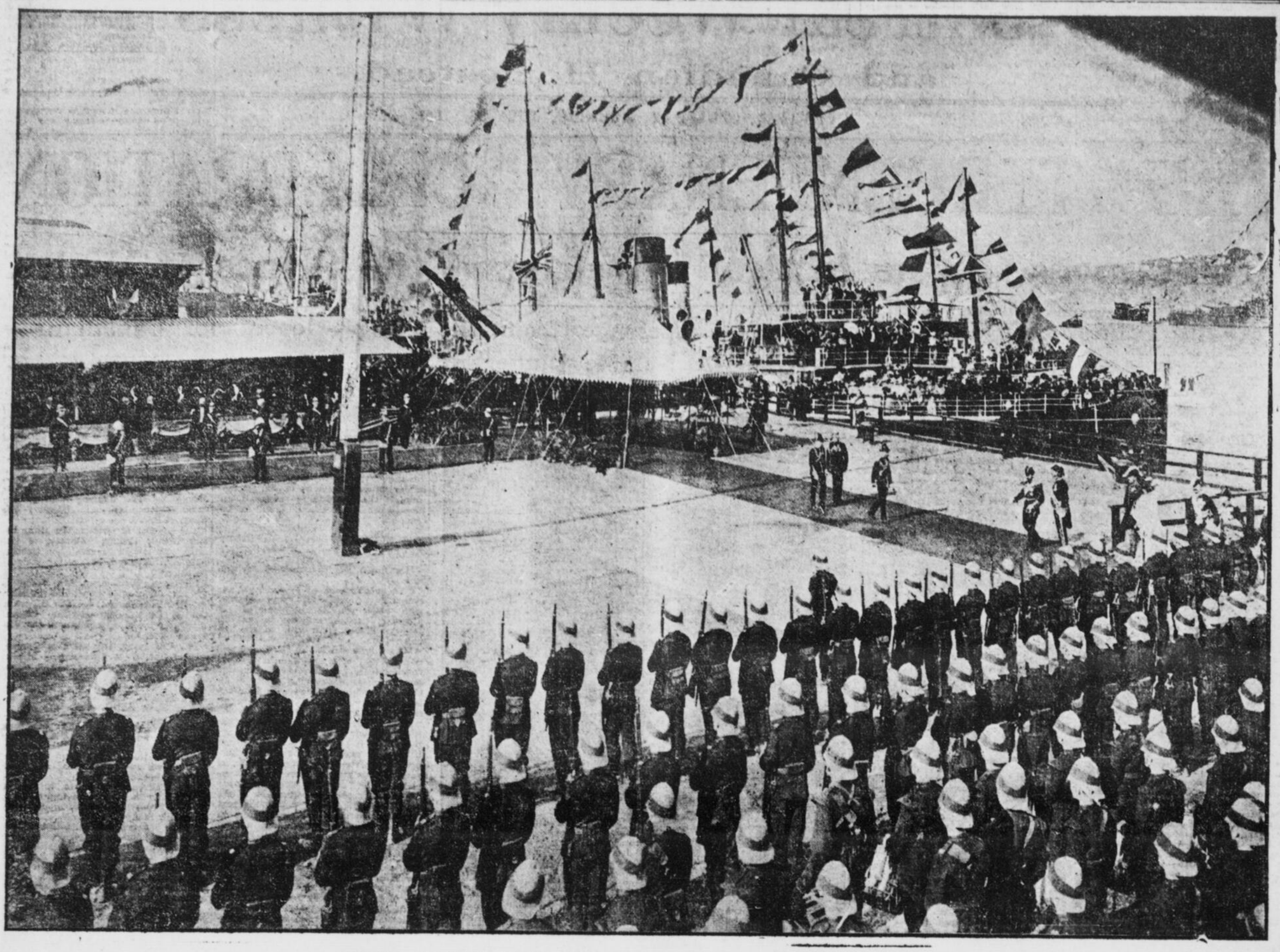
The Prince took an elevated chair in the centre, accompanied by Countess Grey, while on either side were the Governor-General, Vice-President Fairbanks, Admiral Jaureguiberry, Lord Roberts and the other military officials taking positions in the rear.

Earl Grey promptly presented Mayor Garneau to the Prince and His Worship then read the formal civic address of welcome.

Mayor Garneau's address was as follows:—

May it please Your Royal Highness:

To-day the Canadian nation celebrates with joyous enthusiasm an eventful date in its history, the three hundredth anniversary both of its birth and of the founding of this city of Quebec, by Samuel de Champlain. Our pleasure and rejoicings will be increased by the fact that, through a happy combination of circumstances, we are honored by the presence of Your Royal Highness, specially sent by His Gracious Majesty, our much beloved Sov



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE KING'S WHARF, QUEBEC.

eign, to inaugurate, in his name, the series of festivities which will commemorate these gracious events.

Yesterday Canada and the Province of Quebec welcomed Your Royal Highness. To-day the citizens of Quebec claim the honor of offering to you, in this Ancient Capital, their warmest and most cordial greetings.

Assembled round the monument of the glorious founder of Canada, our hearts filled with the heroic memories of three centuries, the story of which seems more like an epic than a history, the French-Canadians cannot suppress an inexpressible feeling of patriotic pride and of gratitude which have in turn presided over their destinies, to their ever beloved France, to whom they are indebted for their being and their grand traditions, and to England which has left them free to expand in the full enjoyment of their faith, their language, and their institutions, and has given them a political constitution which is based upon the greatest possible extent of liberty, and is undeniably the finest and most perfect in the world.

This sentiment, moreover, must be still further heightened in all Canadians, of every origin, in the presence both of this magnificent display in honor of the immortal Champlain, and of this tribute to the young and vigorous nation, which, born as it were yesterday, has expanded with gigantic strides over an area vast enough to contain another empire.

On this solemn occasion, which must ever remain an eminently prominent factor in our national life, we are deeply sensible of the pleasurable security which we enjoy during the prevailing peace of nations, and also of the marvellous developments we everywhere behold. Thus inspired, our thankful voices raise in one harmonious hymn of gratitude to the Almighty who has showered his gifts upon us; to the two great nations who are our mothers, and to whom we owe our national existence; to that very great and very powerful Sovereign, the arbiter and Apostle of the nations' peace, who so wisely presides over the destinies of the British Empire; to Your Royal Highness, his worthy representative, who has crossed the seas to participate in our rejoicings, and to all these, our guests come together from every quarter of the globe, to honor with us the immortal founder of Quebec and his life work, which we can to-day appreciate in all its splendor and magnificent results.

Deeply moved and touched by the readiness with which Your Royal Highness yielded to the desire of the Canadian people, and stirred to the very bottom of our hearts by the imposing nature of this great demonstration, we must ever cherish the memories of this glorious day, rendered so brilliant by your presence.

In return we ask you to convey to His Majesty the King our protestations of loyalty to his person and his Crown, and to Her Majesty, our Very Gracious Queen, our admiration for the eminent qualities with which she so conspicuously adorns the throne of Britain.

During the modest festivities of the time of Champlain, the few people of the colony, assembled round their leader, were accustomed to crown their rejoicings by the loyal cries: 'Vive le Roi! Vive Monseigneur le Dauphin!'

To-day, three centuries later, the citizens of Quebec, and the whole Canadian people, faithful to their new allegiance, as were our forefathers to the old regime, welcome Your Royal Highness with the heartfelt acclaim: 'God save the King! God Bless the Prince of Wales!'

FRENCH SPEECH
OF THE PRINCE.

Replying in French His Royal Highness said:—Mr. Mayor I am touched to the heart by the warm welcome which you have offered me in your ancient city of Quebec, as well as the loyalty of the sentiments which you have so eloquently expressed.

It gives me the most profound satisfaction to be able to join with you in celebrating the 200th anniversary of the foundation of Quebec by the immortal explorer whose statue has so justly its site on this spot, commanding a panorama which the most ardent imagination could scarcely conceive.

The history of New France is singularly attractive as much by the moving events recorded on its pages as by the heroic personages who have made that history, amongst whom the commanding figure of the chivalrous Samuel de Champlain stands out with great brilliance. It is owing to his pen that the recital of his adventures has reached us to this day, and this story, with the modesty and sincerity which distinguish it stamps each page with the sign manual of truth.

From the bottom of my heart I congratulate you on possessing such a hero. May his statue for ever ornament your historic capital to recall—should that be necessary—to the citizens of Quebec the high qualities of piety and courage, of humanity and strength of spirit which distinguished this faithful servant of his God and his King.

While to-day we are celebrating the birthday of Quebec we must not lose sight of the fact that this celebration also interests the whole Canadian people, who are joining with you in your rejoicings. And more. It is not merely this vast Dominion which to-day is honoring the memory of the great Champlain. The Mother Country also claims the honor of associating herself in this homage, and from the most distant parts of the Empire come the assurances that our fellow citizens desire to celebrate the occasion, and have sent representatives whom I am glad to see here to-day amongst us.

In the same manner other lands are justly proud of the renown of Champlain, chief of whom is the great nation to whom he owed allegiance, which he loved with passionate devotion, and which has delegated as its representative here to-day one of its most distinguished citizens.

The last words which you have addressed to me have most profoundly touched me, and I most cordially thank you. I shall be happy to convey to the King, my father, the assurance of your loyalty and devotion to his person and to the Crown. His Majesty, as you well know, takes a most lively interest in all which concerns the prosperity and happiness of his French-Canadian subjects.

ENGLISH SPEECH
OF THE PRINCE.

I have now replied to the address which it has given me so much pleasure to receive, but, standing here by his monument, I desire to add a few words in appreciation of the memory of Champlain, and of satisfaction that such a distinguished company should have assembled in his city to do honor to the birthday of Quebec.

Our minds are full of thought of Champlain, the founder of this beautiful city, and they are filled with recollections of the wonderful events in history which have followed from his foresight and determination. But, I myself, a sailor, fresh from a voyage across the Atlantic, also like to think of your hero as the able and intrepid navigator, braving the perils of the deep, visiting new lands, and unconsciously helping to lay the foundations of the great civilization of this continent. His work, national in its conception, has with time proved to be of immense international importance, and it is from this interesting aspect of our proceedings that we desire the special pleasure of welcoming the distinguished representatives of France and the United States of America.

The King, whose earnest desire is always to promote the best and closest relations between nations, has specially desired me, as his representative, to convey to you, Mr. Vice-President of the United States, and to you, Monsieur l'Admiral, and to your colleagues, not only a hearty welcome, but also a warm expression of thanks both to you and to your governments for your presence on this auspicious occasion. Your attendance is not merely an indication of your interest in the proceedings attending the celebration of the Tercentenary, it is an outward and visible sign of the friendship, concord, and goodwill, between ourselves and the two great countries which you represent with so much distinction.

We think to-day of the United States as having given the example of energy and courage in conquering and cultivating the forests and boundless prairies, which now yield harvests of illimitable wealth. We think of France, as the giver of the man whose greatest deed we are here to celebrate—one of the first of those heroes who found his way from the Old World to the New, and left there an imperishable name.

We recognize that the presence of representatives of France and of the United States amongst us testifies to the growth of the spirit of friendliness between nations. On that spirit the progress of humanity depends, in it, I hope and believe, true progress will express itself more and more during years to come. The high ideal of universal peace and brotherhod may be far from realization, but every act that promotes harmony among nations, points the way towards its attainment. This celebration is such an act, for it appeals to Canada, to the British Empire, and to the whole of the civilized world. I therefore rejoice to be here, to take my part with you during these memorable days, in paying homage to Champlain and doing honor to Quebec.

VICE-PRESIDENT
FAIRBANKS.

Vice-President Fairbanks, of the United States, was then called upon to present his address to the Prince, and was greeted with loud cheers for the United States, which were led by Earl Grey, and repeated time and time again. Mr. Fairbanks made a very eloquent speech as follows:—

Your Royal Highness: I acknowledge with grateful appreciation the welcome which you so generously extend. The sentiments which you are pleased to express with regard to my country I receive with profound sensibility. They are renewed evidence of that respect and cordial good will which has so long existed between the United States and Great Britain, and will tend to strengthen and preserve their amicable relations.

Permit me to extend to Quebec my hearty congratulations upon the distinction which she enjoys in the presence of Your Royal Highness and upon the enthusiasm with which she has welcomed you within her gates. It is, indeed, a signal honor which you have done her. It is a happy circumstance which brings you across the sea. The event is one which will be long treasured among the annals of Quebec.

The eyes of the Western World are upon this historic city. The celebration of the Tercentenary of Champlain's founding of Quebec is altogether admirable both in the comprehensiveness of its conception and in the excellence of its execution, and is an event which awakens interest not only in the Dominion of Canada, but in the United States also. From this point as a base intrepid explorers blazed the pathway of civiliation through trackless forests, and explored lakes and rivers in territory which is now within the jurisdiction of the United States. Names associated with the early history of Quebec are landmarks in our geography and are indelibly impressed upon our civilization.

Three hundred years is but a brief period in the history of England or France, but it is all the history of Quebec, and all of Anglo-Saxon America. Here has been written an interesting story. Here have been witnessed the victories and defeats of war and the blessed triumphs of peace. The battleships of three great nations rest yonder upon the bosom of the St. Lawrence. The representatives of these powers assembled here are recalling past differences but only to emphasise the present prevalence of a spirit of genuine friendship between them.

It is with unusual pleasure I bring you greetings from the President and the people of the United States, who rejoice with you in the progress you have made in the manifold ways which make for the strength and honor of a great people. We are not indifferent to your welfare nor are you indifferent to ours. The blood of a common ancestry is in our veins. We have much in common. We glory in many of the same traditions and we have the same jurisprudence. Our standards of civilization are alike. Here, side by side, owing allegiance to different sovereignties, we are, in God's providence, to work out our destiny. We wish you that contentment which comes from the cultivation of the arts of peaceful industry under those political institutions which are the guaranty of justice and liberty among men.

The United States and Canada have but fairly entered upon their careers. Each has vast areas either sparsely settled or unoccupied, where many will make their homes in the future. Many millions will be added to our population and to yours. We have each made much advance in the scale of civilization and are gratified with the progress we have made. Back of us lies a brief but honorable history and before us stretch illimitable opportunities. We confidently believe that we are each destined to play a large and worthy part in the progress of the human race upon the western continent. We have no rivalries except in the ways of peace. We neither covet the other's territory. We covet only each other's neighborly esteem. We rest upon a common frontier more than five thousand miles in length. It is crossed and recrossed by instrumentalities of commerce which tend to strengthen our neighborly ties. There are no fortifications upon our frontier and no battleships upon the waters which divide us, and we believe and fervently hope that there will never be need of any defensive preparation between us.

As we behold this majestice celebration in which the representatives of different nations participate and witness the manifestations of a genuine fraternal spirit among them, we are impressed with the thought that there is no rational reason why nations should resort to war. May we not, on this theatre of past conflicts, surrounded now by the impressive monuments of peace, venture to hope that the widespread movement which seeks to insure the maintenance of peace among the nations of the world without invoking the sword, may grow in strength and at no distant day become incorporated as a part of the fixed policy of nations. To advocate measures for the maintenance of international tranquility, to endeavor to substitute reason for force, is not evidence of any decay in the courage or manhood of nations, but it is the proclamation of the great truth that modern civilization is not a failure. It is a failure if it does not substitute for force the serene and all-powerful chamber of reason and deliberation. There is such

Dyspepsia

Don't think you can cure your dyspepsia in any other way than by strengthening and toning your stomach.

That is weak and incapable of performing its functions, probably because you have imposed upon it in one way or another over and over again.

You should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It strengthens and tones the stomach, and permanently cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. Accept no substitute.

a thing as righteousness among nations. Let them take their differences into international courts of justice and there let reason and righteousness prevail. Let nations by every honorable means which enlightened statesmanship may suggest, avoid an appeal to that court where might alone turns the balance.

We have no need to fear that the relations between the United States and Great Britain will ever again be disturbed. We have faith to believe that our flags which grace this historic occasion and which mingle together and salute each other upon the Plains of Abraham, will never confront each other in conflict upon either land or sea.

I beg again to thank Your Royal Highness for the gracious welcome and hospitality which you tender to me as the representative of the United States and to wish for your country and your people a continuance of the blessings of peace, progress and prosperity.

ADDRESS BY ADMIRAL JAUREGUIBERRY.

Admiral Jaureguiberry followed on behalf of France, his address being followed with keen interest. He spoke as follows:—

By sending a mission to this grand celebration, to the so impressive ceremonies now taking place in Quebec, the Government of the Republic has seized the opportunity to once more affirm the cordiality of its relations with Great Britain and to respond at the same time to the sentiment of affectionate esteem entertained by France towards Canada.

It has conferred upon me the great honor to greet in its name His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Government of Canada and that of the Province of Quebec.

The words pronounced a moment ago by His Royal Highness shall speak loud in France and will be added to the everlasting souvenir of the reception tendered by England to the President of the Republic.

I thank His Excellency the Governor-General for his words of welcome. They are addressed to a nation that is glad to show the Canadians its fraternal sympathy, a nation that rejoices with them in coming to Quebec of H.R.H., whose presence is adding in so large a degree to the splendor and the bearing of the French-Canadian festivities.

In the name of France I render the most respectful homage to the glorious dead who have founded Quebec, who have contributed to its grandeur, and who have developed the strong virtues which win to Canadians the universal esteem.

From the other side of the Atlantic we applaud with ardent sympathy to the union that has been realized in Canada between two races so well in a position to understand, each contributing to the common work the qualities which are its own.

In France, as well as in Canada, Champlain's name is pronounced with legitimate pride as that of a valiant soldier, a distinguished administrator and a very apt diplomat. His hardy initiative has resulted in the conquest of a new domain for civilization, in the creation of a new home for the sons of Great Britain and of France.

And we, all, as we are assembled before this monument to do honor to the founder of Quebec, we will greet with the same request the illustrious men revived before us by this imposing celebration and who all have increased the glory of their Mother Country.

MR. TURGEON'S ADDRESS.

Hon. Adelard Turgeon also made an address, breathing patriotic fervor, and expressing the view that Canada is pursuing her way towards the highest destinies.

CHAMPLAIN DAY

Quebec, July 24.—Like a marine picture of the Dutch school, full of light and color and delicate aerial perpective, was the scene presented yesterday afternoon as the 'Don de Dieu,' with Champlain of the pageants and his brave company of adventurers on board, came sailing round the point of St. Joseph and up towards the city, to anchor almost in the identical spot where the real Champlain anchored three hundred years ago.

The arrival was witnessed by immense crowds on the waterside, Dufferin Terrace and the Grand Battery.

The day was gloriously fine. The atmosphere was clear and sparkling, and looking down the river the light tan sails of the famous ship could be seen outlined clearly against the empurpled hills and airy blue distances of the Island of Orleans, above which floated billowy white clouds—the last touch needed to enhance the aesthetic beauty of the picture.

On the incoming tide, her sails filled with the upriver breeze, the vessel made rapid headway, and soon the quaint lines of her white hull, with its poop deck, could be distinguished, as well as the strange costumes of the little figures dotted about her deck.

Low down on the water around her, darting now before and now behind, were the light grey curiously shaped canoes of Indians, their dusky occupants frantically paddling, shouting and gesticulating.

As she came nearer the city little launches and white yachts crowded into the picture, as well as passing river steamers. But the 'Don de Dieu' dominated them all. Higher and higher as she drew near loomed her three square-rigged masts, each crowded with bellying canvas, showing sharp and clean against the blue sky. From her foremast flew a small flag, with a white cross on blue ground, while from her stern flew another flag of white, dotted with small golden fleur-de-lys.

The scene was full of animation. The river, glistening and dancing in the sunshine, was alive with craft large and small, and presently the 'Don de Dieu' was not only surrounded with this motley collection of launches, yachts and row-boats, and canoes full of half-naked Indians, but was flanked on the shore side by the forms of the vessels of the Dominion navy, the 'Minto' and the 'Canada,' and on the other by the giant form of the 'Leon Gambetta,' one of the French battleships. All the river steamers blew their whistles as she approached—a 20th century welcome to a seventeenth century apparition.

Then the front view of her was lost, and she appeared broadside on as she came to anchor opposite the King's wharf. There, in the midst of the other shipping, she looked so small as to make one wonder how men could have ventured in the days gone by to cross the Atlantic in such a vessel.

Immediately behind her were the two French battleships, and no more dramatic contrast could be imagined than was presented between the latter and the 'Don de Dieu.' The latter, a relic of the Middle Ages, with her quaint fine lines and picturesque sails, a sight to gladden an artist's eye. The battleship, the supreme product of a utilitarian age, her huge bulk lying low down, in the water, her lines grim and menacing, her color a dead grey—her every feature unlovely and pregnant with sinister meaning.

On the deck of the 'Don de Dieu' Champlain and his motley collection of sailors were gathered, watching the Indians flocked around the boat, and responding to their shouting and gesticulating with cheers.

Presently Champlain came to the gangway and went down the ladder into an Indian canoe, sitting in his dandy's costume among men with naked red torsoes painted with hideous designs. His sailors crowded into the other canoes, and then began a mad race for the wharf on the part of the Indians, who paddled in unison with frantic enthusiasm, and handled their boats in the swift tide that was running with superb skill.

At the landing stage about the worst and most incongrous mix-up that could happen did happen. It appears that nobody at the wharf knew officially that the crew of the 'Don de Dieu' was going to land there, although everybody knew it unofficially.

The policemen who had been stationed there declared that they had been allowed to let nobody on the King's wharf except the officers or crews of the battleships, and not a single Indian was allowed to go on the wharf to meet Champlain.

Moreover, it is declared they actually held a consultation as to whether they would let Champlain land or not! Meanwhile two or three launches had come from the French and English ships, bringing admirals and captains of the fleet who were going to attend the speech-making before the Prince on the Dufferin Terrace, and thus Champlain and his sailors, the half-naked Indians, and the admirals and captains in resplendent 20th century naval uniforms, were all mixed up in a motley crowd.

Finally they sorted themselves out, one of the admirals, as he came up the gangway, being heard to remark that 'By Jove, he hoped the red on the naked bodies of those beastly Indians did not come off, as really some of the fellows has crowded against his uniform shockingly, don't you know—what?'

From the wharf of Champlain and his men went in procession to the Abitation, a replica of the first fort and dwelling which Champlain built, and here again the greatest difficulty was experienced in preserving the historical atmosphere. In fact, there was no historical atmosphere there at all, for the Abitation was so crowded with people and surrounded by a jostling, perspiring crowd, through which Champlain had to push his way.

Outside the Abitation the historical procession made up from various groups in the pageants was waiting. In this procession Champlain and his men took their places, and proceeded to the Champlain monument on Dufferin Terrace for the Royal ceremonies of the afternoon.

THE BATTLEFIELDS.

Quebec, July 24.—Another day of glorious weather has dawned for another great ceremony, the ceremony which is the crowning point of the whole celebration, namely, the handing over of the title deeds of the Plains of Abraham. From eighty thousand to a hundred thousand persons gathered on the Plains to witness this formality, which took place immediately after the grand naval and military review before the Prince.

Every great personage in the city was on the big grand stand erected for the purpose, within sight of the pageant stage. When the Prince of Wales came forward, and with another of his tactful speeches handed over the title deeds of the Plains of Abraham and Sainte Foye to the Governor-General as the trustee for the nation, there was a great spontaneous outburst of cheers swelling louder and louder, and renewed again and again.

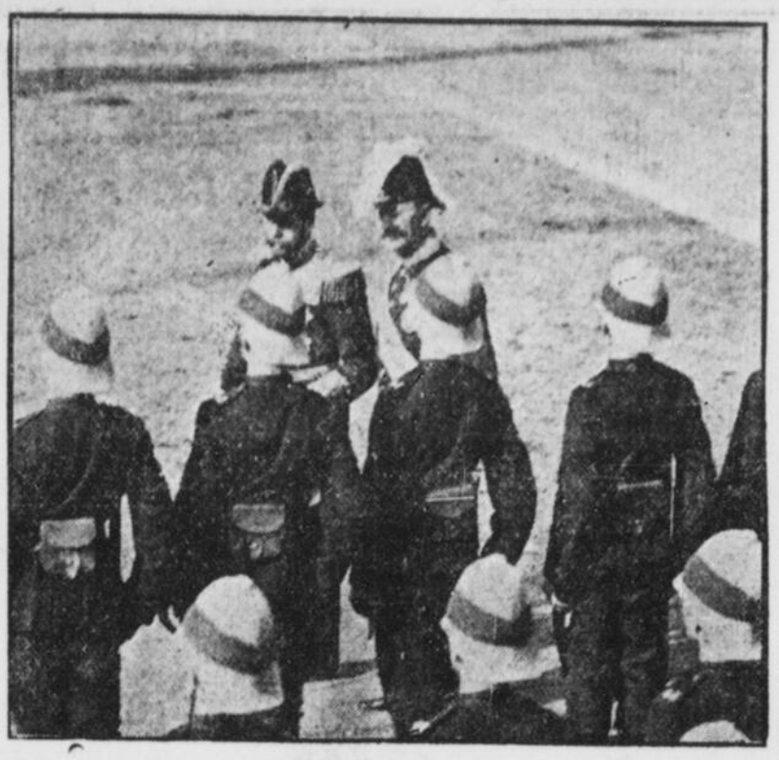
'It affords me great pleasure to hand over to Your Excellency, the representative of the Crown in Canada, the sum of $450,000, which through the patroitism of British citizens in all parts of Canada and of the Empire, and the generosity of French and American sympathizers, has been entrusted to me in order that the historic battlefields of Quebec, on which the two contending races won equal and imperishable glory, may be acquired for the people of the Dominion, and preserve under the special supervision of the Sovereign, as a permanent shrine of union and peace. I place in your hands as representative of the Sovereign, the charge of the sacred grounds which it is my pleasure to be able to present to you on the 300th birthday of the ancient city of Quebec, as a gift to the people of Canada and the Crown.'

Earl Grey, replying, said: 'As Governor-General of Canada and in the names of the government and of the people of the Dominion I accept this sacred trust which Your Royal Highness, the heir to the throne, has graciously placed in my hands.'

The Prince then handed the Governor-General $450,000 for the purchase of the battlefields, as well as title deeds.

STATE BALL.

Quebec, July 25—The parliament buildings, nobly situated as they are in their own grounds on the hillside, looked resplendent inside and outside last night, on the occasion of the state ball given by the Government of the Province of



THE PRINCE INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOR.

Quebec in honor of iHs Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Like all the other buildings in the city, they were brilliantly illuminated with many thousands of electric lights. In the middle of the driveway leading up to the buildings was the artistic pagoda erected over a bust of Champlain specially for the Tercentenary, and this, with the huge golden crown surmounting it, was sparkling with colored lights.

The main entrance to the parliament buildings, it may be remarked, is flanked by two flights of steps in a semi-circle, and in the concave formed by this semi-circle is an ornamental pond with fountains.

All around this pond there were colored lights, which were prettily reflected in the dancing water of the fountains and the broken surface of the pond. Immediately above was Hébert's finely sculptured group of Indians, standing out in bold relief against the mellow light of the doorway. The latter was rendered very imposing by a regal canopy of heavy red velvet, embroidered with gold.

From the tower in the centre of the building to each end of the facade were stretched three ropes of electric bulbs, one white, one red and one blue—hanging in catenary curves of glorious light. In addition to the main feature of the facade being outlined in light, the names of Champlain and Laval were done in lights.

Both the Legislative and Executive Council Chambers were used for dancing, and each of them made the prettiest picture imaginable. The cream-colored walls, with their golden markings, lent themselves admirably to the scheme of decorations adopted. This was very simple, consisting almost entirely of an effective arrangement of big and small flags of the three nations represented by the warships in the river.

Something like four thousand invitations had been issued, and it is estimated that at least sixteen hundred people attended. Many of the leaders of society in Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, and the principal Canadian cities were present, and of course practically all the great personages now visiting the city were there—high officials of the army, from the ever-popular 'Bobs' downwards, scores of naval officers of all ranks, and dignitaries of Church and State.

His Royal Highness, who drove up in the state carriage of the Governor-General, with its four horses and postilions, had a right royal greeting. He wore his admiral's uniform. Practically all the dress uniforms of the navy and army were represented in the brilliant company, and these acting as foils for the lovely dresses of the many beautiful women present, made up a picture full of life and color.

The guests were received by Sir Lomer Gouin, the Hon. A. and Mrs. Turgeon, the Hon. R. and Mrs. Devlin, the Hon. J. C. and Mrs. Kaine, the Hon. and Mrs. A. L. Taschereau.

They also received the Prince on his arrival. His Royal Highness, who was attended by Earl Grey, was escorted to the Speaker's chair in the Legislative Chamber, where the various guests were brought up one after the other and presented. Countess Grey sat on his left, and the Governor-General on his right. Afterwards the Prince took supper in the Royal supper room with distinguished guests, including the Governor-General and Countess Grey, Sir Lomer Gouin, Field Marshal Earl Roberts, Lady Pole-Carew, Sir Louis Jetté, Sir C. A. Pelletier, Sir James Whitney, Mrs. F. C. Roy, and the Hon. W. A. Weir. Almost immediately after supper His Royal Highness drove back to the Citadel, while the guests continued to enjoy themselves till an early hour this morning.

GREAT NAVAL REVIEW

Quebec, July 25.—This morning there took place the first of the two great naval displays arranged for the celebration. This consisted of a review of the assembled ships of Great Britain, France and the United States, by the Prince of Wales.

His Royal Highness left the Citadel at 8.30 amid the thundering roars of a Royal salute of 21 guns, and drove in state to the King's wharf, being enthusiastically greeted as he passed through the streets of the city.

His Majesty's giant cruiser 'Arrogant' had been drawn up off the King's wharf, and the Prince with a distinguished company, embarked on this. Immediately there came the hoarse rattle of the chains in the hawse holes as the anchors were hoisted, and a moment later, as the huge hulk of the vessel began to move down stream, there came the deep boom of a single gun.

This was the signal for a Royal salute, and immediately afterwards the air was shaken with a quaking inferno of noise as the whole of the warships in port, as well as at the Citadel, began firing, never desisting until each had fired 21 guns.

His Royal Highness—who, by the way is the senior admiral in port, and in that capacity could do 'what he jolly well liked,' as one of the officers on the 'Exmouth' remarked—first directed the 'Arrogant' down past the two French battleships, and then his cruiser turned majestically in the river, and came up stream, so that the representatives of the French navy were the first to be reviewed.

That this compliment was appreciated was shown by the enthusiastic cheering of the hundreds of Breton sailors who swarmed the decks, and by the playing of the National Anthem by each ship's band as the 'Arrogant' passed.

The same thing happened as both the American battleship and those of Great Britain were passed, and finally when the review was over the 'Arrogant' came back and anchored off the wharf, there being another of those tremendous combined Royal salutes as the Prince disembarked.

GRAND STATE DINNER.

Quebec, July 27.—The most important of the social functions in connection with the Tercentenary was a dinner given by his Excellency the Governor-General at the Citadel on Saturday evening to the representatives of the various countries within the British Empire who have been attending the celebration.

It was a happy thought on the part of Earl Grey to get these representatives together, to meet the heir of the British throne, and to discuss among themselves the various Imperial questions in which the whole Empire is interested.

His Excellency, of course, presided, and his guests were:—

Vice-Admiral Sir A. Curzon-Howe, Rear Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, Commodore King Hall, the Earl of Dudley, the Earl of Ranfurly, the Right Hon. Sir Henry Villiers, Hon. James Pitts, Field Marshal Earl Roberts, their Honors Sir Mortimer Clarke, Sir Louis Jette, Mr. D. C. Fraser, Mr. L. J. Tweedie, Sir Daniel McMillan, Mr. Jas. Dunsmuir, Mr. D. A. Mackinnon, Mr. A. E. Forget, Mr. G. H. V. Bulyea, the Right Honorables Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, the Honorables R. W. Scott, Sir Frederick Borden, Sydney Fisher, W. S. Fielding, W. Paterson, W. Templeman, L. P. Brodeur, Frank Oliver, A. B. Aylesworth, Adolphe Lemieux, Wm. Pugsley, G. P. Graham, R. Dandurand, the Right Hon. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice Sir Henri Taschereau, Chief Justice Sir Melbourne Tait, Chief Justice Sir François Langelier, the Right Honorable Sir Charles Tupper, Right Honorable Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Lord Strathcona, the Hon. G. E. Foster, the Solicitor-General, Rear Admiral Kingsmill, Major-General Lake, Brig.-Generals Otter, Buchan, Macdonald, Cotton, Major-General J. F. Wilson, the Hon. J. A. Lougheed, Hon. R. F. Sutherland, Mr. R. L. Borden, Mr. Bergeron, Sir James Whitney, Sir Lomer Gouin, the Hons. S. H. Murray, J. D. Hazen, R. P. Roblin, R. McBride, F. Hassard, Walter Scott, A. Rutherford, Sir J. G. Garneau, Sir Geo. Drummond, Adelard Turgeon, Lt.-Col. J. S. Hendrie, L. A. Taschereau, Lt.-Col. Geo. T. Denison, Mr. Byron E. Walker, Sir Thos. Shaughnessy, Sir Montagu Allan, Mr. Joseph Pope, Sir Wm. McDonald, Mr. C. M. Hayes, Mr. F. W. Morse, Mr. W. Mackenzie, Mr. D. Mann, Mr. E. S. Clouston, Col. James, Hon. S. N. Parent, Mgr. Mathieu, President Falconer, Mr. J. M. Courtney, Principal Peterson, Principal Gordon, Sir Sanford Fleming, Viscount Falmouth, Hon. Clifford Sifton, Sir Wm. Van Horne, Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, Dr. Doughty, Mr. Chouinard, Mr. Wm. MacPherson, Mr. Price, Lt.-Col. Wood, Dr. Parkin, Mr. F. Lascelles, Mr. Marcil, Mr. MacKinder, Lt.-Col. Sherwood, Lt.-Col. Roy, Engineer Capt. Chase, Flag-Lt. Hardman Jones, Flag-Lt. Buxton, Mr. Julian Corbett, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Lovatt, Lt.-General Sir R. Pole-Carew, Lord Bruce, Capt. Hon. H. Downy, Hon. Angus McDonnell, A.D.C. to G.O.C.

The guests were presented to His Excellency on their arrival, and after a few minutes spent in friendly conversation, the way was led to the superb dining-room of the Vice-regal apartments in the citadel.

The room was tastefully recorated with trophies and stacks of arms, while the band of the R.C.R.I. discoursed music in the spacious ante-room adjoining, which leads to the balcony overlooking that part of the river where the combined fleets now lie.

The toast list was a lengthy one, and there was considerable speech making. Earl Grey led off by expressing the gratitude of the Canadian people at the part which the Prince of Wales was taking in the Tercentenary, remarking that in making personal acquaintance with every part of the Empire, His Royal Highness was setting an example which might well be followed by all with the time and means. He alluded to the Prince's 'Wake up, England,' speech, and his later speech emphasizing the need of sympathy in dealing with the people of India, and said he had followed these up by making since he had been at the Tercentenary another speech, already notable, advocating the ideals of race fusion.

His Royal Highness remarked how deeply he had been touched by the marked affection of his greeting in Canada, and saw with what pride and satisfaction he would look back on his visit, if, as Earl Grey, had suggested, it stimulated the true spirit of citizenship.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier expressed his delight at meeting the various colonial representatives, to whom he referred in detail, and lauded the wisdom of the British Constitution in giving separate free governments to the various portions of the Empire.

Next came the Hon. J. Stewart Pitts, who spoke with pride of the progress of Newfoundland, and hinted that that country was as proud of being an independent colony by itself as was Canada.

Lord Dudley, who is now on his way to Australia to take up the duties of his new post as Governor-General, was cordially applauded. He spoke of how vividly the celebrations recalled the strife and suffering which it had cost to erect the national edifice, and how they brought home to all the realization of the fact that old differences were now forgotten and the people marched unitedly forward to a great destiny.

Lord Ranfurly, the former Governor-General of New Zealand, had a hearty welcome as the representative of that country. He told how deeply interested New Zealand was in every Imperial question, and gave a practical illustration of her sisterly feeling for Canada by handing over to Earl Grey, on her behalf, a cheque for a thousand pounds towards the purchase money of the Quebec battlefields.

Following him there came the representative of South Africa, Sir H. de Villiers, who was warmly applauded as he dwelt on the progress being made to unite the various colonies in South Africa into one Dominion on the model of that of Canada.

Sir Lomer Gouin and Sir James Whitney followed, and the speech-making concluded with the toast of the Governor-General, very happily proposed by the Prince of Wales, and an equally happy reply by His Excellency. The speeches are given in greater detail below.

THE PRINCE AT ST. JOACHIM.

Quebec, July 27.—After a hard week of state functions, the Prince of Wales spent this morning in the most restful manner that could be devised for him. In the vast halls and spacious groves of the Roman Catholic Seminary, in the quaint village of St. Joachim, he strolled quietly without a thought of Royal cares, and chatted with the fathers in completest informality. There was no speech-making, and at the cold luncheon, served beneath the trees, His Royal Highness partook of the lowly fare common to the refectory.

The seminary farms were then visited, the Prince's escort being Father Mathieu, who presented to him all the old retainers of the seminary in turn. The Prince expressed himself as highly delighted with the work of the institution, and grateful for the warm and informal hospitality shown him. The return journey was made in autos, and at each of the parishes through which the party passed a halt was made at the village church and the clergy were presented to the heir to the British Throne. At St. Anne de Beaupre a longer stay was made, to enable the Prince to inspect all the points of interest of that remarkable shrine.

No inkling of this programme had been allowed to reach the ears of any but the clergy immediately concerned, so that the passage of the Prince attracted hardly any attention. He looked much refreshed when he returned to the city in time to see some part of the naval regatta this afternoon.

CABLEGRAMS

Many cablegrams were despatched and received from all parts of the world.

TO AND FROM THE KING.

The people of Canada assembled to celebrate the Tercentenary of the foundation of Quebec, present their humble duty to Your Majesty and desire to thank Your Majesty for the honor done them by the presence here to-day of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. They see in this gracious act a fresh proof of the interest which Your Majesty has ever manifested towards Your Majesty's Canadian subjects, who on this great and historic occasion hasten to renew the expression of their unalterable devotion to Your Majesty's Throne and person.

Reply from the King:—

Please convey to Mayor and citizens of Quebec my congratulations and good

QUEBEC SNAP SHOTS—HERALDS-AT-ARMS IN THE STREETS OF THE ANCIENT CAPITAL

wishes on the joyous celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of foundation of their city by Samuel de Champlain. I am much gratified to learn of their cordial reception of the Prince of Wales, whom I have sent to represent me on this great occasion. I received with pleasure the renewed assurances of loyalty on the part of my Canadian subjects, in whose welfare I am deeply interested and to whom I wish an ever increasing measure of progress and prosperity.

Princess Louise sent her congratulations, while Mr. Asquith, in his message, declared that the Dominion bears witness to the world that peace and prosperity are the fruits of freedom and self-government.

Other messages were from Lord Minto, the Governor of the Orange River Colony, the Governor of the Transvaal, the Governor of Newfoundland, the Governor of New Zealand, the Governor-General of Australia, Lord Crewe, the Prime Minister of Cape Colony, the Premier of New Zealand, and the Premier of Cape Colony. They were all of a congratulatory character, and expressed hopes for Canada's welfare.

THE PRINCE AT THE CATHEDRAL.

Specially Appointed State Service —Sermon by the Lord Bishop of Quebec.

Quebec, July 27.—The pretty little English Cathedral of the Holy Trinity was completely filled by ticket-holders on Sunday morning, when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, attended the specially-appointed State service. The Prince drove down from the Citadel in a pair-horse landau, accompanied by His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess Grey, and followed by other carriages bringing Lady Sybil Grey, Earl Roberts, Lady Pole-Carew, and most of the other guests at the Citadel.

His Royal Highness, like the whole of the rest of the party, was in morning dress, and wore a grey top hat. He was escorted by four of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, while in the Cathedral carriage way was a guard of honor of infantry.

The surpliced choir, with the Lord Bishop, preceded by the crozier-bearer, and attended by a number of ecclesiastics, met the Royal party at the door and preceded it up the aisle, the well-known hymn, 'All people that on earth do dwell,' being sung as the processional. The Prince occupied the front pew on the right-hand side, with the Governor-General on his right, and the Countess Grey on the outside. There were many military and naval officers in uniform present.

The whole scene was a very simple and dignified one. The Cathedral, built as it was by King George the Fourth, is by no means a stately edifice, but with its terra-cotta walls and ceiling, picked out in gold, the ceiling vaulted and latticed with diamond-shaped panels, it certainly has an atmosphere of dignified simplicity.

Immediately in front of the Royal pew, on either side of the sanctuary, was a large mixed choir, augmented by many ladies, while above the florally-decorated altar the deep rich color tones of a stained-glass window depicting the Ascension, glowed in the brilliant light of a perfect summer day.

Following the usual prayers, the Jubilate Deo, Psalm c., and the Laudate Dominum, Psalm cl., were sung, and the lesson was Kings viii., 54-62. The Benedictus, St. Luke i., 68, was sung as the canticle, and then followed the Apostle's Creed, the usual prayers and responses, and the collects. Sir John Barnby's anthem 'Glory be to the Father,' was beautifully rendered by the choir. Prayers for the King's Majesty, the Royal Family, and the Governor-General followed, as well as a special and a general thanksgiving.

The hymn before the sermon was the beautiful one 'For all the saints who from their labors rest,' and it was noticeable that His Royal Highness joined heartily in the hinging of this, as though it were one of his favorites.

The sermon by the Right Rev. Andrew Hunter Dunn, D.D., Lord Bishop of Quebec, was one very appropriate to the occasion—nothing pretentious about it, no striving after effect, but a simple little talk on the significance of the occasion, delivered in a fatherly way, the effect being much enhanced by the Bishop's venerable presence and quiet method of delivery. The Prince kept his eyes on the preacher, and only dropped them once—when the Bishop alluded to his presence, and spoke of him as the heir to the throne and to the leadership of the whole British race throughout the Empire.

Kipling's famous recessional hymn, 'Lest we forget,' was sung immediately after the sermon, and then the choir rendered a solemn Te Deum, to the setting of Sir C. Villier's in B flat, as a special act of thanksgiving to Almighty God. The benediction and the singing of 'God Save the King' came next, and the final recessional hymn was 'Now thank we all our God.'

THE MAYOR AND THE MIDDY

TORONTO CHIEF MAGISTRATE TIPS THE SON OF AN EARL.

(Special Staff Correspondence.)

Quebec, July 23.—An amusing incident, in which Mayor Oliver, of Toronto, played the leading part, took place yesterday on H. M. S. 'Exmouth.'

Mayor Oliver, with a number of Toronto aldermen, had gone over to the ship for a visit, and a middy was deputed to show them round—said middy, unknown to Mayor Oliver, being the son of an Earl. When the visit was over, Mayor Oliver showed alarming symptoms of preparing to give middy a tip, and there was many a grin on the faces of the ship's company as the middy dodged and shied at the impending gift.

But there was no escaping Toronto hospitality, and presently this son of an Earl found a fifty-cent piece reposing in his palm. He blushed a vivid scarlet, while Mayor Oliver, conscious of a thing well done, went down the gangway to the waiting launch.

If he had turned to look back at the object of his generosity, he would have seen him handing the gift to a grinning marine.

MESSAGE TO THE POPE.

Bishops of Canada Thank Him for His Tercentenary Letter.

Rome, July 24.—The Pope has received a letter from the Roman Catholic bishops of Canada, in which they unite in thanking him for his letter, sent on the occasion of the celebration of the Tercentenary of the founding of Quebec. They gratefully acknowledge the Pontiff's tribute of praise to the brave and noble souls who ornamented the church of old in France, among whom His Holiness had named Bishop Laval de Montmorency, the apostle of the Canadian Church, and the first Bishop of Quebec. The bishops join with Pope Pius in his tribute to the power which for a century and a half ruled in Canada in place of France, assuring liberty and permanence to the Roman Catholic faith. The British Crown, says the bishops in their letter, has no more faithful subjects than Canadians, whose clergy has helped to conserve Canada to England.

GORGEOUS DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS.

The fireworks display from the heights of Levis on Thursday were promised on the official programme of the Tercentenary to be the most elaborate ever given in the world, and few people who saw them will be inclined to dispute that this claim was fully lived up to.

Dufferin Terrace, from which the best view could be obtained, was packed by one mass of humanity from end to end, and all up the heights leading to the walls of the Citadel, so thick were the people that it was impossible to find anywhere to sit on rocks or grass. Down below in the river, the battleships were all illuminated, as on the previous night, and their long lines of lights, reflected in a golden glow on the water, added greatly to the effectiveness of the pyrotechnic display.

The latter was marvellously beautiful—a continual feast to the eye of fiery light uprising and bursting in all sorts of fantastic forms high into the sky above the river, and falling into the latter in showers of many-colored stars and millions of streaming lines of golden rain. There were representations of vast waterfalls, and of every conceivable form of fireworks display.

PRINCE DEPARTS TO-MORROW

Though the hour has not been fixed, it has been officially announced that the Prince of Wales will adhere to his programme, and sail for England to-morrow. He will embark on the 'Indomitable,' and as soon as his vessel is under way all the other British warships in port will fire royal salutes, and up-anchor and follow her. Salute and counter-salute between Citadel and ships is promised, and one by one Britain's huge fighting machines will disappear down the river.

PRINCE RECOGNIZES CRIMEAN VETERAN.

On several occasions during his present visit, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has shown that he possesses in marked degree the wonderful memory of his father for faces, and his quick eye for personal decorations.

On Friday, for instance, while on his way to the great review on the Plains, the Prince stopped to lay a wreath on the Wolfe monument. The Boston Veterans in uniform, were there with their flag, as a kind of guard of honor.

The Prince stopped and chatted genially with the veterans, and pointing to their flag, asked if that was the one he presented to them when he was here seven years ago. The Veterans assured him that it was.

Then he noticed that one of the men was wearing a Crimean medal, and he spoke in a particularly friendly way to this man, taking the man's name and address, and promising that when he got back he would send him an autograph letter.

The veteran, his face all beaming with smiles, saluted and thanked His Royal Highness, who further remarked that the old soldier must find it very fatiguing to be on parade on such a hot day, and offered to have one of his automobiles take him down town after the review was over.

There the Prince touched the old soldier's pride, for the latter straightened himself up proudly, and replied that it was not necessary, for he was good for many a march yet.

The Prince smiled genially and said he believed he was.

TROOPS PRAISED BY THE PRINCE.

The following letter has been received by the Hon. the Minister of Militia and Defence from Sir Arthur Bigge, equerry to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

'Citadel, July 24.

'Dear Sir Frederick Borden:

'The Prince of Wales directs me to convey to you the expression of his high appreciation of the very successful review of the Canadian Militia which His Royal Highness had the great pleasure of holding this morning. He is well aware that the work of conveying so large a body of men and horses to Quebec must have entailed much heavy work and careful organization; also that many of the troops could only have been present at considerable individual sacrifice. The Prince heartily congratulates you, Brigadier-General Otter and the staff, upon the happy result of your efforts. The march past was extremely well carried out, and His Royal Highness hopes that you will convey to all ranks his congratulations upon the smart, soldierlike bearing and steadiness on parade of the Canadian troops.'

TREE PLANTING BY THE PRINCE.

A gold spade, with an ebony handle, 18 inches long, is to be presented the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his planting a tree in Victoria Park to-day. It bears an inscription giving the date and circumstances, and saying that it was presented by the mayor and aldermen of Quebec.

LORD ROBERTS TO VISIT THE ROCKIES.

Quebec, July 27.—Earl Roberts has rearranged the whole of his programme for his Western trip, and will visit the Rocky Mountains. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has taken full charge of all arrangements.

Lord Roberts's itinerary for his western trip is now as follows:—He will leave Quebec on Thursday, July 30, for Montreal; will stay in Montreal two days, then go to Ottawa, and then to Toronto, staying in the latter city Aug. 5, 6, and 7. From Toronto he will pay a visit to Niagara Falls, then back to Toronto, where he will take a special C. P. R. train provided by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and travel as the guest of the latter to Winnipeg, Calgary, and Banff, thus obtaining a good idea of both the prairie and the Rockies. From Banff the return will be made direct east to Kingston, and a trip through the Thousand Islands, arriving in Quebec in time to sail for England on the 'Empress of Ireland,' on Aug. 21.

DIED UNDER ANAESTHETIC

MRS. J. FRASER MACDONALD SUCCUMBS TO HEART FAILURE.

Toronto, July 25.—Mrs. James Fraser Macdonald, wife of Major Macdonald, aide-de-camp to His Honor the Lieutenant-governor, died yesterday afternoon from heart failure, while being placed under an anaesthetic in preparation for a minor operation.

PREMIER McBRIDE

WILL NOT ENTER FEDERAL POLITICS.

New Westminster, B.C., July 24.—'There is absolutely nothing to it. I authorize you to give the rumor an unqualified denial,' answered the Hon. Richard McBride, yesterday, when questioned concerning the truth of the story circulated to the effect that he was to resign from provincial politics and enter the Federal arena in opposition to the Hon. William Templeman, at Victoria. The Premier further stated that he had not been asked to accept the nomination, and that he would not even consider the proposition if he were approached. He intimated that it was quite probable he would tour the Coast in the interests of the Conservative party before the next Dominion elections.

VIOLATES THE SUNDAY LAW.

Ottawa, July 20.—The Lord's Day Alliance is going to see if the government is to be allowed to work the Printing Bureau on Sundays, as it did yesterday, and frequently does. The employees object, and some one has laid information against the department.

FEET CUT OFF BY MOWING MACHINE.

Charlottetown, P.E.I., July 20.—The little son of Angus McCormack, of Souris, had both feet cut off by a mowing machine. The boy had wandered into thick hay, and was not noticed in time to stop the machine.

WOMAN HELD THE ROBBER.

Windsor, Ont., July 21.—Mrs. Anthony Shalhub, wife of a storekeeper on Sandwich street, grappled with a man whom she claims to have found looting the store yesterday afternoon, and held him till patrolman Giles arrived. At the station the man gave his name as C. H. Miller, 22, of Louisville, Ky. The police relieved him of a shirt and a dirk which he admitted having taken from the store.

BURGLARS AT WALKERVILLE.

Walkerville, Ont., July 21.—The provincial police are looking for a gang of burglars who have been operating in this vicinity recently. The police have received reports that three places in Sandwich East, above here, were entered in one night, the burglars getting about sixty dollars worth of stamps from Charles Montreuil's Hotel, the offices of the McGregor Banwell Fence Co., and the office of the Crouchman Coal Company.

SOMETHING TO TREASURE.

By far the best of all the souvenirs of the great Tercentenary celebrations at Quebec is the Pageant Portfolio, issued in two parts by the 'Canadian Pictorial.' It only costs twenty-five cents complete, post paid, and gives a splendid idea of the celebrations. It should be in every home, for it is calculated to reveal to old and young in a most fascinating way much of the romance of early Canadian history.

Twenty-five cents is but a trifle to pay and the Portfolio gives a better idea than many got who spent a large sum of money on going to Quebec, and suffered the inconveniences of a vastly overcrowded city. For fifty cents you will get the Portfolio and also the 'Canadian Pictorial' to the end of this year. It is a bargain.

Remittances should be made at once to the 'Pictorial' Publishing Company, 142 St. Peter street, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

TRAGEDY AT STE ROSE.

Mr. R. McComb, of Montreal, Lost His Life Through Upsetting of Canoe.

COMPANION WAS ALSO IMMERSED, BUT REACHED THE SHORE.

Word was received in Montreal on Saturday of the death by drowning at Ste. Rose on Friday afternoon of Mr. Robert McComb, second son of Mr. J. H. McComb, of Messrs. Lockerby & McComb, of this city.

Mr. McComb, who was 21 years of age, went out in a canoe with a companion, and when only about ten yards from shore one of the paddles was dropped. In endeavoring to reach the paddle the canoe was upset and both young men were thrown into the water.

Although a very good swimmer, Mr. McComb, for some unaccountable reason, was unable to reach the shore, though his companion did. The body was recovered, and the funeral will take place from the family residence, 24 Fort street, this afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

Mr. McComb was employed with his father's firm, and was a very popular as well as exemplary young man. The sympathy of a large circle of acquaintances will go out to Mr. and Mrs. McComb in their sore bereavement.

THE CENTRAL RAILWAY

SOME INTERESTING EVIDENCE HEARD BEFORE ROYAL COMMISSION.

St. John, N.B., July 21.—The evidence given to-day before the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the affairs of the Central Railway disclosed several new and interesting features with regard to the financial transactions which took place in connection with the road.

The examination of E. M. Shadbolt, manager of the St. John branch of the Bank of Montreal and of the Royal Trust Company, which occupied part of the session, had reference to the disposal of the bonds of the New Brunswick Coal and Railway Company, which were delivered on the order of the Hon. William Pugsley, as director for the Provincial Government, and the late A. I. Trueman.

Mr. Shadbolt produced receipts showing that 153 bonds, worth $76,500, had been delivered to Mr. Pugsley, and 241 bonds, worth $120,500, had been delivered to Mr. Trueman. There is no evidence yet before the commission as to how these bonds were disposed of, and further light on the subject will be awaited with interest.

In giving further evidence at the afternoon session, Mr. Shadbolt produced a copy of a receipt showing that Messrs. Evans and Elkin paid E. W. Drexel & Company and Clark & Company, of Philadelphia, $55,800 as full purchase money for both the Central and St. Martin's railways. For the Central Railway alone it has been claimed the government of the day paid $180,000. Further evidence may disclose what became of the difference.

Messrs. R. A. Irving and Ernest Hutchinson, who were stockholders and directors, also gave evidence which tended to show that they did not pay for their shares. Mr. Hutchinson told the commission that he resigned because he did not believe in the old company's methods of doing business. F. R. Brown, a clerk in the Bank of New Brunswick, and J. M. Robinson, of J. M. Robinson & Sons, were the other witnesses.

A statement prepared by the late Mr. Sharp of the account of the N. B. Coal & Railway Company to May, 1904, showed payments of $5,000 to 'the managing director,' $4,000 to Messrs. Trueman and Skinner, besides other items which may require further information.

The commissioners will sit in Fredericton to-morrow and will resume the session in St. John on Thursday.

St. John, N.B., July 23.—The Central Railway Commission held two sessions to-day. The morning session was the more interesting, when Mr. George McAvity was on the stand. His evidence showed that there were financial transactions of the company carried on, first at the Receiver-General's office in Fredericton; secondly, through Dr. Pugsley and George W. Allen, at the People's P[illegible] at Fredericton; thirdly, at Mr. McAvity's office in St. John, and, fourthly, at the company's office in Norton.

Under cross-examination by Mr. Powell, Mr. McAvity failed to give any explanation of several items ranging in amount from $2,000 to $30,000. He said they were all right and that the auditor, Mr. Corbett, could explain them. Mr. McAvity was then stood aside and Mr. Corbett was recalled. The latter thought he had an explanation, but acknowledged that his explanation failed. The commissioners decided it was better to give McAvity time to prepare a proper statement or account of his business transactions and to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of these and other amounts. Mr. McAvity expressed a desire to have an opportunity to do as the commissioners suggested, and his examination was adjourned until he was prepared to go on.

In Mr. McAvity's evidence there was one item of especial interest. In the cash book which the auditor had prepared, the commissioners were charged with $52,500 of cash. This appeared to be carried forward for three or four pages till an entry appeared with a minute in pencil below, 'Less W. P., $5,000.'

Mr. McAvity seemed to be ignorant as to the person meant by the initials 'W. P.' In fact, he thought there might be several persons of those initials. Under cross-examination, however, he admitted there was only one to whom, in his judgment, the initials could apply, but he was unable to give any explanation as to why the $5,000 had been deducted.

THE CHINATOWN MURDER.

Story of the Arrest Told at the Enquete.

BULLET THAT KILLED MALONE WENT TO THE HEART.

'I made the arrest,' interjected Constable McGrath, when Detective Cowan was asked by Crown Prosecutor Hibbard if he had arrested Smith, during the progress of the enquete into the Chinatown murder case, before Judge Lafontaine.

Subsequently McGrath was called to the box, and from his evidence an idea of the probable line that will be followed by the defence was indicated. He said that he had arrested Smith in the Russell House, along with Captain Bourgeois and two other constables. Before Smith spoke he warned him, after which the accused intimated that he had journeyed to the city to give himself up. He also said: 'I shot Malone in self defence. I have had no rest since, and I am tired. If I had not shot Malone he would have shot me.'

Arthur Hooper, a bell boy, who lives next door to the house in which Malone was killed, told of the fight of the previous evening, and of having seen Smith leave the place on Tuesday, just after the shooting, and turn south on Chenneville street. Two other men, Hooper said, came out a few minutes later, and went down Cote street.

Tong King, the keeper of the house described the situation of the rooms. He also told of the fight of the night before the murder, in which Smith was stabbed by Malone. He had seen Malone trying to stab Smith, while the latter was grappling with his assailant. On the day of the murder, when Smith came in and asked for the other men, Tong said that he started to get out of the way, for he was nervous and expected another fight. He had only gone a few steps when the shots were fired. Then he was knocked down by some one, whom he did not recognize, in their hurry to get out of the house.

Mrs. Ste. Marie gave evidence as to conversations with Malone and the accused after the fight of Monday night. Malone told her of what had happened, and that he was going down the street to finish him—to cut his throat. When Smith came along she advised him to go and get his hand dressed. The last time she spoke to him was about two o'clock on the day of the murder, when he said he was going to get out of town.

When Constable McGrath's evidence had been concluded, Judge Lafontaine committed Smith for trial.

SMUGGLING CASES

WINDSOR CITIZENS REQUESTED TO SEE THE CUSTOMS OFFICER.

Windsor, Ont., July 24.—Two hundred Windsor citizens will receive notices in which they will be requested to report to the customs office and pay duty on certain articles of wearing apparel which the customs officers have discovered were smuggled into the city upon different occasions from Detroit. Failure to comply with the notices will mean prosecutions on a charge of smuggling merchandise. The list of names now in the possession of the customs department was obtained by the department from a collector of one of the Detroit credit stores, who was 'spotted' while on a business visit here and detained at the ferry customs office, where he willingly gave his list of customers. Besides the credit store smugglers a considerable number of others who pay cash down have been discovered and will have to settle. The identity of the guilty persons will be kept a secret for the present. Complaints by local merchants led to the investigation and exposure of smuggling.

NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES

AGREEMENT REACHED BETWEEN BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES FOR EXTENSION OF MODUS VIVENDI.

Washington, July 24.—To guard against friction pending between the tribunal of the respective rights of United States fishermen in Newfoundland waters, the Department of State yesterday reached an agreement with the British Foreign Office for an extension of the present modus vivendi governing the fisheries to cover the approaching fishing season.

It is understood that the modus extended by Mr. Whitelaw Reid and the British Foreign Office is in precisely the same terms as that of last year. That instrument worked apparently very satisfactorily, and the season closed without any serious hitch between United States fishermen and Newfoundland authorities.

PROGRESS OF THE G. T. P.

On Monday the Grand Trunk Pacific had completed the laying of their rails from Winnipeg to Battle River, a distance of 675 miles, where the work of construction will necessarily cease for the next three months, and until the completion of the new bridge which is being erected over the Battle River. The concrete approaches and piers for this bridge are now approaching completion.

MURDERER IDENTIFIED.

Niagara Falls, Ont., July 24.—The police of Niagara Falls, N.Y., have identified the man who shot and killed Patrolman McCormick as Edward Lee, who recently escaped from Toronto jail. The identification was made from a photograph sent by Chief Grassett, of Toronto, to the Chief of Police here.

FOUR TRAGEDIES.

Bodies of Unknown Men Taken From River and Canal During the Week-End.

ONE WAS WEIGHTED WITH STONES AND SEEMED TO INDICATE SUICIDE.

Three bodies found floating in the water, two in the canal and one in the river, lie in the morgue awaiting identification.

Sunday afternoon two men rowing in a boat in the river, saw a body floating towards them. It proved to be that of a man, and from the few rags of clothing that hung around it, the deceased had evidently worn a pair of black trousers. Attached to a leather belt which encircled the waist were a ring and two keys. A muffler was wrapped around the neck, but beyond this there was nothing else which would help to establish identification.

The remains had evidently been in the water for a considerable time, and as the body is badly decomposed, recognition will be extremely difficult.

With four large stones filling his pockets, an unknown man went down to his death yesterday in the canal. The man, who has not been identified yet, was observed sitting on the canal bank, looking into the water, but nobody saw him jump in, and James Squires, the lockman, was not aware of what had occurred until he saw the body appear on the surface. Squires quickly pulled it out and artificial means of respiration were resorted to, without success.

A piece of paper marked: 'Old Brewery Mission. Good for one meal. (Signed), John Ritchie Bell,' was found in one of the dead man's pockets. In another pocket a cheese sandwich was discovered, but no money was found.

A man who saw the body pulled out said it was that of an English immigrant, while another witness claimed the deceased had been a Scots longshoreman.

Having regard to the fact that the deceased was weighed down with four stones, the probabilities are that he committed suicide.

Pierre Chicouine, bridgemaster, found the body of an unknown man floating in the canal near the Cote St. Paul bridge on Saturday afternoon. It was evident that the man had only been in the water for a short time as a street car transfer ticket bearing the date July 22 was found in one of his pockets. In another pocket a purse containing the sum of $31.55 was found. The victim was dressed in black overalls and a negligee shirt, on which were stitched the initials, 'P. J.'

The body of a young man respectably dressed, was found in the river at Varennes on Saturday afternoon.

COMPANY WINS

EX-MAYOR BURCHELL, OF GLACE BAY, N.S., MUST PAY DOMINION COAL COMPANY $8,000.

Halifax, N.S., July 24.—Judge Graham to-day filed judgment in the case of the Dominion Coal Company against ex-Mayor Burchell, of Glace Bay, in an action to recover $8,000. The defendant said he never received the money. This defence was struck out by the judge, and judgment for the amount will be entered.

DROWNING ACCIDENTS

FIVE PEOPLE MEET THEIR DEATH

New Liskeard, Ont., July 20.—The deadly Montreal river claimed three more victims at noon yesterday, when Oswald Ewin Newberry, of Elgin Mills, near Richmond Hill, Toronto; Harold Dowsley, of Kingston, and Bryce M. Black, of Toronto, lost their lives. Will Cameron, of New Liskeard, is the sole survivor of the party. The four men were shooting a rapid between the Ragged Chutes and Fountain Falls, on the Montreal river, some nine miles below Gillies depot, when their canoe struck a rock and capsized. The tip-over occurred at the head of the rapids and the canoe men were choked before they reached still water. Cameron very narrowly escaped, and only after a desperate struggle. He made his way through the bush back to camp, and was in such a condition that he was sent home to New Liskeard by the party in search of the bodies.

Hamilton, Ont., July 22.—A double drowning accident occurred about one o'clock this afternoon, on Hamilton beach, when two men were drowned as the result of a scow sinking. The government is repairing the south pier at the beach, and at the time of the accident the two men were riding on a scow laden with stones. The load was evidently too great for the scow, and she sank, pulling down the two men. They never rose to the surface. One of the two is named Wilson, and his home is in Chippewa. The other man, whose name has not yet been learned, came from Montreal.

LABATT STILL IN JAIL.

Ottawa, July 22.—John H. Labatt, who was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment by Magistrate O'Keefe, in December, is still in the county jail here. Labatt was charged with sending threatening letters to the Hon. H. R. Emmerson. He was arrested by the Dominion police, pleaded guilty to the charge, and received sentence. Prisoners sentenced to six months and over are sent to the Central prison, Toronto, but through the prison being full, a number had to be accommodated in the county jail here. Yesterday five were sent for from Toronto, but Labatt was not included among the number. His term expires early in September, and he will probably serve his whole sentence in the local jail.

LORD CROMER'S WARNING.

Declares Country is Rapidly Approaching the Deadly Crisis of a European War.

(New York 'Sun' Cable.)

London, July 25.—Not for a long time has England been disturbed by so grave a warning from an eminent statesman as happened this week, when Lord Cromer gave his ultimate reason for opposing the policy of the present government. He frankly affirmed his belief that while the government was lightheartedly embarking on an old age pension scheme of enormous expense, the country was rapidly approaching the deadly crisis of a European war. His words have been read throughout Europe

LORD CROMER.

with apprehension and alarm. Consols fell sharply when they became public, and now they are being discussed with the seriousness their importance demands. It is this excerpt from his speech that is attracting universal attention:

'What, in the present condition of Europe, is the main duty which devolves upon the government of this country? For my own part I have no hesitation in replying to this question—their main duty is to make provision betimes for a European conflict, which may not improbably be forced upon us before many years have elapsed. I am aware that the mass of the people of this country who do not follow foreign affairs with any very close attention are not alive to the possibility of any such conflict taking place.

'I say it is the duty of a government gifted with both patriotism and foresight, who have means of information at their disposal which is not available to the general public, to provide betimes for that danger, a danger of which I, in common, I believe, with most people who can speak with real authority on foreign affairs, am firmly convinced, my Lords. I am now treading on delicate ground.

'It is neither necessary nor desirable that I should state at length my reason for holding this opinion. I will only say that in order to justify it, it is quite unnecessary to impugn the good faith of those high authorities abroad who constantly reiterate their peaceful intentions. Neither is it necessary to hold that any intentions, deliberately hostile to this country, exist. We are, however, living in times when the influence of individuals, however highly placed, is limited. When national interest is involved and race passion is excited, there is always more than a risk that a collision between rival nations will take place, however pacific the intentions of their rulers. Let me add that if, as I believe, will be the case, the enactment of this law imperils the cause of free trade, the chances of a collision will be materially increased.'

It is, of course, perfectly understood that the peril Lord Cromer foresees lies in the direction of Germany. His special information, of course, can be conjectured, but it is a fact that all who possess it share his apprehension. Some of these officials criticise rather severely the King's latest move in the formation of a great European peacebund. They argue that this combination is now too large for stability. Moreover, the recent Anglo-Russian entente has exasperated Germany to a dangerous extent. Her isolation is now so complete that she seems powerless to break through the walls surrounding her. But such a situation, it is argued by some diplomatists, is full of peril. Peace by compulsion is a delusion, especially if imposed upon a great and proud nation presided over by an ambitious and aggressive sovereign. Germany will strain every nerve in preparation, and then seize the first opportunity to show her resentment.

Such is the belief of more than one man of Lord Cromer's type. Germany's opportunity may come any day. For this reason the serious crisis in the Near East is regarded with some uneasiness throughout Europe. The revolt of the Young Turks has reached the proportions of a revolution, and Abdul, clever as he is, has been compelled to yield for the present. It is by no means certain that his grant of a constitution will check the rebellion. No previous discontent in Turkey has involved the widespread sedition in the army which undoubtedly exists. The recent experiences of Persia makes the Young Turkish party determined not to accept the sham reforms which the Sultan's political concessions so much resemble. The agitation will continue unless crushed by superior force until the Sultan yields to the very definite demands which will be made upon him so soon as he consents to negotiate with his rebellious subjects. Turkish patriotism is religious rather than political or dynastic. The loyalty of the Mussulman is to the Koran, not to the sovereign. The present fear is that the Sultan will seek the military aid of Germany, and there are many rumors to this effect. Such action would create a grave situation amongst the powers as well as locally. Changes which have been made in the Sultan's entourage are widely interesting, especially in London, as signifying a break in the German influence, and the re-establishment of England, because the deposed Grand Vizier was of German proclivities and his successor is of English sympathies. It would be very unwise to base much upon this assumption. The Sultan is face to face with the greatest domestic crisis of his long reign, and it will tax his wonderful resources in statecraft to survive it. It may be assumed that he will not give much consideration to outside problems until he has solved the domestic one.

What makes the revolutionary movement most ominous for Abdul Hamid is the orderliness and restraint with which the plans of the Young Turks are being carried out. There is every indication of a careful systematic working-out of a well-developed plan, and this augurs ill for the present regime. One consequence of this sudden crisis will be the postponement of the powers' attempt to impose the Macedonian reforms. It is an interesting feature of the situation that in the region of Macedonia controlled by the revolutionists the evils which Christendom has so long deplored have, for the time being, at any rate, almost ceased to exist.

A GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

Demand From Hundreds of Thousands in London for Passing of Licensing Bill.

London, July 25.—Hyde Park, which has been the scene of so many remarkable demonstrations this year, was invaded again this evening by a gigantic concourse that demonstrated its support of the government's Licensing Bill. The estimates of the crowd vary from 300,000 to half a million. It was made up mostly of the members of temperance societies from all parts of London and the suburbs. There were 120 speakers, including such men as Mr. Winston Churchill, Dr. Oldfort, Lord Kinniard, and a number of members of the House of Commons. A hundred bands livened the proceedings, and there was a remarkable scene when, at a given signal, they all struck up the hymn, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' in which the demonstrators joined.

The proceedings came to an end with the passing of a resolution demanding that both Houses of Parliament pass the bill without delay.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The last Britisher captured by Moroccans for a ransom proved to be a joker. They demanded $50,000, and he said he could be a Pasha for that; they ordered him to write home and he said it was no use. They threatened to cut off his head and he smiled. 'Convinced,' says a disgusted captor, 'that we should not receive one penny, and that captivity to him was but a new sport, we decided to release him. It was bad business.'

The seventeenth Universal Peace Congress, organized by the Society of Friends, assembled in London to-day. Over a hundred societies from sixteen different countries are in attendance. The Bishop of Carlisle, president of the Congress, during his opening address, said: 'Nothing has impeded the national prosperity so much as partisan strife and blind antagonism. They were told to think imperially, but a rider was needed—let them act imperially.' The King and Queen welcomed the delegates at Buckingham Palace at noon.

President Fallieres of France is on a visit to the Czar, and arrived in Reval yesterday.

Fake artists are busy in Europe. Claude Monet has found imitations of his works sold to a German collector, and the same collector has found, to his disgust that he has several spurious Courtiets, Corots and others in his collection.

The American Minister to Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria emphatically denies the recent reports of the character of the Crown Prince of Servia. Mr. Knowles says that a very careful investigation of all the reported escapades and immoralities of Prince George proves them to be pure fabrications, and that the young Crown Prince has been most unjustly treated. Instead of being a drunkard, he does not use intoxicating liquors in any form. He has none of the brutality attributed to him. Mr. Knowles declared that the Crown Prince was incapable of the disgraceful acts attributed to him in the sensational newspaper stories. He is only a grown-up boy with an exuberance of youth which is being rapidly mellowed by the realization of his position.

There is a small rumpus between Venezuela and the Dutch Island of Curacoa, because a Venezuelan in Willemstad has been saying things in the papers against Curacoa. The Venezuelan consulate had to be protected by troops and the Dutch minister has been expelled 'for personal reasons.'

Norman E. Back, of Buffalo, national committeeman from the state of New York, was on Saturday in Chicago chosen chairman of the National Democratic Committee. Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, was chosen treasurer, and Mr. Uroy Woodson re-elected secretary.

The charges of Dr. Pringle against the Yukon Council were up in Council in Dawson on Saturday and caused a hot fight.

UNITED STATES NAVY.

The President Declares It Should be Able to Hammer Its Opponent Until He Quits Fighting.

Newport, R. I., July 22.—President Roosevelt, after an adventurous night trip in the fog from Oyster Bay, during which his yacht, the 'Mayflower,' ran down and sank a lumber schooner, rescuing the crew of six men on board, arrived here at 9.45 a.m. to-day, and later in the forenoon at the naval war college, addressed a conference of nearly one hundred naval officers gathered together from all branches of the service to consider plans for new American battleships. President Roosevelt made a stirring appeal for a hard hitting sea-going navy.

'I want a first-class fighting navy, or no navy at all,' said the President, 'because a first-class navy is the most effective guarantee of peace this nation can have.

'There are always a number of amiable and well-meaning people,' continued President Roosevelt, 'who believe in having a navy merely for coast defence. A purely defensive navy would be almost worthless. To advocate such a navy is like advocating a school of prize-fighting where no one should do anything but parry.

'I hope this nation will never have to hit. We should do everything that honorably can be done to avoid trouble. But when we do go to war, that war is only excusable if the navy is prepared to hammer its opponent until he quits fighting. And you can't hammer your opponent if you wait for him to come to the coast and hammer you first. For the protection of our coasts, we need fortifications, so that the navy may be left free to stretch out and destroy the enemy. That is its function.'

President Roosevelt declared that even if the United States had no island possessions the need for an aggressive naval policy would still be present. 'The Monroe Doctrine,' he declared, 'had almost fallen into disgrace and contempt until the American nation began to build up its navy.'

Discussing the question of emigration, the President declared that the American people have a right to say who shall come and dwell among them. 'It is our duty,' he declared, 'to exercise that right in a way calculated to provoke the least friction. If we choose to say who shall come, however, we must be in trim to uphold that right in case anybody challenges it.'

President Roosevelt declared the cruise of the battleship fleet around South America was the most instructive object lesson ever offered of the reality of the Monroe Doctrine.

SEDITION IN INDIA

TILAK, THE NATIONALIST LEADER, TRANSPORTED FOR SIX YEARS.

Bombay, July 22.—Tilak, the Nationalist leader, whose trial for sedition occupied several days, has been found guilty, and has been sentenced to transportation for six years and to a fine of 5,000 rupees. The charge was based on articles appearing in the 'Kesari,' a Poonah weekly newspaper, of which Tilak was the editor, inciting the natives to rebellion and to use bombs.

Bombay, July 23.—In order to demonstrate their sympathy for Tilak, the nationalist leader, who was yesterday sentenced to transportation for six years on the charge of sedition, 20,000 mill hands went on strike to-day, and all the Hindoo shops are closed. The natives are greatly wrought up, and rioting is expected. Tilak was the editor of a newspaper which published virulent attacks on British rule.

Bombay, July 24.—There was a renewal of the outbreaks here this afternoon. The mob spread over from the mill district and held up the Poona mail train. They finally had to be driven off by volleys from the military.

Europeans are jeered and stoned whenever they appear on the streets, and when the police and troops make rescues they are frequently obliged to use their revolvers. There have been heavy casualties as a result of the firing. All the available military, including the volunteer rifles and the light horse, have been called out. In the course of the evening a defiant and fanatical mob bombarded the office of a police magistrate with heavy paving stones. The volunteer rifles were called to the rescue and fired on the natives. Five men are known to have been killed, and 43 wounded have been taken to hospitals.

OTTAWA CONSERVATIVES.

Ottawa, July 22.—The local Conservative executive to-night decided upon Aug. 25 as the date of the convention for the selection of the candidates for the next Dominion general election. Immediately afterwards a vigorous campaign will be entered upon.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

St. Catharines, Ont., July 24.— To build a hospital for the treatment of local consumptives is the offer which president R. W. Leonard, of the Coniagas Mine has offered St. Catharines. The only condition attached to the offer is that the Daughters of the Empire will provide equipment and devise a scheme for maintenance.

C. P. R. TO ENTER SEATTLE.

The Bellingham Bay and British Columbia Railway has been purchased, says report, by the Union Pacific and C. P. R. This gives the Harriman road and the C. P. R. entrance to Vancouver and Seattle respectively.

THE MARATHON RACE.

The Goal in Sight, Dorando Was Unable to Reach the Tape Without Assistance, and Hayes WasAwarded Race.

ACTION OF OFFICIALS IN HELPING ITALIAN ACROSS THE LINE ADVERSELY COMMENTED ON.

London July 24.—Before 80,000 spectators, who filled every seat in the Stadium and jambed the aisles, while Queen Alexandra, the Duke of Connaught and other members of the Royal Family occupied the royal box, Dorando, the Italian runner, terminated the Marathon race by reaching the track five minutes ahead of the others. He was crawling along pitably, and on the final lap he toddled and collapsed twice. Each time he rose, however, amid encouraging cheers from the thousands of spectators, but collapsed utterly fifteen yards from the winning mark, was assisted across the winning mark, and then carried off the track on a stretcher.

Hayes, of the United States, followed one minute after the Italian crossed the line. Hefferon, of South Africa, came in third, and was carried to his dressing room. Forshaw followed about a minute after the South African.

By this time the Americans had lodged a protest because the Italian had been assisted across the line ahead of Hayes.

Wood, in sixth place, led the Canadians, Simpson, the Peterborough Indian, and Lawson following, the latter being a quarter of a mile ahead of Evanberg. Caffery, of Hamilton, was twelfth, and Goldsboro sprinted past Beale for seventeenth place after a long interval.

The official time was 2 hours 54 minutes and 46 seconds. Wood, after finishing sixth, was placed on a stretcher, but sat up smiling wearily. Simpson, who followed him in seventh place, was the strongest runner that had finished up to then.

Longboat arrived at the Stadium in a motor car, the announcement to that effect being received with laughter and cheers from the crowd.

Flanagan stated that Longboat overhauled the field in fine style between the fifteenth and eighteenth mile. He had passed the Italian, and was overtaking Hefferon, the only man in front. Flanagan was just thinking that victory was a certainty when the collapse came. The Indian spun round suddenly and fell heavily, bleeding form the nose. Probably it was due to the intense heat. 'I still think that Longboat is the finest runner in the world,' said Flanagan.

Longboat after the race said he could not explain his collapse. He was running strong, and was in a good position when he says he fell like a log. Flanagan said it was incomprehensible, as the other Canadians were all quite fit.

The times in which the Canadians covered the course are as follows:—Wood, 2 hours, 1 min., and 41 secs.; Simpson, 3 hours, 4 min., 28 1-5 secs.; Lawson, 3 hours, 6 min., and 47 secs.; Caffrey, 3 hours, 12 min. and 46 secs.; Goldsboro, 3 hours, 20 min. and 7 secs.; Goulding, 3 hours, 33 min. and 2½ secs.; Burn, 3 hours, 26 min. and 17 secs.

Tait retired at the fourteenth mile, having been troubled with a stiff leg. Noseworthy, of Montreal, dropped out at the eighteenth, and Longboat at the twenty-first.

OFFICIALS CONDEMNED.

London, July 24.—The action of the officials in assisting the Italian is universally condemned by the spectators, irrespective of nationality. Dorando collapsed half a dozen times during the last 200 yards, and each time the officials helped him to his feet. The last time he went down he was so weak that the officials had actually to carry him to the finish. This was done amidst a wild uproar from the stands.

Ottawa, July 25.—If the claims put forward by Ottawa people are well founded, Canada had the two first places in yesterday's Marathon, for not only is Hayes said to have been born in the Capital, but one of the Ottawa men who served in South Africa is authority for the statement that Heffernan, who took second place in yesterday's contest went to South Africa with one of the Canadian contingents.

John Gervan, of Ottawa, was among those who went with Heffernan to South Africa under Major D. I. V. Eaton in 1901. Heffernan, he says, came from Western Ontario, and was most popular with his comrades in arms, and during the progress of the campaign won prizes in several of the military sports in which he participated. After the war was over he married in Bloemfontein, and has since made his home in South Africa.

From cables it seems the Olympic games at the Stadium, London, have been a distinct triumph for British competitors, they have secured a majority of the events. Americans, however, have done fairly well, although they have shown a disposition to kick when things have not come their way.

Robert Kerr, of Hamilton, won one of the principal events in the 200 metre race, beating Cloughen, of the Irish American Athletic Club, by nine inches. It was a great race, and Kerr's victory was received with immense enthusiasm. Breaking through police and officials around the winning post, a score and more of Canadians seized the victor and carried him shoulder high to the dressing room.

The 100 metre race fell to R. E. Walker, of South Africa, who to the general surprise, beat Rector, of the United States, and Kerr, Canada's representative.

There was a big scene over the 400 metres race. Carpenter, of Cornell University, deliberately ran out and shoved Halswell on the extreme outside, leaving Robbins a free route and victory. The officials declared it was no race, and thousands of spectators booed the offender. The judges disqualified Carpenter from taking part in the race, which was re-run on Saturday.

INVITATION TO PASTOR.

The Rev. R. G. Peever, B.D., of Coaticooke, Que., has been asked to consider an invitation to the pastorate of the Central Methodist Church, Windsor, Ont. This is one of the prosperous churches of western Ontario, reporting a membership of 728, affording a large field for ministerial usefulness and service.

THE WILY SULTAN BACKS DOWN.

Announcement that Turkish Ruler is to Convoke a Parliament Creates a Sensation.

Belgrade, Servia, July 24.—The entire garrison at Uskub, Province of Monastir, Turkey, is reported to have mutinied and Albanians are said to be marching upon the city, although there is nothing to show whether they purpose joining the mutiny or attempting to quell it.

Constantinople, July 24.—Startling as was the sudden dismissal of Ferid Pasha from the grand viziership of Turkey and the appointment of Said Pasha in his place, this step was as nothing compared to the sensation created in all quarters this morning by the official announcement that the Sultan had decided to convoke a parliament. It was felt that in view of the general revolt of the army, unprecedented in the history of the Turkish Empire, some change was inevitable, and that far-reaching measures of reform in the central government were bound to be inaugurated. But the drastic action of the Sultan, who took the reins into his own hands, and by the stroke of a pen suddenly decided to accede to the demands of the Young Turks and restored the constitution of 1876, has taken the palace clique, the members of the diplomatic corps, in fact the entire population of Constantinople completely by surprise.

The immediate cause of the Sultan's raising the white flag was the receipt of a telegram from the Albanians of Uskub, to His Majesty, informing him that they had taken their oath to favor the re-establishment of the Constitution. This message landed like a thunderbolt at the Yildiz Kiosk. The Sultan had been under the impression that he could depend upon the Albanians under all circumstances. Ferid Pasha, who is an Albanian, had fostered this conceit. When the facts became known the wrath of the Sultan immediately fell upon his favorite, who was summoned to the palace and dismissed on the spot. The former grand vizier, Said Pasha, was then summoned to the palace. He gave the Sultan an insight into the real gravity of the situation in the country and the hopelessness of attempting to restore permanent peace in the army and among the people unless the personal regime, with its attendant abuses and intrigues, came to an end and a measure of constitutional government was granted. The attitude of the Albanians had so disconcerted the Sultan that Said Pasha found him in a mood to make concessions, and the pressure exerted by other men who had been long absent from the councils at the palace completed the conversion which resulted in to-day's tirade.

MARSHAL OSMAN PASHA SEIZED.

Vienna, July 24.—Marshal Osman Feizi Pasha, the new commander of the villayet of Monastir, has been seized and carried off by a band of men belonging to the Young Turkey party, according to a telegram received here to-day from Monastir. Details of this occurrence are lacking, but it is asserted that Niazi Bey, the leader of the Young Turks at Hesna, yesterday, at the head of a thousand followers, forced his way into Monastir, raided Osman's quarters and carried off the marshal without bloodshed.

Other news received here from European Turkey indicates that a revolt of all the Macedonian garrisons in favor of the Young Turks may be expected within the next few days.

POWERS WILL NOT INTERFERE.

Vienna, July 24.—The signatory powers to the Berlin treaty have no present intention of interfering with the course of events in Turkey, which, up to the present time, are regarded as purely domestic.

EARL GREY A PRIVY COUNCILLOR

(Canadian Associated Press.)

London, July 24.—The King has approved the appointment of Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, as a Privy Councillor.

FATAL TRAIN WRECK,

ONE PASSENGER DEAD AND SEVERAL INJURED.

Fort William, July 28.—A wreck occurred early this morning on the C. P. R., a short distance east of Fort William. The two sections of train No. 97, known as 3 and 4, came together and as a result one passenger, named James McCormack is dead and seven other passengers slightly injured. The accident was caused by one of the engineers disregarding the signals. His train crashed into the one ahead, throwing a coach into the ditch.

Both trains were of the tourist class, and all the killed and injured were old countrymen.

TELEPHONES REMOVED.

New Westminster, B.C., July 23.—Exasperated at the insufficient service given by the British Columbia Telephone Company to patrons in this city and to the officials of the Civic Department in particular, Mayor Keary has ordered every instrument removed from the City Hall within thirty days. A new building, which will house a larger switchboard, is now almost completed and will be in use in a few months. Until then little change for the better is anticipated.

BISHOP POTTER DEAD.

Head of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York Passes Away.

Cooperstown, N.Y., July 21. — The Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter, seventh Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of New York, died to-night at 'Fernleigh,' his summer home here, after an illness of several weeks. The bishop was unconscious all day, and the end, which came at 8.35 o'clock to-night, was peaceful and quiet. The prelate was 74 years of age. Death was due primarily to embolism in the right leg, following a long attack of liver and stomach trouble.

The Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter was a son of the late Bishop of Pennsylvania, and a nephew of the late Bishop of New York. He was born at Schenectady, New York, on May 25, 1835, and was educated at the Episcopal Academy, Philadelphia; the Union College, Schenectady, and the Theological Seminary of Alexandria, Virginia. He afterwards became a D. D. of Harvard, and also of Oxford University; and an

THE LATE BISHOP POTTER.

LL.D. of Cambridge University, Yale, and Pennsylvania. His first rectorship was in the small village of Greensburgh, in Pennsylvania, from which he went to St. John's Church, Troy, New York, and afterwards to Trinity Church, Boston. In 1868 he became rector of Grace Church, New York, where he remained until 1883, when he was consecrated assistant bishop of New York, with the right of succession. He became Bishop of New York on the death of his uncle in January, 1887. His publications are: 'Sisterhoods and Deaconesses,' 1872; 'The Gates of the East,' 1875; 'Sermons of the City,' 1878; 'Waymarks,' 1887; 'The Scholar and the State,' 1897, etc.

New York, July 22.—The Right Rev. David H. Greer, who was bishop coadjutor of New York until the death of Bishop Henry C. Potter, which occurred last night at Cooperstown, N.Y., now becomes at once Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York. Bishop Greer is now in London, but will return to New York at once. The new bishop is 64 years old. It was Dr. Greer's fame as a preacher that attracted the attention of the congregation of St. Bartholomew's and led Cornelius Vanderbilt and other members of the vestry to call him from the charge he had held in Providence for sixteen years. Dr. Greer was consecrated bishop coadjutor of the Diocese of New York on Jan. 26, 1904. He is a native of West Virginia.

AGAINST ABSINTHE

PLEBISCITE BEING CIRCULATED IN SWITZERLAND TO PROHIBIT THE LIQUOR.

Berlin, July 22.—Switzerland has stolen a march on France by bringing the anti-absinthe crusade before the Legislature in the form of a gigantic plebiscite, showing a majority of nearly 100,000 signatures in favor of introducing an article into the Federal Constitution forbidding the manufacture, sale, or importation of absinthe on Swiss territory.

The Swiss campaign dates from 1905, when, in the canton of Vaud, an absinthe drinker killed his wife and family. But so strong was the opposition presented by the manufacturers and dealers of the liquor that the Federal Council only recommended that people refrain from drinking absinthe, while in Vaud the sale was forbidden. About the same time the people of Geneva presented a petition with 35,000 signatures against the sale of absinthe, and after the law had passed the Great Council the trade demanded a referendum, and were beaten by a somewhat narrow majority, the temperance reformers securing 7,800 votes and the representatives of the drink traffic 7,200. The law has been much more strictly enforced in Vaud than in Geneva.

The issue next passed from a cantonal into a Federal question, and the vote taken the other day is the first step to get the absolute prohibition upon the statute books. The appeal for a 'demand d'initative' requires at least to be backed by 50,000 persons, but the promoters succeeded in getting 168,000 signatures to their demand. The Federal Council, in the present instance, expressed itself untavorably to the proposed reform. The movement for the absolute and national prohibition is popular in its conception, and it is among the poorer people especially that the desire beyond question to banish the 'green syren' from the republic. The medical faculty is almost unanimous in itscondemnation, most of the political groups, especially the workers, favor prohibition, and so do 'the Catholic Right.'

NEWS OF THE PROVINCES.

QUEBEC.

J. B. Tetreault, of St. Edwidge de Clifton, has been killed at Richmond. The deceased, who was about ninety years of age, was very deaf, and did not hear the approach of the engine. He was in the habit of walking from place to place visiting relatives, and it is believed he was walking to St. Hyacinthe when he met his death.

A petition to contest the election of the Hon. Charles R. Devlin, as member of the Quebec Legislature for Nicolet County, has been filed in court at Three Rivers. The usual charges of bribery and corruption during the campaign are lodged. It was reported that Mr. Devlin intended to forsake provincial for Federal politics, but this is officially denied.

The town of Coaticook is negotiating with Messrs. Penman's, Limited, to purchase part of their water power for the purpose of enlarging and increasing the electric light plant, the requirements of which is increasing to such an extent that the present power is not sufficient.

A correspondent at Bedford reports the suicide of Miss Jessie Durocher, aged 21 years, daughter of Mr. Alfred Durocher. As Miss Durocher did not appear in the morning, her mother went upstairs and found that the bed had not been occupied. A search was at once made, and the daughter was found dead hanging in the attic over a wood shed.

John Gardner, 22 years of age, who had been drinking for some days, met with a fatal accident on Tuesday at Black Lake. He made a fatal mistake and drank from a bottle containing wood alcohol. A doctor was summoned at once, but the unfortunate man died before he arrived.

ONTARIO.

The Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, Minister of Justice, is leaving for Germany to undergo treatment for deafness.

The Ottawa valley has been the scene of big forest fires, the devastated region being along Lake Nipissing and the Montreal river. It is estimated that between 150,000,000 and 200,000,000 feet of timber has been damaged or destroyed.

Miss Annie Foley, daughter of the late Edward Foley, 80 Bond street, Toronto, was almost instantly killed in a runaway accident between Dixie and Streetsville on Tuesday. Miss Foley was driving, when the horse got beyond control. Mrs. O'Gorman and Miss Foley jumped from the vehicle. The former was not seriously hurt, but Miss Foley struck her head against an obstruction, and died almost at once.

A despatch from Simcoe says that a vigilant search is being made for mad dogs in the county, and a large number of suspected animals have been shot. The Ottawa Government has proclaimed a general quarantine on all dogs in Simcoe, Port Dover, Waterford, Townsend and Woodhouse.

A Kingston correspondent states that Milton Baillie, a farmer, has committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He had been for some years in a weak mental condition.

According to a despatch from St. Catharines, Mr. A. Sylvain, a fruit grower of Louth township, has received a letter signed 'The Black Hand,' demanding $500. Failing this, it is stated that his place and barns would be destroyed by fire and his family murdered. The letter was handed to High Constable Boyle, who visited and watched the place designated, but no one appeared. The letter intimated that if the sum of $100 was deposited the matter might be arranged by the writer.

It was reported that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had decided to contest a division in Toronto. The story has been emphatically denied by the Liberal organizer.

There has been a big fire at Fort William, which has caused ten thousand dollars' damage. An entire block has been almost entirely wiped out.

Fred. Anderson, a livery driver, has been killed at Guelph. He was driving tally-ho, and was thrown from his seat between the horses and the tally-ho. He died in the hospital, an hour later.

J. D. McGregor, farmer of Trafalgar township, has been nominated for the Commons by the Liberals of Halton.

J. Fowler has been instantly killed at the blast furnace of the Lake Superior Corporation, Sault Ste. Marie. He was electrocuted while replacing a fuse.

Mrs. Lyons met instant death in the Cross Company's store, Ottawa. The woman had gone up in the elevator to the fourth floor, and after the elevator had proceeded half way up she opened the door of the elevator and stepped out.

It has been decided by the Brantford City Council to expropriate the plant of the Western Counties Power Company.

A tribute has been paid at Oshawa to Edward Carswell, known throughout America among the older generation of temperance workers. The Sons of Temperance, representing many branches, assembled at his home and gave him a testimonial and a substantial purse.

Mr. James Steele, of Stratford, has been appointed registrar for North Perth.

Bert Green, who was injured in the explosion at Doolittle & Willcox's stone quarry near Dundas, has died this week.

While Percy Sheppard was in bathing at Queenston, he dived from the old fruit dock into the river and disappeared. Not appearing again, the alarm was given, but the body was not recovered for about an hour. He was about 19 years of age.

George Dennis Morse Gray, 39 years old, of Chippewa has been electrocuted in the power house of the Electrical Development Company at Niagara Falls. Gray was a switchboard operator, and was working with others when he received the fatal shock. He leaves a widow and two children.

A petition containing forty charges of bribery and corruption, one of which is that a deputy returning officer on polling day opened a ballot box to ascertain how some voters cast their ballots, was filed at Brockville on Tuesday with the local registrar of the high court by a firm of Toronto lawyers on behalf of R. L. Joynt, protesting against the election of G. Howard Ferguson, M.P., in Grenville.

About 130 hogs have been killed on the farm of Mr. J. W. Boyle, near Woodstock, by order of a Dominion Government inspector. This was in consequence of an outbreak of hog cholera. The pigs were killed by shooting, and the bodies were burned, while everything will have to be thoroughly disinfected, and the ground where the hogs ran dug up. Mr. Boyle will not be allowed to keep any more animals inside of three months, and the loss will be considerable, although the government pays two-thirds of their market value.

Mr. J. J. Kehoe, of Sault Ste. Marie, a former resident of Ottawa, has been apointed to the district judgeship of Sudbury. This is a new district for which provision was made at the recent session of parliament.

While spraying potatoes with Paris green, Bert Butterworth, of Folden's Corners Ingersoll, accidentally swallowed some of the mixture, with the result that he became dangerously ill. Butterworth was freeing the sprayer from an obstruction when the liquid was suddenly driven into his face, a portion of it being swallowed.

The Crown is suing Mr. J. W. Boyle, of Woodstock, for $14,776, alleged to be due for rental of water front lots in Dawson City.

Two Kingston youths of respectable families have been sentenced to penitentiary for burglary, one on three charges and one on four, and two others have been let off on suspended sentence.

WESTERN CANADA.

According to a Nelson, B.C., despatch, it has been decided to adopt C. P. R. and city time. The banks, churches, and business houses will all adopt city time.

At Winnipeg, Mary Perens, a waitress at the Windsor Hotel, refused to attend the fair with a man named Rudick, and in a fit of jealousy he slashed her with a knife.

The Saskatchewan Legislature has been dissolved, and Premier Scott will make an immediate appeal to the electorate. Nominations will be made on Aug. 7, and the polling will take place a week later. The present Liberal Government has been in office less than three years.

While en route to the Upper Nechaco Country, Walter Groneweg, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, was drowned in the Nechaco river, says a Vancouver despatch. His partner, Dieschbourg, succeeded in saving himself.

Alderman Moodie, of Calgary, alleges, (says a despatch) that he has been offered $1,000 to vote for a certain tender for asphalt pavement. According to the report, Mr. Moodie was approached by a representative of a company, and informed that other members of the council were also to get certain sums for voting for the tender.

The Hon. George R. Coldwell, Minister of Education, Manitoba, has received a petition from some of the Ruthenians of the province, asking a number of concessions. It is requested that their native tongue be taught in the Ruthenian training school at Brandon. They also want the elementary text books translated into their language. Mr. Coldwell has refused the concessions.

W. Zachecko, a Galician immigrant has been run over and killed on the track near Hazel Ridge, Man., by the Toronto express. He had been sleeping beside the rails.

A report from Winnipeg declares that the lumber dealers of the three provinces of western Canada are facing the worst lumber famine in their history as the result of the plan of the western Canadian railways to devote all available rolling stock to moving the grain crop estimated at 125,000,000 bushels. The lumbermen are unable to get enough lumber to supply the demand, and prices have risen alarmingly.

There are big demands for men in the west, says Mr. White, of the C.P.R., estimating that at least an additional 25,000 men will be required to cope with the situation. There is every indication that this year's harvest will be the biggest ever known in the history of the country.

The report of the board of conciliation which dealt with the dispute between the C. P. R. and its men is a triumph for the former, as it is in the main in favor of the company. The board has found in favor of the company in the question of classification of the machinists and boilermakers, and has decided that a class two should be added to the schedule. The men have won on the question of representation by committee, when a dispute arises between the company and the men. In reference to the request of the C. P. R. to be allowed to abolish the rule providing that reduced time for employees should be worked rather than a reduction of the staff, and full time for those working should be adopted when it was found necessary to reduce expenses, the board has recommended that the old rule be not interfered with. In reference to the working hours arranged by the company the board says there is no good reason for any change. The board has decided against the C. P. R. on the request that helpers to machinists should be allowed to use tools under the direction of the machinist. The report is signed by P. A. Macdonald, chairman, and George F. Galt. Mr. James Somerville, representing the men, has presented a minority report.

In dismissing an application, at Winnipeg, of the Grand Trunk Railway to lay a spur line, Mr. Mabee, chairman of the Railway Commission, declared the intention of the board to preserve to municipalities the control of their highways no matter where located.

Mr. C. J. South, superintendent of the Children's Aid Society who has returned from the north to Vancouver, reports the recovery of a white child, who was given away by his parents to Indians, sixty miles from Port Essington.

The Hon. C. H. Mackintosh has declined to become a candidate for Kootenay in the Conservative interest.

Five out of ten Italians held at Fernie, B. C., as suspects of the Black Hand Society, have escaped by digging their way through the coal chute hole.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

The launching of the three-masted steel schooner, the 'James William,' the first steel sailing vessel built in the Maritime Provinces, from the old Carmichael shipyard at New Glasgow, marks an epoch in the industrial history of the province. At one period Nova Scotia held an important position in the shipbuilding world, but with the advent of steel vessels, the industry waned, and to-day only vessels of very small tonnage are turned out.

The special auditor who was appointed to investigate the accounts of the late Mr. Flewelling, Deputy Surveyor-General, has reported that on May 4, 1908, the date of Mr. Flewelling's death, the deficit was $18,653. It had increased by $5,205 since June, 1904. The method, the auditor said, was the retention of territorial revenues. These, instead of being paid over to the receiver-general as they came in, were retained, and in order that the accounts rendered to the receiver-general and auditor-general might be correct, cheques were drawn on the Bank of British North America and handed to the receiver-general. On the question that the deficit was carried over at the end of each year, the auditor says this is where the accounting system of the government was seriously at fault.

Archibald Lutz, of Vagler's Cove, Lunenburg, N. S., was drowned, while fishing alone in his dory. Captain Conrad, of the Protector, 'Lutz's ship, accounts for the accident by the supposition that as fish were plentiful the unfortunate man overloaded his dory.

Mr. W. E. Anderson, secretary of the St. John Board of Trade, has been appointed trade commissioner for the port, while Mr. A. T. Weldon will be commissioner for Halifax.

While the military special, with the 62nd Regiment of St. John was running about forty miles an hour, about one mile east of Harcourt, Sergeant Tilley P. Urquhart, of D Company, St. John, and Sergeant Edward Murray, of A Company, St. John, accidentally fell from the train, Urquhart being so terribly injured that he died in Moncton the same evening. Sergeant Edward Murray also received serious injuries, but will recover. They were thrown out while passing from one car to another.

Frank O'Leary has saved the ten-year-old child of Patrick Floyd, St. John, from drowning. The boy fell into the harbor, and Mr. O'Leary at once dived and caught him as he was sinking for the second time.

Lewis, the year and a half old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Peabody, who live two miles below Woodstock, N.B., was drowned on Tuesday afternoon by fallling into a tub of water kept for watering stock.

Although not officially confirmed, it is taken for granted that Mr. R. L. Borden, the Conservative leader, will contest Halifax at the next general election, also running in Carleton County.

Many inhabitants of Sussex, N.B., who have been active in Scott Act prosecutions, found the other morning that their stores had been painted red. A young man named Dowd was arrested, and, pleading guilty, was fined $20 or sixty days.

From Parrsboro, N.S., comes the report of the death of Douglas Lamb, of Diligent River, who had the government contract for the removal of a ledge of rock at the mouth of Diligent River. He was so badly injured by the fall of a derrick that death resulted a few hours later. He leaves a widow and a large family of children.

During a drunken quarrel at Yarmouth, N.S., a negro named Langford was stabbed by another negro called Jarvis. They were having a fight, when Jarvis stabbed the other man in the neck.' The latter died on Wednesday, and Jarvis will now be charged with murder.

MONTREAL NEWS.

Picked up on Notre Dame street in an exhausted condition by a pedestrian, Wilfrid Packwood, aged forty-two, was taken to the Notre Dame Hospital, but was refused admittance to that institution because he was in an advanced stage of consumption. He was then taken to the Central police station, where he told his story to Lieut. Belanger. As several institutions were unable to take Packwood in, he had to be sent down to the jail until such time as better provision could be made.

By a majority of 128 votes and $16,816,97 valuation, the proprietors of Westmount, on Tuesday, decided to accept a new water by-law which will close the dispute between the city and the Montreal Water & Power Company. The by-law provides for a new water intake to be built 800 fet south-west of the present source, and 1,900 feet from the present well. This intake is to be in position not later than Dec. 1, 1909.

Many Montrealers have heard with regret of the death of Dr. A. G. Upham, of Waverley, Mass. Dr. Upham was formerly pastor of Olivet Baptist Church a position he held for nine years. He was also a member of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners.

On Tuesday the coroner's jury which inquired into the death of Giuseppe Furoco, of Dufresne avenue, brought in a verdict to the effect that death was caused by a blow struck by Joseph Deslauriers, and recommended the latter's arrest. The evidence was to the effect that deceased attacked a man named Surprenant and that Deslauriers went to the rescue.

Dr. Louis Laberge, chief medical health officer, is in favor of having medical inspection established at the port of Montreal. The increased speed of ocean vessels, reducing the voyage to a fraction of the time they formerly took to cross the Atlantic, the doctor contends, makes the inspection of immigrants necessary for Montreal.

The Montreal Light, Heat & Power Company is suing the city for $8,973, in connection with the supply of power to McTavish street pumping station.

The City Council has passed a by-law to compel insurance companies to contribute towards the salaries of the fire commissioners.

Ernest Bouchard, aged nineteen, on Tuesday had two fingers blown off while examining some dynamite cartridges found in a yard at Verdun.

Daniel O'Donnell, on Wednesday, died in the hospital from injuries received the same day in a collision with an automobile on Beaver Hall Hill. He got beneath the wheels, which had to be raised by levers.

The Rev. William J. L. Moir, rector of All Saints Church, Peterborough, Ont., has accepted an invitation to be assistant minister of St. George's Church, in place of the Rev. H. P. Plumptre, who left recently for England. He will take up his new duties at the beginning of October.

A stowaway on the steamer 'H. C. Holm,' lying at moorings near Sohmer Park, was arrested by a constable. When they reached the fore part of the ship the stowaway dealt the officer a blow which momentarily stunned him. The stowaway then jumped into the river and escaped. A boat was lowered, but nothing could be seen of the stowaway.

The contract which Peter Lyall & Sons (Montreal) received from the Government of Saskatchewan, for the construction of the parliament buildings there, is said to amount to $1,424,150.

Two Hebrew ministers, appointed to inspect all meat served to Hebrews in the city, were brutally assaulted at the Point St. Charles abattoir on Thursday by butchers, who considered them too particular.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE.

By the unanimous opinion of the United States Court of Appeals for the seventh district, the famous case of the government against the Standard Oil Company, in which the latter was fined $29,240,000 by Judge Landis in the District Court, must be re-tried. President Roosevelt has ordered a re-trial.

Fifteen Canadian bishops who are attending the Lambeth Conference, have been received by the King.

Eleven people were shot on Tuesday, two of them fatally, by three desperadoes, who, pursued by policemen and a crowd of citizens, fled for two miles through a thickly settled district of Jamaica Plain, firing madly right and left, disappearing later in the woods near Franklin Park. A later despatch from Boston states that on Wednesday, after three deadly battles between three desperadoes and the police and citizens, one of the bandits was riddled with bullets and killed. A second was taken in the South Station.

The announcement made recently from Bad Nauheim, Germany, that Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky, who commanded the ill-fated Russian fleet that was annihilated by the Japanese in the Battle of the Sea of Japan in May, 1905, had died there the night of July 19 from heart trouble, proves to be incorrect. A Russian named Rojestvensky did die at Badl Nauheim, but he was not the admiral.

A despatch to the London 'Daily Mail' from Entebbe, Uganda, states that two shipments of gold, valued at $300,000, have passed through Entebbe from the Kilo mines, in King Leopold's private domain in the Congo Independent State, from which foreigners are rigorously excluded.

In Frieberg, Saxony, Tuesday a girl of eighteen years was beheaded for the murder of her lover. The murder is said to have been deliberately planned, and so cleverly carried out in every detail that no suspicion rested upon her until a month after the deed was done.

Bandits in Nevada Tuesday robbed a stage of a large amount of gold coin.

Three armed desperadoes held up a Boston barroom last night, emptied the till and escaped, leaving one man dead, another dying and a third seriously wounded.

President Roosevelt's yacht ran down and sank a schooner at Newport Tuesday. The crew were saved.

Patrolman Michael McCormick was shot early Tuesday at Niagara Falls, N. Y., and died in St. Mary's Hospital two hours later. Officer Magner, who was shot in the leg, will recover. The two officers had stopped a suspicious stranger on Main street, when he turned suddenly and began firing at them. Their assailant escaped and no trace of him has been found.

Vice-Admiral the Hon. Assheton Gore Curzon-Howe, of the Atlantic Squadron, is to be appointed Admiral of the Mediterranean Squadron.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who is still at Aix-les-Bains, had his birthday celebrated by a shower of telegrams from London, Birmingham and elsewhere. At dinner at the hotel where he is staying miniature British flags were placed upon the table in his honor, and on the street French tourists greeted him with shouts of 'Vive Chamberlain!'

A doctor in the Pasteur Institute says old age is a disease which in coming years will be found to be as curable and as preventable as bronchitis and diphtheria. It is a disease of the stomach and intestines, and the way to prevent it is to avoid meat, live chiefly on milk, vegetables and fruits, avoid violent emotions and live much in the open air.

President Castro has expelled Mr. J. H. Doreus, the minister resident of the Netherlands, as 'incompetent to serve as a friendly medium in the relations between the two countries.'

August Eberhard, nephew of Mrs. Ottalie Eberhard, the Austrian woman who was shot to death near Hackensack, N.J., on Saturday, and for whom the police have since been looking, was arrested in New York on Thursday.

Mr. Haldane, the British War Secretary, in a speech at Workington, on Thursday, said that for reasons on which he did not need to dwell, the army would be strengthened next year.

The United States Atlantic battleship fleet sailed on Wednesday from Honolulu for Auckland, New Zealand.

Two desperadoes ran amuck in Boston Wednesday, killing one man, fatally injuring another man and a woman, and wounding eight others.

The steamer 'Bakkelaget,' engaged in the Christiania passenger trade, was in collision on Thursday with the steamer 'Goteborg.' She was cut through amidships and sank in a few moments. From ten to twenty of the 'Bakkelaget's' passengers are believed to have been drowned. Twenty-three of them were rescued by the Goteborg.'

The determination of the Democrats to capture the negro vote of the country was further emphasized on Thursday when Mr. William J. Bryan told a delegation of negroes from Lincoln, Neb., that it was the desire that they should get in touch with their brethren everywhere, and particularly in Ohio, and agree upon a line of campaign in behalf of the Democratic ticket.

Six West Point cadets have been suspended for hazing.

During a terrific storm on Thursday three troopers of the Pennsylvania National Guard, in camp at Gettysburg, were killed by lightning and nearly fifty persons injured. On each man killed the new army puttees had been torn from the feet, and it is to these, with their steel ribbing, that much of the damage by lightning is attributed.

Denmark and Sweden have agreed upon a military alliance offensive and defensive.

The 'Freya,' a German training ship, is to visit Halifax next month.

THE CATTLE EMBARGO

SUGGESTION FROM THE LONDON 'STANDARD.'

(Canadian Associated Press.)

London, July 23.—The president of the National Federation of Meat Traders declared to-day that the Board of Agriculture was the only government department which had not felt the force of opinion on the question of the cattle embargo. The Federation passed a resolution urging on Mr. Asquith the removal of the embargo. A departmental commission is to be appointed on the subject of them eat supply.

It is suggested by the 'Standard' as a solution to the cattle embargo question that the Canadian Government should breed store cattle for export to Great Britain under supervision, or utilize Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island or Cape Breton as breeding grounds strictly protected against the possibility of disease.

(Canadian Associated Press.)

London July 24.—In the House of Lords to-day Earl Carrington, the President of the Board of Agriculture, repeated that the government did not intend under existing circumstances to remove the cattle embargo. He had been informed authoritatively that whatever restriction Great Britain made Canada was loyally prepared to abide by it. He pointed out that the 'existing circumstances' may indicate only a congested state of business, but on the other hand declared that the feeling of the country was against it; but he did not suppose that Canada could take offence at a policy which does not violate the Imperial principles Canadians themselves taught the Empire.

MEAT TRUST IN BRITAIN

PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE TO MAKE AN INVESTIGATION.

London, July 23.—In the House of Commons to-day Mr. Winston Churchill, president of the Board of Trade, replying to a question by Mr. Geoffrey William Howard, Liberal member from Cumberland, said he was about to appoint a departmental committee to inquire how far and in what manner the general supply, distribution and price of meat in the United Kingdom were controlled or affected by any combinations or firms.

LOST RELATIVES

The following inquiries are made (from Great Britain) for relatives or friends who were last heard of in Canada or the United States. Any reader who possesses information is desired to communicate with the editor, 'Witness.'

CONNOR (PATRICK and ESTHER), left Longton, Staffs., for America in 1872; last heard of at Pittsburg. Brother-in-law Christopher asks.

WILSON (WILLIAM), of Manchester, was at Preston Barracks 24 years ago; believed to have gone to Montreal. Sister Mary Jane asks.

FIELD (THOMAS) was last heard of in Ontario, employed on a farm. Mother asks.

FORD (HERBERT) was last heard of from Lisgar street, Toronto. Mother asks.

BRADSHAW (MRS. ANNIE, née FAGAN), left Manchester for San Francisco twenty-two years ago. Aunt Kate asks.

SMITH (DANIEL) was last heard of in New Brunswick, Canada, in 1907. Sister Nellie asks. (Father dead.)

SOPER (MRS. A. H.) went to Smith's Falls, Ontario, thirteen years ago. Granddaughter Alice asks.

GREEN (GEORGE ARTHUR) two years ago was living in Bathurst street, London, Ontario. Father asks.

MISSING PERSONS FOUND, HEIRS TO estates, relatives, friends located anywhere; 15 years' experience; the most complicated cases handled successfully; write me for terms. L. A. PECK, 15 School street, Rm. 35, Boston, Mass.

KING EDWARD WORLD'S MOST POPULAR MAN.

If There Were an International Vote He Would Win, Declares Richard Croker.

(Cable to the New York 'World.')

Dublin, July 15.—Mr. Richard Croker will return to New York this fall. Although disclaiming any intention of taking part in the coming Democratic campaign, he expressly stated that he was in favor of Mr. Bryan, hoped he would win, and thought that he could do so.

'I am going back to see some of my old friends,' he gave as the explanation. 'I have been away four years in January and it's long enough.'

It was while watching a gang of men in the hayfield at Glencairn that Mr. Croker was shown the front page headline of a Dublin paper, containing a portrait of some smooth-shaven gentleman, labelled the Peerless One.

'So it's done,' said Mr. Croker. 'Well, I expected it. Bryan is a good man and the old party ought to win. But who, who's this Kern?'

After a lapse of several minutes Mr. Croker continued:

'Oh, I suppose I will find a number of strange names when I return. He's from Indiana, is he. Suppose he can land the State? Yes, the Republican party has been in power too long. It's time they were getting out.'

ROOSEVELT AND HUGHES.

Removing his pipe from his mouth, Mr. Croker said with emphasis:—

'What sort of men have you got over there, anyway? There's Roosevelt; he's all right for writing books, but you don't want that sort of man for President. He only knows one game. He doesn't know the top and bottom, the man that shoots craps on the corner and the man that plays bridge in his club. He knows himself and his set, that's all. D'you see?

'And Hughes! Say, that man ought to be in the Salvation Army! That's where he belongs. When is his term up, anyway? This fall? How do you explain New York standing for a man like that, eh?'

'Cut out betting! You might as well cut out eating. It's human nature to bet. All life is a gamble. That bay out there is a gamble. Those pictures you've taken are a gamble. You can't go to bed at night without gambling on your getting up, and you can't put a shirt on your back without going into a game of chance.

'Why, I bet Elder Hughes gambles himself, only he does it in a different way. He says to the bookmaker, you quit your way of making a living, but I won't quit mine. You take money on the races and I take money on the business gamble, or the law gamble—the biggest con. game profession known—or something else. And the people of New York put a man at their head like that. I tell you, men like that never ought to be let out of bed. They are one-sided freaks. They don't know the people. They are dragging the country down instead of up. They are taking away our liberty and shoving us back to the old blue laws.

KING EDWARD'S POPULARITY.

'Roosevelt is the same kind. Look here, who would be elected King of the world to-morrow if there was an election for every mother's son on the globe? Roosevelt? Hughes? Not for a minute. But who?—King Edward. There's the most popular man in Christendom. And why? Just because he's the sort of man I say ought to lead a nation—a big man, a broad man, a man who knows the whole game and not a part of it, an all-round gentleman who enjoys a fair game and understands the poor tipster in the two-bob ring as well as the rich man somewhere else doing the same thing.

'No, sir, there more freedom, actual freedom here in Ireland to-day than there is in New York, and men like Roosevelt and Hughes are the cause of it.'

When asked for the exact date of his return the reply was: 'Can't tell you now. Probably as soon as the racing is over.'

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER

COURT HOLDS THAT CLERGYMAN HAD NO RIGHT TO DENY HOLY COMMUNION.

(Canadian Associated Press.)

London, July 24.—The Court of Arches to-day decided that the clergyman had no right to deny Mr. and Mrs. Banister, who were married in Montreal, holy communion on the ground that the lady was the man's deceased wife's sister.

ANTI-LIQUOR CRUSADE

A DEALER OF MULGRAVE, N.S., CHARGES THE REV. H. R. GRANT WITH PERJURY.

Halifax, N.S., July 23.—The Rev. H. R. Grant, secretary of the Nova Scotia Temperance Alliance, was arrested at Guysboro on a warrant charging him with perjury. The charge was laid by Mr. E. E. Aikens, liquor dealer, of Mulgrave, from whom Mr. Grant lately seized a large quantity of liquor estimated to be worth $1,500, and it was at the trial following the above seizure that the perjury is alleged to have been committed. Mr. Grant arrived in Guysboro early yesterday, and raided the local liquor shop of Alex. Bruce, and it was while he was still engaged in disposing of seized liquor that he was served with the warrant for the offence stated. He, however, found no difficulty in obtaining bail, and was soon off again on his mission. The trial is to be on Tuesday, July 28.

THE WORLD'S WELFARE.

A FIFTY-YEARS' REPROACH.

('The Christian.')

It was fitting that the united demonstration calling for the speedy abandonment by our country of its connection with the opium traffic should be held on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Treaty Tientsin, in connection with which the Government of China has been compelled for fifty years to admit our opium. The meeting in the Queen's Hall was representative of all the societies working for the removal of this reproach on the nation.

In occupying the chair, the Bishop of London reiterated five striking facts dominating the situation to-day: (1) The certainty of the terrible demoralization of opium-smoking. Mrs. Bishop, the well-known traveller, had related that while in China she learned of many men who had sold both wives and children in order to obtain opium; and of a man and his wife who, having previously parted with house, furniture, and all they had to gratify their craving, at the time of her visit to one of the towns, sold their only child, who had been educated in the mission-school, to some fur traders, for opium. A bishop from Canada, staying with the chairman at Fulham, had told him that, while the Canadians are otherwise proud of this country, the opium traffic is the one thing which they consider a national disgrace. (2) The fact that fifty years ago we compelled China at the point of the bayonet to buy the drug from us. (3) China is making one of the most magnificent efforts to free herself from this curse, any nation fever made. In two years the cultivation of the poppy in the Chinese Empire will cease. The sacrifice which that will involve was brought home to the chairman a few days ago by Bishop Cassels, who said he had travelled for miles in China, where nothing but the poppy is cultivated. (4) As a self-respecting nation we are bound to stand by China in this effort. We ought not to be jealously watching to see how far they are prepared to go. We should lead and encourage them in this sacrifice they are making. The ten years' limit should be shortened. (5) We ought to be ready at home to help India to bear her burden. May the day of our humiliation and disgrace be the day of our amendment, and the day of our traffic in opium cease for ever!

In passionately pleading for a reduction of the ten years' limit, the Rev. Dr. David Brook asked why the relation of Britain to the opium traffic should not be brought to a close within two years. The purpose of the meeting was to voice the aroused and quickened conscience of the nation to bring about this issue. We cannot remove the wrong of half a century, but we can take care that we do not accentuate that wrong by hesitating to end it.

Dr. John C. Gibson, Swatow, aroused the feelings of the audience as he pointed out the danger of resting after a first triumph. Let us be careful that we do not lag behind China in what we are doing. The government agrees that the traffic is immoral; surely then it should call for immediate abolition. If we continue to dally with that which condemns us we are on perilous slopes. People ask: Are the Chinese sincere? Such a question is irrelevant and ought never to be asked, for the Chinese are giving pledges of their sincerity.

As a Chinaman, and the representative of the Chinese in the Straits Settlements, Dr. Tuck voiced the pleadings of his countrymen to be delivered. The people of the Federated Malay States and the Straits Settlements are at one with the Chinese for the abolition of the traffic, and are looking to Britain to help them in their struggle for reform. Mr. Theodore C. Taylor, M.P., in an impressive speech, corrected the mistaken idea that the cessation of the cultivation of the poppy would mean ruin to the growers in India. It has been demonstrated that the soil in which the poppy is raised would grow cotton and grain, and these products would prove more lucrative crops. The speaker pointed out that what has already been accomplished in the matter of reform was not to be put to the credit of parliament, but is the result of the quickening of the nation's conscience due to the untiring labors of Mr. Benjamin Broomhall, Dr. Maxwell, Mr. J. G. Alexander, Miss Braithwaite, and others.

The Rev. Wr. W. Thompson and the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett also addressed the meeting. Resolutions were adopted urging the government to take more speedy and drastic steps to end the cultivation of the poppy and the manufacture of opium (for other than medical purposes) throughout India; the closing of all opium dens and the suppression of opium smoking in Hong Kong, the Straits Settlements, and the Federated Malay States, and the opium shops in Ceylon. It was decided that, in order to unite all sections of the church in a common effort, the Primate and leaders of other Christian bodies should be approached with a view to stimulating earnest intercession for the abolition of the evil.

THANKS FROM INDIA.

(From J. Fraser Campbell, D.D., Rutlam, Central India.)

Kodaikanal, June 17, 1908.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Building, Montreal:—

Dear Sirs,—Please accept and convey to those who contributed the money, our warm thanks for the sixty dollars brought by your letter of May 6, which followed me here and arrived just after last mail left. Your sending the money by bill of exchange on Bombay in rupees seems an improvement on the old way of bill of exchange on London in sterling.

I immediately sent it to the bank, requesting that the money be forwarded to the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, whose field is the most needy in our part of Central India.

In reply to your inquiry about the actual need, the extent of the famine, and how long famine conditions are likely to prevail: First—As to the western part of Central India, in which are all of our mission stations, our first fears were so far relieved by the later harvests that we judged our district was not again to suffer the horrors of severe and general famine, but only more or less pinching scarcity, especially among the Bheels. The pinch is now becoming so hard that aid must be, and is, being actively given. I have asked Dr. Buchanan to inform you more fully about his field, which is the most distressed part of our district. But the districts in the east of Central India are much worse off, and as they are not yet occupied by any mission, we must try and do something for them if funds be available; even without funds in sight, we did take some steps in that direction, and now I hope we shall be able to do more. The United Provinces are still more affected, but there are missions in them. The total number reported by government as on famine relief is over a million and a quarter, and to this must be added an unknown number of those being otherwise relieved or needing relief, but not applying. Second—The duration of famine conditions will depend on the monsoon which has just begun on the south-west coast, and which will gradually work north and east. Even if it prove good—neither defective nor excessive—and generally distributed, it will be necessary to feed people for some time, and to provide them with seed, etc. And as the present very high prices of food will continue in to market, and probably till it is manifest that the harvest is to be abundant, many poor people may need help who will not put themselves among the recipients of famine relief.

The last government report which I have seen—of June 12 inst.—shows a decrease of 7,000 in the numbers on relief, which is probably due to the fact that, on the approach of the monsoon, people will be going to the farms to begin cultivation and seed sowing as soon as possible.

It should be mentioned that the government, profiting by the terrible experiences of 1899-1900 and previous famines, has taken such precautions and made such arrangements as greatly to lessen suffering and mortality from this famine.

Finally, the help which we can most effectively and permanently render is in the rescue and bringing up of orphans and young widows.

Later I hope to send you further information.

J. FRASER CAMPBELL.

WORKING IN SEVEN LANGUAGES.

Being a frontier town, bazaar preaching is not allowed in Quetta, Beluchistan, but all who go to the hospital for treatments have the good tidings proclaimed to them. The missionaries are rejoicing in a recent Mohammedan convert, one who can read and write and knows Persian, Arabic, Pushtu, and Urdu. Miss F. E. Tunbridge, a nurse in the hospital, writes to the 'Church Missionary Gleaner':—'He was a patient for some time, and then we taught him and read with him, and he decided to become a Christian, and could not understand why we could not baptize him at once. He was baptized on the first Sunday in this year (1908), and now we have kept him as a ward boy, and he is an active Christian and a missionary to his brethren around. Praise God, he is not keeping his Christianity to himself. Four of our ward boys are Christians now, and it is so nice to see them taking a spiritual interest in the various patients who come into their wards. One great drawback to them is the language. Seven different languages we come in contact with in the work here, which makes things very difficult; one is often tempted to denounce the Tower of Babel and its builders. However, we pray that God will help us, and I know he does.'

WHY GIRLS ARE PALE.

Because their blood is deprived of proper nourishment through constipation. All is changed, color revived, health renewed by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills. No medicine for girls and women better than Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

THE CALL OF THE SEA

DR. GRENFELL'S LETTER.

SS. 'Strathcona,'

June 16, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—The Newfoundland sea blood is always showing itself in our various undertakings. How many have been away to New York, Boston and Montreal, and have returned for the fishery, no one can say. But every year one meets again friends of former years whom bad fisheries have driven out of their homes, and who have been forced to return again by the imperious 'call of the wild,' or as the English should be proud to say the 'call of the sea.' Here is a man who has been getting his five dollars a day in Boston—in smart clothes and the latest thing in hats, he is just spending on the purchase and outfit of a schooner the money he has made during the years since he had to leave. To-morrow he will be in a blue guernsey, and you will be able to see the fine outline of his stalwart figure as he walks the deck of his own craft, bound 'northward, ho!' for the Labrador fishery. No, it is not likely he will fare as sumptuously as he did in Boston—duffel will replace broadcloth, salt meat will replace steaks and chops; but he will again feel on his face the breath of the north Atlantic undefiled by a thousand chimneys and the dust of miles of streets—uncharged with human effluvia—the inevitable penalties of civilization. He will not return at night with five dollars to the good, nor turn in to rest at night with the knowledge that he can walk to a spot where another five is to be earned by the repetition of the same work he did yesterday, and the day before, and which is worth five dollars every time he does it again. But will feel that he is master of his own fortunes, that there will be scope for all his ingenuity and possibly all his energy and pluck. Life will team with incidents, and he will get a 'spell' (or rest) just when he pleases. He will have failures and sorrows, but then who has not? He may feel the pinch of temporary poverty, but that is not more likely than in many another calling, and he may 'get ahead' and do well. The call is in him and needs no bounties to foster it, no adventitious aids to induce him to follow the calling of the sea. It came out in our herders on the arrival of the first craft from the south. One, who was only on probation, promptly resigned, as he 'must go fishing.' The other held on a day or two, and then wrote me a most sorrowful note stating his love for the deer, and his faith in their future, but adding he knew he wouldn't survive a summer on the land, he hadn't been used to it and the mosquitoes were a danger he could not face. Only his written bond held him— though he begged to come back during the coming winter. It was just the lure of the sea, and I feel really sorry for him as I myself shall let go the hawsers to-morrow for sea, for every glimpse of the blue ocean that he catches as he follows the deer over the hills will speak so loudly, and find such an echo in his heart. I know he wil be pining for that which I also value so highly.

The herd of reindeer that left us in winter were purchased for the great new enterprise of the Harmsworths, in manufacturing pulp. The humble share of the reindeer at first will be to carry supplies and communication to the more distant logging camps in the woods. The project is a large one, and involves two thousand three hundred square miles of timber. A huge river has been lammed, a great waterfall bridled, a new town built, steamers put on lakes, trains and rails over land, prospecting has revealed copper and other metals on the estate and shafts are being rapidly sunk. Soon an additional thousand men wil be engaged, and as much as a hundred and fifty tons of pulp made in a day. The timber will be so managed as to recuperate itself, while it is cut, and the enterprise should be able to last in perpetuity. It is characteristic of modern empire builders, and if similar enterprises, now plotted for similar work, in this ancient colony go ahead, there will be great days ahead for our fishermen, for they can fish during open water and then go lumbering when navigation is not possible. Shall we not thus be a race of even more desirable human beings than those who can only sail the seas? The dock, a floating pontoon arrangement, has just sunk and discharged my steamer and a small schooner ready for sea. As I went to the chart room door a barquentine flying the British flag passed into harbor in tow of a tug. Her gib boom, bowsprit, bows and fore rail were all gone, and she had obviously been in collision with what I hear was an iceberg of enormous size. In spite of a badly leaking bow, with the pumps going hard, she managed to reach land, as we got under way for sea.

Fortunately we had no faith in omens or it being a Friday also we might have delayed sailing. The boundary line between Faith and Superstition is so narrow and undefinable; some one might reply, 'Why, then have you faith in Christ enough to induce you to accept the missionary life?' I freely admit so such. I accepted the name and the life on no more solid ground than that on which I eat my dinner and go to sleep at night, viz., in faith. It seems, however, a reasonable faith. It contravenes nothing that I know of as facts. Experience teaches me that this faith is a surer means to obtain results that I have learnt to desire about all these than any other I know of.

W. T. GRENFELL.

'WITNESS' LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—	
Annie McLennan, Lancaster. ..	$ 3.00
Friends, Carman, Man..	3.00
F. E. P. and M. S. P., Montreal..	2.00
E. C., Simmons, P. Que.. ..	5.00
M. J. H., Montreal	2.00
Mrs. John Timms, Kingsville.	5.00
Mrs. Holland, Melbourne, P. Que.	5.00
Mrs. A. B. McLaughlin, Central Economy, N.S.	1.00
Mrs. E. Billings, Brockville, Ont.	2.00
R. S., Richmond, Que..	3.00
Received for the cots:—	
Mrs. John Timms, Kingsville..	2.00
Mrs. A. B. McLaughlin, Central Economy, N. S.	1.00
Previously on hand..	1,333.63
Total on hand, July 21.	$1.369.63

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' office, Montreal.

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Angus Gibson, Michipicoten River, Ont..	$2.00
Mrs. W., Mystic, P.Q..	1.00
M. J. H., Montreal..	1.00
Previously acknowledged... ...	187.32
Total received up to July 21..	$191.32

THE MOSLEM NEED OF CHRISTIAN BOOKS.

(By the late Rev. D. M. Thornton, Cairo, in the 'Sunday and Home.')

In every country belonging to the Turkish Empire learned Mohammedan scholars are appointed by the Sultan to read over all books and papers that are published in other lands, which find their way into his dominions, to decide whether their circulation in Turkish lands will be for the benefit of the people or not. We who live in a land with a free press hardly realize what it means to reside in such a country, or how much it prevents progress, stifles would-be reform, and hinders the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

One day the Turkish censor in Jerusalem—that holy city both of Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans—brought home with him a little book in Asiatic called 'The Sweet First-fruits.' This book was written by an earnest Syrian Christian in Mount Lebanon, but, as it could not be published in Beirut without first of all being submitted to the Turkish censor there, it was sent to Cairo by that veteran missionary, Dr. H. H. Jessup, to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. The Religious Tract Society was applied to for help to print the same, as being a most valuable book to put into the hands of Mohammedans who inquire about the truth of Christianity. The Society readily paid for the cost of the first edition of the same, and the book soon found its way all over Bible lands.

On reading the book the learned Moslem doctor was puzzled in his mind as to what to do. In his heart of hearts he considered it to be a helpful story, for it recommended all true believers to read the Old and New Testaments—and were they not the words of Allah to men, like the noble Koran upon which he rested his faith in the Almighty? It was written in such a charitable spirit, and said not a word (as so many 'dogs of Christians' do) against 'the Prophet of God,' Mohammed, the last of God's apostles to men! But reasons of expediency urged him to forbid its circulation in Palestine; for would not the Mutesarrif be compelled to report the fact to His Majesty the Sultan, if so honorable and able a pillar of Islam as he were to allow those unbelieving Lebanese Christians, to attract the hearts of the faithful to the Christian faith? And thus it came to pass that he placed the doubtful book in one of his seldom-used bookcases, and forbade the circulation of 'El Bakoorah' (for that was its Arabic name) in Palestine.

Not long after, his eldest boy, the pride of his father's heart, found the neglected book upon the shelf, and being attracted by the fact that it was wrapped in paper on the shelf, took it down and read it secretly. And, as he read how several Syrian Moslems were persecuted for reading the Word of God, and saw that the Bible was really a message of Allah to men, the first rays of light about Christianity entered his soul. The impression made by that little volume was only deepened when his father refused to answer him some of the questions raised in his son's mind by reading it.

Some time afterwards, his learned father—well known as a poet in Palestine, and one of the editors of the official Turkish paper in Jerusalem—sent his compromising son down to Cairo, there to finish his studies in the Mohammedan religion of Islam, at the great Oriental university of the Azhar. While there the son applied himself with great diligence to his lessons, and made swift progress in the arts of writing, composing, and declaiming Arabic in the style of the Koran. He also studied the laws of Islam, the theology of the Moslem Fathers, and their interpretations of the meaning of their sacred books and traditions.

But the more he studied the less satisfied he became with the Moslem doctrine of God, until, under the influence of a heterodox Arabic religious teacher outside the university, he spent four months in mental agnosticism, though outwardly as strong a Mohammedan as ever.

One day, while he was in this frame of mind, he was on his way to the river Nile for a walk, when he saw upon a wall the following striking notice:

'THE HOUSE OF THE ENGLISH CLERGY.
For the discussion of religious and moral questions.
Open to all educated men and students of learning.'

Feeling that it was exactly his desire to get to the bottom of these questions, he entered the doorway, and soon found himself within talking to the catechist—himself a Syrian, and learned in all the differences between Moslems and Christians. He inquired about the character of these English teachers and their object in leaving their native land to come to Cairo. And on being told that there was to be a meeting that night, and one of them would be giving the address, he stayed behind.

It was not the preaching which attracted him, for he disagreed with much that was said, and more than once wished to interrupt the meeting. But it was the hand-shake at the end and the invitation to come again that led him to return in a week with several fellow-students, to listen to the message of the English clergymen.

That night he actually headed a disturbance which led to an exit of about fifty from our evangelistic meeting, and for some time afterwards he did not come near our house. But he used to go to our bookshop, in the centre of the city, and there read the books published by the aid of the Religious Tract Society for inquiring Mohammedans. During this time he was given several tracts containing extracts from the Bible, or helps to the understanding of its message.

About three months later he was brought back to our house by our catechist as a real inquirer. Three copies of 'Orient and Occident' (the Anglo-Arabic weekly magazine published by us and helped by a valuable free grant of electros from the Religious Tract Society) removed his difficulties as to the historical truth of the crucifixion of Jesus. A free copy of the Bible was then put into his hands, and it was not long before he was intellectually convinced of the truth of Christianity.

But enough has been said to show that the best way to reach educated Moslems is by Christian literature. They need first to be got to read books which incline them to think that Christianity may be true, and Islam false. They then need inviting by means of tracts to read the Word of God. After that the Word of God must be put into their hands by a friend, so that they may imbibe its teaching. And when they find difficulties in reading its pages they need books to explain its message which they can understand.

All these kinds of books we seek in Cairo to supply to the ten thousand students of al Azhar who come here to study Islam. But we find that the cost of circulating our books, tracts, etc., in the city with its half a million Moslems, and throughout the land of Egypt, and other surrounding Moslem countries, is only just covered by the returns which come in by sales, as the books have to be priced very cheap in order to be bought and read.

Therefore we need the help of friends, like those interested in the Religious Tract Society, to help us to print and reprint these books, as we have no capital with which to do so ourselves. Now the very book, 'Sweet First-fruits,' which was the first link in the chain to bring Sheikh M. to Christ, has now run out of its fourth edition for some months, and as constant demands are coming for it from many parts, I have had to give the order to have it reprinted again. We have reduced the book by one-third by shortening some of the Oriental speeches, and are printing 3,000 copies for £25.

Another similar book called 'The Beacon of Truth' is just about to run out of print as well. Had I time I could have told you how this book, printed by us in Cairo with the aid of the Religious Tract Society, led to the conversion of an able Arab sheikh from Southern Arabia; I need £20 to reprint this also. And if only we saw our way to the possession of a small capital fund it would be possible soon to put the whole work upon a self-supporting as well as a successful basis. May God, who has allowed the printed page to carry light and life to so many lands, incline the hearts of those who have the truth to pass it on to those under the yoke of Islam in these once Christian lands.

TEMPERANCE.

John Temple Graves, in the 'Cosmopolitan,' catalogues some of the wholesome effects of prohibition in Georgia as follows: 'Three months ago the red lights faded from the Georgia saloon, and not a symptom of financial distress can be traced to the new régime. Not a financial failure has been credited to the reform. Not a dollar has been dropped from the stiff value of real estate in Georgia's capital. Every gilded saloon has been reopened as a mart of fashion or of trade. The occupation of the police judges, for a time at least, is gone. The sessions of the city court have dwindled to proportions which glorify the law. Since the first of January there has been no negro assault on a woman. Landlords speak of better rents and prompter payments, employers of labor describe an advance in home life and home comfort among workingmen, and but for the general financial stringency which has depressed the country, it is claimed that rejoicing would even now be going through the Georgia valleys like a song.'

WHEN THE WHALE'S EAR ACHES

LEAPS OUT OF THE WATER DUE TO THE TORTURE BY A PARASITE.

It was a story told by a whaler who retired from the sea when the catch of the deep sea game had so fallen off that there was no longer any profit in a captain's lay even with the added earnings from the slop chest. But as it has been confirmed by the zoologists of the Fish Commission the truth of the story is unassailable.

When the whales were still frequent along the lanes of passenger travel across the western ocean nothing was more common than to see the great beasts hurling their tons of bulk clean out of the waves and after a flight through the air falling back into the sea with an enormous splash and jets of foam, a spectacle never failing of interest to the ocean tourist but not due to any gleesome sportive disposition on the part of the leviathan of the deep.

Quite the contrary, the breaching of the whale is no fun for the beast, it is a frantic effort to rid himself of the torment of earache. There is a marine crustacean whose aim in a maritime career is to pester whales to the verge of endurance, and there seems reason to believe that some whales have been driven insane by their tiny parasites. It is a crab of about the size of that which is found in the oyster. When it lodges on the whale it infests the inner surface of the eyelids and the ear. By swift rushes on the surface the whale is able to clear his eyes, but the crab in the inner ear cannot be dislodged by any such means. One can only imagine the ninety foot anguish of a whale when one or more of these tiny foes walk with needle pointed claws up and down the drum of his ear. Hence in the effort to dislodge the pest the performance which seems so picturesque to the voyager.—New York 'Sun.'

BRAINS OF GREAT MEN.

The 'Umschau,' a German review, has an article which gives a detailed account of the latest scientific investigations made with regard to the brains of exceptionally intellectual people. Results have shown, writes Dr. Mehler, the author, that even the most careful examinations made by Prof. von Hansemann of the brains of such great men as Mommsen, Bunsen and Menzel failed to reveal anything to distinguish them from the ordinary. In the cases of both Mommsen and Bunsen there was found a distinct shrinkage caused by advanced age, notwithstanding which, as every one knows, the keenness of their intellect remained unimpaired until the last. In Mommsen's case certain parts, notably in the frontal and occipital regions, were strongly developed, while Bunsen's brain was remarkable for the deep markings on the left frontal lobe. Manzel's head, like that of the famous physiologist Helmholtz, was slightly hydrocephalous. In the former's case also the symmetry of the brain hemispheres was remarkable. Dr. Steida examined the brain of an extraordinarily gifted linguist, recently deceased, Dr. George Sauerwein, of Gronen, Hanover, who spoke and wrote in fifty-four languages and composed poetry of no mean order in most of them. Strange to say, his brain showed no abnormal development anywhere, not even in the so-called 'languages' section. Prof. Steida consequently takes the view that the entire surface of the brain mass must be taken as the seat of intellectuality, and he strongly doubts the existence of any centres for distinct abilities or special mental qualities.

THE TORTURES WOMEN SUFFER

Can be Relieved by Keeping the Blood Supply Rich with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

A woman needs a blood building medicine regularly just because she is a woman. From maturity to middle life, the health and happiness of every woman depends upon her blood, its richness and its regularity. If her blood is poor and watery she is weak, languid, pale and nervous. If her blood supply is irregular she suffers from headaches, backaches, sideaches and the other unspeakable distress which only women know. Some women have grown to expect this suffering at regular intervals and to bear it in hopeless silence. But women would escape much of this misery if they took a box or two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to help them over each critical period. These Pills actually make new blood. They help a woman just when nature makes the greatest demand upon her blood supply. They have done this for thousands of women throughout Canada, why not for you?

Mrs. Joseph Kinney, Gilbert's Cove, N.S., says:—'For ten years I suffered from nervousness and those troubles that make the lives of so many women one of almost constant misery. At times I would be confined to my bed for weeks. I spent sleepless nights and seemed to lose all courage. I tried several doctors but they failed to give me any relief. The last doctor I consulted told me frankly that he could not undertake my case unless I would undergo an examination. It was then I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. After taking six boxes I was much improved in health, but I continued to take the Pills for a couple of months more, when I felt like a new woman, and was enjoying such health as I had not experienced for ten years before. I have had no return of this trouble since, but I have used the Pills once since that time for the after effects of la grippe, and the result was all I hoped for. These are plain facts from my own experience and I have always felt that I cannot too strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the many women who suffer as I did.'

You can get these Pills from any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

'THE MARSEILLAISE.'

When Claude Rouget de Lisle, an unknown officer quartered with his regiment at Strasburg in the early days of the French Revolution, hearing the mayor of that city express a desire for a patriotic song, sat down and composed the words and music of the 'Chant de Guerre pour l'Armee du Rhin,' he scarcely foresaw a twentieth century President of a French Republic being welcomed to England by its king to the martial strains of his song of the revolution. First heard in the house of the Mayor of Strasburg on April 25, 1792, it had reached Marseilles by June, where it was sung amid great enthusiasm at a civic gathering. A volunteer battalion just leaving for Paris adopted it for a marching song, under the title 'Chant des Marseillais,' and on Aug. 10 it was the rallying song during the attack on the Tuileries. From that day it became the national anthem of the French, and its composer lived to be pensioned by Louis Philippe in 1830.—Dundee 'Advertiser.'

THE KHEDIVE AS A POET.

(London 'Globe.')

It is not generally known that the Khedive of Egypt is a poet of no mean order—in Arabic, of course. Those who have read his verses speak of them with enthusiasm. Abbas Hilmi's poetry is melodious, lofty in theme and full of allegory, as are most Arabian poems. In the course of a former visit to England the Khedive sent the late Queen Victoria a magnificent bouquet with one of his poems. Here is a rough paraphrase of one of the verses: 'I send you this bouquet as a testimony of the love of the Egyptian people. Each rose, each lily, each jasmine, represents the heart of an Egyptian, and its perfume is the incense of a prayer which mounts to heaven for thee, O powerful Queen, O Flower of Queens.'

NOTES AND NOTICES.

The 'Lake of Bays' Country.—A handsome brochure, artistically illustrated, has been issued by the Grand Trunk passenger department, telling of the beauties of the Lake of Bays district, in the 'Highlands of Ontario.' A new feature of this district is the new hotel—the Wawa—at Norway Point. The hotel itself has a page illustration reflecting the summer glories of woodland and water, with a brood of seven wild geese soaring skyward beyond the tower. The concise description embodies the story of a charming resort. The very pretty duo tone photo engravings show the beauties of the new fairy land far more effectively than words can do. A copy can be obtained free on application to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Depot, Montreal.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

—ALL IN ADVANCE.—

DAILY WITNESS, $3.00.
WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00.
WORLD WIDE, $1.50. No extra charge for delivery in Montreal or for foreign postage.
NORTHERN MESSENGER 40 cents; three copies, $1.00; 8S. clubs, 10 copies or more to one address at 20c. per subscription.

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Six months' trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Guiana, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hong Kong and Cyprus.

U. S. Postage 50c extra for Weekly Witness to United States, Alaska, Hawaiian Islands and Philippine Islands. Daily Witness subscriptions at $3.00 include postage, but 35 cents must be added for the Daily Witness at club rates. Northern Messenger 50 cents extra, except in clubs to one address, when every four copies will be fifty cents extra postage per annum.

Foreign Postage extra to all countries not named in the above list, as follows: Daily Witness $3.50 extra; Weekly Witness $1.00 extra; Northern Messenger, 30 cents extra; World Wide subscription price, including postage to foreign countries, only $1.50.

Samples and subscription blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

ADVERTISING RATES.

WEEKLY WITNESS—Casual advertisements, 20c per line per insertion. 'Farms to Rent, Farms For Sale,' can be inserted for 1c a word per insertion from subscribers. The lowest rate for non-subscribers is two cents per word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the 'Witness' Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made. In all cases the full price must accompany each order.

DAILY WITNESS.—10c per line per insertion. Contracts on favorable terms. 'Employment Wanted, Situations Vacant,' etc., 10c per insertion, up to 20 words. Money must accompany order, as this quotation is reckoned on a cash basis.

Births and Deaths, 25c per insertion: Marriages, 50c. These must be authenticated by the name and address of the sender. Inserted without charge for subscribers. All obituaries with poetry, 50c a line, agate measure. Money to accompany notice.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ADDRESS — Give street and number (if necessary), post-office and province.

REMIT—By Express or Post-Office Order, or register your letter for your own protection.

Post-Office or Express Money Orders can be obtained at the following rates: $5.00 and under, 3c; over $5.00 and up to $10.00, 6c; over $10.00 and up to $30.00, 10c.

U.S. Subscribers should remit by Post-Office Order, or by American Express Co., payable at Montreal.

Stamps are accepted in payment of subscriptions provided they are in perfect condition.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When wishing to have your address changed from one post-office to another, it is necessary to give the old address as well as the new.

If this is not done such change cannot be made.

Address all business communications,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers,
'Witness' Building, Montreal.

SAMPLE COPIES.

Any subscriber who would like to have Specimen Copies sent to friends, need only send upon a post card the name and addresses to which he would like papers sent.

PREMIUMS AND CLUBS

New High-Arm Drop Head, Ball Bearing Sewing Machine, given to 'Witness' subscribers for $40 worth of new subscriptions to the 'Witness' at full rates.

For Sale, including the 'Daily Witness,' one year, $29.00, or including 'Weekly Witness,' one year, $27.00.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor, for one new subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' at $1.00. For sale post-paid, to 'Witness' subscribers, 75c.

A Fountain Pen given for two new subscriptions to 'Weekly Witness' at $1.00 each, or three renewals at $1.00 each, or ten renewals at 80c each. The pen for sale post-paid to subscribers, $1.50.

'Weekly Witness' Club rates are: Three copies, separately addressed, $2.40; four, $3.00; ten, $7.00.

Bagster's Long Primer Bible for three subscriptions to 'Weekly Witness,' two of which must be new, or a list of six renewal subscriptions at $1.00 each, or ten subscriptions at 80 cents each. For sale to 'Witness' subscribers, $1.75.

None of the above premiums can be claimed solely on one's own subscription, new or renewal.

EXPIRING SUBSCRIPTIONS

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on his paper? If the date thereon is

JULY, 1908

it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

KILLED IN MACLAREN'S MILLS.

Ottawa, July 26.—Tosh McGee, of Cumming's Bridge, Ottawa, was killed in the MacLaren mills on Saturday. He worked at night, and his body was found near a belt when the day staff went on in the morning.

While the publishers of the 'Witness' exclude from its columns all financial and other advertisements which they consider calculated or intended to take advantage of or injure the reader, it must be understood that they in no way guarantee advertisements, and must leave their readers to exercise their own discretion in the way of putting faith in them. It is, of course, impossible to know much about mining advertising, which offers probably the most speculative and, therefore, the most risky of all investments. The great chances of gain are balanced by the great chances of loss, and no one should invest in a very speculative property more than he can afford to lose.

The Witness.

TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1908.

Lord Milner, addressing the Royal Colonial Institute, devoted himself to a study of how to get the dominions to think imperially. He said the King reigned over two empires, one composed of self-governing communities, and one of dependent peoples. The people of the self-governing communities must be put on a par with each other, and must all share the white man's burden. At present the colonists felt no sort of responsibility for the dependencies and little or no pride in them, the result being a positive antagonism between them and their fellow subjects of darker skin. The word colonist must be replaced by some other which does not suggest a dependent condition. The dominions must have their say with regard to the government of the dependencies, and must, when less exhausted by their own development, share in the burden of them. We have here the deliberate conclusions of a conservative empire builder who realizes that the burdens of empire are getting too big for one little island to bear, while the empire as a whole should be well able to carry them. We presume that there are few in the empire that would not give a general assent to the proposition that its administration will soon need to be made representative of the self-governing empire. The difficulty has been how to bring this about in a way to which the now autonomous components will consent. It is, however, a great point gained when a thought comes to be consciously and generally held, for no such thought can exist without tending to express itself in fact.

Mr. Roosevelt, who carries a peace medal, wants to go on record in history as a champion of the warlike pursuit of peace. He believes in arbitration, but he also believes what everyone with half an eye can see, that arbitration means simply a weighing of armaments and of interests. Both countries going to arbitration must appear to give in to some extent, but the country that can least afford to face the arbitrament of war must do all the substantial giving in. It no more secures fairness than war itself does. What it does secure is deliberation, and through it peace—a great point gained. But President Roosevelt takes his place as drum-major of the so-called Peace and Arbitration League as a vigorous upholder of its foundation doctrine that when things go to arbitration the United States must have battleships that will count with the arbitrators.

The interesting information comes from the London 'Morning Leader' that the British milling industry has considerably strengthened its position of late years, and that at the present time the manufacture of the flour consumed in the British Isles is almost entirely done at home. The population of forty-four million people actually consumes about forty-two million sacks of flour of two hundred and eighty pounds each per annum—or as nearly as possible a sack per person per annum. Of the nearly twelve billion pounds of wheaten flour thus consumed yearly, only about a ninth is now imported as flour. In other words British millers produce about eight ninths of all the flour eaten. 'American' millers are naturally anxious to recover the trade they have lost in Britain, and the consular reports of the United States go into details as to how this might be done. British millers, however, appear to be confident that they will never recover it. There was a great fuss a year or two ago about Great Britain being about to lose her milling business and the millers wanted an import duty on flour, but not on wheat. They have mended their ways, however, and instead of losing the business have practically monopolized it. British millers, like British manufacturers of all sorts, have sufficient protection in the home market in the tariffs of other countries, which increase the cost of manufacturing in them.

British total exports are divided between foreign countries and British possessions, as follows:

Exports (of British goods only) in 1907:
To foreign nations.. .. .. .. £288,800,000
To British possessions.. 137,400,000

Total.. .. .. £426,200,000

It will be seen that the proportions are almost exactly seventy-five percent foreign and twenty-five percent Indian and colonial. This proportion is not an exception, but has obtained for many years past. This answers completely the question, 'Who buys British goods?' and shows what an irreparable loss the foreign market would be to the United Kingdom. Canada, it may be said, purchases less than four percent of all Great Britain sells, and only about twelve percent of what Great Britain supplies to British possessions.

An encyclopaedia is a necessity for every man. The better the storehouse of the memory is furnished no doubt the better is it for the man, especially if things are docketed on the shelves of his mind in some little proportion to their importance, but there is a vast amount of information which is better carried on the shelves of the library than as a burden or a clog to the brain. What the compiler of an encyclopaedia should aim at is to have just the sort of information likely to be sought, in just the form in which it will be most easily found, and above all that the information should be unbiassed and fair. To have articles on controversial subjects which shall be free from bias is not easy, as these must be the work of specialists, and specialists are sure to be enlisted on one side or another. In these cases the aim should be to give the facts truly and, if views are given, to state all sides. These obvious remarks have their excuse in a controversy that is getting somewhat warm over a work now being published called the 'Catholic Encyclopaedia,' which, like the 'Jewish Encyclopaedia,' also in course of production, is not to be found fault with because it is a specialized work. In these days specialized works are a necessity. What it is being criticized for is that it adapts things to a specialized audience anxious only for that view of facts that will best suit it. What is meant would be found illustrated by comparing the articles in this work, that on Giordano Bruno for example, with those in any secular encyclopaedia prepared for all men's use. To convey opinions under the cloak of relating facts is an old trick of controversy, and one to which these specialist publications are not strangers. We are not saying that the secular encyclopaedias are perfect. It may safely be said that a new one is needed, as they are all behind the times, and it is remarkable with what faithfulness some of them repeat from edition to edition matter that is effete and useless or worse. But we have in the very conditions of their existence, addressed as they are to a universal audience, the guarantee of an honest and earnest endeavor to be fair.

Venison in place of beef as food for the masses is the somewhat surprising suggestion contained in a bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture at Washington. It deals with the subject of deer farming and shows that these animals can be raised as easily as beef cattle. It urges stockmen to go into raising deer, and quotes expert testimony to the effect that deer are easily domesticated and can be raised with less trouble than oxen. A great point in favor of deer farming is that it can be carried on in mountainous and other regions unfit for agriculture or grazing. These waste lands in the eastern states, properly stocked and looked after, would produce enough venison to supply a large part of the popular meat demand. This statement is supported by reports from Long Island and Vermont, where experiments have been made in deer raising. It is stated that on Long Island the deer become so tame that they follow farmers about and do some damage to crops during the protracted close season when killing them is not permitted by the game laws. Thirty years ago deer became extinct in Vermont. A law was passed forbidding killing or hunting them, and a game commission imported a number and turned them loose in wild land. In a few years they had increased abundantly, and a short season was allowed for hunting them. Mountain farmers report them plentiful, and say they could be made a paying proposition if the law was changed so as to permit herding and breeding them, like cattle on western ranches. The late Mr. Austin Corbin, who owned a large mountain tract in New Hampshire, stocked it with deer, which soon became a valuable asset in an otherwise barren, unfruitful domain. This is a hint of what might be done in the wild and mountainous back lands of this province. Deer forage for themselves and flourish in the wildest regions. If defended from their natural enemies, the wolves, and provided with shelters in winter, deer farming, it would seem, could be made a profitable and most pleasing occupation. Great stretches of land now lying worthless would be made productive, and venison, now a luxury, would be within the reach of all.

THE SESSION.

The session which closed last week has not been abundantly productive of legislation, having been preoccupied throughout almost its whole length with party filibustering, delays on the one hand and unpardonable obstruction on the other. Obstruction clung most tenaciously to questions as to whether the provinces or parliament should control the parliamentary election lists when these were not determined by the municipalities. Some very necessary things were at least begun. The Civil Service Bill, so far as it takes appointments to the inside service out of the hands of the patronage-mongers and political tadpoles, as Disraeli calls them in 'Coningsby'—was all good, and it will no doubt be the starting point for future reformers to take the civil service, some day in the not distant future, as far out of such hands as the British and even the United States civil service systems do. The Aylesworth Bill to some extent will make for cleaner elections, but no such legislation will be satisfactory until candidates and their agents have to declare publicly the sources of their election funds and the ways in which they have been spent to the last detail. Other good things were done during the session, including an attempt to check the growing evil of cigarette smoking among the young, the regulation of the patent medicine trade in the interest of those who are addicted to the patent medicine habit, and the prohibition of opium for use by smokers. The session, however, has been more than ordinarily disfigured by scandals and charges of extravagance. The civil service was declared by a commission appointed by the government to show a lack of conscience, and further investigation proved, as acknowledged by some of the officials themselves, that by the unbusinesslike methods (to put it most charitably) of some of the departments the country has been losing vast sums. This state of things, it seems, has been going on indefinitely as to time, and it was all to the credit of the government to order the investigation by a commission of three, and a further inquiry by a judge; as it was all to the credit of Mr. Brodeur to have the books of the Department of Marine independently audited, and a more efficient system of bookkeeping initiated. It is to be expected that both these inquiries will result in making the way more difficult for wrongdoing and wasteful carelessness in future.

On one of the charges against the Department of the Interior, that political friends of ministers were favored bidders for timber and other desirable lands, the Opposition on the face of it has seemed to score, as also in the case of the private purchase of land at St. Boniface and the immediate sale of it afterwards to the government for Intercolonial terminals at more than double the price that should have been paid. Other matters out of which the government does not come very well, at any rate for business acumen, is the Quebec bridge fiasco and the connection of Sir Frederick Borden with a business transaction in the Maritime Provinces. But a government majority, whether in the House or committee, was always ready with the inevitable coat of whitewash. Financially, the session has been marked by big figures for current and prospective expenditures. The total estimates amount to $129,902,000, and that does not include the various bonuses to industries and subsidies to railways. These may amount during the present fiscal year to thirteen or fourteen millions, and there is also to be added the Quebec bridge liability and other odds and ends. This, of course, will be spread over other years, as it is physically impossible to spend in one year all that parliament has provided. However far all these heavy liabilities may be justified, there is no doubt about them being a heavy tax upon the community now and for some years to come.

UP IN A BALLOON.

Those Germans who thought Count Zippelin's balloon, with which he wandered safely among Alpine peaks, meant the conquest and subjection to tribute of Great Britain, should have remembered Count Von Moltke's sage remark that he knew a lot of ways of getting a German army into Britain—what he did not know was how to get it out again. Then as to the idea that there is only one Zippelin they might have recurred to a familiar proverbial rhyme of their own, which might be translated thus:

> The German thought it out,
> The Frenchmen copied it
> Then comes the Britisher,
> And makes use of it.

The blow that the balloon got on the shore of Lake Zurich was no doubt a cold douche for those who thought that the Kaiser was already the prince of the powers of the air, revealing that as military engines, airships have, so far, limitations which greatly circumscribe their effectiveness. For observation of an enemy's position they are invaluable. The idea has prevailed that they might be used to drop explosives on camps, forts and ships. Though public sentiment has revolted against this form of warfare, as it has in turn against all new methods of destruction, and though it has been banned by the Hague Conference, a nation at death grips might not feel bound by that pronouncement. Then would come counter invention. The demons of the air would learn to fight each other after the ways of the hawk and the heron. Guns and projectiles will also be invented to attack them from the ground. An experiment just made in Germany has proved that an elevation at which an airship would have any hope of successfully placing its destructive shells is within rifle shot, and, if dependent on a balloon, would be brought to earth by a volley.

It is a curious and suggestive survival in our civilization that we never invent anything but our most earnest thought is how to use it for the destruction of men. But nowadays we always console ourselves with the theory that every advance made in destructiveness is a step towards universal peace. According to this the Hague Conference would better help the cause of peace by legitimatizing savage inventions. The United States Army Signal Corps will ask Congress for a large appropriation to build a fleet of experimental airship scouts, with the approval of the military authorities. The British War Office has been experimenting in the same line for some time past. The conclusions arrived at by the Royal Engineers in charge of these are that an airship capable of being guided gently to the ground without damage in case of accident has not yet been invented; that perfect automatic equilibrium, both lateral and longitudinal, has so far baffled human genius; that aeroplanes will probably never become commercially possible, and will never compete with present methods of transport, but that for private, sporting and similar purposes, they will naturally be in great request; that in warfare they will be invaluable for scouting, if, indeed, it is possible to make accurate observations when travelling at high speed; that it is exceedingly doubtful if the power of demolishing battleships by dropping explosives, given by novelists and other visionaries, will be within the range of practicality. The whole subject is discussed scientifically in the 'Journal of the Royal Engineers' for June.

BEGINNING OF A GREAT REFORM.

The passage of the Old Age Pensions Bill through the House of Lords was assured, since it had the support of a large majority on both sides of the House of Commons. Indeed, the Conservatives in the latter stages tried to embarrass the government by proposing amendments actually to extend the benefits of the bill, which proposals were financially impossible, and so meant to be. As the bill passed the Commons, there is a sliding scale, which gets rid of the hard and fast disqualification of those possessing ten shillings a week; there is notification of a fixed date, Dec. 31, 1910, after which the disqualification of those who have received Poor Law relief since Jan. 1, 1908, is to cease; abandonment is made of the reduced pensions for old couples living together or living in the same house; and a modification of the 'misbehavior' clause is introduced. These changes are estimated to add about five million dollars yearly to the cost, but are very generally approved, as being worth the extra money, for the guarantees they give that the pension system will be started on lines capable of easy expansion hereafter and of adjustment to the revision of the Poor Law which it is proposed to tackle within the next two years. By definitely putting into the act the date, Dec. 31, 1910, on which the disqualification of the 1908 paupers shall cease, the government has pledged itself to undertake that work by that time, or otherwise there will be a wholesale transfer from rates to taxes of the burden of old-age pauperism. (Rates it may be said are levied in the United Kingdom by the local authorities, such as the highway rate, the poor rate, and school board rate; while taxes are raised by the government, such as income tax.) The 'Westminster Gazette,' which speaks as intimately as any for the government, says:

> We are glad to note this pledge, but its fulfilment is a most exacting and responsible task, which will have to be entered upon without delay. We look eventually, when it is accomplished, for a grouping of the different kinds of poverty in such a way that most of the present doubts and difficulties about the work of the pension committee will resolve themselves. Under such a grouping the sick and infirm, the idlers and the wastrels, and the average good people who are pensionable, should fall almost automatically into their different classes, and be treated according to the differences in their respective cases. But this, again, will be only the final result of a regrouping extending through all ages of life. Here is a task to brace a serious and capable government to its best effort.

The 'Spectator' is among the organs of the privileged classes, which foretold awful things in the way of the slackening of the "independence' of the working classes if the present act passed, but it has been in a woful minority among those of progressive opinion. It has been replied that if ancient conditions of pauperism and ignorance have not succeeded in undermining the independence of the 'sturdy English peasant,' or workingman, a possible pension of five shillings a week at seventy will hardly accomplish it.

THE WOLF CRY AGAIN.

New York correspondents are trying to get up a European war scare out of some words of Lord Cromer in deprecating the expenditures undertaken by the Government for the pensioning of the aged. Lord Cromer spoke as one revealing dreadful secrets known only to the initiated when he declared it to be the duty of Government to provide against such a danger—'a danger,' he said, 'of which I, in common I believe 'with most people who can speak with 'real authority on foreign affairs, am 'firmly convinced, my lords.' He went on to give some hints as to his ground for his dire apprehension. It was unnecessary, he said, to impugn the good faith of the Kaiser and his advisers. Neither was it necessary to assume that anybody had deliberately hostile intentions. It was only necessary to remember that individuals do not now control nations, and race passion might at any time result in a collision. There is nothing more true, as was evidenced in the United States war with Spain; but it needed no expert in the secrets of the chancelleries to tell us that. We are all pretty nearly as well placed to form a judgment on that broad fact as Lord Cromer is, unless it be that those who hear of the hostile sentiments of peoples through the ordinary channels are liable to be supplied with the quintessence of any alarmist elements in the news, and to give them undue importance. In any case it is to be noted that these expressions are clipped from the middle of a perfervid political speech whose purpose was to discredit the Government and the Government's measure for the divorce of that ill-matched pair, age and want. Anything against the British Liberal Government seems to give special exultation to the London representatives of the New York press.

Any stick is good enough to beat the Liberal Government and its progressive measures with, and every tune the Tories play on their trumpets is a fanfare for 'tariff reform'. The charge of extravagance against the present government is singularly ill-founded. When it came into office in 1903 Mr. Asquith promised to relieve the professional and middle classes of some of the onerous burdens of the income tax. That promise the government has kept. Since last year's budget it has been merely a figure of speech to speak of a shilling income tax as if it were the general rule in the United Kingdom. Out of the one million one hundred thousand income-tax payers there are not more than two hundred thousand who pay the shilling. Of the remaining nine hundred thousand about a hundred and fifty thousand pay ninepence, and seven hundred and fifty thousand, with incomes of seven hundred pounds, or three thousand five hundred dollars a year, enjoy abatements which bring the tax down eventually to less than twopence in the pound. It may be said that the professional and middle classes appreciate this relief in no ungrudging measure. It is not proposed to put the income tax back to where it was in Mr. Balfour's days, so as to assist the old-age pension scheme. Such is not required. Under the circumstances, Lord Cromer's Jeremiad is singularly out of place. It is not so long ago that the country, after paying him a salary in Egypt of $32,500 a year, gave him a retiring allowance of $500,000, and he was not seventy years old either. He did not refuse it on the grounds of England's poverty, and the necessity for her to save up her money for impending war with Germany.

But forebodings about the future, about finance, about the danger of reforms, the menace of war, and what not, are common to every period. A Liberal London paper in preaching to the pessimists in general a week or two ago, suggested that the best corrective of, at least, financial alarms, was to look back to the past years and observe the comparative ease with which the financial problems had been solved, as the country came up with them. John Bright, for instance, used to speak of a hundred million (sterling)

budget 'as a kind of nightmare of pational insolvency,' he could not conceive of wealth growing to the point at which this sum, and a great deal more, would be easily absorbed. When the Unionist Government went into power in 1895, no one would have credited that it and the Balfour ministry, which succeeded it, would add forty millions (pounds) a year to the expenditure of the country within the next ten years. But so it was. The country stood the strain and the two governments remained a long while in office. However little or much it was unjustified, the country did not go to the dogs because of it. We read that 'from 'sixteen to twenty million pounds was 'got from the natural expansion of rev-'enue, and the remainder by taxation 'which the increase in his wealth en-'abled the taxpayer to bear without 'much hardship.' However, the present government has already remitted taxation to the extent of about nine million pounds, or forty-five million dollars, and says the 'Westminster Gazette':

In spite of all that is said about the expensiveness of Old-Age Pensions and other schemes of social reform, none of these projects is likely to make the same sort of demands on the Treasury during the next ten years as the last two Governments made during the last ten years. There may, however, be difficulties in any given year which may tax the skill and resourcefulness of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but if we look at the situation broadly over a period embracing, say, the next eight or nine years, we may fairly expect any necessary increase of expenditure to be either absorbed by expansion of revenue, or met without hardship by moderate increase of taxation which the increasing wealth of the country will be well able to bear. In fact, there is no more reason now than there was ten or twenty years ago to predict the bankruptcy of the Exchequer or the breakdown of the existing fiscal system.

Lord Rosebery is another whom old-age pensions and land reforms fills with fear. He, the owner of countless unused acres, regards any practicable attempt to restore the laborer to the land as confiscation, the granting of old-age pensions as tending to sap the independence (!) of the British agricultural laborer and other working folk, and he would much rather have everything left as it is. It it suits him, it ought to suit everybody else. The reformers are robbers and the world is coming to an end.

PARLIAMENT IN TURKEY.

The Young Turk party, which has at last frightened the Sultan into consenting to the revival of the constitution, is composed of people belonging to the better educated, or, as they would be called in Russia, the intellectual classes. The Christian subjects of the Sultan are in close sympathy with this party of reform, but it is only recently that the agricultural and laboring classes of Mussulmans have joined the movement. The army and the Albanians stood aloof from politics in support of the Sultan until the recent outbreak at Salonika and other places in Macedonia, when they openly sided with insurrection and, in some instances, were its leaders. The causes of the trouble lie on the surface of things. A tyrannical, yet feeble, and corrupt system of government, heavy taxation, financial mismanagement, official incapacity, venal courts and, at last within a few months, the complete breakdown of the whole internal system of government in the few remaining European provinces. The Sultan's chief reliance was on the army and the Albanians. The army, with long arrears of pay, became clamorous, then mutinous, and the fanatical Albanians, disgusted with the weakness and incapacity of the government, which could not or would not protect them against their enemies, or allow them to defend themselves in their own way, grew discontented and finally deserted the Sultan and went over to the Young Turks. In this extremity the Sultan had no recourse but to yield and restore the constitution which he granted in 1876. The first Turkish parliament assembled that year was dissolved in 1878 by the Sultan, who never ordered a new election. On behalf of Abdul Hamid it has been urged that he had enough troubles besetting him on all sides, without a parliament to bother him and make his task of government more difficult. Though the latent strength of the Turkish empire is enormous, as was shown in the last war with Russia when the Sultan raised an army of 752,000 men, including irregulars and reserves, it is extremely doubtful whether it can be reformed on constitutional lines. Racial and religious animosities, perpetuated by differences of languages, are hereditary and implacable. Even the Christians are divided among themselves. Bulgarians and Greeks hating each other as bitterly as both hate the Mussulmans, and many of whom are, like the Albanians, renegades from Christianity, cherishing a blood feud with their kinsmen of the faith they have abandoned. If these conflicting elements can be got together to work in harmony for the parliamentary regeneration of the Turkish empire, it will be the greatest political miracle ever accomplished.

RIGHT MUST BE DONE.

The trial of Messrs. Roy, L'Heureux and Beaudoin for conspiracy and uttering false returns to the government will probably take place before the Court of King's Bench in Montreal in October. In the meanwhile, it would seem, there is an attempt being made to relieve the directors and shareholders of their equitable and legal responsibility. It is said that a proposal has been formulated for the shareholders to pay up forty percent due on their shares and to obtain a discharge for this amount from the depositors. The affairs of the bank are, however, now in the hands of a liquidator, whose duty it is to obey the law, which says, 'In the event of the pro-'perty and assets of the bank being in-'sufficient to pay its debts and liabili-'ties, each shareholder of the bank 'shall be liable for the deficiency to an 'amount equal to the par value of the 'shares held by him, in addition to any 'amount not paid-up on such shares.' This liability of each shareholder to pay an amount equal to the par value of the stock held by him is, as our readers know, commonly called the 'double liability.' It is said that in the case of the Banque de St. Jean some of the shareholders could not pay the double liability if they would, and that may be so. In the case of established strong Canadian banks, it will be found that the capital subscribed is paid-up, and that individual shares represent real money paid for them. In the case, however, of the Banque de St. Jean, and a few other Canadian banks, the capital paid-up is much less than the capital subscribed. Thus in the case of the Banque de St. Jean, when it failed, the subscribed capital was $500,200, but the paid-up capital was only $316,386, or 60 percent odd. There are a few cases where holders of one or two shares are credited with having bought them outright. These are mostly ladies, and a college holds sixteen shares fully paid-up. But for the most part only sixty percent and less of the shares held have been paid for.

There is a case where one share is held by a lady upon which only half of the par value is paid, or fifty dollars, and another where only seventy dollars is paid. The names of members of the Roy family are credited with 2,085 shares, of the par value of $198,500, upon which only $121,620 has been paid. According to the Bank Act, therefore, the Roy people are liable for $198,500 on the double liability and $76,880 not paid-up on the shares they hold, or a total of $275,-380. That a large percentage of this capital not paid up and double liability can be recovered is improbable. The bank itself was in such desperate straits that it has without doubt done its best in the past to collect the difference between the capital subscribed and the capital actually paid up and has failed in its attempts, and it is hardly likely that the liquidator can recover that, and the double liability as well, except in a minority of cases. Still it is his duty to insist upon it. Any half-way course would wipe out the one great safeguard of our banking system. No doubt, many purchase bank shares without a thought of the responsibility they incur, and bank stock is sometimes peddled around on note or otherwise, as we have seen brought out in public of late in the case of the Brunet estate against P. H. Roy. But that does not excuse any tampering with the law or sentimental dickering on behalf of such—rather it should impel those responsible to the public to take such action as to make ignorance in the matter difficult in future, and carelessness in assuming responsibilities for which people are unfit, and unable to bear, quite inexcusable. Before long, we hope, at least, that the Bank Act will require 'double liability' in some form to be prainted clearly across all bank script, and that the law will require bank stock to be paid for specifically in cash. In the present case, there is nothing to do but to colect the double liability and other obligations of the shareholders as far as possible. In the case of the Glasgow bank failure, in whose charter the liability of shareholders was unlimited, not only all shareholders, however small, but even the trustees of shareholders, had to make good the bank's losses to the last penny of their fortunes. The fact that this in some cases amounted to nothing made the ruin all the greater to those who had anything. This has been the case in Germany under similar circumstances. The lesson has in each case been salutary. We badly need the lesson here.

A STATESMAN AND STRATEGIST.

It is one of the many vagaries, if not injustices of history, that though most of the British Empire beyond the seas came to us as a result of the policy and statesmanship of Pitt the Elder, he has been very little heeded and understood hitherto in comparison with the historical pains bestowed upon his son and lesser men. Until recently, indeed, Pitt's methods of action were not only 'caviare to the general' but they were very little known to the student and the expert. Mr. Julian Corbett, however, in his volume on the Seven Years War, has done full justice to the theme, and it has also been discussed within the past few weeks at some length by the able military correspondent of the 'Times.' It is appropriate that Pitt's career should be intelligently and sympathetically discussed in this the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth, especially as that date synchronizes with a time when the achievements of Wolfe and Saunders, of whom he is called 'the only begetter,' are so much in the public view. It is interesting to be reminded by Mr. Corbett that the essential features of British policy have changed little since the great war minister's day, and how similar are the purposes for which Britain maintains a fleet and an army. As in Pitt's day, so now Britain's primary object is not to acquire territory or predominance over other powers, but to secure perfect liberty for her merchants and her colonists to go where they please on the face of the globe. To secure this liberty no power can be allowed to overawe Europe or the world. Pitt saw that the House of Bourbon of his day interfered with this necessary freedom of action, and he therefore devoted all the country's energies and all the resources of alliances to break this power.

Britain's object is the same to-day—to be so strong, partly by her own efforts, partly by her foreign connections, that no other country may interfere with her liberty of action. That, too, is France's object to-day, and the two countries can now work side by side in harmony, their international ideals in the main being identical. It was Pitt's great achievement that, to carry out England's policy by diplomacy, combined, if need be, with vigorous action on sea and land, he saw that a single direction of all the country's efforts was all-important. Pitt was content to leave the patronage which gained him the voice of parliament to others to distribute, and it was the days when patronage was rife and its morality or immorality little questioned, provided he himself directed all the armies and fleets of the state as well as its foreign policy, and he resigned rather than promote measures he had not initiated. The tale of successes from the years 1759 to 1761, says the 'Times,' is enough to show the advantage of this single direction, and it becomes still more evident from the detailed accounts of how Pitt himself saw to everything—'how he gave all orders to 'the commanders of expeditions, how 'he made himself personally responsible 'for the equipment of fleets and armies, 'and how no English ambassador dared 'to take action of which he had not ap-'proved. With a man of Pitt's over-'mastering energy, with his falcon eye 'and his untiring patience, with his care-'ful self-preparation in the lean years of 'waiting for office, the problem of se-'curing continuity of direction and sin-'gleness of aim in carrying on a war 'throughout the globe is easily solved.' Such men, of course, are only found but rarely, and when they are all things are possible. Too often, in the past, distracted counsels, jealousies, and misapprehensions have frittered away British strength, resulting more than once in humiliation and defeat. What one man can do to turn the tide of affairs was shown by our present guest, Lord Roberts, during the Boer War.

JOHN MILTON.

Preparations are being made in England for the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Milton, who was born on December 9, 1608. The occasion will be one in which all British people, all who speak the English language, and all who reverence purity and grandeur in human genius should thankfully participate. Contemplating his life, his works and the principles by which he was guided, we feel in the presence of a poet whose greatness we cannot measure, and whose nobility of character commands our deepest homage. It is well that, in the rush and turmoil of these times, we should pause to gain from the contemplation of John Milton some inspiration for our higher nature. He has been called the Puritan poet, but time has raised him above all sects and parties and acknowledged him as the greatest of Christian poets. Few people know how much their ideas of theology are owing to him, and fewer still, perhaps, are aware of how great is the debt they owe him for the liberties, religious and political, they now enjoy. His theories of the universe are becoming as archaic as Danté's but what will never become old is a splendid fight for the rights of man, whose constructive suggestion went so far in the framing of that constitution which has been the mother of all constitutions. One of his latest biographers reminds us that he did not lose his eyesight through writing 'Paradise Lost.' He sacrificed it while penning his 'Defence of the English People,' and it may be truly said of him that he did as much for the freeing of England from the tyranny of the Stuarts with his pen as Cromwell did with his sword. Though he lived through the Commonwealth and survived to see the Restoration, he never swerved from his republicanism. His ideal was shown in his 'Free Commonwealth,' and when we think of what the monarchy was under Charles I. and what it became under Charles II., we can understand the revolt and the ideal of noble souls. He has been compared to Amos, who was called from the sycamores of Tekoa to beard the court at Bethel and denounce to his very face the iniquities of Jeroboam. To life and politics, as he saw these around him, he applied the test of eternal principles, as did the Hebrew prophets in their time. We in our time can say, as Wordsworth wrote of him, 'Milton, thou 'shouldst be living at this hour, Eng-'land hath need of thee.' Not that the king and the politics of these days are the same as when Milton lived, but because we need the voice of that stern, unbending spirit of righteousness which found expression in Milton's prose and verse, as much or more as an inspiration for the people as a rebuke to government. Vast changes have taken place since Milton wrote and toiled for the realization of his ideals. Though these have never been realized, yet the world has advanced in their direction, is still advancing, and the hand of Milton still holds aloft the guiding light. Well may England and all humanity do homage to the memory of one of the grandest characters known to literature and history.

A LAND OF HOPE.

Is there not a certain lack of logic about our ways of dealing with the erring? There was a case of a man, not long ago a prosperous merchant, brought before the Recorder for non-support of his family. He promised the Recorder to stop drinking and to support his family, but the Recorder told him he was compelled by law to send him to jail for three months. There is in jail no arrangement whereby a man can do anything to support his family, and three months there, whether idling with miscreants, or wearing out his nerves on the solitary monotony of useless 'hard labor,' will not send him out with any better mind for steady work. It may be justice, but it is also damnation. Periodical dipsomaniacs would be just ripened by such a term to be crazy for just one drink and then for a period of ungovernable insanity, for insanity it is that forces a man to ruin himself when he knows quite well that he is doing so. Who does not know someone who is the soul of courtesy and amiability and honor, who is, so far as he knows himself, quite unable to keep from drinking so long as it is possible for him to get drink? No amount of reproach, no amount of terror of the law, no amount of argument make any difference; these things just keep his mind on the subject and bring about the crisis. Send him to jail and he keeps sober till he gets out. There are persons to whom God gives grace to break the spell, but the natural order of things is hopeless descent.

What we wish to point out is that our methods as means of ameliorating these conditions are futile. Supposing we must have liquor sold and manufacture a drunkard out of every score of our people, do we not owe them, and still more the families whom they distress and terrorize, some effort at cure? What is to hinder setting apart a district of country from which liquor will be absolutely banished, not only by law, but by adequate force, and whenever a man is found to have lost self-control, to send him there? There is no reason why industries should not be carried on and flourish in such a region; why its denizens should not be able to support themselves, or why those incapable to resist drink should not be kept there until thoroughly cured, even should it mean the remainder of their lives. Many would flee to such a land of their own accord. Many would be sent there by their friends, others would go there as the result of offence. The families of many would follow them there. It would be a land of exile, but it would also be a land of salvation, and there is no reason why it should not become more or less of a model land—a paradise. Churches would no doubt flourish there. Mutual good will and brotherhood, born of sympathy, ought to reign. There would need to be government works at a minimum wage, that none might starve, but for the most part the industries would be on a business basis. What good reason is there for not having such a refuge?

Scotland has an island to which dipsomaniacs are sent, but that is for detention rather than to furnish opportunity for industrial independence. The Salvation Army has a district of country not far from London to which victims of drink can commit themselves voluntarily and where they have always the means of earning their living, being paid for it in a currency that is only available within the bounds. Such a system carried on under government guard, would cost more than any private institution could pay. It would probably be a considerable saving of public money, nevertheless, as the great majority of the crimes that become burdens on the state have their origin in drink. The very existence of such a land of refuge as a dernier ressort for those who had lost self-mastery would bring hope to thousands of homes which without it are now the abodes of despair. Indeed, when the excellence of the system was proved it would necessarily extend itself, and there would be another place of industrial discipline for those guilty of more intentional and responsible offences. Such a system of treatment of criminals is even now being developed in Michigan, where prisoners are to be placed where they can earn. They will in the beginning be uniformed in an inoffensive grey suit and will be housed in prison cells, but it will be open to them to graduate into better treatment, more comfortable bedrooms and business clothes. The principle of the indeterminate sentence is gaining ground everywhere. As Mr. Archibald, the parole officer, says, if the purpose of discipline is cure, then the offenders should not be committed for a given period, but until they are cured.

THE SASSENACH AND THE KILT.

Admiral Sir Henry Stephenson, gentleman usher of the Black Rod of the House of Lords, is in trouble. He took exception to the costume of a friend of Mr. Hazleton, a nationalist member of parliament. Mr. Hazleton introduced his friend into the House of Lords wearing kilts. The masquer was not excluded, but the gentleman usher conveyed to Mr. Hazleton by one of the attendants, the message that it was not the proper thing to introduce a stranger so attired. Mr. Hazleton wrote a letter to Sir Henry in which he said he knew that laws were passed in the sixteenth century for the suppression of the Irish national dress, but he was not aware that the House of Lords retained the spirit of those barbarous times. To this, Sir Henry replied that the admission of friends of members of the House of Commons to the House of Lords is entirely a matter of courtesy, and that it was his duty to make any inquiries about them he might consider necessary. Though far from Celtic in name, Mr. Hazleton vindicated his nationality in the warmth of his warfare. He returned to the attack in another letter, in which he claimed the right to ask the grounds for the objection to the 'National Dress of Ireland' being worn in the House of Lords, and if he was to understand that friends of his wearing similar costumes would not be admitted. No answer being forthcoming to this, he wrote again, deploring the decadence in Black Rod manners—'the standard be-'ing so low that you have not replied 'to my last.' Then, as a sort of tu quoque, he asks, 'Why do you object 'to kilts, anyway? You don't even 'wear trousers yourself, and as for the 'rest of your costume, it is hardly a 'model for conventional austerity, is 'it?' Rude himself, as some would say, in thus addressing a Black Rod, and a gentleman Black Rod, he proceeds to discuss rudeness in particular: 'Even if you are opposed to the Kel-'tic revival, why be so rude about it? 'Of course, you are an admiral, and I 'see from the papers that there is 'an epidemic of rudeness among ad-'mirals. I thought, however, they 'kept it for one another.' The last is rather obvious satire, but still it tickles the risibilities, as it was meant to do. However, Mr. Hazleton ends the correspondence with the threat contained in a postscript: 'If you object to the 'Keltic costume the next time I intro-'duce a visitor wearing it, I shall have 'to take a more serious view of your 'conduct.' So might Jack have admonished the giant, and there, for the moment, so far as the principals are concerned, this very pretty quarrel stands.

The newspapers, however, whose duty it is to have a say about everything, have inevitably pitched upon this little rumpus as a choice tid-bit. According to their gloss, Mr. Hazleton, the member for North Galway, introduced into the House of Lords gallery after tea, a young Irish friend on holiday, who had dressed himself, as afterwards described by Mr. Hazleton, in 'a most 'inconspicuous kilt of saffron color, 'plain down the front, with a saffron 'shawl over the shoulder, a silvergilt 'waist-belt, and silver buttons inscrib-'ed with Irish mottoes.' The 'incon-spicuousness' of the raiment so described seems to be the aspect of the case of all others which is most difficult for the sluggish Saxon imagination to grasp. Again, aside from the main controversy between Black Rod and Mr. Hazleton, the Saxon is puzzling himself with the question, 'why should the 'Irish national costume be saffron yel-'low, which approaches orange, when 'the national color is green?' There is an inclination among Saxons generally to justify Black Rod on the grounds of a paralyzed state of mind under the first influences of the garb; while it is in some quarters suggested that he may have an instinctive dislike to saffron-colored robes, the precedent for which was set by one of Shakespeare's Lords-in-Waiting, who railed at the 'red-tailed humble-bee, the swift-taf-'feta fellow whose villanous saffron would 'have made all the unbaked and 'doughy youth of the nation his color.' One friend suggests, 'Black Rod might 'have pointed to the analogy of court 'etiquette, which permits the kilts in 'the presence of the Sovereign only in 'the case of those who are "Highland 'Gentlemen."' Or, says another, he might have suggested that if young gentlemen on holiday were permitted to show their bare knees in the House on the plea that this was a national custom in Ireland in the fifteenth century, he might next be asked to pass in an Irish patriot clad in the earlier and scantier costume of skins. Such flippancies as these, however, are hardly likely to calm the ruffled feelings of Mr. Hazleton and other patriots, and the threat is made on their behalf that 'they will trail the kilts in a suffi-'ciently conspicuous way before the 'Committee of Supply in their own 'House.'

THE VISIT

Love came to me in the twilight
Softly, thro' the garden door,
Put his little arms about me,
Vow'd he'd leave me never more.

Climb'd my knee, and on my shoulder
Laid his weary, little head,
Silent sat and watch'd the embers
Burning blue and gold and red.

I was speechless at his beauty,
And ere I could bid him stay,
Love, refresh'd and warm'd and rested,
In the twilight went away.

ALEXANDER STEVENSON.

ONWARD.

(To Canada.)

Onward! the world is calling,
Onward! the echoes ring,
The first long pull is over,
So onward come, and bring
The golden fruits of harvest,
The patience borne of pain,
And all that's suffered, learned and done
God will account for gain.

ALEXANDER STEVENSON.

'WORLD WIDE.'

The following are the contents of last week's issue of 'World Wide.':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Old Quebec Aglow with Martial Pomp—J. N. McL., in the 'Evening Post,' New York.
Australia and Canada—The 'Outlook,' London, abridged.
Cost of Living in Germany — The 'Times,' London.
The Poor of Paris—How They Live and the Places that Shelter Them — New York 'Evening Sun.'
Pogrom—Maurice Baring, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
A Vision on the Branch Line—Saxon at Norman—G. M. Stokes, in the 'Christian World,' London.
Dr. A. M. Fairbairn — G. E. D., in the 'Westminster Gazette.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Saint-Saëns and Delius—Arthur Symons, in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
The Immortal Snob — H. W. M., in the 'Nation,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Weaponed Man—Cymric ap Einon, in the 'Spectator,' London.
The Music of the Grove—Wordsworth.
On Reading Verse—'T.P.'s Weekly,' London.
Thereau in Twenty Volumes — Henry S. Salt, in the 'Fortnightly Review,' London, abridged.
News and Nonsense — W. L. R., in the 'Academy,' London.
Confessio Medici—The 'Spectator,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Jubilee of Darwinism—Story of a Revolution — Edward Clodd, in the 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
Eugenics—An Address by Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S.,—The 'Westminster Gazette.'
Inoculation Against Phobias—The 'Independent,' New York.

PASSING EVENTS.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

So many men so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

'World Wide' is a weekly reprint of articles and cartoons from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

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LETTERS FROM READERS.

Correspondents are urged to keep in mind the fact that, in the fag of to-day, their letters are likely to gain attention in proportion to their brevity rather than by their length, and that it is far more within our powers to print short letters than long ones.

SETTLERS' DUTIES IN ALBERTA.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—Since you published my last letter in May, I have had quite a number of inquiries from various parts of Ontario about this district. In each case I have sent an answer direct, which I trust was satisfactory. I thought I had made plain most things concerning this district, but there seem to be some things needing to be made clearer. This is a rich belt of land, running east and west, and extending for many miles. It lies between 50 and 60 miles north of Edmonton. It is now pretty thickly settled. Many of the odd numbered sections in the Clyde and Pembina districts are homesteaded, as well as the even numbers. In the Clyde districts these settlements have been made with government sanction, but in the Pembina one the settlers have got no sanction, but they are squatting there in the hope that the government will allow their claim. In the Edison district, lying between these others, nearly every homestead is settled, and quite a number of the odd sections (C. P. R. lands) are bought and inhabited. C. P. R lands cost $10 an acre, whereas a homestead of 160 acres can be got for $10 from the government; both lands having to be cleared and cultivated from a state of nature. There is no advantage in buying the land, as it costs as much work as the other.

The conditions government imposes on new settlers now (since June 1) are much harder than before, and I am inclined to say too hard for some parts of the country. Where the bush is thick it is no fun to clear an acre for the plough. Now the new settler has to clear and break thirty acres, and crop twenty of them in three years. A son living with his parents has to break fifty acres and have thirty of them in crop. I do not say this is impossible, but I do say it is too heavy a task, and had I been in parliament such a bill would not have been passed easily. The better class of settlers may be deterred from settling, and it is these that are to make this part of the land a garden. Galicians and Doukhobors get many favors, while our Scotch, English, Irish, French and Swedes get none, but the conditions for them are getting harder every year. I do not object to the kindness to these babes in the land, but it will take generations to make these good intelligent citizens of Canada, whereas the above-mentioned nationalities and others besides are at once intelligent settlers and citizens, that have great good sense, and are exerting themselves to some purpose to turn this wilderness into a fruitful land. In this belt of rich land there are over five hundred square miles, and in the short space of five years hundreds of acres have been cleared and cropped, houses and barns built, sections fenced and fairly good roads made, all by the energy and intelligence of the settlers. Such settlers deserve every consideration from the government, and they get little. There should certainly be a little more of equality as to conditions of settling than seems at present to exist.

In spite of the heavier conditions of settling, this is a splendid land to live in and to own. The climate is delightful. We have one rainy season about the months of May and June. This year it was almost all in June, and has been wetter than usual. It finished on June 26 and 27 with quite a flood. Fields were covered with water several inches; streams that are usually dry in summer were roaring torrents, carrying bridges away and making roads impassable. We are again in something like normal conditions of fine sunny weather, warm days and cool nights, with heavy dews. The crops are looking well, despite the rain, which perhaps was all needed, as we had had no rain from the previous September, with very little snow all winter. Vegetables of all kinds are promising well, and they are usually far larger and better than I ever saw anywhere else. Spring wheat is now over a foot high and promises to give a heavy crop, and this on newly broken land. I feel sure that in a few years fruit trees will flourish here, as the more the land is cleared of the brush the warmer the soil will become.

Our nearest railway is over thirty miles away from the nearest point on the south-east corner of this district. The C. N. R. Co. promised to have their line extended north as far as this by this time, but as yet they have not done anything to implement their promise. In my experience with them in the east I found them more willing to make than to keep promises, and I am not disappointed now. They ought to be forced to finish their lines now, as they were forced last year to make them safe. With a railway into this district so as to connect it with a good market, this would be one of the most desirable places to live in in the country.

JAS. H. BEATT.

Edison, July, 1908.

The practice of the Department of the Interior in regard to cultivation duties is set forth in a 'summary of regulations and recent departmental rulings relating to Dominion lands,' which has recently been issued for the guidance of Dominion Lands Agents, sub-agents, and other officials, and for the information of the public. It is impossible, of course, to provide regulations equally well adapted to all kinds of lands, but the latitude allowed to the government authorities in the concluding paragraph of the following extract seem intended to enable them to do justice to settlers on wooded or 'scrubby' lands:—

1. The practice of the Department has been to require a settler residing on his homestead to bring a total of at least fifteen acres of the same under cultivation.

A settler performing his residence duties by living in the vicinity of his homestead, either with parents or on land owned by him, must bring a total of at least thirty acres of the homestead under cultivation.

A reasonable proportion of the cultivation must in all cases be done in each year.

All entries made previous to the date hereof (June 1, 1908) are governed by the above practice.

2. The following change in the regulations respecting cultivation duties applies to all homestead entries made on and after the date hereof (June 1, 1908):

A homesteader who resides on his homestead is required to break a total of at least 30 acres of the homestead (of which 20 must be cropped) before applying for patent. A reasonable proportion of the cultivation duties must be done during each year.

When the duties are being performed under the regulations permitting residence in vicinity, the total required to be broken will be at least 50 acres (of which 20 must be cropped.)

In the case of homesteads difficult to break by reason of scrub the area of cultivation required may be decreased at the discretion of the Department in accordance with the character of the land.

COMPULSORY VOTING;—VOTING BY MAIL.

(To the Editor of the Witness.')

Sir,—The mental equilibrium of our trusty old friend from the Upper Ottawa county seems to have been disturbed because certain persons, including myself, continue to advocate compulsory voting at provincial and Dominion elections, after he has shown up the defects or delinquencies of such measures, which fact 'one would think a very simple man could see, and thus restrain your unsophisticated correspondents from betraying their mental weakness.' Even at the risk of being considered unsophisticated and mentally weak by a few supposedly strong-minded folk, I again affirm my opinion that a system of compulsory voting might be so devised as to greatly improve the moral tone in the administration of public affairs at the various centres of government, Dominion and provincial.

Nearly every male householder in this province is liable to compulsory jury work, and some of us know to our cost how disagreeable, and even unwholesome, such jury service may become. Now the work of jurymen affects only a very small portion, including the doubtful element, of the population; but the work of the elector is of the highest importance to every inhabitant of our common country. Why, then, should our people be compelled to do duty as jurors, and excused from doing the duty of electors?

Another correspondent from 'Way down East' objects to any system of permitting electors who, from sickness or other justifiable causes, are prevented from coming to the polls on election day, yet may forward their marked ballots in a registered letter to the returning officer. He seems to think that it would facilitate bribery or vote-buying. But let me assure our eastern friend that it is not impossible to make 'voting by mail' as free, or even more free, from bribery, or vote-buying, than is the case under the present antiquated election laws.

But from the knowledge about election matters gathered during more than a third part of a century of newspaper work, I have no hesitation in stating for the benefit of our friend in the east, as well as our friend up the Ottawa, that personal vote-buying constitutes but a very small proportion of the evils connected with our present election laws. Were each and every one who spends time or other valuable consideration in promoting or forwarding the election of any person, including himself, during the four weeks preceding the polling day, compelled under heavy penalties to send a detailed statement of the expenditure of such time or other valuable considerations, to the returning officer, within two weeks after the close of the polling, along with a sum of money sufficient to pay for its publication in at least one newspaper published in the district—were such publicity duly enforced, corrupt practices at elections would have received their death blow. Of course, this statement would not require to contain the personal expense of the voter when going to record his vote.

If the polls were kept open until eight o'clock p.m., as is done in England, working people could record their votes without loss of valuable time.

D. C.

A NEW CLAUSE IN THE LITANY WANTED.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—Did you ever hear of a farmer who told his men to raise weeds and neglect the wheat? Did you ever hear of a manufacturer who told his men to produce rags and not to make good cloth? Did the world ever see such a phenonemon as an employer who punished his men for doing their best and rewarding them for doing their worst? Where is such a condition to be found where men prefer idleness to industry, ugliness to beauty, barrenness to fertility, the desolation of the wilderness to the blossoming of the rose? Is such a sight to be seen in a world of rational beings? Can we conceive of blindness so blind or stupidity so stupid?

Yes, we can. Marvellous as it may appear, our methods of taxation are exactly of that kind. Let men clear farms, let them erect the necessary buildings, let men employ labor to make houses more abundant and cheap, let men employ industry to add to the wealth and prosperity of the country, and it is decreed by the wise men who enact the legislation, that against these men the taxation shall be increased, that for every additional improvement there shall be an increase of taxes; but let a man put his land to the worst use in the world; let him keep it vacant and thus force men into idleness, let him hold it, not for production, but for extortion, let him hold it so as to switch another man's crop into his own barn, let him hold it for the spoliation, and degradation of industry, then the wisdom of the legislators decrees to him low taxation and encouragement.

The laborer turns the desert into a garden, and we increase his taxes for doing so; the speculator turns the garden into a desert and we diminish his taxes. Thus the better a man does for his country the worse the country does for him. Verily, we do the things we should not do, and leave undone the things we should do. We need a new clause in the Litany—'Save us, Good Lord, from vain stupidity and monumental folly. Open our eyes and show us what is honesty and what is extortion, what is a clean dollar and what is an unholy fraud.'

W. A. DOUGLASS.

Toronto.

MEN SWEAR—WOMEN COMPLAIN

Just because their corns ache. Easy to cure them with Putnam's Corn Extractor; it acts painlessly in twenty-four hours. For corns, warts and callouses the only thing is 'Putnam's,' try it.

LITERARY REVIEW.

TWO BOOKS ON CANADIAN SIEGES.

'Scenic Sieges and Famous Battlegrounds of French Canada,' by Katharine Livingstone Macpherson, (Valentine Publishing Co., Montreal, $1.00), is an ideal souvenir or gift for the present season. Though of handy size it contains forty illustrations in sepia tones, most of them full page. The literary style of this book is pleasing, the author makes vivid he picturesque stories of Dollard des Ormeaux, and Madeline Vercheres and that Campbell of Inverness, who was warned by a wraith in Scotland that he would meet death at Ticonderoga. A general view of Canada's position in the middle of the eighteenth century is carefully given. Louisburg and Quebec being the principal scenes of the struggle that ended with the battle of Ste. Foye.

'The Last Siege of Louisburg,' by C. Ochiltree Macdonald, (Cassell & Co., London), is a careful study by a member of the Nova Scotia Historical Society of a place 'classic with the warring policies of rival empires.' It was at the close of Louisburg's history as a fortified city that it was the base of preparation for Wolfe's attack on Quebec.

Wolfe, the master mind of these energetic preparations for war, was the center of the life of the city. His eye was everywhere. Conscious that the gaze of Europe was fixed upon him, his vigilance extended to the humblest part of the engine of war he was creating. Generals, admirals, and commanders, famed on European battlefields, or in the stirring naval combats of the period, frequented his headquarters. . . . . The troops were regularly manoeuvred on the rough ground outside the wall, or in the neighboring woods, to accustom them to the class of warfare they were likely to encounter. The recruits and young soldiers were drilled both in the morning and in the evening. Their ear was accustomed to the signal of the trumpet, their step to the evolutions of an army, and every exercise that could add to the vigor of the troops was the object of the bold soldier who aspired to add Quebec to the laurels of Louisburg.

POEMS BY ALFRED NOYES.

Among the contributions of 1908 to the volumes of English song none is of greater interest than a book of verse from the pen of one of the rising writers of England. 'The Golden Hynde,' by Alfrey Noyes (The Macmillan Co., of Canada, $1.25), fulfils the promise of former years, much of it showing high quality of thought and expression. A notable feature of the collection is the new rendering of 'The Songs of Greece.' The poet has caught the full life, the delight in human beauty, and in the beauty of nature, as the scene of human action, which characterize the ancient writers who are still the standard and model of all excellence. These versions naturally challenge comparison with the work of Tennyson, but the point of view and the treatment, are so different from Tennyson's that comparison dies in fresh enjoyment. His varied rhythms are musical in a masculine, vigorous manner—this vigor is the outstanding attraction. Mr. Noyes uses few words out of their usual significance, but gives them often an unusual fulness of meaning. One striking new use of a word is the expression that the Gorgons pursuing Persens gradually disappearing behind him 'deserted from sight.' There is an underlying ethical tendency, a meaning just suggested in the ancient myths. Orpheus, in his delight in Eurydice, forgets his vocation of song:

'Lost in his new desire,
He dreamed away the hours,
His lyre
Lay buried in the flowers.

His grief over his double loss of his love brings him to fuller appreciation of the power of music.

'Then prone with his arms o'er the lyre he sobbed out his pain,
And the tense chords faintly gave voice to the pulse of his breath,
And he heard it and rose, once again, with the lyre in his hand,
And smote out the cry that his white-lipped sorrow dented:
And the griefs' mad ecstasy swept o'er the summer-sweet land,
And gathered the tears of all Time in the rush of its tide.

'The ride of Phaethon' gives magnificent pictures of swift movement. He drives Apollo's steed:

Ah! the beauty of their scorn! How the blood-red nostrils burn,
Breathing out the dawn and the day;
How the long cloud ranks foam in fury from their flanks
And the heavens for their hooves make way.
. . . . . .
Upward they swerved and swooped once more, the great white steeds, outstretched at the gallop,
The round earth dwindled beneath their flight, the mighty chariot swayed and swung,
Under the feet of the charioteer, it swung and swayed as a storm-swept shallop
Tosses and leaps in the seas, and Phaethon cowering, close to the sides of it, clung.

Almost equally prominent in the volume are the patriotic poems. A leading note through them all is the desire for universal peace, a peace of Christian love and brotherhood, and further that his own country shall take a prominent part in bringing this about. It is always England that stands to him for the Empire. Mr. Noyes is by no means an imperialist as yet. In the poem entitled 'Nelson's Year—1905,' this desire finds expression:

Ay! Lift the flag of England;
And lo, that Eastern Cross is there,
Veiled with a hundred meanings as our English eyes are veiled;
Yet to the grander dawn we move oblivious of the sign we bear,
Oblivious of the heights we climb until the last is scaled;
Then with all the earth before us
And the great cross floating o'er us
We shall break the sword we forged of old, so weak we were and blind;
While the inviolate heaven discloses
England's Rose of all the roses
Dawning wide and ever wider o'er the kingdom of mankind.

LITERARY NOTES.

FICTION.

The shy man as the hero of a novel has been attempted before now, but it has remained for Arnold Bennett to achieve the height of absurdity in this line in 'Buried Alive' (London: Chapman & Hall). Impossible and absurd it is without a doubt, but amusing for all that. The artist hero has in addition to his appalling shyness a genius that makes his name as widely known as his personality is unknown. Only his valet knew him, and on the death of the valet the doctor giving it out that the artist himself is dead, and the artist dare not undeceive him. Hence the burial of the supposed artist with all due pomp and honor in Westminster Abbey; hence also the necessity for the artist himself to take up the valet's lot, prospective wife and all, rather than brave the publicity that declaration of the mistake would mean. So stripped, the plot reveals its impossibility, but the author makes a good bit of fun out of it.

Another English story, published in New York, by the Century Co., is 'Diana of Dobson's,' by Cecil Hamilton, the story of a shop girl's escapade or revolt. The conditions under which she lived and worked before the small inheritance came her way, are unknown over here, nor is the society gulf across which she manages to scramble so terribly unbridgeable on this side of the Atlantic, but it is all comprehensible, all terribly true in one way, and then on her £500 she does manage to have such a good time. She is convinced that the temporary escape really mitigates the ultimate and seemingly inevitable return, and besides she has such a chance of settling old scores. How her scorn stung one man into action, and how ultimately he solved for her the problem of the going back are included in the little story. It is not a new idea, but is well carried out this time, and in its initial form has proved one of the recent successes of the English stage.

THE MAKING OF A TALE.

A good story is one present day comfort, which is blandly accepted without much consideration even, in some cases, as to its author, and it is difficult to imagine that there was ever a time when people and nations of civilization got along without their novels. Yet how much of a newcomer the prose story is is discussed by Prof. Brander Matthews, in his essay by way of introduction to Clayton Hamilton's 'Materials and Methods of Fiction' (New York: The Baker and Taylor Co.), and Mr. Hamilton follows up this with the story of ways and means that furnish the world of readers to-day with these mental tidbits. Any one who reads this book will be apt to look at the next novel that spreads out before him its friendly pages with more of its due of appreciation and with a thought, perhaps, of the many parts that go to make the acceptable whole. Mr. Hamilton has a good knack of quotation by way of illustrating his points.

One particular influence analyzed out of English literature to-day is separately considered by Dr. Martha P. Conant in 'The Oriental Tale in England in the Eighteenth Century.' Following a stream to its source is always one of the most engaging of pursuits, and this is much along that line. Dr. Conant shows how the Oriental tale made its first appearance in the steadier current of English literature, how it spread its light influence here and there and carried with it the seeds of the East that imbedded themselves on the banks and still keep their hold. Dr. Conant's book bears evidence of care and research, and is reliable as well as pleasing.

OF JAPAN.

There is without doubt a certain amount of bias in Prof. George Trumbull Ladd's book 'In Korea with Marquis Ito' (Scribner's), but the accusation that he has been generously paid by the Japanese government for writing it, has been definitely denied by him, and no one doubts his assurance. His bias is due only to his long residence among the Japanese and his admiration for them, so it is absolutely genuine and unconsciously exhibited, and if there could be admitted to be only one side to the Korean question, Prof. Ladd could not be criticized for maintaining it. Frankly he has written, however, in defence of the government that he knows to be attacked, and he can see and show but one side of the question. Read with this understanding, the book gives a good review of conditions at present in Korea, and augurs a fair future.

Its part in the future of Korea is the very latest of Japanese questions. At the other extreme is the question of 'Prehistoric Japan,' taken up under that title by Neil Gordon Munro (Tokio: The Z. P. Maruya Co.) The curious race which yet inhabits the northern islands, the Ainu, a white race, has always been a peculiar ethnographical puzzle, but how much of puzzle there is as to who were the original inhabitants and settlers of Japan is evident from Dr. Munro's book. The story is brought up to about A.D. 700, the time of fairly reliable history, from the earliest evidences of humanity that the stone age has left in the islands. The author devotes Part I., seven chapters, to the story of the Stone Age, and the six chapters of Part II. to the later comers, the Yamata, the ancestors of the modern Japanese.

Very recent history is that taken up by Sakuye Takahashi in 'International Law Applied to the Russo-Japanese War' (New York: The Banks Law Publishing Co.) This is a line along which Japan is allowed to have distinguished herself and it is not to be wondered at that the author holds out for an absolutely clear account; even the abrupt entrance upon hostilities is defended as a following of the usual precedent. It is the readiness with which this Eastern nation has adopted and applied Western laws and standards while retaining distinctly its own individuality that makes of the Japanese the rather uncanny puzzle they are.

LETTERS.

In her selection and translation of 'The Letters of Martin Luther' (Macmillan), Miss Margaret A. Currie has by no means sought to glorify a hero; rather, she has chosen those letters that will best serve to illustrate the character of the man who wrote them. Here, then, are not only kindly letters, humorous, earnest and scholarly, but also there are occasional harsh, satirical and obstinate moments preserved for remembrance in the fatal black and white. So is he the more human, and being human, his heroic stand the more divine. He was humble, as these letters evidence, not because he could not be arrogant; kindly, not because he could not be harsh; and strong, not because it was impossible for him to be weak; but back of his humility, kindliness and strength, was the mighty spiritual power that ruled his life in spite of his humanity.

A pitiful contrast in many ways is to be had in the two volumes of selections from Wagner's letters to his wife, 'Richard Wagner an Minna Wagner,' imported by G. E. Stechert & Co., New York. The bitter struggle, the continual disappointments, the yearnings, the mistakes, the tragedy of his home life, all have their share. The tone of the letters is loving and pleading in spite of the constant call for money which it so pained him to be unable to supply. None of the wife's letters are here, but it is not difficult to imagine these from the replies, and how much of blame the weak wife and the unsuccessful musician should each bear for the wreck of their domestic life it is difficult to judge. There appears from these letters to be little but love on Wagner's part.

REPRINTED.

Two totally unconnected collections of reprints, essays, letters, etc., by Frederic Harrison, come from the publishers lately. 'My Alpine Jubilee, 1851-1907' (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.), contains a number of Alpine letters and magazine articles assembled under this title by him from those published during the fifty years included. 'National and Social Problems' (Macmillan), is a selection from essays published mainly some twenty years or more ago, but which he deems equally or even more applicable to England to-day. He introduces them in vigorous remarks that make it evident they are emphatically his opinion in spite of the lapse of years. The impending doom, if this 'parvenu Empire,' this 'patchwork bundle of conquests,' continues along its reckless way is only by so much the nearer.

In his 'Miscellanies: Fourth Series' (Macmillan), Lord Morley deals with two of Mr. Frederick Harrison's publications, 'Theophano' and the 'New Calendar of Great Men,' as well as other topics in papers described by the author as 'but fugitive pieces, yet not altogether without a clue.' They are the work of the foremost of living English critics and in his well-known style, dignified and powerful. 'Democracy and Liberty,' his paper on Lecky's book of that title, brings out a severity rather unusual to him. It is followed by 'Democracy and Reaction,' and both papers are particularly clear and forceful.

A number of papers by Henry James, which appeared in various periodicals from 1865 to 1891, have been collected and introduced by Le Roy Phillips, under the title 'Views and Reviews' (Boston: The Ball Publishing Co.) The expression by Mr. James these many years ago of criticism on books of those days, such as the literary judgment of to-day, will bear him out in is remarkable. There is barely anything that his ripened mind to-day would need to retract, but there is food for amusement in the fact that his early criticism of any involved style is undeniably harsh. Where now is his early approval of the 'simple stage' of thought, 'clearness of explanation,' 'the smooth, the easy, the agreeable?' The lack of these in others he was then wont to deplore, and several of these papers must wear to their author at present a sadly accusing countenance.

NIGERIA FISHING TACKLE

SIMPLE CONTRIVANCE WITH WHICH NATIVES MAKE GOOD CATCHES.

(London 'Standard.')

Natives of Nigeria are remarkably skilful anglers, and their manner of catching fish recommends itself alike for simplicity and success. The fisherman grasps a small line weighted at the other end with a small stone, and at regular distances along the line he attaches a number of hooks made of animals' bones in the form of a narrow V, while to the angle of each V is fastened a short line made of sinews and baited with a kind of snail; the fish, swallowing the bait and the line, swallows also the hook, which is so acted upon by the tension of the line as to expand its two prongs and fasten them firmly in the throat. The victim struggles and whirls about the line, thus attracting its family and neighbors to swallow the same snare.

IGNATIEFF AND LORD SALISBURY.

Of the Marquis of Salisbury, whose acquaintance he had made in Constantinople, the late Count Ignatieff entertained a high opinion, and Mr. Balfour he regarded as a 'clever man, very intelligent.' Mr. Gladstone also he described as 'a man of initiative and energy.' In a conversation with the correspondent of a contemporary Count Ignatieff is reported to have said: 'I well remember the first time I met Lord Salisbury. We were all at dinner with the Grand Vizier. Lord Salisbury talked a great deal to the Grand Vizier, and I several times heard him mention my name, so at the close of dinner I went up to him and said: "Lord Salisbury, you have been speaking of me a great deal. It would give me sincere pleasure to hear what it is that you have to say about me."

'So Lord Salisbury said, quite frankly (the narrative continues): "I have been telling the Grand Vizier that you are a very dangerous man." "Why am I a dangerous man?" I said. "Because," said he, "I understand that you have agents in every Turkish province." So I looked at him and said: "It is quite true." "What," said Lord Salisbury, "you admit it?" "Yes," said I; "many agents, and our agents differ from those you employ in that they serve me without the payment of one kopek." "How?" asked Lord Salisbury. "In the provinces of Turkey," I replied, "every man who has a home which he wishes to defend, or a wife and family whom he desires to protect from violence and outrage, is an agent of mine, and serves me far more faithfully than all those whom you can pay." Lord Salisbury laughed, and he said to me: "I see that you are a great fighter. Come to tea and talk." So our acquaintance began, and we found when we came to talk that we agreed about everything, for he is an intelligent man, Lord Salisbury.' —'Westminster Gazette.'

QUEBEC'S PASSING SHOW

THE AUGUST 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' WILL BE A PAGEANT PORTFOLIO.

The August issue of the 'Canadian Pictorial' is to be another Tercentenary number and will form a capital sequel to the splendid July number, so that the two will make together a most charming souvenir of this great historic celebration at Quebec—to be highly valued by those who have had the good fortune to share in it, and to be treasured by others in Canada who could not go, or to be sent to friends far across the seas.

On the cover of the August number is a large figure of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales on the bridge of a ship, with the frowning Citadel of Quebec as a background. A general account of the Tercentenary proceedings is given, with page after page of exquisite pictures of scenes in Quebec at the time from photographs taken specially by a corps of expert photographers, along with snapshots of Lord Roberts, the Duke of Norfolk, Sir George Garneau (the Mayor of Quebec, just knighted), the Vice-President of the United States, and other notables.

There are in addition to the Tercentenary pictures, the usual quota of others of general interest, and some very captivating summer scenes in Canada, all well worthy of the name and fame of the popular illustrated monthly, the 'Canadian Pictorial,' the quality of which as to paper, ink, and presswork, makes it a veritable 'edition-de-luxe' among illustrated papers, and at a modest price. The August number will sell separately at 15 cents a copy—for a limited time the July and August numbers may be ordered together for 25 cents. One dollar a year includes the postage to all parts of the world, as well as all special numbers. No gift to a Canadian abroad or to one interested in Canada could give more lasting pleasure for so small a sum.

GARDEN TALKS

This department is conducted by Mrs. Annie L. Jack, Chateauguay Basin, Que., to whom all questions should be sent. All questions answered through the 'Witness.'

'What a dejected attitude,' I said to the stranger, finding him seated at a little table under the trees in the garden, with an unusually thoughtful expression on his kindly face.

He smiled slightly. 'I was thinking,' he said, 'of that idol in Nebuchadnezzar's dream.'

'No wonder you had such a far away look,' I interrupted, flippantly, but he was too serious to notice my attempted pleasantry.

'Do you know,' he continued, turning to look at me, 'I have often wondered how the prophet Daniel hit it off so well with old Neb. He must have been a master in psychology to be able to read those dreams and see the visions. How well that dream of the image represents humanity, past and present, for no matter what our metal, there will be some 'miry clay' in the make up of the feet. And because of it, the gold and silver and brass, are of small account, and not able to withstand the stone of retribution "cut out without hands." So the image is smitten on his feet and becomes broken and worthless. This "miry clay" is the flaw, the low impulse that would drag us down; it may be envy or malice, it may be vanity, or some other defect of character, but though each image is made up of the most valuable metal, and is moulded by the riches of the world, there will be a weak spot, if there are "feet of clay," and though as in the dream it was "mixed with iron," there will be no stability or abiding strength to uphold it. So many human images are ambitions, and grasp at any means to gain their ends, the gold shines for a while, but there is a lack of strength, and ruin must follow. Like Nebuchadnezzar, we all need a lesson in humility in order to understand how small a place we hold in the world, and how unsatisfactory it is to build our lives with feet of clay. Well for us if, like him, by the lessons taught we learn how to honor and extol the King of Heaven.'

WEEDS.

They thrive everywhere, and under all conditions, these robber weeds, but we hardly realize how rapid their growth when the rainy season, through which we are now passing, has set in. For after a long period of drought, that blighted many a promising crop, the rain has descended on the just and the unjust, on the poor farmer who is striving to house his short, stunted hay, as well as the Prince and the soldiers at the Tercentenary. And we wonder again, as many times before, why things are not more evenly ordered. Meanwhile, with the added moisture, the weeds are industriously robbing the soil, robbing, too, the plants that are in the garden by rights.

Purslane and chickweed, dandelions and eel grass, with many others, are maturing seed for another season's crop, and are indeed 'plants out of place,' and born for mischief.

But while the rain descends these enemies grow apace, and get their innings much to the dismay of garden lovers everywhere.

PLANT FOR NAME.

A Subscriber.—This is the same grass mentioned by another subscriber as infesting his asparagus bed. It is hard to eradicate, and if you plough the land this grass should be raked or harrowed off and burned. You ask its name, and it is commonly called Couch or Twitch Grass, the botanical name, however, being Triticum Repens.

It is a perennial and most tenacious of life, being capable of destroying other crops if left to itself, but if you persevere it can be banished.

COUCH, OR TWITCH GRASS.

Geo. J. A.—There is nothing to do but keep digging at this grass, a fork being the best implement. But it must be thoroughly done, and every bit taken out and burned; in fact, there is a story told of a New England farmer who said that if you dug it out, laid it in the sun, and dried it, and then put it in the fire, the ashes would grow twitch grass again.

Sow salt on your asparagus bed; it will stimulate the plants, and help to kill the weeds.

As for the raspberry bushes, if the land is clean and fertile set them out in rows six feet apart and three or four feet in the row. Keep the ground clean, and mulch with swamp hay in spring.

As for the time for planting it can be done any time in the autumn or spring, as is convenient, and even if in cold weather, they seldom fail to grow.

ORNAMENTAL ASPARAGUS.

C.F. — You can propagate Asparagus Sprengeri by division of the roots, if each piece taken off has some rootlets attached; they will start to grow at once in good, moist soil. It also grows well from seed if one has the patience to wait, but it grows quickly when once started.

The Primula Obconica is as easily grown as a geranium. Keep all summer in a cool, shaded place, under a tree if there is garden room, or on a sheltered porch. You can judge by the size of pot and roots if it requires a larger pot in September; give moderate watering and encourage growth.

TRAVELLING SQUASHES.

A.L.M.—It might have been as well to pinch off the ends of those squashes before they had travelled under the wire fence. It is not very likely the bugs will catch up with them now; if they do treat them to poisoned Bordeaux Mixture.

Since the wet weather has set in and soaked the ground, it will be safe to sow beet seed as well as turnip; but everything depends upon the coming conditions. Your garden must have done well in spite of the drought that affected many places, and you are very fortunate in spite of the 'bugs.'

A letter has been sent to the business address on envelope in regard to the protection of the squashes.

CAULIFLOWER NOT HEADING.

Mrs. M. McD.—The trouble is likely in weather conditions, for the hot, dry season is not favorable to cauliflower, which requires cool weather, and plenty of moisture. Spray with Bordeaux mixture to keep down the cabbage worm.

Rich ground is required, as being first cousin to the cabbage, and a mulch of hay or of lawn clippings would conserve the moisture in the soil. When the head does form it is well to draw up the outside leaves and tie them at the top. After cutting out the flower the plant stalks should always be pulled up at once and destroyed, for in this way you will not harbor insects or diseases.

CONCERNING INSECT PESTS.

C. C.—The insects you mention pass through three or four stages in their development from the egg to maturity, and different insects pass the winter in various stages of existence; the grasshopper in the egg, the cutworm as a larva, and the white grub as a hardened May beetle.

This latter is a pest in almost every garden and takes two seasons to become full grown, when it changes to a pupa and later becomes the well-known May beetle that flies into our houses at night during the warm months of early summer.

While living in the ground in the half-hardened condition the beetles are easily killed, and turning over the earth late in the autumn exposes them to frost and to the foraging of birds and poultry.

In like manner the cut-worms can be stirred out of their winter quarters, for they enter the ground to the depth of three or four inches and hollow out small cells in which to remain till spring.

It is easy to understand that by breaking up these with plough or spade, after they have located for the winter, a great many can be destroyed.

TEA ROSES FOR WINTER BLOOMING.

Tea Rose.—Your plants should be in small pots now and set out in a sunny corner of the garden plunged to the rim in coal ashes or some such material that will keep out worms. The foliage must be sprinkled daily with soft water to keep away insects, and later in the summer should be re-potted in larger pots filled with one-fourth broken potsherds. Shade for a few days and return to their summer quarters until the middle of September, when they can be removed to the house. The plants must be kept in a healthy growing condition from the time they are potted until taken to their winter quarters, if flowers are to be expected. Roses require all the light possible, and will do better in a house heated by a stove where steam is, than in a room heated by a hot air furnace.

During the dull autumn months care must be taken not to over water, or the result may be decay at the roots.

Give plenty of sunlight, and sponge or sprinkle the leaves as often as they seem to be dry and require it.

BLACK ANTS THIS TIME.

Emma is troubled with black ants in flower beds, and they are a troublesome pest. The simplest way is to pour boiling water into their nests, which will destroy large numbers. The most effective remedy is bisulphide of carbon poured into the holes, the heavy vapor penetrating through the soil. Two tablespoonfuls may be put in at one place, but it is very inflammable and for this important reason must be kept from fire, heat or sparks for fear of ignition.

FORCING RHUBARB.

J. D.—It is quite possible to force rhubarb in a cellar, in a large box or on the earth floor. Large, well established roots must be dug up in autumn and allowed to remain out of doors until frozen. They are then set close together as if planted, and the spaces between filled with rich loose earth. At this time and during growth the soil must be kept moist with water slightly warmed, but not allowed to get too wet for fear of rotting. This method is simply for home use, but if plants are plentiful will repay trouble and give crisp juicy stalks in late winter.

CARNATIONS.

Miss J. J.—The carnation is a very satisfactory plant to grow when you can only have one for winter and summer and I commend your selection, for in point of value as a good bloomer it excels all others except the rose, is so easily grown and of such beautiful color and such fragrance that it is always a delight.

It has been called the flower of Jupiter, and has been for centuries the best known of the Dianthus family, and valued by florists. Your plan of growing the seedlings in a box in the back yard is a good one considering your limited surroundings, and if intended for winter flowering it is best to pinch them back, not allowing them to blossom until the first of September, at which time they should be potted and kept in a cool place until well established, when they can be removed to a cool, sunny window.

Carnations must not have deep planting, but so that the crowns will be just even with the surface, never below it, and good drainage is imperative, for water must not stand around them or rust is sure to follow.

Insects seldom trouble well cared for plants, and can be kept at bay by frequent sprayings with weak tobacco water on the under side of the leaves.

PLANT FOR NAME.

Ellie T.—The specimen of fancy leaves enclosed in your letter are those of the Peperomia. It belongs to the Reseda family but delights in the warm atmosphere of a greenhouse, or the moist air of a Wardian case. It is a native of Brazil and requires semi-tropical surroundings, always watering by sprinkling and using tepid water for the purpose. The soil should be composed largely of peat and sand mixed with bits of charcoal, and they deserve popularity for the beautiful markings of the leaves.

BALM.

Ollie.—Your question as to there being any use or virtue in 'balm' is rather ambiguous, as there are so many plants answering to that name.

The word is from Melissa, a bee; literally a bee flower, and all are hardy perennials, while Melissa Romane has finely marked leaves of yellow or white, and is known as Golden and Silver Balm. One variety has the delightful fragrance of the lemon when touched by the hand, while the wild balm, called sometimes mountain mint, possesses stimulating and carminative properties.

There is another 'Balm' that is really 'Populus Candicans,' a well known tree commonly called Balm of Gilead. Its buds are resinous and possess strong tonic and other medicinal properties, whence they are frequently used as a domestic medicine.

So that an answer to your question is not very easy as there are balms and balms.

DAHLIAS NOT BUDDING.

Mrs. M.T.—Perhaps you require a change of tubers to make your dahlias bloom. You never see a really practical farmer plant his own potatoes year after year, but go for a change of seed to some different soil, for he knows they will not produce good crops under such conditions. One great mistake is in planting whole clumps of from six to ten or more roots. Dahlias should be raised by a single stem and also from cuttings taken from healthy plants. As a result of the clump planting there will be crowded growth of foliage and few blossoms. Sometimes this plant is attacked by fungous diseases; they also have enemies, both borers and bugs.

If yours do not give any flowers they are hardly worth winter storage, better leave them to the frost and start afresh next spring, for you can grow seedlings in a hotbed then that will give flowers in autumn. Try the Cactus Dahlia, they are very interesting and handsome.

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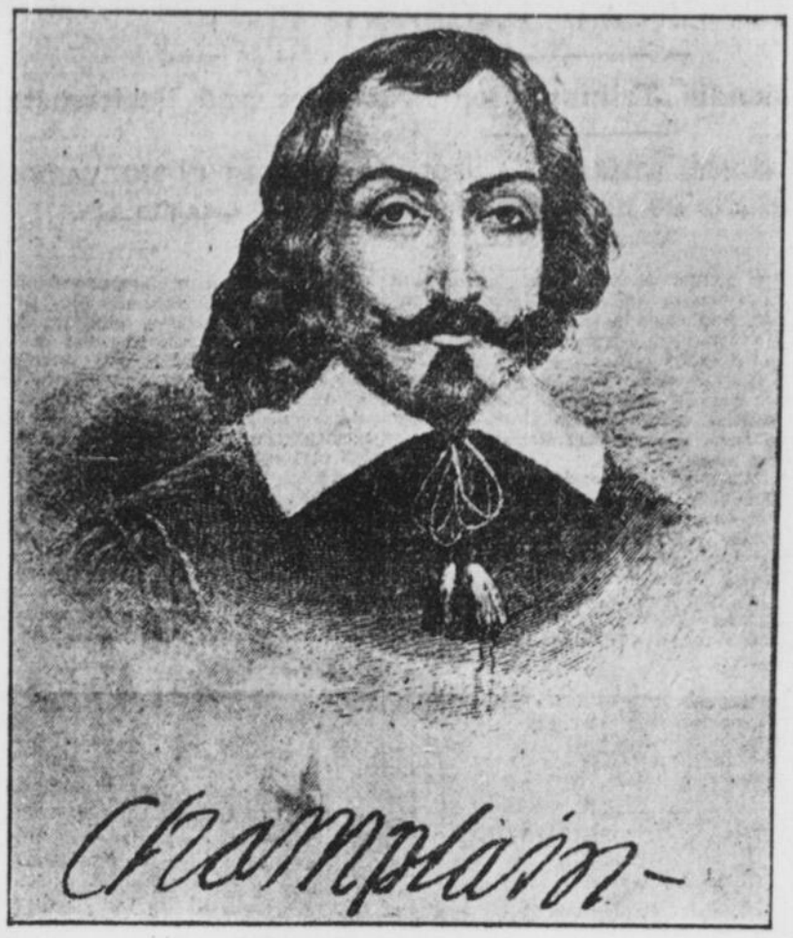

AUGUST Tercentenary Number OF THE 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL'

The many thousands who have admired the July Tercentenary Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' will find in the August issue a delightful sequel, the two forming

A CHARMING SOUVENIR

of an event of national importance and of much more than national interest. The thousands who flocked to Quebec, and the thousands more who could not go, will alike treasure these

HISTORIC PICTURES.

The August 'Canadian Pictorial' will contain among others, photographs taken by a corps of expert photographers of

The Landing of Our Royal Visitor
Champlain's 'Abitation de Quebecq' reconstructed
Arrival of Champlain in the 'Don de Dieu'
Crowds round Champlain's Monument

Snapshots of The Governor-General
Earl Roberts
Duke of Norfolk
Vice-President Fairbanks
Sir George Garneau
The newly Knighted Mayor of Quebec.

And Other Notables.

It will also contain other pictures of general interest, and some charming Canadian Summer Scenes. A truly delightful number. To see it is to want it.

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August Tercentenary Number

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THE GREAT PAGEANT.

First Performance a Splendid Triumph for Promoters and Performers.

MAGNIFICENT HISTORICAL PICTURES—NEARLY 4000 PEOPLE TAKE PART IN THE VARIOUS SCENES—FRENCH-CANADIANS DO HONOR TO THE MEMORY OF CHAMPLAIN.

(Special Staff Correspondence.)

Quebec, July 20.—With streets washed clean and lawns and flower gardens freshened up by the drenching rain of the previous day, Sunday dawned bright and clear, and the first official events in connection with the Tercentenary were carried out in ideal summer weather.

Look where you would, the old city was a riot of color, of fluttering streamers and flags, of bunting and of huge paper roses, with triumphal arches innumerable, and heraldic devices astonishing. Huge crowds were abroad on the streets and on the Terrace throughout the day and the evening—crowds of the wealthy people of many lands, dressed in the height of fashion—the ladies with a bewildering variety of bewitching toilets. Quebec is noted for its beautiful women, but never before, it is said, has so many beautiful women been congregated in the city. To walk along the Dufferin Terrace at church parade yesterday was the passing through a lovely picture gallery.

The day was one of bell-ringing, of parading, of banner-waving, of the playing of bands, and of fervent speech-making—a day, in fact, such as the French-Canadians love. During the morning there was a grand procession of the members of 'L'Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Canadienne Francaise,' which is an amalgamation of some forty-two French-Canadian societies, most of them being young men's organizations.

With numerous bands playing airs dear to the memory of French-Canadians this procession made its way through all the principal streets carrying at the head a number of large and lovely wreaths of flowers with which to decorate the statue of Champlain on Dufferin Terrace. That was the whole idea of the day's rejoicings—to do honor to the memory of Champlain.

The scene around the statue was a very picturesque one and was watched by many thousands of people that end of the Terrace and the windows of the Chatean Frontenac being crowded. Two grand stands which are to serve on the occasion of the presentation of the address to the Prince of Wales had been erected, one on either side of the statue, and these yere crowded by clergy, monks, and privileged guests. The statue was flanked by two large flags—one the papal flag, half yellow and half white, with the triple tiara and keys in yellow on the white portion; the other the flag of the Golden Heart, blue with a white cross and white fleur-de-lis, and a golden heart in a wreath of maple leaves in the centre.

The procession came towards the statue from St. Louis street. First was a company of men in old-fashioned sailor costume of sky-blue tunics and blue breeches, with white vests and stockings and three-cornered blue hats. Accompanied by pages in white, they carried the wreaths, and placed them on the statue.

Then came numerous semi-military bodies, many in the quaint dress of the Champlain period. There were Les Chasseurs de Salaberry, La Garde Jacques Cartier, La Garde Montcalm, La Garde Salaberry de Beauport, La Garde Independent Champlain, and Les Zouaves Pontificaux.

Finely did they blend, and pretty was the picture as, with their banenrs and flags waving and drawn swords glittering, they came to the foot of the statue, there to form a compact crowd of variegated colors and quaint costumes. The Papal Zouaves, with their huge Turkish breeches and huge red sashes on blue uniform, caught the eye of all, for many of them were grizzled and striking-looking men.

When all the procession had arrived, there was a dense mass of people from the Champlain statue clear across the square to the Court House, and along St. Louis street as far as the eye could reach.

An old veteran Papal Zouave, Commander Rouleau, stepped to the front, and at his command the guards of honor presented arms and gave the military salute. Then the assembled bands broke into the air of, 'O Canada, terre de nos aieux,' and the vast crowd joined fervently in the singing of this patriotic hymn of the French-Canadians. It was a moment of great exaltation with the French-Canadians.

'Listen, listen!' said one of them with emotion. 'Hark how across the great river the echoes are awakened by this national hymn so poignant and so grand!'

After the hymn the oratory. First, one of the great features of the occasion—the reading by a young man named Adjutor Rivard, of a poem specially written for the occasion by a French—not a French-Canadian—poet named Gustave Zidler. This poem, which consisted of eight or ten verses, was an eloquent tribute to Champlain, and an eloquent appeal to the young men of French Canada to be shown worthy representatives of a race which could produce such men. The tone of it may be judged from the following verse:—

Nous portions trop au coeur ces graves paysages
Pour n'en pas refouler nos ennemies—les tiens!
Avec les Cinq-Tribus et de Pales Visages
Nous avons prolongé les sanglants entretiens
Montcalm succomba . . . Mais l'ame toute meurtrie
'Plus grand que son malheur,' et vainquer de l'echec,
Comme toi, sane changer de foi ni de patrie,
Le Canadien Francais en Francais pense et prie,
Libre sur son roc de Québec!

Speeches in the same strain were given by a number of young gentlemen—the principal ones by Mr. Maurice Dupré, president of the Quebec Association; Dr. George Baril, of Montreal, vice-president of the National Association; Mr. Leon Paradis and Mr. Ernest Légaré. These gentlemen, it must be said, rose to the occasion and warmed to their task. Fervid and more fervid did they get as they told of the glories of the past and the bright hopes of the future, as they spoke of the cross and the sword, of the bravery of the pioneers, of France the beautiful, of Canada the free, and of the faith and the flag. Again and again would they retire for a drink of water, and again and again would they return to their task, warm, excited, strung to the highest tension, but undaunted.

So long did the speeches go on, and so difficult was it to hear in the bustling breeze, that the crowd gradually melted, and when the time came for the singing of 'O Canada' and 'God Save the King,' only about a couple of hundred beside the military remained out of all the vast crowd that had assembled.

The speeches were eloquent and full of noble sentiment. Naturally they had a strong national note, as when Dr. Baril remarked: 'I am not prepared to say that our nationality is being betrayed. But we have heard many times the theory that peace in this country must repose on mutual concession, only to find that the concesions were being made by one race only, by ours. We know also that unsavory and dangerous doctrines are being spread amongst our people in view of destroying the strong ties that have always allied the French-Canadians to their clergy. We know also that the day we listen to these theories will see the death of our race.'

Mr. Leon Paradis had a few words in the same strain: 'Our ancestors,' he said, 'opened this land to civilization; they have conquered for us those liberties we are so proud of. And we cherish that hope—a dream for others—of seeing Canada playing in this new world the role played in the old world by France. But our dream goes still further. We want French Canada to become the force that commands respect, the brain that thinks, the hand that accomplishes. We protest our loyalty to the British Crown, but before the interest of the Empire we place the interest of Canada, and before all the rest, the love of our province.'

Quebec, July 21.—Probably because the sky was overcast, and rain had been threatening all the afternoon, there were not more than six or seven thousand people at the first performance of the historical pageants given to-day on the Plains of Abraham.

Most of these were visitors newly arrived in the city, who had seen neither of the two full dress rehearsals given during the past few days. Many and enthusiastic were their expressions of admiration at the magnificence of the 'stage'—with its unique combination of level, grassy sward, rugged shore line, woods and river, and forests and hills stretching far into the distance beyond the St. Lawrence.

To the great surprise of everybody, the rain held off, although on one occasion a few drops fell from the lowering clouds, driving the audience for a short time to the sheltered portions of the grand stand.

It can be said without the slightest qualification that the performance from start to finish was a success beyond the wildest dreams of any of the promoters. Even Mr. Lascelles was astonished at the brilliancy, the swing, and the crispness of the whole thing.

The pageantry as a whole is a magnificent conception—a triumph of the imagination. There can be no denying that. And no less a triumph was the way in which it was staged and carried through yesterday.

The task of bringing the thing into being has been an appallingly difficult one. Here are no fewer than 4,000 people, mainly of the city of Quebec, impressed into giving their services voluntarily in representing the characters of the various scenes. To have secured their willing services, to have drilled them into organized bodies to have got them to recognize the dramatic value of their every movement, to have ransacked Canada and Europe for the models of their ancient costumes and accoutrements, and to have boiled down Canadian history into the eight pageants which make it live again for a brief couple of hours—all this constitutes a stupendous task. It also makes the glory of success the greater, and hearty and sincere will be the congratulations which will pour in upon Mr. Frank Lascelles, the master of the pageantry, and his able assistants. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were among those who witnessed the pageants, and they expressed themselves as delighted.

The pageantry began at five, and immediately there was re-enacted before this twentieth century crowd that scene of long ago, when white men first made the acquaintance of this country. In the foreground were the tepees of Indians, and on one of the heights above the river was an Indian chief looking intently down the watery highway. Suddenly he turned and gave the alarm, and instantly scores of dusky braves in buckskin suits, whooping and yelling, rushed out from the Indian village of Stadacona and joined him.

The ships of Jacques Cartier, coming up the river under their strange bellying clouds of canvas, were what had astonished and alarmed the chief.

Soon Jacques Cartier had landed, and he and his company of sailors in their blue tunics came up from the river singing, the frightened yet curious Indians flocking around them.

The demeanor of these wonderful white men and the presents which they distributed so lavishly quickly overcame the fears of the Indians, and, coming to believe that the white men had godlike attributes, they brought forth their palsied chief for them to heal.

There was an impressive scene as Cartier rubbed the limbs of the chief and recited a portion of the religious service. But events moved quickly, and presently the sailors had erected in this strange wild Indian village a cross with a shield on which were the fleurs-de-lis—emblem of another faith and another power that were to sweep out the red man and alter the whole history of the country. With that the scene ended, and back went Cartier and his men to their ships.

Cartier was one of the great figures in the next scene also, but a greater than he occupied the centre of the stage. This was King Francis I., who now came riding into what had been transformed into the elegant gardens of Fontainebleau.

He entered upon the view as he emerged from the distant woods, riding with a cavalcade of some 150 courtiers, all clad in rich costumes of gay colors. They made a noble sight, with their prancing steeds. The Queen, in a lovely costume, and with plumes of ostrich feathers on her horse's head, nodding with every step, rode beside the King, and took her place with him while a company of children, garbed as fauns, danced before them, and while a procession of girls in pure white, with bare arms, danced the cymbal dance.

Into the gaiety and frivolity of this court scene came Jacques Cartier to announce his discoveries of the new lands beyond the seas; and with him were the dusky Indians he has brought from Canada, clad in buckskins, with feather head dresses. He told the brave tale of his long voyage on the great Atlantic, and the strange new land he had discovered in the west, and the King, having congratulated him, the scene ended with the slow retreat of the courtiers.

The second pageant introduced a court scene of Henry IV.—the great scene of the whole pageantry in beauty and variety of coloring, sumptuous accessories and gorgeous dresses. The stage was covered with a blue carpet, and encircled by a high blue cloth fence, on which were golden fleurs-de-lis. The King and Queen, with a brilliant retinue of courtiers, came in stately procession into this court chamber, and took their places on the throne, the court jester adding a touch of comedy with his quaint antics.

The whole significance of this scene was the appearance of Samuel de Champlain, who came to receive from the King his commission to set out for the New World. The bestowal of this commission occupied but a brief time, but both before and after this ceremony there were strikingly picturesque ceremonials, the most notable being the pavane dance by eighty gentlemen and ladies in bright and lovely costumes. This created a tremendous impression, and was applauded to the echo.

Following upon this was a scene in which Champlain, having founded his colony in Quebec, had been to France, and come back with his young wife to take up his abode as lieutenant-general of the viceroy of Nouvelle France. He landed from the river amid the firing of guns and the joyful acclaim of the settlers and Indians. The Indians brought their squaws and little papooses to welcome him, and with much barbaric ceremonial handed round the pipe of peace, breaking presently in the wild evolutions of a calumet dance, to the weird singing and tom-tom beating of their fellows. This scene was a most realistic one, the big audience showing marked appreciation of the Indians' clever acting.

The third pageant, representing a village scene, with squaws and papooses, and the children of the settlers dancing on the green, showed presently the coming of the famous Ursuline nuns to enter on their pious work in this country, and the welcome they received. The whole thing was very brief but most pretty.

The great Indian scene of the pageant—the one in which Dollard and his sixteen companions defend the fort at Long Sault, and succeed in making the bloodthirsty Iroquois abandon their project of exterminating the colony—came next. Dollard and his company, together with some friendly Indians, were gathered round the camp fire, when the Iroquois came creeping through the bushes and firing on them. There was a wild rush to the fort, and a short and savage encounter, in which the Iroquois chief and several of his men were shot down, the friendly Indians rushing out of the fort and scalping them. A war dance by the furious Iroquois, the shooting of arrows and the rattle of musketry, the razing of the fort and the killing of the defenders quickly followed. The Iroquois had annihilated the fort, but at tremendous cost, and the close of the scene showed them carying away their dead, and singing dirges—a mournful, disheartened band.

The smell of incense was wafted up to the grand stand as soon as the next scene began, and there entered an imposing religious procession, depicting the Bishop Montmorency de Laval, in gorgeous robes and carrying a crozier, and attended by many ecclesiastics and acolytes, going to met the Marquis de Tracy who had arrived in Canada as the King's representative. De Tracy, with his quaintly-dressed suite, and his still more quaintly dressed soldiers, came up from the river, and met with a grand and dignified welcome. His reception over, the whole company marched to church, the ringing of church bells giving a very realistic atmosphere to the whole thing.

The sixth pageant—the taking possession of the west in the name of the King by Damont de Saint Lusson at Sault St. Marie, in 1671, was very short—just the raising of a cross, a speech to a big crowd of Indians, and tinging of the Te Deum and Vexilla Regis. It served as a picturesque way to carry the mind over the gap between the scenes of early French pioneering, and the time when the English came into conflict with the French on Canadian soil.

This conflict was most suggestively indicated in the Frontenac pageant. Count Frontenac was seen in the midst of his soldiers and all the gay society with which he had surrounded himself in French Canada. A powerful New England fleet had arrived, and presently into Frontenac's gay assembly came an envoy from Sir William Phips demanding surrender. It was a scene full of dramatic action, winding up with the famous answer of Frontenac, 'My guns shall give the reply!'

The last pageant was a great parade of the armies of Montcalm and Levis, Wolfe and Murray, marching side by side as soldiers and comrades. Their uniforms were exact facsimilies of the uniforms of the armies represented. Over a thousand soldiers appeared in the scene—which was a thing full of color and quaintness. As the processionists, with their ancient and strikingly contrasted uniforms, with their banners flying and their swords and bayonets gleaming, and as presently they wound in and out in all sorts of precise military convolutions, the scene presented looked for all the world as though one of those old colored prints depicting British battlescapes had in some magic way been projected on to a field and made to live.

This scene came to an end just as the twilight began to fall.

Vezina's orchestra, which played the fine incidental music, splendidly led the singing of the French Canadian patriotic song 'O Canada' and the British National Anthem, ad then the big audience and the four thousand performers trooped off over the darkening plains to supper.

Inquiry for the names of those undertaking the principal characters in the pageant has revealed the astonishing fact that there is no list in existence outside scattered mental lists in the heads of perhaps a score of people. Not even can the principal characters be named by any one man. The following incomplete list of principals is the work of three men in collaboration, including M. Denis, the chief assistant of Mr. Lascelles:—

First pageant, scene I.—Chief of scene, Commodore George Scott; Jacques Cartier, M. Raymond; chaplain to the crew, Father O'Leary.

Scene II.—King Francis I., N. N. Boilly; Queen, Mrs. Samuel Green; chief of scene, Joseph Savard.

Second pageant. Scene I.—Chief of scene, H. C. Pinsonnault; Queen, Mrs. Auguste Carrier. Scene II.—Chief of scene, Major Edmond Laliberté; Champlain, the Hon. C. Langelier; Mme. de Champlain, Miss De Lery (whose great grandfather planned the fortifications of Quebec).

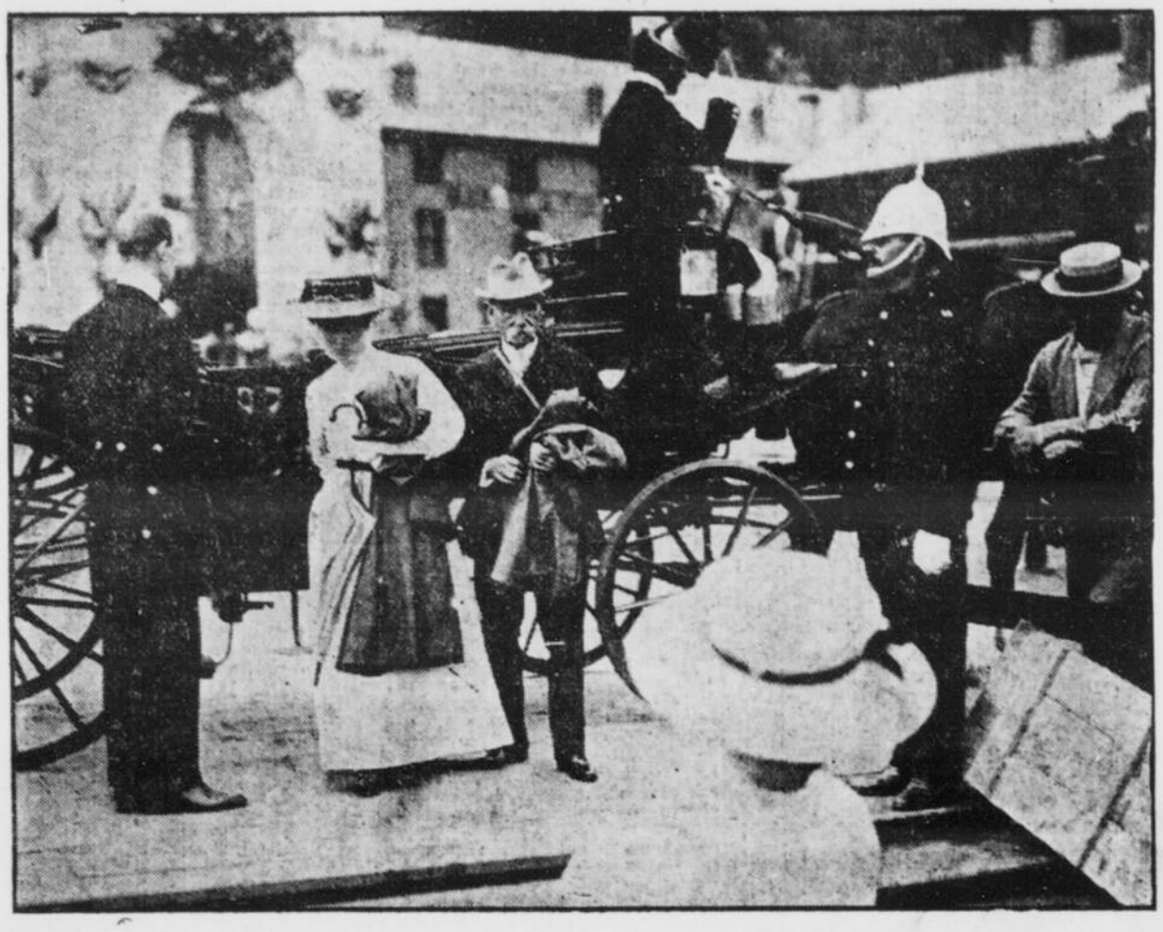
Third pageant.—Chief of scene, J. P. Larochelle, who also takes the part of Governor Huault de Montmagny; Mme. de la Peltrie, Miss Lemoine, descendant in the direct line of the La Peltrie family.

Fourth pageant—Chief of scene, J. de B. Gourdeau, who also takes the part of Dollard des Ormeaux.

Fifth pageant.—Chief of scene, C. J. Lockwell; Bishop Montmorency de Laval, the Rev. Father Vachon; Marquis de Tracy, Chevalier Rouleau; president of the Sovereign Council, L. C. Pin.

Sixth pageant.—Chief of scene, Dr. Belanger, who also takes the part of Saint-Dusson.

Seventh pageant.—Count de Frontenac, H. D'Artois; Sir William Phipp's envoy, Lieutenant Thomas Savage; Oscar Morin de Bienville, Arthur La Rose; President of the Sovereign Council, L. N. Dorion; captain of the Guards, Geo. Vanfelson; captain of the artillery, G. H. Gagnon; chief of the halberdiers, J. T. Bertrand.

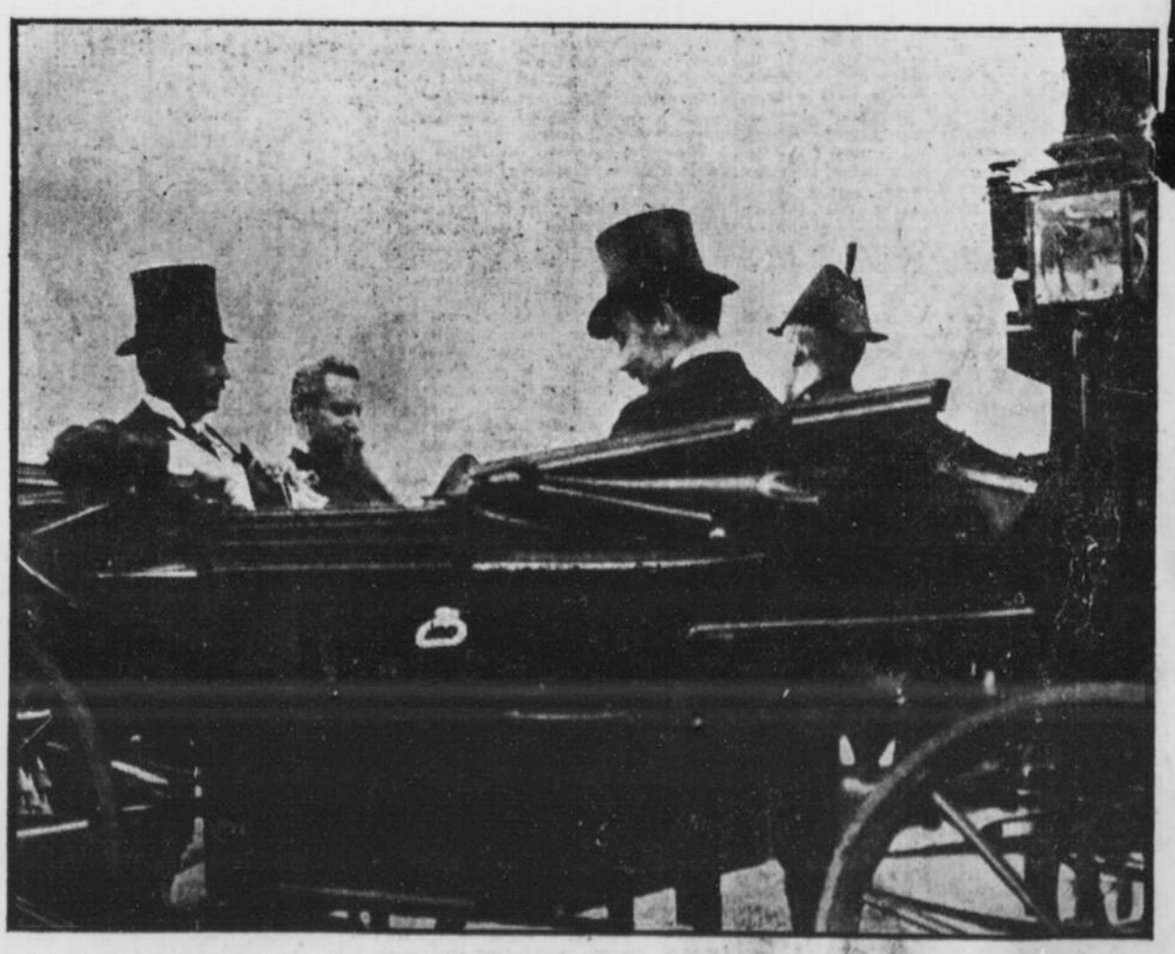


QUEBEC SNAPSHOTS—EARL ROBERTS AND HIS DAUGHTER. LADY AILEEN MARY ROBERTS, RETURNING FROM A DRIVE.

H.M.S. 'INDOMITABLE.'

Quebec, July 22.—The new monstrous cruiser, 'Indomitable,' which brought the Prince of Wales and his suite to Can to-day is absolutely the latest and supremest achievement in naval architecture as applied to the cruiser class of warships. It is the most formidable specimen of floating fighting machine of this type that the world possesses, besides being the fastest, largest, and most heavily armored. The Admiralty engineers have kept secret every important detail of the huge vessel's construction. She displaces 17,250 tons, and is 350 feet long; she is to all cruisers, save her sisters now being built, what the 'Dreadnought' is to all the battleships. The power of her artillery is immense. She carries eight huge 12-inch guns, each forty-five feet long, and capable of firing an 850-pound shell twice a minute. These guns are mounted on four turrets, and the turrets are so arranged that all eight of the big guns can fire on either broadside, and six of them ahead or astern. Beside her eight big guns, the 'Indomitable' carries sixteen four-inch guns, for the purpose of meeting torpedo boat attacks; eight of these are mounted, two on top of each turret, and the other eight on the upper works.

This superb fighting machine has turbine engines of the Parsons type developing 41,000 horsepower, the most powerful ever put into a British warship. Her four screws have carried her at a rate faster than twenty-five knots.



QUEBEC SNAPSHOTS—THE DUKE OF NORFOLK DRIVING WITH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Agricultural.

COMING EVENTS.

Toronto Exhibition, Aug. 20 to Sept. 14.
Sherbrooke, Great Eastern Exhibition, Aug. 29 to Sept. 5.
Halifax, N.S., Provincial Exhibition, Sept. 2-10.
South Grenville Agricultural Society's Fair, Prescott, Ont., Sept. 15-17.
St. Thomas Horse Show, St. Thomas, Ont., Sept. 23-24.
Ottawa Exhibition, Sept. 18-26.

CURRENT COMMENTS

If the experiment now being tried in several counties in Ontario by the Ontario Department of Agriculture proves successful, the time is not far distant when the department will have a representative stationed at some central point in every county of the province. These representatives will be expected to devote all their time to studying the needs and advancing the interests of the farmers in their respective districts. They will be the means by which the farmers of the province will be brought into closer touch with the officials of the Department of Agriculture and with the Agricultural College at Guelph. At the same time they will make the Department and the College of greater value to the farmer.

* * *

The Department of Agriculture, at the suggestion of Mr. C. C. James, made a start in this new line of work about a year ago. Six graduates of the Guelph College were sent out to represent the Department at Morrisburg, Perth, Lindsay, Collingwood, Galt and Essex. They were instructed to feel their way carefully the first year and to let the work develop itself. It was understood that, as part of their work, they would do what they could to introduce the teaching of agriculture in the high schools.

* * *

Almost from the outset the experiment has proved a decided success. Already these branch offices have become recognized as centres where the farmers of the locality are able to obtain information on almost any conceivable subject relating to agriculture. If the experts in charge are unable to give the information desired they know where and how it can be obtained and they secure it as speedily as possible.

* * *

Between four and five hundred thousand seedlings have been sent out this year from the Provincial Government's tree nursery at Guelph, Ont., says E. J. Zavitz, who has charge of the Forestry Department. The resources of the nursery are barely sufficient to supply the demand, and, with the vastly increased planting which might and should be encouraged from now on, a much greater nursery area will be required. Mr. Zavitz is now giving considerable attention to the public reforestation of waste land in various sections.

* * *

The agricultural and newspapers of the country are warning fruit growers against purchasing nursery stock from firms whose standing and reputation they do not know. At present certain nursery concerns of the United States have agents in Bruce County, Ont., and probably elsewhere in Canada, working an old game. These concerns sell nursery stock and give a contract to the effect that they will trim the trees from the first five years, that they will replace stock free, or at half price, that dies, and that they will also take the first crop of fruit that the trees produce and pay fair market prices for the same. Payments for the trees are to be distributed over several years, but the first payment to be made is in itself a fair market price for the value of the trees. The customer accepts his trees on delivery, makes the first payment, and this is the last that he ever hears of the concern.

* * *

One of the recent regular monthly tests in the Innerkip, Ont., cow testing association showed that 100 cows gave an average yield of 833 pounds milk, testing 3.4, thus containing 34.6 pounds fat. One excellent herd average is from 10 cows each, giving 1,390 pounds milk, 3.3 test. The highest yield in the herd was 1,856 pounds milk for the month. In all but one of the 12 herds recorded are single cows giving 1,000 pounds milk or more.

* * *

Another district averaged only 664 pounds milk per cow, while in a third district the average was 562 pounds. Some herds were as low as 412 pounds milk, 13½ pounds fat, as an average of nine cows. This is less than one-third of the yield of the herd noted above at Innerkip. Three times the labor, nearly three times the feed, three times the stable room for no more profit. This cow testing work is the best labor-saving proposition yet placed before the farmers of Canada. Better cows mean less work and more income. Find out the poor cows by this individual testing, get rid of them, then give that feed saved to the better cows, and watch the bank balance grow

* * *

The Agricultural Department, Ottawa, has issued a bulletin dealing with the grades of wheat in the Manitoba inspection division crop of 1907. It is written by Dr. C. E. Saunders, cerealist, and Mr. F. T. Shutt, chemist.

* * *

The area sown to spring wheat in the United States is officially estimated to be 3.7 percent more than the area sown last year, indicating a total area of about 17,710,000 acres. The condition of spring wheat on June 1 was 95 percent of a normal as compared with 88.7 on June 1, 1907, 93.4 June 1, 1906, and 93.2 the June 1 average of the past ten years.

PEACH CULTURE.

After the land is given over entirely to the peach trees, regular cultivation should commence as soon as possible in the spring, either by thorough ploughing or by disking and cross disking until the soil is well pulverized. The cultivation that follows this will be of the nature of surface work to kill the small weeds, maintain the dust mulch, and conserve moisture. Nothing can take the place of clean tillage in the orchard during the early part of the season.

Practically all soils may be materially improved by the judicious use of cover crops. The crops, whether of rye, vetch, Canada peas or even corn, should be sown about the middle of August and permitted to grow or at least remain on the surface until early in May when it can be ploughed under to add food and humus to the soil. By sowing as late as the middle of August no injury is done to the growing fruit crop, while the growth of the trees is checked and the wood is hardened off before the winter comes, says Prof. W. S. Thornber.

One of the hardest tasks for the amateur to perform is to thin sufficiently. It seems like a great waste of energy to grow a crop of young peaches to the size of small prunes and to then deliberately pull off from one-half to three-fourths of them. However, he soon learns that peaches, four to six inches apart, are close enough for the best results.

We must realize that a tree can produce a certain amount of first class fruit and, if more be permitted to grow, the size of the fruit must be reduced. It does not cost any more to pick the fruit at one time than it does at another. It is much easier to handle, pack and market a few large nice peaches than it is to deal with an equal weight of poor, small, hard, unsaleable fruits.

Western horticulture is frequently called the new horticulture and truly is this the case if for no other reason than the way we harvest and market our crops. The barrel, the sack and the basket are fairly things of the past and now our crops go to the market in neat attractive, beautifully labelled boxes and crates of the most convenient size possible for the grower, commission man and consumer to handle.

Probably no crop grown requires more care than the harvesting and marketing of peaches. The least scratch or bruise soon shows up to the disadvantage of the crop. Means should be provided to eliminate as far as possible all these defects. The picking should be done under a competent orchard boss whose duty it is not only to direct the work but also to see that the fruit is not allowed to drop into the picking receptacles, but rather is gently placed in as one would handle eggs.

The picking receptacles may be buckets or baskets; however, most of our growers prefer a burlap lined basket that will hold from twenty to twenty-five pounds. The fruit is picked in these baskets, loaded on flat-topped heavy spring waggons and hauled directly to the packing house where it is carefully graded, wrapped in paper, placed in boxes which hold about twenty pounds, and at once nailed up ready for shipment. After the fruit leaves the tree the sooner it is packed for market the better condition it will be in. A few growers grade their peaches into three grades known as 'Fancy,' 'A' and 'B.' The boxes of 'Fancy' contain from 44 to 64 fruits, while 'A's' run from 64 to 80, and 'B's' from 80 to 90 fruits. Of course this requires time and skill, but this is the system that is making our western fruit sell.

One of the most important factors for the selling of fruit is the local union or association. Every community that raises fruit of any kind should organize and procure these benefits.

The cannery is another important adjunct. It is the only reasonable way to economically handle the over-ripe and poor fruit, and while it may be apart from the association, yet it need not be and usually it is the best not, providing that perfect harmony exists between the management of the two concerns.

The insect pests and plant diseases that are bothering our peaches are not numerous. They should be carefully guarded against, however, in order to avoid serious injury from their attacks before curative means are used upon them.

Up to the present time, I have never seen or heard of a case of the much dreaded 'peach yellows' in the west; however, it may exist in an unnoticeable condition in some of our large districts, simply waiting for proper conditions to develop it. The greatest possible care should be exercised to keep this, as well as other injurious pests, from once securing a foothold in our orchards. Two of our chief pests are as follows:

The peach leaf curl is practically our only well distributed, serious plant disease of the peach, and while its attacks are more serious on some varieties than others, yet it works severe injury to all sorts. This disease is too common to need description and may be readily kept under control by a thorough spraying in March with a standard solution of Bordeaux or sulphur-lime wash.

The peach tree borer is another troublesome insect that we must be constantly watching for in order to prevent it from gaining a foothold in our orchards. The best remedy that we can apply to them is to dig out the worms both fall and spring and either keep the trunk banked with earth during the growing season or whitewashed with a thin coat of cement, which prevents the young from gaining access to the tree.

THE HORSE.

Surely it is a strange condition of affairs if the United States army is compelled to purchase horses in Australia, as alleged in all of our British exchanges. The statement briefly made last week that the first purchase of 300 head made in Queensland for the cavalry in the Philippines had turned out so satisfactorily that a second order for 600 head had been placed in the same state in the Australian Federation appeared in all our British agricultural exchanges, so there is every reason to believe it to be true. There are other reasons likewise why it probably is true. First may be mentioned the fact that horses bred in the United States have not done well in the Orient. Britain has found the Australian horses —the 'Walers'—have done better in India and other parts of the east than horses brought from any other part of the world. Hence, if the American-bred horse did not do well it is only to be supposed that Uncle Sam's purchasing agents would take advantage of Great Britain's experience and seek the horses bred right close under the equator. Besides a great number of Thoroughbreds have been used on the ranges in Australia and at the same time conditions and care have been such as to keep up a high standard of size, substance and speed. These are qualities which go far to make up the excellence of a horse required in the military camp.

To the end of time inquiries will come as to the difference between a Thoroughbred and a standard-bred horse, just as the alphabet and the multiplication table and other fundamentals of knowledge will always confront the schoolboy. For these seekers after live stock knowledge are merely schoolboys in this industry. It is amazing how many farmers can long remain schoolboys in the pedigree stock business, without a knowledge of the names of the improved breeds or an understanding of their uses or a conception of the proper methods of handling and mating. An Idaho subscriber is informed that the Thoroughbred horse is the oldest of the improved breeds of live stock. He has been bred for many years to go fast at the run. He is the running race horse, and in these latter days has been made to degenerate many times into an animated gambling machine. The standard-bred horse is the trotting horse, developed by the genius of American breeders to a point where he stands unapproached for speed at the trotting gait. He is called standard-bred because he conforms in his breeding to the standard of registration set by the American Trotting Register Company. The Thoroughbred is the runner, the standard-bred the trotter. There is no breed known as Hambletonian. The trotting stallion Hambletonian founded a famous family among the standard-bred horses.—'Breeders' Gazette.'

LAMBS AND WETHERS.

HOW TO FEED AND MAKE THE MOST OF THEM.

The greatest and most profitable gain to be made by the feeder is in the younger days of his lambs. By feeding grain to the lambs before weaning, they will produce an average of 70 cents per head more profit at weaning time than if no grain had been fed.

By feeding some bran, linseed meal and oats before weaning, and a small quantity of oats after weaning, it will pay to the owner a direct profit if the lambs are sold at any of these times. If the lambs are to be sold in the fall, the feeder can make them produce an average of 35 cents per head more profit by feeding grain before and after weaning. When oats, bran and linseed meal are fed before and after weaning, they will not influence the gain during the fattening period, which is usually three months, but the cost of gain is generally on an average of thirty cents per one hundred pounds cheaper than in the instancce of the lambs that has had no grain. In a flock of lambs that was marketed not long ago the feeder said that the most profitable features of grain feeding lambs was observed to be the early maturity they had made by being fed grain from birth till they were marketed.

If one will make a trial, they will find that by feeding lambs grain from birth they will attain a general average weight of 113 pounds seven weeks earlier than if they had no grain previous to fattening, and that this weight can be reached at a smaller cost if the lambs are fed grain from the start. start.

There are many systems of feeding in general practice. One of the best is to feed the grain first, then the succulent food and last the dry fodder.

When fattening wethers induce them to eat as much as possible.

A RECORD MILK PRODUCER.

Under the supervision of the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station the two-year-old Guernsey heifer, Dolly Dimple, has recently completed a year's test in milk production, which is one of the most remarkable on record, the total being 14,009.13 pounds of milk, showing 703.36 pounds of butter fat, equivalent to 820.59 pounds of butter. Mr. Wm. H. Caldwell, secretary of the American Guernsey Cattle Club, has furnished the following details of the test:—

The value of good breeding is well demonstrated in the case of this heifer, as a glance at her pedigree, which is given below, will show that both her dam and her sire's dam have been excellent producers.

Sire—Imp. Yeoman 8618, whose dam, Imp. Hayes Rosie 15476,, has an official record of 14,633 pounds milk, 714.31 pounds of butter fat, and formerly held the world's milk record for the breed.

Dam—Dolly Bloom 12770, Adv. R. 40. Records: 17,297.5 pounds milk, 836.21 pounds butter fat, at six years of age. This is the world's best milk record of the breed. Also gave 12,674.8 pounds of milk, 623.04 pounds butter fat, at three years of age. This is the world's best three-year-old butter fat record of the breed. Also gave 8,841.5 pounds milk, 453.86 pounds butter fat at two years of age. This was formerly the world's best two-year-old butter fat record of the breed. All of the above records were made under the supervision of the agricultural experiment station of the State of Massachusetts.

A study of the above breeding, together with the records shown, should readily convince any person as to the value of breeding from animals which have proven themselves producers.

Dolly Dimple was bred by and is owned by Mr. F. Lothrop Ames, North Easton, Mass.

This heifer was born on Jan. 21, 1905, and dropped her first calf on Feb. 15, 1907. On March 10 she began her yearly record, which has just been completed with such satisfactory results.

Below is given a summary of each month's work, which shows very uniform and consistent production for the entire period of twelve months. This is the highest official record for both milk and butter fat production which has ever been made by a two-year-old heifer of any breed:—

Month	lbs. Milk	p.c. Fat	lbs. Butter Fat
March (22 days), 1907	1,018.13	3.65	37.16
April	1,374.50	4.20	57.73
May	1,376.40	4.40	60.57
June	1,330.30	4.50	59.86
July	1,282.50	5.30	67.97
August	1,209.10	5.30	64.08
September	1,117.00	5.27	58.87
October	1,074.40	5.36	57.59
November	978.90	5.47	53.55
December	971.00	5.86	56.90
January (1908)	1,028.00	5.81	59.73
February	949.50	5.59	53.07
March (9 days)	299.20	5.44	16.28
	14,009.13	5.02*	703.36

*Average

Dolly Dimple has not only beaten the world's two-year-old butter fat record by over 160 pounds, and milk record by over 3,500 pounds, but has proven herself such a great producer that there are but seven cows of the breed, of any age, that have exceeded this heifer's production.

This trained pig draws its owner, Mr. Frank Morrow, through the streets of Portage la Prairie.

GROWING CABBAGE.

BULLETIN ON SCREENING FOR THE PROTECTION OF CABBAGE SEED BEDS.

The Agricultural Experiment Station, at Geneva, N.Y., has issued a bulletin (No. 301) on 'Screening for the protection of cabbage seed beds.' The following are extracts from same:

The experiments that have been made show that, by the use of tight frames, covered with cheese cloth, cabbage sets can be grown free from injuries by root-maggots. The plants raised under cloth grow faster and in average years will probably reach the desired size for transplanting earlier than the seedlings in the open beds. The screened nets are also quite liable to be more tender and if not well hardened are generally more subject to wilting on replanting. Present experience indicates that the seedings may be made more resistent to the usual injuries upon transplanting by the removal of the screening for at least one week before the time of planting, and that this seasoning may be done without much risk of injuries by maggots.

Screening of cabbage seed-beds is practiced by comparatively few growers and usually only small percentages of the number of plants required for their purpose are at present raised under cloth. The methods that are employed in growing seedlings under screened frames often vary in minor particulars in individual farmers, and there is a diversity of opinion on such details as the grade of cloth and size of mesh to use and the amount of seed to sow in beds to be screened to produce the maximum number of plants, etc. More exact methods in growing sets in this manner can only be determined after more time for proof and verification. There is no question but that with screened frames cabbage seedlings can be raised absolutely free from losses by maggots, but the practicability of the attempt, by the average grower, to raise all or a large portion of his plants under cloth, remains to be demonstrated. For this reason we would not advise, at least for the present, the extensive use of screening, but it is hoped that cabbage growers who are subject to annual losses in their seed-beds by maggots will make at least a small test to determine the value of screened frames under their own conditions.

FRUIT TREES IN HEDGES.

There are those who do not plant fruit trees in their fields because they say they would be in the way. I do not agree with this, as I know of so very many cases that prove the contrary, but if the idea be persisted in I would propose that the trees be planted in the hedges. This is no imaginary course. I am acquainted with many farms—my own amongst the number—where many fruit trees do remarkably well here and there in the hedges. The position is adapted for them in more ways than one. As a rule, there is always a great depth of good soil in the hedgerows; many of the hedges are planted on banks several feet high. They are more exposed than on the flat, but the extra good and plentiful soil more than compensates for this, and applies itself to all kinds of trees, as witness the many fine specimens of oak, ash, elm and others seen on the hedge banks. These trees afford very useful shade in summer, but I often wish they had all been fruit-bearers, as the compensation obtainable would have been great and a capital contribution to returns.

Dwarf trees are not suited for hedge-planting, stock would for ever be nibbling at them; but plant standards with stems six feet or so high, and, apart from secure staking, no other attention will be needed to keep them on the straight road to early and continued success. I have no doubt others besides myself will have noticed how exceptionally productive these hedge-row fruit trees are. They are often included in hedges surrounding orchards, and frequently extend further, when trees are found here and there in various fields, and whether crops are ample or not in the garden and orchard, these trees are almost invariably heavily laden. Indeed, everything points to a peculiar success in dealing with these trees, and while they will amply meet the desires of those who object to plant in their fields, I would not confine them to those only, but advise all to go in for a hedgerow system of planting.

Years ago a great deal was written about the benefits to be derived from planting the myrobella or cherry plum. It was not only to form an efficient hedge, but the crops promised were to double incomes. Many were planted. Some good hedges have resulted, but the addition to the income from the fruit has still to be experienced. The best of all plums for planting in hedgerows is the damson, as it has been proved over and over again to be a capital doer and a heavy bearer of fruit that all seek after. Early Prolific, Purple Prolific, Pershore, and that remarkable plum Coe's Golden Drop, are all excellent doers in the hedgerows. Cherries are futile, as the birds eat them all, but apples and pears are both surprising successes, and all varieties that succeed in the orchard or garden will be found equally satisfactory in the hedges. They absolutely occupy no valuable space, the heads rarely attain the density to be a hindrance or injury to the hedge underneath, and if planted six, eight, or ten yards apart all will have ample space to develop and be a delight to the eye and add weight to the pocket. Estimates we read of for preparing the land for fruit-tree planting are often a little fearsome and prohibitive, but in hedgerows little or no preparation is needed, as the soil is so deep and good.

ST. HYACINTHE DAIRY SCHOOL

A summary of the work accomplished in the St. Hyacinthe Dairy School during the past winter is as follows:—

December course, 1907.—Four cheese makers' diplomas; 4 expert milk testers' certificates; 7 certificates of assiduity; 1 has taken only part of the course.

January course, 1908.—Ten inspectors' permits; 22 makers' diplomas; 26 expert milk testers' certificates; 34 certificates of assiduity; four having taken part of the course.

February and March course, 1908.—Sixteen makers' diplomas; 23 expert milk testers' certificates; 42 certificates of assiduity; 33 students having taken part of a course, making a total of 226.

One pound of butter fat will make about one and a sixth pound of butter. During the process of butter making the slight loss of fat in the skim milk and butter milk is more than compensated for by the added water, casein, and salt in the butter. The additional butter made from a pound of butter fat is called the overrun—that is, the extent to which the churn overruns the test. The amount of overrunning depends upon the completeness of skimming, thoroughness of churning, and the way in which the butter is handled. A butter maker can readily determine the amount of overrun by dividing the total number of pounds of butter produced for a given time by the number of pounds of fat in the milk delivered to the creamery during that period.

IMPORTANT TO BREEDERS

CUSTOMS REGULATIONS RESPECTING THE FREE ADMISSION OF ANIMALS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF STOCK.

On July 1 there came into effect new regulations regarding the customs entry of animals imported into Canada for the improvement of stock. Heretofore all certificates of registration which were apparently genuine were accepted by customs officers for the purpose of free entry. Under the new regulations either a Canadian certificate of registration or an import certificate, as the case may be, must be presented. Canadian certificates of registration must be presented at the port of entry for the following classes and breeds:—

Cattle.—Shorthorn, Ayrshire, Hereford, French Canadian, Galloway, Aberdeen-Angus, Red Polled, Jersey, Guernsey and Holstein.

Horses.—Clydesdale, Hackney, Shire, Percheron, Thoroughbred, Belgian and French Canadian.

Ponies.—Shetland, Welsh, New Forest, Polo and Riding, Exmoor, Connemara and Hackney.

Swine.—Yorkshire, Berkshire, Tamworth, Chester-White, Poland China, Duroc-Jersey, Essex and Victoria.

Sheep.—Shropshire, Lincoln, Oxford Down, Dorset, Southdown, Hampshire and Leicester.

The Canadian records for all the above mentioned breeds with the exception of that for Holstein cattle are conducted under the Canadian national system in the office of the Canadian National Records, Ottawa. The Holstein record is located at St. George, Ont. In making application for the registration of an imported animal the foreign certificate of registration, in addition to the usual application, must be forwarded.

There are from time to time animals imported into Canada of breeds for which there are no Canadian records, but which are recorded in books of record of one of the following recognized foreign associations:—

Horses—Suffolk Horse Society (Great Britain); Cleveland Bay Horse Society of Great Britain and Ireland, Yorkshire Coach Horse Society of Great Britain and Ireland; American Morgan Register Association; American Saddle Horse Breeders' Association; American Trotting Horse Register Association, Commission des Agriculteurs de France (French Draft), Commission des Stud Book des Chevaux de Demi-Sang (French coach), Landwirthschaftlichen Hauptverein fur Ostfriesland (German coach), Zuchtverband des Sudlichen Zuchtgebietses (German coach), Verband dur Zuchter des Oldesburger eleganten Schweren Kutschpferdes (German coach), Verband der Pferdezuchter in den Holsteininchen Merschem (Oldenberg).

Cattle.—Highland Cattle Society of Scotland, Kerry and Dexter Herd Book (Dublin, Ireland), Sussex Herd Book Society (Great Britain), Polled Durham Breeders' Association (United States), National Holland Hereford Breeders' Association (United States).

Swine—Large Black Pig Society (Great Britain).

Sheep.—Suffolk Sheep Society (Great Britain), Kent and Romney Marsh Sheep Breeders' Association (Great Britain), Cheviot Sheep Society (Great Britain), Wensleydale Longwool Sheep Breeders' Association (Great Britain), Black Face Sheep Breeders' Association (Great Britain).

Goats—British Goat Society.

Asses—Societe Centrale d'Agriculture des Deux Sevres (France), Stud Book of Jacks and Jennets of Spain.

To secure free customs entry for an animal so recorded it is necessary to forward to the Canadian National Records, Ottawa, the foreign certificate of registration. The accountant of the Canadian National Records will return to the importer the foreign certificate to which will be attached an import certificate which will be authority to the customs officer to admit the animal duty free. A nominal charge will be made by the National Record for this service.

If further information is desired such will be supplied on application to the Accountant, National Live Stock Records, Ottawa.

CARE OF THE HARNESS.

'There is nothing like leather.' But there is nothing like knowing how to keep your leather goods in fine condition, too. Leather is composed of a mass of fine tendrils, intimately interlocked and entwined. When in good, pliable condition, each tendril is capable of much stretching.

If allowed to become dry and hard, when the leather is subjected to a severe pull, the tendrils break, instead of stretching. But this does not mean that leather boots or harness should be kept soaked with oil or dressing. Elbow grease applied in quantity is better.

'All dressings should be applied sparingly' is the sound advice of a big saddlery concern. Black oil should always be used on black harness, and not neatsfoot oil, as the latter will draw out the black dye and leave the harness brown. The black harness fats now on the market make excellent farm harness dressing. They contain the nourishment necessary for keeping the harness in good order.

But first of all dirt should be washed off with lukewarm water and ordinary soap. The black fat should be then applied with a cloth, given a short time to penetrate the leather, and then rubbed dry with another cloth.

Some make the mistake of oiling without unbuckling the harness. The parts that need nourishment the most are under the buckles, where the metal causes hardness and brittleness. If people would vary the holes of the harness occasionally, it would last much longer.

One objection to neatsfoot oil is that it inclines to wash off the beeswax from the stitches, leaving the hemp thread, which soon b[illegible].

POULTRY

Conducted by Mr. F. C. ELFORD.

A VISITOR FROM FINLAND.

Last week I was favored with a visitor from Finland, Mr. Andrew Anderson, of Kivennapa, who did a little in poultry in his native country some years ago. His son carries the work on now. The chief market was selling broilers for the Russian Easter, which comes anywhere from March 15 to April 30. The broilers are not quite as old as our customers want in this country, the favorite age being between four and five weeks, and the chickens weigh from eight to twelve ounces each.

Seven to eight weeks before the Russian Easter Mr. Anderson starts his incubators—American make. Last year there were put into the machines 11,350 eggs, and from them he sold at from four to five weeks old 9,500 broilers, which in this country would be considered extraordinary. The eggs that he does not have of his own he buys from farmers in the vicinity at 25 cents a dozen, and he gets for his broilers 55 cents per pair. The broilers are shipped alive, and remain so until the order comes in to the kitchen for fried chicken, when one or more are killed and fried, and in 20 minutes the boarder has the fried chick on his plate, for which he is charged 60 cents to 75 cents.

For the first three days of the chick's life it is fed hard-boiled eggs; from three to ten days it has in addition lean meat, boiled and thoroughly dried, and from that on anything that will be eaten, including meat, meal, and burnt bones.

Mr. Anderson ascribes much of his success in incubating not so much to the machine, though he prefers the American makes, but to the fact that they are closely watched. Every machine is seen every 15 minutes throughout the 24 hours. No matter how good a man he has as attendant, he says it is so important that the machines are seen that he has installed automatic time recorders, such as are frequently kept for night watchmen, and the attendant has to register each incubator four times an hour. By this means only he claims to be able to keep the temperatures uniform and to get good results. Two Cypher machines that hold 600 hen eggs frequently give him 525 good, lively chickens in the brooder. Can any one in Canada beat that?

One thing else Mr. Anderson told me that might seem strange to some, and that was that he thought he could make more out of poultry in Canada than he could in Finland, and this fall would find him starting a poultry ranch near what he said was one of the best, if not the best, market in the world—Winnipeg. He intends going into general farming in Manitoba, making a specialty of poultry, dairying and truck gardening, all of which he is thoroughly acquainted with, and I will be surprised if Mr. Anderson does not make a success of it.

SCIENTIFIC POULTRY KEEPING.

On the campus of the Macdonald Agricultural College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue there is rather a new style of poultry house. It is a somewhat large building, built with red brick, from Milton, Ont., and roofed with reinforced concrete and red tiles, and is fireproof in all its arrangements. It seemed to be a rather costly affair to shelter hens, but Mr. F. C. Elford, who has charge of the poultry department, informed me that live poultry, excepting when they were very young chickens, were never permitted within its walls, until they were about to be killed. It is devoted to the incubation and brooding of chicks. I saw four incubators with eggs hatching. Three of these were of the ordinary sort, heated with oil lamps, but the other was heated by electricity. I was curious to know how the heat in an electric incubator could be regulated, but the process seems to be quite simple. There are four or five small arc-lights in the incubator above the eggs, and when the temperature rises higher than necessary, there is a thermostat that by expanding, turns off the current from one of the arc lights, which soon lowers the temperature, when the thermostat, by contracting, turns on the electric current again. The hens are kept in small wooden cabins in the form of a large chest, twelve feet long, nine feet wide and seven feet in height, which accommodates twenty-five hens. The walls of these cabins are made of one thickness of matched boards without paper or any other cold-excluding substance, excepting a lime white-wash. The window is pretty large for such a small building and has two sashes, of the size of the opening. One of these is glazed with glass, and is only closed in extremely cold weather. The other sash has a sheet of thin cotton cloth spread over it, and even this is left open a good part of each day throughout the winter, excepting in stormy or very cold weather. As the temperature within these cabins is only a few degrees higher than it is outside, only poultry with small combs, such as Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes are kept, for the Leghorns or Minorcas would get their combs frozen in such winter quarters.

These cabins are scattered over a large field. The feed consists chiefly of wheat scattered among the straw litter on the floor, which keeps the hens exercised in scratching for it. They get ground feed several times in the week, which is mixed with meat meal. A large mangel is hung up so that the hens can pick it at their leisure, and when this mangel gets frozen solid it is replaced with a fresh one. In cold weather, when the water freezes in the drinking throughs, snow is shovelled into the house for the hens to quench their thirst. Notwithstanding this cold treatment, the hens lay well, even in zero weather. The nests are all what are called trap-nests, so that when a hen goes on it to lay she cannot come off again until liberated by the person in charge, who visits them twice during the forenoon of each day. Each of the four or five hundred hens has a numbered tag attached to her leg, and when the hen is liberated her number is marked on a card, and thus a record is kept of her total product throughout the whole year. The hens that make a remarkably good record are placed in a house by themselves in company with a young rooster, which is also the product of a good laying strain, and their eggs are alone used in hatching the next season. The other hens which have not done remarkably well are all killed off at the end of the first year, and early pullets are the chief stock of layers each year. This mode of selecting the best layers only for breeding purposes will in a few years produce hens that will lay from fifty to one hundred percent more eggs yearly than will the average farmer's hen, and the farmer in the province can get here eggs laid by these improved buddies for hatching purposes at a cost no greater than is charged for ordinary hatching eggs, and by this means greatly increase the products of their flocks.

RUSTICUS.

EARLY-DAY METHODS

The poultry business has long since identified itself with the rushing throng and forged ahead. What has been done? Let us look into the past. In Egypt we find people hatching eggs in the hot sand and barrel-like oven or stove. Thermometers are not used. The attendants endeavor to keep the heat a trifle greater than that of their own skin. Artificial incubation is said to be older than the present Christian era. Eggs were hatched in countless numbers long before anything was recorded as to the existence of poultry itself, and while it does not seem worthy of consideration to quibble as to time and state of things that existed four thousand years ago, at the same time it is not out of place to state that we are not even good imitators of artificial methods as applied by the early-day Egyptians, who managed ovens that would incubate thousands of eggs at a time, without thermometer or even regulator. This mode of hatching continued for generations, and it is only in late years that the inventive mind of man saw a chance of great improvement, and he has kept at it until to-day we have before us almost a perfect incubator.

What is the cause of this great industry manifested in poultry? The poultry press. We have the incubator about as nearly perfect as it can be made. Before long nearly all the poultry will be raised by the incubator, as the old hen is too slow for this age. We must have chickens by the thousands instead of the dozens. The business will not be overdone. It doesn't look that way, when the prices of poultry and eggs grow better each year.

The Chinese plan is considerably aided through the unusual strength and vitality of the fertility of the eggs. Their small flocks of poultry that roam about their dooryards are of unusually strong and vigorous quality. The constitutional strength of these flocks produces eggs that will respond more readily to these artificial methods than might perhaps the eggs from less vigorous stock. On the other hand, the indomitable perseverance and continued activity of the Chinamen for fully twenty-four hours a day, if necessary, to attend to the work, leaves no stone unturned for success. Patient, industrious, untiring application year after year at this constant occupation lends its assistance to success. Every one who starts out in the poultry business will not make a success of it. Just so in every other vocation of life. The wayside is strewn with wrecks. It has always been so and always will be so, yet that does not prove that all kinds of business are failures. The cause is the man.

HOW TO GET EGGS WHEN THE PRICES ARE HIGH.

Poultry keepers who are satisfied to handle poultry just as their grandfathers handled them must be content when selling eggs at the lowest market price. However, this is not necessary, as recent discoveries are changing conditions which cause the hens to be more productive in early winter and moult during the spring months.

We all know that hens as commonly bred are more productive in the spring and early summer than at any other time of the year. This is the natural breeding season and they lay during these months just because their mother did, making it difficult to convince them that the time they should do their best is during the fall months.

It would probably be safe to estimate that 99 percent of the hens raised for laying are hatched during May and June, and our plan is to hatch them at the season of the year we wish them to be most productive.

It requires some little effort and quite a bit of skill to bring about the changes necessary to cause the breeding fowls to produce fertile, hatchable eggs at this unnatural time, and the first efforts along this line are the least successful. Each succeeding year shows a marked degree of improvement along this line by using the early hatched cockerels and pullets only for the breeders, and being particular to carry at least two lines of fowls not nearly related that out crosses may be had each season without the necessity of purchasing breeders which have not been hatched during the early winter. The third season will show a marked degree of improvement and hatchable eggs will be more easily obtained.

Should every farmer and poultryman adopt the plan, the time for high-priced eggs would soon be changed to the spring months, as everyone would have eggs to sell during the winter. This, however, will never happen, as there are but few people who would ever believe in the possibility of making such radical changes, as compared with the multitude of poultry keepers who would doubt the advisability of being progressive along any line that would change the natural instinct and habits of hens.

Several years ago we commenced setting eggs on January 20, hatching chickens on February 10. At first it was very difficult to get hatchable eggs at this season of the year. A few of the February hatched chickens were selected for the next winter's breeders and the eggs were 75 percent fertile and hatched well, and the chickens showed more strength than those of the previous year, while the eggs from later hatched breeders were hardly worth setting although from the same strain of fowls and were fed and cared for just as those producing the better eggs.

Our first winter-hatched chickens last season were forced for early egg production and were laying at a lively rate during July and August, and in fact all the fall when eggs were selling at forty to fifty cents per dozen, and we never had hens more productive during the months of April and May. On December 10 thirty-three eggs were started to incubate to test the fertility, and from these twenty-seven sturdy chickens were hatched on January 1. They were placed out of doors on January 2 without artificial heat and were raised almost without loss. By May 1, the average weight was four pounds. When the pullets are kept in condition to lay all through the winter they will moult during the spring and will then be in condition to lay valuable eggs during the fall and winter while the spring-hatched hens are resting.

Our pullets that were laying last July are now in the full moult, which is conclusive evidence that we are not laboring under a mistake, and also that changing the season of hatching will also change the season of greatest production.

We are frequently asked how to stop broody hens from setting. In our experience they are just like men; after setting awhile they prefer that to work and are determined to do nothing. The only cure for a lazy man is to go to work as soon as he feels the spell coming on, and just so with the hen. If taken the first night after laying time, and placed in a cool coop with a slatted bottom so the cool air will come up under her, she will soon give up the habit and commence laying. If allowed to stay on the nest several days it is sometimes necessary to give them a plunge in a pail of cold water when the weather is warm.

WHERE FOWL EXCEL

OBSERVATIONS ON THE IRISH POULTRY INDUSTRY.

There is probably no country in the world where the conditions are more favorable to poultry than in Ireland. The climate and soil, the nearness to the large markets of England, and the rapid means of communication between the two countries are all conducive to the extension of the industry, while the habits and surroundings of the people themselves is another important factor towards success. Thirty years ago poultry keeping was in a more flourishing condition than was the case twenty years later. During the last few years, however, great improvements have been effected, and the industry is quickly becoming one of the most important sources of income to the Irish peasantry. It is no exaggeration to say that were it not for their fowls many would find it impossible to eke out a living.

At one time Ireland was the chief source of supply for new laid eggs, and for many years they arrived in England in huge quantities, the practicability of securing supplies from Russia, Italy, and from some of our distant colonies being then unthought of. There is no reason why Ireland should not have kept a hold on the English markets even in face of very severe foreign competition, had the people of that country marketed their produce in a satisfactory manner.

One of the first things that was done by the newly appointed Irish Agricultural Organization Society was to appoint an expert from Denmark to train the Irish people to market their produce in the best possible manner. For several years past he has done excellent work in this connection, and to-day the bulk of the eggs arriving in London from Ireland compare very favorably with those from France or Denmark; they are clean, well packed and generally graded into three sizes. 'Give a dog a bad name, and hang him,' is an expression that might be applied with truth to the marketing of any class of produce, and the Irish eggs having obtained for themselves so bad a reputation, it has been no easy matter to regain the lost ground. It has been a stiff fight, but to-day there are evident signs of success.

There is one direction in which no very marked improvement has been effected during the last few years in Ireland, but one that is of vast importance to the profitableness of the industry, namely, the production of eggs during the winter months. If the best prices are to be obtained, and the most lucrative contracts entered into, it is absolutely essential that the supply during the summer and winter shall be equally maintained. The usual proportion insisted on by purchasers is one-third as many during the winter as during the summer, and this is an average at which no one can grumble. This is not the place to enter into a discussion as to the methods to be employed to increase the winter egg supply; suffice it to say that if the highest prices are to be obtained, if an all the year round trade is to be procured, then it is of the utmost importance to keep up the winter supply of eggs. Prompt delivery is equally essential to obtain the best returns, and the produce should be marketed with the least possible delay.

An important branch of Irish poultry keeping is the export of live chickens to the fattening centres of Surrey and Sussex, there to be subjected to three weeks of forced feeding, and despatched to London and other first rate markets as Surrey or Sussex fowls. They arrive in this country in vast quantities, but while the actual price paid for the birds is unsatisfactory to the producer, it is even more so to the fattener, as the high railway rates add a very considerable amount to the cost. The Irish people seem at last to have realized—though it has taken them years to arrive at this very elementary conclusion—that it will pay them better to fatten the chickens themselves, and send them to our markets dead, in this manner securing the fattener's profit as well as their own, besides which effecting a further saving on the carriage, as the rate for dead stuff is, of course, much lower than for live. In a few districts fattening establishments have been started which promise well, and there is little doubt but that in two or three years time we shall find the trade has grown to large proportions.

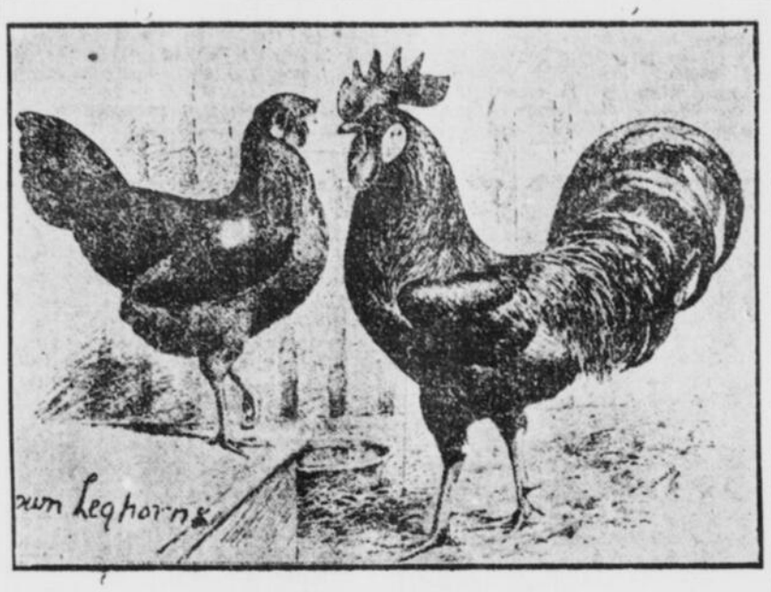
Ducks, geese, and turkeys all receive a certain amount of attention in Ireland, but in each case a great deal more might be achieved. Comparatively little is done so far as ducks are concerned, and yet the country is one that lends itself very readily to this class of poultry keeping. A few ducklings are reared in some districts, but not nearly so many as might be, and of those that do arrive few are really satisfactory. They are generally rather small, almost always late in the season, and the packing often leaves much to be desired. A good deal is done in geese, in fact, this is quite an important branch, and large numbers are exported during the few days preceding Dec. 25. Prices are not quite so high for this class of produce as was the case a few years ago, owing to a variety of circumstances chief among which is the rapid rise in popularity of the turkey as the dish upon Christmas day, which has had the natural effect of somewhat raising the output. There are so many thousands of acres of common and waste land in Ireland that this branch might with advantage be very considerably increased, even though prices are not quite so high as formerly.

Turkeys receive a certain amount of attention, and in no way perhaps has the improvement of the methods of marketing been more pronounced than in this respect. A few years ago Irish turkeys were classed a long way behind foreign birds, owing, not to any fault in the birds themselves, but to the shocking manner in which they were marketed. They were badly plucked, the skin was often damaged, food was invariably left in the crop, and they were generally packed before they were stone cold, causing them to become flabby and soft. Now on the contrary the bulk of them compare very favorably with the best of the home produce.

In Ireland, as in practically every other country, the chief factor towards success is organization. We have the same difficulty in England, and the same difficulty has been experienced, but largely overcome in France, Belgium, and Denmark. Unless there is a good system of organization it is impossible to secure the highest prices for the produce, and only by a good system of collection and distribution can the poultry industry in Ireland hope to attain to the same degree of success as has been achieved elsewhere. Perhaps in some respects the difficulties in Ireland are exceptionally great. The population in the rural districts is so scattered that the collection of the produce entails an enormous amount of labor; in many cases the farm houses are several miles apart, which is also true of the cottages, while these in their turn are many miles from a town or railway station. The I. A. O. S. has done some excellent work in this direction, and by the establishment of collecting depots in different districts has enabled the eggs to be marketed with as little delay as possible. The I. A. O. S. has worked upon the same lines as the National Poultry Organization Society in this country, and the same methods are employed by the two societies. Depots are established in a central district whence the produce is brought, and here the eggs are graded and packed, and immediately dispatched to the centres of population. There are many advantages in such a system, as by its means the carriage is reduced, a better contract can be entered into; as the quantities are so much larger, a higher price is secured, and a great deal of labor is saved. A large measure of success has attended the work of these societies, and the improvement in the egg trade has been very marked indeed.

While the I. A. O. S. has done so much for the Irish poultry keeper in the marketing of his produce, the department of agriculture has also been busy in another, but equally useful way, and has materially assisted poultry keepers in the selection and management of their stock. A large body of experts have been specially trained for the purpose of lecturing and giving practical demonstrations, and there are about thirty-five men and women engaged in this work during the winter months. A remarkable amount of good has been achieved in this manner, as these lecturers are ever ready to afford all the assistance they can to those who ask for it.

In nearly every county departmental premium farms have been started, where eggs from good utility stock can be obtained for twenty-five cents per dozen, and breeding birds comparatively as cheap. The class of bird kept is therefore rapidly becoming higher, and we may reasonably expect still further improvements within the next few years. Ireland possesses unique opportunities for the extension of the poultry industry, and if as much progress is made during the next decade as during the last, we shall find that in ten years time poultry keeping is one of the most important industries of the country.—E. T. Brown, England.



S.C. BROWN LEGHORNS.

SOME THINGS ABOUT EGGS

Eggs are eaten in all countries, and by almost all classes of people, as they contain every element of food needed by the human system. They are therefore the most wholesome, and usually the cheapest, of animal foods.

It would be interesting to know how many eggs are consumed daily, but it can not be even approximately estimated.

To most people 'an egg is an egg,' and all are alike, if fresh. This is a great mistake, as they differ in flavor, size, weight and color as well. At an experiment station under the care of the United States Agricultural Department, it was proved that flavor could easily be fed into eggs. One-half ounce of chopped onion tops was mixed with the regular feed of some hens, and in fifteen days their eggs had a distinct taste of onion. Then the flock was divided; half the hens were given a mixture of wheat shorts, cottonseed-meal and skim-milk, while the rest had corn dough and cracked corn. The latter laid fewer eggs, but these were larger and tasted better than those laid by the hens that had nitrogenous food; moreover, these wheat-fed eggs had smaller yolks and did not keep so well.

An egg contest was an interesting part of a recent meeting of the Farmers' Institute at Rushville, Ind. There were any number of entries, but the prizes were finally awarded to a dozen Plymouth Rock eggs which weighed one pound and fourteen ounces, and a dozen light Brahma eggs weighing one pound and eleven ounces.

It pays to raise good stock for the sake of such eggs as these, and for the meat as well. An Indiana farmer sold some Black Langshan hens by weight, and each brought him $1.10 as they averaged eleven pounds each. They had been fed in the barnyard with other common stock, no special care being given them.

Few people know that millions and millions of eggs are now being canned every year. In handling vast quantities in cold storage, numbers are cracked and broken, and these, instead of being thrown away as formerly, are hurried to the factory, where whites and yolkes are separated and each is put up in air-tight cans. If sweet and fresh when canned, and the cans are not defective, they will keep indefinitely. Bakers and confectioners use these in preference to whole eggs, and our export trade takes thousands of cases to foreign shores.

Still another means of preserving them is now in vogue. They are dried or evaporated. The process is simple, much like fruit drying. The shells are removed after steaming and blowing hot, dry air over them, and nothing is found within but a dry powder. This is ground, put into cans, and labelled 'dried egg.' This can be used in baking like ordinary eggs, or, with the addition of a little water, may be made into an omelette. I am told that our War Department sends thousands of cans of egg meal to our soldiers in the Philippines, while England ships even more to her troops in South Africa.

Even spoiled eggs can not get away from the twentieth century farmer, unless he wastes his opportunities, for all but the 'blackest rotten' of them are wanted by tanners in the process of tanning costly leathers. Spoiled eggs are said to put a finer gloss upon leather than the fresh ones do. There is a special way to prepare them for the market, which offers some six cents a pound for them.—'Poultry Review.'

ONTARIO FARMING

OWING TO THE HIGH PRICE OF FEED, HOG RAISING DECLINES.

Ottawa, July 22.—In the first issue of the Census and Statistics Monthly, published by the Department of Agriculture, a report is given on the crops and live stock of Ontario for the month ending June 30, as follows:—

Wheat—Decreased acreage of 8,207, the total area being 812,571 acres. In general looks promising, headed out well, and average yield of 25 bushels per acre anticipated.

Spring wheat is backward.

The percentage of standard condition for wheat is 81.

Oats—Acreage estimated at 3,108,460, an increase of 175,951 acres. In spite of late sowing, the crop appears to be doing well, and may yield from 35 to 40 bushels per acre.

Barley—Acreage of 743,884, a decrease of 23,007. Where it was possible to get this crop in early the prospects are fairly good, but the late-sown barley is reported as poor and thin.

Hay and clover seem to be hardly so good as last year. A great deal of clover was winter-killed.

The bulletin says that correspondents of the department throughout the province say that everywhere farmers are reported as giving up the hog industry, which it is stated is at present ceasing to pay, owing to the high prices of feeding materials and the low prices ruling for pork. The number of swine in the province is reported as 1,974,183, as compared with 2,049,666 last year. All other descriptions of live stock have increased considerably in number over 1907.

RURAL INQUIRIES

CEMENT SILOS.

H. Mellor.—Can you give any information respecting a silo built out of stone? Are there any in Ontario? Are they more liable to crack than cement ones? Ans.—There are a number of stone silos erected in Ontario. Undoubtedly stone silos are more liable to crack than those constructed of cement reinforced by steel wires. The greatest liability to crack is in the light built stone silos, but in the heavy silos there is very little danger of their giving way.

Eggs and Poultry.

PRACTICAL POULTRY KEEPER, 64-page book, dealing with Breeds, Cure, Management, Diseases and Treatment, Houses, etc., 10c. A. RICE, Granby, Que.

3 PURE BRONZE TURKEYS, MALE; 1 pair Pekin Ducks; 1 Fox Terrier Dog. Eggs from Bronze Turkeys, Toulouse Geese, Pekin Ducks, Barred Rock Fowl, Buff Orpingtons, Buff Leghorns, at moderate prices. P. D. SINCLAIR, Box 88, Maxville, Ont.

SOMETHING NEW—THE WHITE KLONDYKES are just the birds for this country, best winter layers, non-setters, their feathers are more like fur or down on the ostrich. It is the bird that gives satisfaction. Eggs only $1.50 per setting, guarantee 9 chicks to a setting or the order will be duplicated at half price. Address REV. T. H. IBBOTT, Ayr, Ont. Send for free Photo.

SINGLE COMB BLACK MINORCAS, SINGLE and Rose Comb Brown Leghorns. The world's greatest laying breeds. Best strains from breeders of national reputation. Eggs, $1.50 per 15. Satisfaction guaranteed. Importer and breeder Buff Leghorns and Minorcas. Member Canadian Leghorn Club. J. T. ROBSON, Vernonville, Ont.

EGGS FOR HATCHING FROM OUR Prize-winning stock. White Wyandottes, heavy winter layers; Black Minorcas and Buff Orpingtons; $1 per 15 eggs. W. H. PARKER, Victoria Poultry Yards, Ingersoll, Ont.

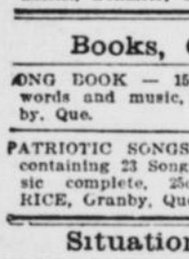
FARMER'S SALES AND WANTS.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Under this heading advertisements will be inserted without display at a cash-with-the-order rate of one cent a word per insertion, twenty-five cents being the minimum amount of an order for a single insertion, and forty cents the minimum amount for orders of more than one insertion. SIX consecutive prepaid insertions will be given for the price of FOUR, a number or a single letter to be counted as one word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the 'Witness' Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made.

Live Stock.

LAKE VIEW — YORKSHIRE PIGS FOR sale, from two weeks to five months old, fine quality, prize winners, from the best of breeding, some choice young boars ready for service; prices right; satisfaction guaranteed. JOHN W. TIBBITS, Box 151, Knowlton, Que.

Seeds, Plants, etc.



SEED CORN.

RELIABLE SEED CORN is guaranteed to grow and produce good crops. Get your seed corn from headquarters, where it is grown. Send for our Corn Catalogue, sent free to all who apply for it.

GLOBE SEED CO.
Ruthven Essex Co. Ont.

Agents Wanted.

WANTED, LOCAL ORGANIZERS AND route men. Apply quick to ALFRED TYLER, Wholesale Tea Importer and Spice Grinder, London, Ont.

MEN WANTED — RELIABLE MEN IN every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up show-cards on trees, fences, bridges, and all conspicuous places; also distribute small advertising matter; commission or salary, $83 per month, and expenses $4 per day; steady employment to good, reliable men; no experience necessary; write for particulars. EMPIRE MEDICINE CO., London, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED, TO PUSH 'WORLD Wide' on special trial rate offer. Nothing nicer to canvass for. Generous commissions; it is just what intelligent people are looking for. Write for terms, samples, etc. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

For Sale

FOR SALE.

ART SILK FLOSS THREADS, full lengths, beautiful colors, for Fancy Work and Sewing. We will send a box containing 2 ounces (about 500 threads upon receipt of 35c stamps, silver or postal note, or 6 ounces for $1.00. Only a limited number of orders can be filled. Address at once, W. W. LEWIS, 7 Queen street, Montreal, Que.

Personal

MARY MOORE LEFT IRELAND AND came to Canada in the year 1884, May 10th; her age is 48 years; anyone knowing anything about her, please address WM. BARR, Schaller, Sac Co., Iowa, U.S.A.

Books, Cards, &c.

SONG BOOK — 150 OLD-TIME SONGS, words and music, 10c. A. RICE, Granby, Que.

PATRIOTIC SONGS OF CANADA. Books containing 23 Songs, with words and music complete, 25c, postpaid. ARTHUR RICE, Granby, Que.

Situations Vacant.

WANTED, A RESPECTABLE COUPLE TO take charge of a small farm in the Ottawa Valley. Apply either by letter or personally, to E. B. MEYER, care of Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal.

Teachers Wanted.

WANTED — TWO PROTESTANT Female Teachers, holding Elementary diplomas, for Port Daniel Schools, Nos. 1 and 2. Applications received and further particulars given by undersigned. NORMAN L. DOW, Secretary-Treasurer.

WANTED, TO TEACH, FRENCH AND English, in School No. 3, Tilbury North, Essex County, after summer holidays; salary, $400; small school; a pleasant place. Address GEO. MORRIS, Tilbury.

WANTED, A PROTESTANT TEACHER, at No. 1 School, Cambria, holding a first-class Elementary Diploma. School to commence Sept. 1st, 1908. Salary, $26.00 per month; term, eight months. All applications to be sent to the undersigned. WILLIAM McMULLIN, Secretary-Treasurer, Cambria P.O., P.Q.

For late Classified Ads See Page 24

Farm and Other Lands

320 ACRES CHOICE LAND, MAIN ROAD, convenient to schools, churches, two good village markets; sixty acres cultivation; enormous crops raised. touches small lake; will sell direct to farmer, $5,500. Box 65, Newdale, Man.

FARM FOR SALE — 170 ACRES FIRST-class land, adjoining city limits, all under cultivation. Good house and outbuildings. Abundant supply of good water. Apply, J. H. HOSKIN, Box 546, Portage la Prairie, Man.

FARM OF 150 ACRES FOR SALE, situated on the 11th Con. of the Township of Peel, Wellington County, one mile from Alma, 100 acres on one side of road and 50 acres on the other; the land is in a high state of cultivation. Spring creek on each farm; farms can be sold separately. Windmill supplying water to large brick house and bathroom complete; also to bank-barn and cement hogpen, cement sidewalk to barn; spruce hedge around house; windbreak west side of house; power mill on barn. The most beautiful and complete farm home in the county. The 50 acres has concrete house and bank-barn. Apply to HY. FAIRWEATHER, Alma, Wellington County.

NIAGARA DISTRICT — I HAVE FOR sale a very select lot of farm, city and town properties in the far-famed Niagara District, noted for its many natural and other advantages of climate, soil, natural gas, steam and electric railways, and the wonderful power development at Niagara Falls. Values rising rapidly. Buy now. Write me for booklet containing descriptive lists of properties, location, prices, etc. H. J. GONDER, Welland, Ont.

FISHERMEN'S SUPERSTITIONS

DANCING FOR SALMON—WORDS TO BE AVOIDED WHEN BAITING A HOOK.

(From the Los Angeles 'Times.')

In British Columbia the Indians ceremoniously went to meet the first salmon and in flattering voices tried to win their favor by calling them all chiefs.

Every spring in California the Karaks used to dance for salmon. Meanwhile one of their number secluded himself in the mountains and fasted for ten days. Upon his return he solemnly approached the river, took the first salmon of the catch, ate some of it and with the remainder lighted a sacrificial fire. The same Indians laboriously climbed to the mountain top after the poles for the spearing booth, being convinced that if they were gathered where the salmon were watching no fish would be caught.

Very widespread, in fact, is the native belief of the necessity of caution whenever Adam is on fishing bent.

In Japan among the primitive race of the Ainos even the women left at home are not allowed to talk lest the fish may hear and disapprove, while the first fish is always brought in through a window instead of a door so the other fish may not see.

The Esquimau women of Alaska never sew while the men are fishing, and should any mending be imperative they do it shut up in little tents out of sight of the sea.

Under no circumstance on the northeast coast of Scotland will a fisherman at sea mention certain objects on land, such as 'minister,' 'kirk,' 'swine,' 'dog,' etc., and the line will surely be lost if a pig is seen while baiting it. As on the land chickens must not be counted until they are hatched, so at sea fish must not be counted until they are all caught. It is good luck to find mice nibbling among the nets; a horseshoe nailed to the mast will help, and a herring caught and salted down will produce wonders.

In the Shetland Islands a cat must not be mentioned before a man baiting his line, and among the Magyars of Hungary a fisherman will turn back and wait over a tide if he meets a woman wearing a white apron.

Every year the natives of the Duke of York Island decorate a canoe with flowers and fern, fill it with shell money and cast it adrift 'to compensate the fish for their fellows caught and eaten.'

It was always the custom of the Maoris, the primitive inhabitants of New Zealand, to put the first fish that they caught back into the sea 'with a prayer that it might tempt other fish to come and be caught.'

If the fish did not come soon enough in British Columbia the Indians used to employ a wizard, who made an image of a swimming fish and put it in the water to attract live fish to the bait.

RATS—A NATIONAL PEST.

Rats cost the United States nearly $56,000,000 annually, according to the biological survey of the Department of Agriculture. At this amount the government scientists estimate the damage done by the rodents, and after exhaustive experiments it has been determined that the pests cannot be exterminated.

All that science can hope to do is to hold them within bounds, and to do this nothing more satisfactory has been discovered than the old-fashioned rat trap. Inoculation and all other methods, it has been established to the satisfaction of the scientists who have studied the situation, are not equal to the trap in the work of destruction.

The amount of damages given by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the survey, is conservative and doubtless below the figures. While he estimates that $1,000,000 of the fire loss of the country is traceable to rats, the underwriters place it at fifteen times that sum, of which $1,000,000 is due to the gnawing away of insulation on electric wires.

Special attention has been given by the government investigators to conditions in Washington. The whole underworld of the capital city, Dr. Merriam says, is populated with rats—millions of them. Washington loses each year from rats, aside from the fires for which they are responsible, $200,000 in damage done in markets, shops and department stores. Some of these places employ professional rat-catchers, with ferrets and small dogs, but this method, Dr. Merriam finds, is unsatisfactory, since few rats are killed and the expense is great. — 'Technical World.'

THE BATTLE OF THE LILY AND THE CROSS.

(Twenty Years After.)

PERE ANTOINE (loquitur.)

Fair flows our grand St. Lawrence, like the strong, swift stream of time,
And golden-green the meadows, for the year has passed its prime;
And my people cull their fruit, and garner in their sheaves
Where their fathers fought and fell, like dropping autumn leaves!
Ever, these still, soft days, when summer seems to sleep
On the sunny sloping fields where browse the tranquil sheep,
Carry my memory back to the year of sore dismay,
When we watched the lily-standard pass from the land away!

We doubted not our France could hold the realms so bravely won
By the travail, the toil, the life-blood of many a gallant son,—
Champlain and Maisonneuve,—LeMoyne and brave Daulac!
And still France had her heroes,—Montcalm and Bourlamaque!
No power on earth,—we fancied,—was strong enough to seize
The lilies Champlain planted 'neath Quebec's old walnut trees!
But God disposes ever,—though man propose—and pray,
And He giveth as He willeth—and His will be done alway.

These were long, sad years of trouble,—of conflict sharp and sore;
Each year that came seemed darker than the one that went before;
From the mist-crowned Alleghanies to wild Cape Breton's coast,
There was marching and counter-marching; there were outposts won and lost;
Siege and skirmish and ambush, till the people's fear-struck eyes
Ever looked for the sudden foray—ever dread the sharp surprise,
And many a home in ashes and many a hearth-stone cold
The tale of savage onset,—of death and anguish told.

Oh, land of hill and valley—of daring and romance!
Oh, fields so fair and fruitful,—we fain had kept for France!
Happy and blessed—had'st thou kept the simple faith and love
That brooded o'er thy cradle,—a gift from heaven above;—
Then—founded firm on righteousness,—thy sway had spread afar
Beneath the lily-banner,—pure as the evening star!

But, through thy borders evil flowed, like a fast-swelling flood,
And brother strove with brother, and feuds were quenched in blood,
And tyranny rose rampant,—rapine and lust grew rife,
Pride and the greed of gold devoured the country's growing life;
The strong oppressed the weak, and the rich stole from the poor,
Till our hearts waxed hot within us at the ills we could not cure;
And our Bishop pointed sternly to Heaven's avenging sword,
And bade the sinner's tremble for the judgments of the Lord!

Still the people toiled on,—starving,—and the rich piled up their gold;
Few grew the cattle in the field,—the sheep within the fold;
The men were forced to warfare, from their old familiar ways,
While the aged held the plough-share, and the children tilled the maize;
With masses and processions, Heaven's mercy was besought,
With dogged, dull endurance the home-sick farmers fought;
And we strove to cheer the hopeless, and bid the proud beware
Of the day of reckoning coming,—the storm-clouds in the air;

First came the sudden panic that thrilled our old grey town
When first we heard of gallant Wolfe and Louisbourg went down;
Yet we kept Ticonderoga, and hope revived again;
Till, one by one, were taken Fort Frontenac and Duquesne,
And trouble filled our burdened hearts, like sea-fogs cold and grey,
Till winter spread her icy shield — and spring seemed far away;

Yet sore we needed succour, for food was failing fast,
And our hearts leaped up to see the white French sails at last,
Yet sorry tidings did they bring,—our rising hopes to check,—
The British fleet was on its way to storm and take Quebec!
Britain had sent her thousands—her bravest—o'er the sea,
And our hearts stood still and waited—defeat or victory!

Our brave Montcalm untiring, toiled on by night and day;
Fort and redoubt and earth-work guarded the cliff and bay;
Battery above battery frowned from each rocky ledge,
And down to Montmorency,—we lined the river's edge;
Behind her gates, Quebec sat firm upon her rocky steep,
With sixteen thousand fighting men around her—watch to keep!
The unseen fleet swept on apace, before the eastward gale,
Frigates and sloops and men-of-war, with spreading towers of sail!

At first, by our green Orleans awhile they silent lay,
While the troops gave battle bravely in Montmorency Bay;
Then close they came and closer, and from the river's tide
And the brown heights of Levis, their batteries thundered wide!
Shells fired our old Cathedral,—and crashed into the town,
Our batteries blazed in answer, and sent great fire-ships down;
And I thought, while watching sadly the storm of shot and shell,
That the smoke was that of Tophet—and the flames were those of hell!

So wearily the siege went on, through scorching July days,
It marred the fairest scene on earth—the soft, sweet August days!
Scarce could we see the rose of dawn, and scarce the sunset sky,
For clouds of smoke, for shot and shell, that still went whizzing by!

Our noble church a ruin stood, houses were homes no more,
And burning homesteads blazed at night, like beacons from the shore;
Then like a thunderbolt news came—Ticonderoga lost!
And gloom enwrapped the city, silent as autumn frost!

Our men were warfare-weary, and some at nightfall fled
To homes left undefended, and crops unharvested;
Montcalm, the stress well knowing, let full two thousand go,
From a city full of wounded, of dire disease and woe!
Yet still we hoped and trusted, in ignorance secure
Long had Wolfe watched and waited, but watch and ward were sure;
And naught save wings could scale the heights—and Wolfe lay ill and weak,
And soon his ships would sail, they said, a safer berth to seek!

Little we knew the hero, or how one bold advance
Would change the fortunes of the day, and wrest Quebec from France!
Little we recked, that fateful night, when 'neath the stars he passed,
To one half-guarded goat-path,—Quebec was his at last!
Then spread the hasty tidings — 'The Heights, the Heights' they've won!
In vain Montcalm flew to the Plains,—the fatal work was done!
In vain, with fierce excited cries, with valor brave to see,
Our men rushed at the thin red lines with charge of musketry;
Steady and still the solid ranks, though broken, wavered not;
True to their General's order, nor rang one single shot,
Till, at his word, their volleys poured; our men, o'erwhelmed, gave way,
And Wolfe, struck down, died happy, the master of the day!

Wolfe and Montcalm, though foes in war, in death were comrades true;
Wolfe peaceful died, in having done the work 'twas his to do;
Montcalm rejoiced to welcome death, ere he should see the day,
When France's lily-banner for the red-cross flag made way!
And yet, our victors generous proved, when came the bitter end;
In the long-dreaded foe we fought, our people found a friend!
Our lands, our farms, our faith we kept; and, after long distress,
Order and Peace came back once more, the harmessed land to bless;
Content, the toiler tilled his fields, his humble rights secure,
Till smiling homes sprang up again, of simple comfort sure;
And, tranquil, I can now recall the strange and tragic day,
That twined the lily round the cross, to keep it pure for aye.

AGNES MAULE MACHAR (Fidelis).

THE DEATH SPECIAL.

(From 'Popular Mechanics.')

The passenger department feels the first pulse of the call for the death special. It is a business proposition in the first thirty minutes. Who wants the train? Can he pay for it? Is the order O. K.?

Two hours for assembling a death special with steam up is sharp work. Ordinarily more time is needed for the passenger to get in readiness than is required by the railway company. The head of the operating department receives the first call for the death special, and with the call come the reasons for the run. At once the general superintendent faces the question of time. He makes a hurried calculation of distances between given terminal points and blocks out in the rough the time necessary for the run. The division superintendents are notified and the chief despatchers set to work arranging a new schedule that is to take into consideration every station and every sidetrack on the whole system over which the flyer is to speed. The first duty, however, is to call up the master mechanic or the roundhouse foreman at the terminal from which the special is to be made up, asking for the train to be in readiness at a certain minute. All conditions are alike to the crew of such a train. Momentum is all that counts. Towns, cities, bridges, sage brush and cultivated fields are one in the landscape. The engineer knows every grade, every station, every culvert, bridge and switch on his division, and for an average of 225 miles he and his conductor will have the duty of safely sending the special through space.

"4 in Hand" Harness Polish gives a brilliant, waterproof polish with just a few rubs with brush or cloth.

It softens the leather and is guaranteed non-injurious. Brighter, quicker and lasts longer than any other.

If your dealer does not handle it, send his name and 25c. and we will send you a full sized can post paid.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO. LIMITED - - HAMILTON, Ont.
Manufacturers of "2 in 1" Shoe Polish. 1

THE WORLD LANGUAGE.

(From 'T. P.'s Weekly' (London).)

I find in 'The World's Work' an article entitled 'English—the World Language.' The author, Mr. H. Babbitt, points out that, in a sense, it is true that the Arabic alphabet covers a slightly larger population than that of those who use the Latin alphabet and its slight variations or the Chinese characters, which, of course, are not an alphabet at all. The writer proceeds: 'This is an age of development of material resources and means of transportation. In consequence there is an increase in the world's population which few realize who have not studied the statistics for the last few decades. The new countries are filling up at an unprecedented rate, and supposing that things go on at the present rate until the year 2000, the population of the world will be about 4,400,000,000. The representation of the leading European languages then and now will be as follows:

Language.	in 1900. Population.	cent. Per-	in 2000 Population.	cent. Per-
English . .	160,000,000	10.0	1,100,000,000	25.0
Russian . .	100,000,000	6.3	500,000,000	11.0
Spanish . .	50,000,000	3.1	500,000,000	8.0
German . .	70,000,000	4.4	160,000,000	3.4
Italian . . .	35,000,000	2.1	100,000,000	2.0
French . .	40,000,000	2.5	60,000,000	1.3

Here is an interesting passage: 'The future of the English language in China is a matter of great interest and great possibilities. It is, of course, a certainty that if China does with English what Japan is doing, all Chinese before the end of the century will read English. This will be, as communication improves, a powerful influence, in addition to that already existing, for increasing the use of English in India and the rest of Asia. No foreigner is ever likely to take the trouble to learn the Chinese writing if he can communicate with the Chinese by an alphabetic system. This will compel the Russians, in their intercourse with Chinese on their Asiatic border, to use English. When Admiral Togo called on Admiral Rojestvensky in the hospital, they conversed in English. This very prettily illustrates the fact that English has reached round the world.'

And again: 'It is probable that all the countries in temperate zones will have universal literacy by the end of the century. In this case, even if no one read English outside its vernacular countries, it would still hold its own as the leading literary language. German and French are bound to fall off relatively as vernaculars, and this implies a falling off of their importance as culture languages; but the importance of English in this respect is bound to grow. The first place among foreign languages has been given to it in the schools of many European and South American countries; Mexico and Japan make it compulsory in all schools of upper grades; and China is to follow Japan in this respect as soon as the work can be organized. It would appear probable that within the century English will be the vernacular of a quarter instead of a tenth of the people of the world, and be read by a half instead of a quarter of the people who can read.

LONDON CHILDREN.

The sight of children in London tenement courts is always touching, particularly when the weather begins to grow hot and pavements are hard and trying to the feet. The way in which the little ones amuse themselves is above all praise; their good nature, the little ways in which they make believe and manoeuvre games for themselves are intensely pathetic.—London 'Times.'

INVENTIONS OF THE COREANS.

(From the Japan 'Chronicle.')

Few are aware that Corea preceded Europe in inventing three things which have had a vast influence upon the world. Printing with moveable types originated in Corea in 1324, 126 years before the invention of the art in Europe. The two other inventions in which the Coreans seem to have anticipated Europe were the mortar and the ironclad, both used with considerable effect during the Japanese-Corean war of 1592-98.

WOMEN OF PARAGUAY

PATIENT AND GOOD-NATURED—DRESS IN WHITE AND GO BAREFOOTED.

(Boston 'Transcript.')

Paraguay is rich in local color. The picturesque character of the native population with their quaint Indian features and habits of everyday life are interesting to anybody fond of observing strange phases of human life. By nature these people are patient and gentle, seldom complaining, chattering and laughing from sunrise to sunset and taking small thought of what the morrow may have in store for them. It is hard to imagine how Lopez could have drilled them into fighting material of strength enough to keep in check the combined forces of Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay for five long, weary years, and it speaks volumes for the indomitable energy of the man that he was able to sustain his position for so protracted a time.

Clothing is very much of a superfluity in Paraguay. The attire of the women is a cotton chemise with a long, sheet-like shawl, or manta, passed over the head and around the body in Moorish fashion. The dress of the men is equally simple, consisting only of cotton shirt and trousers. Both sexes are guiltless of foot covering. At times an almost uncanny feeling rises when a group of these white-robed, dark-haired maidens pass suddenly with the stiletto tread of unshod feet. Of a morning in the market places the women folk flock to sell their wares, carrying on their heads the baskets containing the few cents' worth of native produce they have been able to gather together for disposal in the towns. The soft Guarani language, the common tongue of the Paraguayans, adds further charm to the scene.

GENIUS AND ITS IMITATIONS.

(London 'Saturday Review.')

Lord Rosebery's character sketch of Lord Kelvin was fine and felt. 'What most struck me was his tenacity, his laboriousness, his indefatigable humility. In him was visible none of the superciliousness and scorn which sometimes embraces the strongest intellects. Without condescension he placed himself at once on a level with his companion. That has seemed to me characteristic of such great men of science as I have met.' We have often wondered how it is that while the great men of science—the Darwins, Kelvins—are like this, the smaller men, the men who have never originated anything, but have merely tried to suck in the ideas of the masters, so often are impatient, spiteful, jealous, assertive, impressed as profoundly by their own superiority as by the stupidity of nine-tenths of humanity. That this is the attitude of the lesser fry of science, its sticklebacks and tadpoles, no one will deny. The little scientist is almost invariably too clever by half. He hangs up pictures of Darwin in his study. His talk is of Darwin. Yet he has as little of the heart as he has of the brain of that great master.

Out of 557,737 persons who left the United Kingdom in 1907, 338,612 went to the United States and 203,357 to British possessions.

U.S. U.S. U.S. U.S. U.S. U.S.

THINK OF IT!

BICKNELL, IND., June 26, 1908.
Have used a U. S. six months; it's perfectly satisfactory. I made 17 pounds of butter the week before using the U. S. The following week with the U. S. I made 27 pounds from the same cows, under the same conditions. It's the best investment I ever made. ALEX. NEAL

An Investment Paying 33⅓%

and this is exactly what the U. S. earned for Mr. Neal over his former methods of skimming.

If you are not using a reliable

U.S. CREAM SEPARATOR

but skimming your milk by some other method, you are losing just as large a per cent. of cream (which is money) as did Mr. Neal.

It is clean skimming that counts, and the U. S. holds World's Record for clean skimming, therefore it is the separator that every one ought to purchase.

Send to-day for Catalogue No. 110

16 distributing warehouses in U. S. and Canada

VT. FARM MACHINE CO. BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

[We invite questions on all possible subjects of general interest, to which we shall do our best to obtain correct answers, and shall insert such queries and replies as we can make room for. This must not be used, however, as an advertising column or as an enquiry bureau for matters not of public interest. Every query must be accompanied with the name and postal address of the sender, and no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.]

GENERAL.

NUMISMATIC.

F. J. N. Hopewell Hill, N.B.—What is the value of a copper coin, a little larger than a Canadian cent, which has on one side an eagle with the inscription, 'Substitute for shinplasters, No., 1837,' and on the other side, 'not one cent for tribute, millions for defence?' Ans.—This coin belongs to a series issued in the United States during the great financial depression of 1837. There were over fifty varieties of these coins which are known as 'The hard times tokens.' While some are rare others, including the one above described, are quite common, not being worth more than a few cents. The design on the obverse is not an eagle but the fabulous phoenix arising renewed from the flames.

J. Mc. B.—What is the value of the following coins? (1) A 2 pfennig piece of Germany, dated 1874. (2) A 20 reis piece of Peter II., Emperor of Brazil, 1869. (3) A 2 pfenninge piece of Prussia, 1855. (4) A 1 kreutzer piece of Austria, 1881. (5) A 10-cent piece, silver, of William III., King of Holland. (6) A large brass coin with the head of 'Liberty' and comp S mark' on one side, and on the other 'In unitate fortitudo,' 'Compos Spiel-marke and a United States Eagle. (7) A copper piece with the head of Frederick Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia on one side and on the other that of William II. with the same titles. (8) Of what countries were Oscar II. and Christian IX. Kings? Ans.—(1) Not more than face. (2) Two cents. (3) One cent. (4) Not more than face. (5) Not more than face, which is four cents. (6) A spiel marke or card marker made in Germany something after the pattern of a United States twenty dollar piece, common, not worth more than a few cents. (7) A small medal issued to commemorate the death of Emperor Frederick and the accession of William II. of Germany; value five or ten cents. (8) Oscar II. was King of Sweden and Christian IX. of Denmark.

M. R. T.—What is the value of (1) a Nova Scotia 'halfpenny token' of 1832. (2) do., half cent, 1861; (3) a United States cent of 1885? Ans.—(1) One cent; (2) five to ten cents; (3) one to five cents.

P. E. G.—What is the value of a half guinea of George III., dated 1808, in mint condition? Ans.—This coin is quoted by Col. Thorburn as worth from 12s 6d to 17 shillings, that is from $3 to $4.

E. B. S., Victoria.—Are the following coins and stamps of any special value? (1) A United States sixpence; (2) Canadian coppers of 1859, 1861 and 1864; (3) Canadian Jubilee stamps; (4) Canadian stamps with the postmark as far back as 1884; (5) Canadian registered stamps. Ans.—(1) If you mean by this a United States 'dime,' no; (2) No; (3) ones, twos and threes and fives are worth 25 to 50 cents per hundred, halves, fives and other denominations are worth five cents up; (4) no; (5) twos, fives, 50c to $1 per hundred, eights $1 or more.

C. R. B., Gladstone.—What is the value of (1) a United States silver dollar of 1900 with a small 's' under the eagle? (2) Does the 's' stand for San Francisco? (3) Where can I sell a lot of old stamps? Ans.—(1) Not more than one dollar. (2) Yes. (3) Unless your old stamps are rare and in fine condition it would not pay the cost of postage to send them to a dealer for sale.

Some one sends a wax impression of a two real piece of Charles III. of Spain, dated 1708, having the Spanish arms on one side, and the name Carolus in monogram, on the other. Ans.—This is a coin of Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, who, on the death of Charles II. of Spain, claimed the throne of that kingdom. This claim was disputed by Louis XIV. of France, whose grandson, after his success in the war of the Spanish succession, was in 1719 proclaimed King as Philip V. This coin is styled that of Charles III. the Pretender, for another Charles III became King of Spain in 1759. The coin is not rare; worth about 50 cents.

H. B. Q'B. Noel, N.S.—What is the value of a Canadian ten dollar bill issued before Confederation; it is numbered A 67780, and dated Feb'y 17th, 1864. Ans.—The collectors of paper money are so few that none of them cares to lay aside so much as ten dollars face value let alone paying a premium for it.

A Very Old Subscriber.—I have an old violin, on the inside of which is a paper inscribed Antonius Stradivarius, Cremonensis, Faciebat, Anno 1723. Is it at all probable that this is a 'Strad.' violin. Could you tell me where I could find out as to its genuineness and value. Ans.—It is altogether unlikely that your violin is genuine, as there are many imitations in the market, and from time to time people are imposed upon. Still, no one can tell the genuine without seeing it. There are few connoisseurs in Canada, and they are difficult to reach.

A.W.L.—I have an old violin stamped 'Ole Bull' on the back, and with a label gummed inside inscribed 'Sanctus Seraphin, Utmenfis Fecit Venetiise, Ann. 17—.' The balance of the date is blurred. What do these words mean? Is it of any value. Ans.—Sanctus Seraphin is the name of the maker, at Venice, in the year 17—. It is stamped 'Ole Bull,' as that great violinist may have bought or used a violin of this make. It is difficult for any but experts to estimate its value.

J. S., Paris.—I have an engraving, size 13 x 17, entitled 'Visit to the Village Oracle.' Painted by Joanna Knott and engraved by Robert Bell expressly for the membership of the new association for the promotion of fine arts in Scotland, 1846. 2. The other is a photograph of a photo-engraving of the Royal Family in 1874, size 15 x 18 published by Hughs & Edwards, 120 Cheapside, London. Ans.—1. The membership in the association was one guinea ($5.00) annually, and each member secured an engraving and one chance in a drawing or lottery for one or more works of art. The engraving above described was the one given to members in 1846; it therefore cost $5.00, less the value of membership and the chance in the lottery; it is probably not worth as much to-day. 2. Worth very little, except to some one who desires a picture of Queen Victoria and family.

M.E., Hampton, N.B.—Is there any original portrait of General Montcalm in existance. Is it to be found in Canada. Ans.—Yes; Abbé Verrault, late principal of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, had one for many years. This he willed to Laval University at Quebec, where it may now be found.

VETERINARY

Conducted by M. C. Baker, D. V. S.

DIARRHOEA IN PIG.

M. D.—A young pig, about two months' old, has diarrhoea for about two weeks. What is the cause? What would be a good for such? If there is any I would like to know and how to feed. Ans.—The diarrhoea is most likely due to something in the food the pig is getting, or possibly to the dampness of the pen. See that he is kept in a clean dry pen. If you can not change him to another pen thoroughly clean and lime wash the pen he is in, and give him one and a half to two ounces of Castor oil (according to size of pig); then give him if possible milk to drink with a little dry shorts, to each quart of milk add a tablespoonful of lime water.

COW DOES NOT FEED WELL.

M. D. has a cow that has been sick for eight or nine days. It eats very little. Seems to be very hard for her to take anything in the mouth, but when she gets it under the back teeth she will chew it. If the throat was sore would she swallow water freely? When she takes a bite of grass in her mouth she will take up her head to chew it. She does not seem to be costive. Ans.—It would seem from your description that either the cow has a loose tooth or sores in her mouth or tongue. If, as you say, she swallows water freely the throat is hardly likely to be affected. Examine the mouth carefully for loose or broken teeth or sores. If the former exist try and remove them; if the latter, wash the mouth twice daily with a solution of borax, one half ounce to a quart of warm water.

BRITISH NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A pair of robins have built a nest and hatched a family in the pocket of an old waistcoat which had been left hanging on the wall of an unoccupied cottage at Ledsworth.

A letter bearing as its only address a picture of a pig in a shower of rain has been correctly delivered by the postal authorities at Filey to a Mr. Weatherhogg.

Liverpool has a library of 280,000 volumes. The number of books taken home during the last year was 1,362,000, while 1,410,444 were used for reference in the library. In other words, each book was on the average used ten times.

Mr. W. J. Evelyn, a descendant of the famous diarist, died recently at Wooton, near Dorking. He formerly represented the old West Surrey Division, and also the borough of Deptford in parliament.

The celebration of Mr. Jesse Collings's golden wedding has been made the occasion of a presentation from a number of Unionist members of parliament of a silver-gilt loving cup of Flaxman design, standing on an ebony pedestal, and suitably inscribed.

A new fruit was among the novelties at the annual show of the Royal Horticultural Society. It is a cross between the blackberry and the loganberry, which is a combination of the raspberry and blackberry. The new double hybrid is said to possess all the good qualities of its three progenitors.

Dedham Mill, Essex, the old flour mill on the River Stour, immortalized in a dozen or more of Constable's paintings, has been almost totally destroyed by fire. Slowly but surely all the old mills in the country, notable landmarks incorporated in the best work of England's most famous artists, are being wiped out. The other day it was the old mill at Iffley Lock, painted by nearly every artist of note, that was destroyed, also by fire.

On July 1 Sir Henry Alfred Pitman, for over thirty years registrar of the Royal College of Physicians, attained his one hundredth birthday. To mark the interesting event some of his old professional friends visited his residence at Enfield on that day, and presented him with a piece of plate. Sir Henry still enjoys excellent health; in fact, the only defect from which he suffers is impaired eyesight.

Stow-green pleasure fair, which has been held annually for 800 years, has practically ceased to exist. Held on an isolated common two miles from Billingborough, Lincolnshire, it was formerly one of the largest fairs in England and originally it lasted for three weeks. Now the fair is limited to two days, and when it commenced recently the green contained nothing more than a few catchpenny devices.

John Cain, of Douglas, a young student at Liverpool University, was killed in Hartington Road, Liverpool, through a cycling accident. He attempted to cross the rails in front of an electric car, when his machine skidded, throwing him in front of the car. The driver pulled up immediately, but Cain had received such injuries that death took place four hours later.

The War Secretary announces that the Army Council have decided to permit officers of the Territorial Force to compete for commissions in the Regular Army under conditions corresponding to those under which officers of the Special Reserve will compete. The conditions will be approximately similar to those under which officers of the militia have hitherto competed. Detailed regulations will be issued shortly.

Dr. Hall-Edwards, of Birmingham, who, having contracted X-ray dermatitis through exposure to Rontgen rays, had his left forearm amputated a few months ago, must soon lose his remaining hand. In an interview he said that the pain in his remaining hand had increased to an intolerable extent. In addition, the pain in the amputated stump of his left forearm had become so acute that it almost rivalled that of the other hand.

It was stated at the Manchester Coroner's Court, in the case of Eliza Radford, of Brougham street, Salford, whose body was found in the River Irwell, that she was a healthy woman and perfectly rational. A day or two before, however, she was upset because a police officer had told her she would be reported for having her chimney on fire. She dreaded the thought of having a summons. The jury returned a verdict of suicide while temporarily insane.

In order to encourage thrift among its employees the North-Eastern Railway Company some years ago established a savings bank at which deposits as low as sixpence are received, four percent interest being paid on accounts up to two hundred pounds and two and a half percent on sums in excess of that amount. Last year 1,040 new accounts were opened and £104,672 deposited. The total amount now standing to the credit of 11,003 depositors is £893,762, representing an average sum of £81 4s. 6d. for each depositor.

According to English dealers, the present year will long be remembered as the most prolific strawberry year known. The total output is expected to exceed fifty thousand tons, and this, estimated at twopence a pound net, represents to growers something like a million pounds. The Hampshire berry growers report that the average exceeds two tons an acre. The total value of the strawberry currant, and gooseberry harvest exceeds two millions sterling. About sixty thousand acres of land are devoted to these fruits in Britain, but the English fruit grower dominates the situation.

The anniversary of the time honored Gooseberry Fair at Tollesbury occurred the other day, and the feature of the survival has always been the baking of huge gooseberry pies. The object was to give a welcome home to fathers and brothers who have been away on racing or pleasure yachts or fishing, and each family used to prepare a huge pie for its homecoming seafarers in specially large dishes. There have been Tollesbury pies that held as much as a peck of fruit, and tradition even relates that one pie was so large that the local baker had to remove one or two bricks to get it into his oven.

The Birmingham branch of the sect known as the Ahmedans last week witnessed the mystic ceremony of 'Decapitating the Dove.' The congregation were gathered in a cottage, which has an altar, and is decorated with Oriental draperies. The high priest, a Cingalee, drew a long-bladed knife from his sash, and, raising the lid of a box, drew form it a fluttering dove. At this the congregation reverently rose, and the priest, with a sweep of the knife, severed the head of the bird from the body. Then the worshippers departed satisfied that their sins for the past twelve months had been erased.

Captain Lord Frederick Temple-Blackwood, who has just been married to Miss Brenda Wodehouse, is the youngest of the sons of the late Marquis of Dufferin, and, like his brothers, has seen service in South Africa. Lord Aca, the eldest brother, was killed at Ladysmith, and thus the title, eventually, came to its present holder, a sometime secretary in the diplomatic service. He married an American wife several years ago, but his heir presumptive is his brother, Lord Basil, whose experiences in South Africa were those of Deputy Judge Advocate, and Colonial Secretary of the Orange River Colony, and who is now acting in the latter capacity at Barbadoes.

Now that Lord Charles Beresford is at loggerheads with Sir John Fisher, it is interesting to recall an incident of eight years ago in which he got the better of that astute sailor. They were engaged on manoeuvres in the Mediterranean, and Lord Charles Beresford was given the task of getting to sea undiscovered by the torpedo-boats. This he did by an artful use of false lights, and made for Lemnos. On the way he saw the 'enemy's' fleet, under Admiral Fisher, steaming in two lines. He immediately ran his own ships between the lines, so that he could use both his broadsides, while the enemy could only use one, and was awarded a complete victory.

An interesting method of instructing boys in that part of nature study pertaining to the atmosphere has been devised by John Reid, the headmaster of the Reckleford Council School at Yeovil. Each day of the school week several boys are sent to the corporation gas works to copy records of barometer movements and rainfall there kept, one or two less experienced lads accompanying them. Meanwhile other boys note the direction of the wind and record the temperature from readings of thermometers hung in the open on the north and south sides of the school. The teacher of the class then enters the particulars on a sheet, and encourages the scholars to make deductions from the collected data. The boys copy the results, and every Friday they write an account of their observations in the form of 'general remarks' on the week's weather.

SCOTLAND.

Owing to poor trade three of the leading Scottish ironmasters have decided to damp down about a dozen blast furnaces, and by next week only sixty will be in blast in Scotland, as compared with ninety a year ago. This number is the lowest for twenty years.

In Glasgow on Thursday, July 2, the temperature in the shade was 83.3. Professor Beeker, Observatory, states that it is thirty years since the same temperature was recorded there, which was only one and a half degree less than the highest record since 1843. During the past 66 years there have been only eight days during which the heat was greater than that of Thursday. The temperature in these days ranged from 83.8 to 85.4 degrees.

A curious incident has come to light in connection with the stopping of a London express train on the Caledonian main line near Rockcliffe station, a few miles north of Carlisle. The train was running at full speed when the driver observed a red object by the side of the line which he regarded as a danger signal. The train was accordingly pulled up, when it was found that the object in question was a red parasol carried by a woman who, wishing to cross the line at a level crossing, was awaiting the passing of the express.

Advices from all parts of the central districts of Scotland report the occurrence recently of the 'midnight glow,' or continuous daylight. The phenomenon is described by an expert as a purely atmospheric effect. The remarkably long spell of warm, dry weather produced abnormal conditions in the different atmospheric layers, particularly in their temperatures and in the amount of water vapor and water-vesicles present in them; and to the unusual reflective and refractive properties with which the atmosphere thereby became endowed they owed the brilliant midnight phenomena which were so greatly admired, as well as the curious effects of mirage which were observed in the various districts.

Lord Blythswood, of Blythswood, who has died at Blythswood House, Renfrewshire, at the age of seventy-four, came of one of the most distinguished of Scottish families, being a Campbell-Campbell, and of the same stock as the Duke of Argyll, and a descendant of the great Sir Colin Campbell. For some years he took an active part in politics, and twice sat in the House of Commons as member for Renfrewshire. For his services Lord Salisbury, who had a great admiration for him, made him first a baronet and then a baron. Lord Blythswood had a private laboratory and engineering shop at his seat, where he carried out many experiments. Quite recently it was reported that he was engaged on the construction of a flying machine, for which elaborate tests regarding wind pressures and currents were being made.

IRELAND.

Miss Jane Hurley, of Ballintubber, County Roscommon, has died at the age of 101 years. Her mother lived to 106, and her father to 108 years.

While walking in his sleep Private William Farrell, of the Connaught Rangers, walked through a window at Tipperary Barracks, and, falling between thirty and forty feet, sustained fatal injuries.

The secretary and treasurer of the Maylough United Irish League and the committee, whom Judge Ross attached some time ago, and ordered to be imprisoned for four months, for contempt in interfering with land in County Galway, within the jurisdiction of his court, have been arrested, and conveyed, unexpectedly, to Galway jail to serve their sentence.

Although it is the popular idea that in Ireland the landlords cannot get their rent, the state, as landlord, appears to experience no such difficulty. The tenant purchasers under the Lands Act pay up their instalments with remarkable regularity, and the arrears only amount to five-eighths percent of the total annual payments. In Ireland, there are just upon two hundred thousand tenant purchasers who are keeping up the instalments that are to make the land their own. On the first day of July 1,013 of these tenant purchasers were in arrears with their instalments, or about half percent of the whole body. The annual amount which has to be collected is just upon one and a half millions, and the amount outstanding is £9,132. Thus, out of every £100 to be collected, there is only a deficiency in arrears of about 12s. 7d.

A BARQUE'S LONG VOYAGE.

(Boston 'Transcript.')

After what is believed to be the longest voyage with cargo ever made by a sailing ship the British steel barque 'Johanna' arrived in the lower harbor on Saturday. It is nearly seven months since she sailed from Java. Since then she has been to St. Helena, Falmouth, England, and Delaware Breakwater. Her 17,000 miles of sailing and knocking from port to port was due to advance in the price of sugar. Captain Doey said the 'Johanna' loaded at Cheribon and Tagal, leaving the former port on Nov. 25. She took on board 8,859 big baskets of sugar, each weighing 700 pounds. By the time Falmouth was reached, April 22, the advanced price of sugar in this country caused the barque to be ordered to Delaware Breakwater, whence she was sent to this port to discharge her cargo.

DEAFNESS FROM BATHING.

(Philadelphia 'Record.')

'When the warm weather heats your blood and you long to hie to the cooling seaside and plunge boldly into the briny, pause, hesitate, consider,' says an eminent nose and ear specialist. 'Observe the numbers of bathers who during the season evince a sudden deafness, which often lingers for weeks at a time and sometimes becomes a permanent trouble.

'To avoid this do two things. Remember the ancient instruction to wet the top of the head first, and never allow any cold water to percolate to the drum of the ear. Many people do not know that the sudden application of cold to the back of the ear will cause the delicate mechanism to expand sharply under the rush of blood to escape. This is always followed by partial deafness, which sometimes becomes a serious matter. Another thing to watch is the shampoo. The same danger lies here if the hairdresser is either unskilful or careless. In rinsing the hair the spray should first be applied to the top of the head and gradually brought down to the nape of the neck, thus obviating the trouble.'

THE FOREIGNERS OF ANCIENT MEMPHIS

(By Prof. Flinders Petrie, in the 'Morning Post,' London.)

Perhaps the most interesting part of the work of the British School in Egypt this year has been the excavation in the foreign quarter which has now been discovered. The greatest commercial centre before the rise of Alexandria naturally drew to it a concourse of traders from all the countries around. Herodotus describes the 'Camp of the Tyrians,' as it was named in his day, and the temple of King Proteus with the shrine of the foreign Aphrodite. To identify and examine this site was a principal object of research.

Within the region south of the great enclosure of the god Ptah, as described by Herodotus, one piece of ground attracted attention by the quantity of early Greek jar-handles and pottery strewed over it, to say nothing of the many pieces of the great Rhodian wine-jars of the succeeding centuries. This region was clearly a resort of foreign trade during some seven centuries before our era. Here also had lately been found the outer gateway of a great temple, deep under the house ruins which covered it; and this was of King Menenptah, almost contemporary with the Trojan war, to which age King Proteus was fixed. Much of the excavation was devoted to clearing away some twenty feet of earth from this temple site, and by the close of the season it was seen that the greater part of the open fore-court of the temple had been exposed, and the inner doorway leading into the temple was revealed. Here the work has had to pause for this year, but it is hoped to continue and clear the temple chambers next season. The open court, however, gave some results. Two tablets of the goddess Hathor, the 'foreign Aphrodite' of Herodotus, were found in it; also some Cypriote jars, and pieces of painted pottery figures colored with bright yellow, red, and black of northern style. A hint of rich decoration appeared in pieces of alabaster inlay and colored tiles, agreeing with the shrine being 'magnificently adorned,' as Herodotus says. Some curious washing-places for the worshippers were placed in the court, resembling rather the Semitic fashion of tanks for ablution in the Holy Place. In later time the court was littered with waste beads and scraps from a glazing factory, and then houses were built filling it up, so that all trace of the use of it disappeared.

In this foreign quarter was found a series of most interesting terra-cotta heads of the various strange peoples gathered together in Memphis. The style of work shows rather Greek spirit in an Egyptian setting, and by the subjects they belong probably to about a century following on the age of Herodotus. It is not to be expected that we should be able to recognize all the types familiar in the ancient world; but from dress and from ancient portraits many of these heads can be identified. Here is the Persian Great King with his royal headdress, and his long upright Aryan profile. Next is the Persian cavaury officer, with his regimental badge on his head,, as described by Herodotus. There is the Syrian bedawy just as he is seen on the Egyptian monuments. The Babylonian Sumerian is modelled exactly like the heads of two thousand years before from the Chaldean plain. The finest troops of the Persians were the Scythian cavalry, the Cossack regiments of those days; and several figures of these are found with the high-peaker hood and busby beard as seen on the Crimean vases. While beyond all there was a colony of Indians in Memphis, whom the versatile modeller showed with characteristic faces, pose, and dress, familiar to us from the early Buddhist monuments of India. The connection of India with Egypt is of the highest interest, as hitherto we have only had the Indian version of the great Buddhist mission of Asoka to the kings of the West, and no trace of Indian influence was seen on this side. Now we are certain that Indian models were before the Graeco-Egyptian artist, and that the Indian appeared before Roman days in Egypt. If we could in future recover any more direct link with the Buddhist mission it would be of the highest importance in the history of Western thought, which seems to be so strongly indebted to Eastern ideals.

Of the purely Egyptian side some good results were reached. A beautiful lotus capital of the time of the pyramid builders had been re-used in the temple foundations; also parts of clustered columns girdled with a triple rope, not known before. Two large buildings of King Siamen, of about 1050 B.C., were found. One was apparently a public place of business or a palace, and six large carved door-lintels with figures and inscriptions have been recovered from that. The other building may have been a temple, but it underlies the premises of the British school, and as yet only one column twelve feet high, standing complete on its base, has accidentally been uncovered.

The great fortress and palace at the north end of the city was partly examined. It was seen that the mound about sixty feet high in a cellular sub-structure for a raised building, and part of a huge column of King Apries shows the date of teh latest palace. This region waits for future years of excavation.

All over the city the remains of the busy factories were found. Kilns for making hundreds of glazed vases and dishes were opened, some with masses of spoiled articles thrown aside as useless from over-firing. Thousands of small glazed figures show the trade centre for such wares. Plaster moulds were largely used both for pottery and for bronze work. Weights abound, for the innumerable traders who occupied the mart. And the factories of beads, scarabs, amulets, stone vases, and other small products have left multitudes of little reminders of their activity.

NEGROS BANDIT LEADER

HIS TRICK TO SECURE THE ALLEGIANCE OF THE SUPERSTITIOUS ISLANDERS.

(From the Seattle 'Post-Intelligencer.')

A war of extermination against the bandits in the island of Negros, in the Philippines, with the killing of several hundred natives, is the prediction of the Rev. Harry Maxfield, missionary of the Tabernacle Baptist Church to this island, who is now at home on a furlough.

'The bandits of the island gave the Spaniards trouble for eight years, and it was only a year ago that our troops wiped out the leader and broke up the band,' said Mr. Maxfield. 'The leader of the band was an ox driver named Dionici, who was oppressed by the Spaniards in 1890 and fled to the hills, where he quickly gathered a band around him. The band he later increased to several hundred men. In 1900 he could muster 2,000 men. He found that it was difficult to govern such a large band of wild and unruly spirits and so manufactured a scheme of worship. He dressed one of his lieutenants in a black suit, put a mosquito net over him, and between the mosquito net and the suit placed thousands of huge fireflies.

Then he manufactured a mechanical device to slide up and down, by which this man slid up and down during the night, making it appear as though he came from the heavens and as though he were clothed in fire. The bandits thought he was the Lord, and when he spoke every one grovelled on the ground. The manufactured Lord then appointed Daniel his mountain pope and called him Papa Ysio.

'After that the bandits, who were very superstitious, obeyed every command. Every time they began to forget their obedience Yncenlos, the manufactured god, would appear and frighten them again. Finally they were stirred up to such a fanatical frenzy that they would do anything for the pope. In a battle with Spanish troops in 1896 200 soldiers were killed. When the Americans took the island Papa Ysio was at his height, but the troops were recalled from the islands and the native scouts left in charge.'

WHIPPING POST AND STOCKS

STOOD IN THE RALEIGH COURT HOUSE LAND UNTIL THE END OF THE REBELLION.

(Raleigh correspondence of Charlotte 'Observer.')

Up until the end of the war and a little while after the whipping post and stocks stood not far from the north-west corner of the court house and between that building and the present post-office, and there the last whipping took place, though as it began it was sought to be stopped by a federal officer. The sheriff was, however, simply carrying out the mandate of the old Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions.

In those days the stocks and the whipping post too were special attractions, notably to boys. The latter were allowed to ridicule people who sat in the stocks, which held their hands and feet, but not to throw anything at them.

Of course this deprived the boys of some degree of pleasure, yet they contrived to get a good deal of fun out of the thing any way. It seems odd now even to think of such scenes as these must have been. Figure to yourself passing by the court house green at Charlotte or Raleigh and seeing a gentleman held by the ankles and wrists by wooden bars, sitting there in the sunshine for all the world to look at.

Those were the days of the branding iron, too. A set of gyves of iron, in use for holding the ankles or wrists, are on exhibition here, but of branding irons there are none. These were used here in January, 1865, for the last time.

CUSHION DAY IN SPAIN.

(From 'P. T. O.')

The Queen of Spain recently held at Madrid the Spanish court ceremony, which is equivalent to our courts. This is called 'cushion taking,' a quaint proceeding which it is well known Her Majesty would like to alter, if she might. But tradition forbids. The ceremony used to be held by the Queen alone, but King Alfonso has taken lately to putting in an appearance at the gathering. As the women enter the presence chamber each is presented with a highly ornamented cushion. All then stand in a row, while in turn every woman advances to the throne on which Her Majesty is sitting and, placing the cushion at the Queen's feet, proceeds to sit upon it. The Queen enters into a brief conversation with each débutante in Spanish, after which the woman retires, carrying her cushion with her. This is a trying ceremony for the débutantes, because, save the one who is in conversation with the Queen, all the others have to remain standing throughout.

KEEPING DANDELIONS FROM LAWNS.

(From the Denver 'Post.')

There are those who say the dandelion cannot be killed. I know better—I've tried it. I have a lawn 200 feet by 150 feet without a dandelion, and I didn't rip up my lawn either. How do I keep the dandelions out? I dig them out carefully every spring and keep a close watch for their reappearance during the summer, thus avoiding the seeding. Every spring I scatter plenty of blue grass seed on my lawn and thus supply it with seed that is lost to it by reason of frequent cutting.

Not only that, but when I am digging dandelions I have a pocket full of seed handy and drop a pinch in each hole I make when I extract the dandelion from the sod. New grass grows up quickly, fills the hole and chokes the dandelion.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

'Witness' Office,
Saturday, June 25.

Prices continued to advance on the local stock market this week and the major part of the entire list became active and strong under the influence of the broadest buying that has been seen since the beginning of the year. The market at times was almost buoyant, but, while the outside participation noticeably broadened, the spectacular demonstration of the improved trading was conducted along professional lines. There were no new developments to account for the gratifying strength which has characterized the general list during the past few days, and the only explanation that can be advanced is that the public is beginning to look more favorably upon reliable securities, with their high rate of interest, payable quarterly, as a means for the investment of the surplus money which has been accumulating in the banks and which has become a drug on the market. For this reason, it is claimed that the advance in prices of at least many of the leading issues will proceed further without serious reaction.

In the home list Canadian Pacific continues active, and purchasers of this favorite issue consider themselves fortunate in securing the stock around present figures when the possibilities are taken into consideration. Indeed it is predicted by many knowing ones that Canadian Pacific is destined before long to touch the two-hundred mark, and with the support which is behind the advance movement such a feat is conceded as quite possible during the present year. Soo common has played a leading part on the Stock Exchange this week, advancing quietly to 116¼ on a steady demand. The behavior of Power recently has given satisfaction to its supporters, notwithstanding the many disturbing rumors as to competition, and a decrease in earnings. This stock is destined to touch par before very long, and such a record is well justified by the splendid earning capabilities of the company.

Montreal Street has been rather quiet of late, and while it is always well supported by the more cautious investor, it has not advanced in keeping with certain other leaders. The present inactivity of this stock need cause no uneasiness as it appears to be passing through a period of indifference as to the general strength of the market. It is certain to advance in the near future on the strength of its earning powers. Richelieu & Ontario has been stationary for some time, but strong around 76, and with the heavy earnings anticipated during the next few weeks it should show an appreciable gain during the present bull movement.

The most impressive feature of the market across the border this week was the further increase of outside buying which came in volume sufficient to absorb a relatively large amount of profit-taking by the professional element. This buying, it would seem, reflected the participation of an increasing number of habitual speculators, who have been waiting for a sharp reaction upon which to purchase stocks. There is a large number of investors who are willing to buy stocks a few points below the present level, many of whom no doubt have placed orders accordingly, and the knowledge of this fact has encouraged the market leaders to keep stocks as long as possible out of their reach. New developments during the past few days were of merely routine nature, but they reflected to the close observer the gradually improving tendency of general business conditions throughout the country. An especially gratifying exhibit was the statement of the country's exports and imports for the fiscal year ending June 30.

International securities were well looked after, and several notable gains were in evidence. Detroit United is quietly looking up, and after a short period of dulness and inactivity, it has commenced to show an inclination to stiffen in price. Mexican is doing well, and according to the June statement just issued the gross earnings for the month amounted to $453,135. Illinois Traction continues to show steady increase in revenue.

An average business has been done in bank and industrial securities, with very little change in quotations from those recorded last week. The general business outlook all over the country continues to improve, and reports to hand tell of increased trade in all directions. The crops, especially in the west, continue to flourish, and many and glowing are the predictions as to what this will mean to Canada. Inquiries from outside for marketable products, as well as for manufactured goods and staple wares, are on the increase, while the demand for export merchandise is quite satisfactory, with prices correspondingly good. Money continues cheap and plentiful.

PRICE CHANGES OF STOCKS AND INVESTMENT RETURNS.

The following tables of active and inactive stocks listed on the Montreal and Toronto Stock exchanges have been compiled up to and including Friday afternoon's session on the Montreal market. Last Saturday's prices are also included so that the week's record may be complete. The tabulated information contains the amount of dividend payable, if any, the month when due and the highest and lowest prices of 1907-1908, together with the investment returns on current quotations.

	Div. payb'l.	High. 1907.	Low. 1907.	High. 1908.	Low. 1908.	This week.	Last. Sale.	Price per share.	Return.
C. P. R.	3½H Oct.	201¼	140	169½	142	169½	167¾	168½	$168.50	4.1
Power	1¼Q Aug.	96½	79	96½	85	96	94¼	96	96.00	6.2
M. S. R.	2½Q Aug.	239	157	191	170½	173½	173	173	173.00	5.8
Twins	1¼Q Aug.	108¾	169	92¾	78¾	92¼	90½	92¼	92.13	5.4
Tor. Ry.	1½Q Oct.	115½	82⅞	100¾	94	99	98	99	99.00	6.1
Detroit		81½	28½	42¾	31¼	40	38	40	40.00	...
Richelieu	1¼Q Sept.	82⅝	43½	78	6"	76	74½	75	75.00	6.6
N. S. Steel		79	45	55	41⅞	47½	46¼	47¼	47.25	...
Dom. Coal	1Q Oct.	70¼	37	58½	37⅜	54	53½	53⅝	53.63	7.4
Iron bonds	2½H Jan.	80		64½	75½	70½	74⅜	76¼	76.25	6.6
Iron Com.		80		13¾	18⅜	14	16⅞	15	15.25	...
Mackay Com.	1Q Oct.	15		42¼	67	51¾	67	65	67	67.50	6.0

Stocks	Dividend	Payable	High 1907	High 1908	Low 1908	Last sale	Return
BANKS							
Merchants	2½ Q.	Sept.	187	143	128	134	4.3
Merch.	2 Q.	Sept.	170	156	143½	134¾	5.9
Hoche	2 Q.	Sept.	178¼	177	132½	133½	5.9
E. T.	4 Q.	Oct.	162	152	148	149	5.3
Mols.	2½ Q.	Oct.	211½	200	178	196	5.1
Toronto	2½ Q.	Sept.	224	212	205	212	4.7
B. N. A.	4 H.	Oct.	173½	145	141	142½	5.6
Royal	2½ Q.	Oct.	142½	124½	217½	217½	4.6
Dominion	7 Q.	O t.	242½	225	228	228	5.3
Imperial	2½ Q.	Aug.	220	218¼	218½	217	5.0
Standard	3 Q.	Au.	240½	....	....	215½	5.5
Ottawa	5 H.	Sept.	224	....	....	224	4.4
Quebec	1½ Q.	Sept.	145	176	120	130	5.4
Union	1½ P.	Sept.	152	133	121½	133	5.3
N. S.	2 Q.	Oct.	293	283	267½	277½	4.3
Comm.	2 C.	Sept.	179½	164	136	157	5.1
TRUSTS							
Can.	2½ H.	Nov.	100	92	87	91	5.4
Can.	1 H.	Jan.	110¼	109	103	105¾	5.7
N. S. T.	1½ H.	Nov.	114	100	95¼	100	4.5
Can. Cot.	1½ Q.	Sept.	93	96	92	96	6.3
Dis. Woods		L. Dec.	107	106	102½	105½	5.0
DEBENTURE STOCKS							
Birks			120	111½	108½	109	7.3
Dom.			....	86¼	66¾	66	..
Can.	2½ H.	Aug.	112	100	85	96¼	7.3
Cable	1¾ Q.	Sept.	120	120	114	118	5.9
Switch	1¾ Q.	Jan.	105	102	92	92	7.6

	Dividend	Payable	High 1907	High 1908	Low 1908	Last sale	Return
PREF. CONT.							
Mackay	1 Q.	Oct.	71¾	68¼	59¾	67½	6.0
Lake Woods	1¾ Q.	Sept.	112	115	103	112	6.3
Illinois	1½ Q.	Oct.	94¼	88¼	77	83½	7.1
Tri. City	1½ Q.	Oct.	100½	89	69	75	8.0
Lau. Paper	1¼ Q.	Oct.	110	114	100¾	112	6.2
Magd.	1½ Q.	....	71¾	....	....	71½	9.6
Havana	1½ Q.	Oct.	85	75	65½	75	8.0
Textile	1¾ Q.	Oct.	98½	90	78¾	82	8.5
B.C. Pack.	3½ H.	....	74¾	....	....	74¾	9.8
MISCELLANEOUS							
Bell Tel.	2 Q.	Oct.	145	138½	123	136	5.9
Mon. Tel.	2 Q.	Oct.	162	145	135	132	6.1
Mon. Cot.	1¾ Q.	Dec.	128	113¼	105	105	6.6
Hafn. Ry	1½ Q.	Oct.	104½	100	95	80	6.1
Trinidad	1¼ Q.	Oct.	78	....	....	54	6.5
Toledo	..	....	29¼	15	8	9½	..
Switch	7 Y.	Dec.	98½	93	60	62	11.3
Soo	1¼ Q.	Oct.	126½	115¾	80¾	114¼	5.2
Lau. Paper	H.	Aug.	93	106	93	108	5.8
Magd.	..	....	31½	....	....	31	..
Havana	..	....	45¾	25	20	23½	..
Textile	1¼ Q.	Oct.	45	45	41	42	11.6
Lake of Woods	1½ Q.	Sept.	107	89	71	88½	6.8
Mexican	..	....	57¼	58½	45¾	61	..
Sao Paulo	Q.	Oct.	138¾	132½	113	130½	6.1
Rio	..	....	45	45	29	48	..
Ohio	..	....	30⅝	21	16	16	..

CERTAIN CROPS DAMAGED BY THE HEAVY RAINS.

Wholesale Trade Marking Time —Failures for Week Few With Small Liabilities.

Recent rains have damaged to some extent, says Dun's, the already sparse hay crop in this district, now being harvested, but they have come almost too late to benefit the grain crops, and vegetables have also suffered from the recent dryness. Exports of butter and cheese continue to show a considerable falling off from the figures of the past two years. This is due to the killing off of a large quantity of stock last winter, owing to the highprices of hay and feed, and also to the fact that a larger proportion than usual of cows proved without calf this spring owing to poor feeding. It is thus calculated that the farmer will scarcely realize average results in this district this year.

Wholesale trade is just about marking time, and no perceptible improvement can be yet noted in the demand for goods, nor in general remittances. Travellers express disappointment with fall orders so far booked, though they report promises of increased commands later, if warranted by actual crop results. The only noteworthy change in values is the expected advance in the hide market, dealers now quoting on the basis of 8 cents for No. 1 to butchers. Recent failures are few in number, six being reported in the district for the week with liabilities of $57,500.

C.P.R. earnings for the third week of July decreased $125,000.

GLOWING ACCOUNT OF CROP CONDITIONS

Given by an Expert From Minnesota—The Biggest and Best Harvest Yet.

Winnipeg, July 27.—Senator Jansen, of Minnesota, who has been touring the West, brings back glowing accounts of the general excellence of the wheat crop. He says: 'I shall not attempt to give a detailed report of the various sections, but the net result of my observations is that Western Canada stands upon the eve of harvesting the biggest and best crop in its history. I believe an estimate of 115,000,000 bushels of wheat to be conservative. I did not simply do my estimating from a Pullman car, neither did I look upon the fields through the thick end of a glass, as I have seen many experts do. I drove long distances and travelled by automobile part of the time in my journey of over two thousand miles.

Winnipeg, July 27.—Harvesting has started at Portage Plains.

Yorkton, Sask., July 27.—Barley cutting commenced on Saturday.

CATTLE PRICES ON ENGLISH MARKEST

(Canadian Associated Press.)

Liverpool, July 25.—John Rogers & Company quote American steers, 13½c to 14c; Canadians, 12½c to 13¼c; hay fed ranchers, 12c to 12½c; grass ranchers, 11½c to 12c; cows, 11c to 12c; bulls, 10¾c to 11½c; trade very slow.

CHEESE EXPORTERS WORKED ON SUNDAY.

Change in Board Meeting Days Has Resulted in More Efficient Organization.

Even at this late date in the season the question of the meeting day of the Ontario cheese boards seems to be a hard one to settle.

Since 1905, and until this spring, most of the important boards met on Saturday.

This necessitated the keeping open, till all hours on Saturday, the offices of the produce dealers in Montreal, who had buyers at the boards, as the basis of the next week's prices depended largely on what was paid for the large block of cheese that was boarded on Saturday. It was often late at night before the returns of purchases and prices were in, and as the British merchants have to be posted by Monday morning on the trend of the market, the sending of cables on Sunday became an established custom in some of the offices. The simplest way to remove the inclination to follow such a practice, was to allow more time between the purchase of the cheese and the day on which offers had to arrive in England, by changing the date of the board meeting from Saturday to Thursday. This was suggested by the Produce Association, and most of the boards that would be affected by the change, agreed readily enough.

There was strong objection in one or two sections, however. The factorymen at Cornwall, among others, refused to change, as they were in the habit of shipping their cheese by a boat which cleared for Montreal at a convenient time after the meeting. The boat schedule could not be altered, and as the salesmen were unwilling that their cheese should lie in a freight shed from Thursday till the end of the week, there was a deadlock between buyers and sellers.

The dealers then gave the Cornwall board two weeks' notice that they would not attend the meetings, and when they kept their word, they were accused of trying to work a 'hold up' to force their views on the board. As a result the salesmen decided to send their cheese to cold storage in Montreal and sell it to th ebuyers on the spot. This arrangement was tried for two or three weeks, and then a compromise was arrived at by which the parties agreed to meet on Friday.

To-day, every board in Ontario east of London, has given up the Saturday meeting, and the change has been of great benefit to the trade. Exporters have been able to organize their routine work on a much more satisfactory basis—the cheese arrives early in the week, and there is more time for making shipments, instead of crowding the work of a week into three or four days at the end, as it used to be.

The London cheese board, and the exchanges in the Eastern Townships, which which are the principal butter boards, that ship their produce in special iced cars, are the only meetings that are now held on Saturday, and any change that would interfere with the present convenient system is sure to be strongly opposed by the Produce Association.

The wholesale dealers here are at a loss to account for the action taken in Brockville yesterday to go back to the Saturday meeting. The salesmen seem to think they get more for their cheese by holding it a couple of days at the end of the week, and there is some justification for such a belief on a rising market. They quite overlook the fact, however, that they stand to lose at an equal rate on a declining market.

OUTPUT WILL BE $9,000,000 FROM COBALT MINES.

This is the Estimate for the Present Year—Mr. Black Returns From the Camps.

Mr John Black, who is financially interested in the Cobalt Mining Camps, is back from an extended trip to that country, and he is more enthusiastic than ever as to the possibilities of that region.

'In August, 1906,' said Mr. Black, 'I predicted an output of $8,000,000 during 1907, but the strike came on and lasted for over nine months which reduced the output considerably, but the present year the output will be at least $9,000,000. I advised the public at that time to invest in several properties, which have made good. When Nipissing was selling at $4.75 I told my friends to buy. I have visited the camp occasionally so as to keep in touch with its development and I am thoroughly convinced that it is rapidly coming to the front as the richest silver camp in the world. The public are protected now, as all 'wild cat' schemes are cleaned out, and there are some properties in the camp that are paying from sixteen percent to thirty percent on their present market value. There is absolutely no doubt in my mind but that they will continue to do so for many years.

'The Crown Reserve mines, or what is better known as the bed of Kerr Lake, surrounded by the Drummond, the Lawson and the Silver Leaf properties, is possibly the most valuable deposit and contains the largest vein in the camp. There are several others which will increase with time and altogether careful investments in Cobalt are sure to bring good returns later on. I may say that more interest than ever is being taken in the Cobalt, and I expect to see a big revival within the camps before the end of the year.'

Last week in the Cobalt camps was a banner week for shipments. Eight mines sent over 500 tons of ore to the smelters, and most of the shipments consisted of exceptionally high-grade ore, carrying several thousand ounces to the ton. Nipissing shipped five cars. Three went to Copper Cliff, Ont., and two to New Jersey. One was abnormally rich. Two were high-grade, and contained a lot of cobalt, with high silver values and two of low-grade. La Rose sent out six cars, four of low-grade to Denver, and two of high-grade to Copper Cliff, Ont.

Last year Cobalt produced $10,000,000 ounces of silver, or more than any state in the United States except Montana; five ounces of every 100 produced in the entire world.

This year Cobalt will produce 15,000,000 ounces of silver, or about one-twelfth of the production of the whole world. Cobalt is a little speck of land 2½ miles square.

TRI-CITY EARNINGS

The Tri-City Railway & Light Company's statement for June shows a very satisfactory surplus as the net profits for the month, after providing for sinking fund, all fixed charges and the dividend on the preferred stock, amounts to $7,548.52, which is equal to over 9 percent on the preferred stock.

THE MARKETS.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

With butter prices on the country boards holding steady at about last week's level, local values are unchanged, and there are no new developments in the market.

Though the inquiry from Great Britain can hardly be classed as brisk, there is a fair demand for some lines, and the exports for the week will show a good volume of business.

Dealers are quoting 24c to 24½c a pound for saltless butter 24c to 24¼c for salted Townships, and 23¾c to 24c for Eastern Quebec creamery, in wholesale lots. Jobbers are asking from 24½c to 25c a pound for single packages.

There is no change in cheese values, either on the local market or on the board. Holders are quoting 12c to 12¼c for Westerns, and 11½c to 11¾c for Easterns.

Cowansville, July 25.—Boarded, 1,373 boxes of butter, nearly all of which sold for 23¾c, a few factories sold at 23⅞c, and some for 23½c. Boarded, 391 cheese, selling mostly at 11 13-16c, a few selling at 11¾c, and one factory for 11⅝c; factory inspection.

St. Hyacinthe, July 25.—At the meeting of the butter and cheese board to-day, 418 boxes of butter sold at 23½c, 940 boxes of cheese sold at 11⅝c and 11¾c, sales at corresponding date of last year, 440 boxes of butter at 21½c; 2,321 boxes of cheese at 10 9-16c.

London, Ont., July 25.—Six factories offered 175 white and 670 colored cheese; 84 colored sold at 11 1-16c.

Jobbers are forced, by the inferior quality of the current receipts of eggs, to ask a high price for the selects, which is about the only grade that retailers will handle now, and sales are being made at 23c a dozen. No. 1 candled are quoted at 20c.

The trade does not look for much improvement till the harvest eggs come on the market next month, and in the meantime the consumers are paying for the heavy shrinkage.

Beans are steady and in moderate demand at $2 to $2.05 a bushel.

Select lots of live hogs brought as high as $7.10 a hundred pounds, weighed off cars on the local market this morning, but $7 was the ruling price.

Packers are asking $10, the same price as last week, for abattoir dressed stock, but the market is rather quiet.

Cured and smoked meats of all kinds are in good demand, and prices are firm.

FLOUR—Manitoba spring wheat patents, $6.10 to $6.20; second patents, $5.50 to $5.70; winter wheat, patents, $5 to $5.50; straight rollers, $4.25 to $4.50; in bags, $1.95 to $2.10; extra, $1.50 to $1.70.

ROLLED OATS—$2.50 in bags of 90 lbs.

OATS—No. 2, 48c; No. 3, 47c; rejected, 46c.

CORNMEAL—$1.85 to $1.95 per bag.

MILLFEED—Ontario bran, in bags, $20.50 to $21.50; shorts, $23 to $24; Manitoba bran, in bags, $22 to $23; shorts, $24 to $25.

BEANS — Prime pea beans, in jobbing lots at $2 to $2.05 per bushel.

POTATOES—$1 to $1.05 per bag of 90 lbs. in jobbing lots.

PEAS—Boiling, in broken lots, $1.25 to $1.30 per bushel.

HAY—No. 1, $11 to $12 per ton on track; No. 2, $9 to $9.50; No. 3 and clover, $7 to $7.50; clover mixed, $8 to $8.50.

PROVISIONS — Barrel short cut mess, $32.50; ½ barrels, $11.50; clear fat back, $23; dry salt long clear backs, 11c; barrels, plate beef, $17.50; ½ brls, ditto, $9.00; compound lard, 8¾c to 9¼c; pure lard, 12½c to 13c; kettle rendered, 13c to 13½c; hams, 12½c to 14c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 14c to 15c; Windsor bacon, 15c to 16c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, $9.75 to $10; live, $6.85 to $7.

EGGS—No. 1, 20c; selects, 22c per dozen.

BUTTER—24½c in jobbing lots.

CHEESE—Western, 12c to 12¼c; Eastern 11½c to 11¾c.

SHAREHOLDERS MAY PAY 40 PERCENT OF LIABILITIES.

La Banque de St. Jean Failure and Ask for Discharge From Depositors.

Little new has developed in connection with the Banque de St. Jean case since the conclusion of the enquete at St. Johns over two weeks ago. The latest proposition of the shareholders, it is said, is to pay up 40 percent due on the shares, and obtain a discharge for this amount from the depositors, the majority of the shareholders being unable to meet the double liability call, should such be made. This inability on the part of the shareholders creates a situation which probably was not foreseen by the framers of the law. It will be interesting to see what provisions have been made to collect the amount, and how they will be enforced. It will no doubt be interesting to follow the results of an attempt to enforce settlement, and it is improbable that more than a certain percentage of the shareholders of any failed bank would be wealthy enough to pay the call, while as many more would have adjusted their property in such a manner as to block any attempt to make them do so.

The consequence would be that a portion of the shareholders would pay the call, the others might not. This would, it is claimed, be manifestly unfair to the financially responsible. All this, however, goes to show how imperative it is to have a more thorough bank inspection.

Mr. P. H. Roy, president of the Banque de St. Jean, according to reports from St. Johns, is desirous to address his old electors on the question of his present position. He claims that he is still Speaker of the Quebec Legislature, and that as such he is not yet done with politics. However, it is not likely that the friends of the ex-Speaker will permit him to go further in the matter.

The report is again revived that Mr. N. K. Laflamme, K.C., will not act as counsel for Mr. Roy in the coming trial before the Criminal Court in October next. When asked if he had made a final decision, Mr. Laflamme replied: 'It is just possible I may not act when the time arrives.'

MONTREAL STOCKS OF GRAIN IN STORE

The following table shows the stocks of grain and flour in store in Montreal on the dates mentioned:

	July 25, 1908.	July 18, 1908.	July 26, 1907.
Wheat, bush.	449,510	513,243	1,033,035
Corn, bush.	74,645	40,461	112,558
Peas, bush.	318	318	45,093
Oats, bush.	91,740	31,330	70,682
barley, bush	47,284	49,935	55,340
Rye bush.	.....	.....	5,553
Buckwheat, bush.	.....	.....	828
Flaxseed, bush.	40,863	93,625	63,064
Flour, brls.	31,953	34,175	55,498
Meal, brls.	423	406	234

CATTLE MARKETS

LIVE STOCK MARKET—July 27.

About 800 head of butchers' cattle, 52 calves, 280 sheep and lambs, and 6 fat hogs were offered for sale at the Point St. Charles stock yards this forenoon. The warm weather had a depressing effect on trade, but prices continue without material change. Prime beeves sold at 5¼c to 5½c per lb., but they were not very choice; pretty good cattle, 4c to 5c, and the common stock 2¾c to 3¾c per lb. Calves sold at from $3 to $9 each. Sheep sold at 3½c to 4c per lb., the lambs at $4 to $5.50 each. Good lots of fat hogs sold at about 7¼c per lb.

Chicago, July 27.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,000, steady to 10c lower; beeves, $4 to $7.90; Texans, $3.70 to $6.40; western steers, $3.85 to $6.80; stockers and feeders, $2.60 to $4.60; cows and heifers, $1.75 to $5.50; calves, $5.75 to $7.25.

Hogs—Receipts, 36,000; 5c to 10c lower; light, $6.90 to $6.55; mixed, $6.05 to $6.65; rough, $6.05 to $6.25; heavy, $6.05 to $6.67½; good to choice heavy, $6.25 to $6.67½; pigs, $5.20 to $6; bulk of sales, $6.30 to $6.55.

Sheep—Receipts, 18,000; steady. Native, $2.60 to $4.60; western, $2.75 to $4.65; yearlings, $4.50 to $5.10; lambs, native, $4.50 to $6.60; western, $4.50 to $6.60.

East Buffalo, July 27.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,700; steady to firm. Cows, $3 to $5; bulls, $3.25 to $4.60; stockers and feeders, $2.25 to $4.40; stock heifers, $5 to $3.50; fresh cows and springers, steady, $28 to $58.

Hogs—Receipts, 1,200; slow and 15c dower, heavy and mixed, $6.80 to $6.90; yorkers, $6.50 to $6.85; pigs, $4.50 to $6.85; roughs, $5.25 to $5.65; stags, $4 to $4.50; dairies, $6.25 to $6.75.

Sheep and lambs, slow; lambs, $5 to $6.75; yearlings, $5 to $5.25; ewes, $3.75 to $4; sheep, mixed, $2.20 to $2.50.

Toronto, July 25.—The cattle market was rather uninteresting to-day. The quality of the greater part of the arrivals was very poor, and as the market is already overstocked with these they sold very slowly. The run was 92 cars, comprising 1,218 cattle, 1,869 sheep and lambs, 1,090 hogs, and 238 calves.

Choice butcher cattle are wanted, but very few of them came in to-day. However, prices are not any higher, but are steady at last week's levels. Butchers seem to have enough supplies on hand for the present. A few fairly good exporters were in, but no very fancy stock.

Farmers do not seem anxious at present to sell their cattle, as the outlook for the crops is good, and there is plenty of feed. Many of them are fattening their cattle up for shipment in the fall.

There is a good export demand for sheep, which is sufficient to absorb all the large offerings. Lambs, however, are rather weak, owing to the large number now offering. Hogs are unchanged at $6.90 to $7, fed and watered, Toronto, but the market is weak, and prospects are for lower prices next week. Calves were stronger on the light run.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKETS.

London, July 16.—To-day's supply of beasts consisted entirely of fat butchering cows and bulls, which met a slow but steady trade at about last Monday's rates. Top value—Fat cows, 3s 6d; extreme, 4s; fat bulls, 3s to 3s 6d per 8 lbs. Increase of 70 in number penned in sheep market compared with Thursday last. Trade for wedder sheep ruled slow at late currencies, whilst ewes were dearer. Very poor inquiry for lambs even at less money. Calf trade ruled slow, with a fair average supply. Quotations per 8 lbs., sinking the offal—Beasts, 3s to 3s 8d; sheep, 3s 10d to 5s 6d; calves, 3s 2d to 5s 4d; lambs, 5s 4d to 6s 6d. Total supply—Beasts, 69; Sheep and lambs, 1,290; calves, 40; milch cows, 5.

London, July 16.—Fair supplies, and trade very slow, but best beef firm. English beef, 3s 10d to 4s; Scotch sides, 4s 2d to 4s 4d; shorts, 4s 4d to 4s 10d; Deptford and Liverpool killed, 3s 8d to 4s 1d; refrigerated hindquarters, best, 4s 3d to 4s 5d; do., seconds, 3s 8d to 3s 10d; do., forequarters, 2s 4d to 3s; inferior beef, 2s 4d to 3s. Mutton—Scotch wedders, fat, tegs, 5s to 5s 4d; ewes, 3s 4d to 3s 6d; English wedders, 4s 4d to 4s 8d; do., ewes, 3s to 3s 6d; Dutch sheep, 4s 2d to 4s 6d; English lamb, 5s to 5s 8d; veal, 3s 8d to 4s 8d; English pork, 3s 4d; to 3s 8d; Dutch, do., 3s to 3s 6d per 8 lbs.

(Canadian Associated Press.)

Glasgow, July 27.—Messrs. Edward Watson and Ritchie report 865 cattle on offer. Trade slower all round but middling and inferior sorts are suffering the most. The top prices for steers is 12½c to 13c; secondary and ranchers, 11¼c to 12c; bulls, 10c to 10½c per lb.

(Canadian Associated Press.)

Liverpool, July 27.—John Rogers & Company cable to-day American steers, 13½c to 14c; Canadians, 12½c to 13¼c; hay fed ranchers, 12c to 12½c; grass ranchers, 11½c to 12c; cows, 11c to 12c; bulls, 10¾c to 11½c; trade slow.

RESULT OF ELECTRICITY APPLIED TO CROPS.

Remarkable Benefits Have Accrued as Shown by Actual Returns.

Ottawa, July 27.—Among the letters which reached the Trade and Commerce Department to-day was one from Mr. Peter Ball, late Trade Commissioner at Birmingham, news of whose death was published in this morning's papers. Mr. Ball's last report to the department received to-day, deals with some interesting experiments which have been made in England on the remarkable beneficial results of electricity as applied to the growth of farm crops.

In the case of Canadian red Fyfe wheat the yield per acre was increased from 25 to 35 bushels, whilst the quality also was so much improved as to being 7½ cents a bushel more in price.

LONDON WOOL SALES

London, July 27.—A superior selection was offered at the wool auction sales on Saturday and consisted of 14,241 bales. Competition was spirited with merinos in strong request by the home and continental buyers. America purchased a fair quantity of medium easy crossbreds at full rates. Punta Arenas wools were firm and were readily sold, especially fine grades. This week's offerings are 75,730 bales.

ONTARIO MARKETS

Hamilton, Ont., July 25.—White wheat, per bushel, 88c to 90c; red wheat, per bushel, 85c to 90c; spring wheat, per bushel, 85c to 90c; peas, per bushel, 70c to 75c; barley, per bushel, 60c to 65c; oats, per bushel, 48c to 50c; corn, per bushel, 65c to 70c; clover seed, per bushel, $10 to $12; timothy seed, per bushel, $1.20 to $2.40; white wheat flour, per barrel, $4.20 to $4.40; strong bakers flour, per barrel, $4.40 to $4.70; dressed hogs, per cwt., $8 to $9; apples, per bag of bushel, $1.50 to $1.60; dried apples, per pound, 3c to 4c; potatoes, per bag of 90 lbs., 80c to $1; butter, in rolls, per lb., 20c to 21c; butter, in firkins, per lb., 19c to 21c; eggs, per dozen, 17c to 19c.

Ingersoll, Ont., July 27.—White wheat, 78c to 80c per bushel; red fall wheat, 78c to 80c per bushel; peas, 75c to 80c per bushel; barley, 58c to 60c per bushel; oats, 48c to 50c per bushel; corn, 70c to 75c per bushel; oatmeal, $3.75 to $4 per cwt.; cornmeal, $3.75 to $4 per cwt.; flour, $2.40 to $2.65 per cwt.; bran, $20 to $21 per ton; shorts, $24 to $24 per ton; butter, 27c to 29c per pound; creamery, 28c to 32c per pound; eggs, 17c to 18c per dozen; potatoes, $1.15 to $1.25 per bushel; live hogs, $6.60 to $6.75 per cwt.; hay, $8 to $9 per ton; hides, $9 to $10 per cwt.

Ottawa, July 25.—Potatoes were somewhat easier to-day on By Ward market, selling at $2 a bag for new ones, and $1.50 to $1.70 for old ones. The market was fairly well stocked with local and imported potatoes, and a good many sales were made. Butter and eggs have gone up in price. For eggs from 25c to 28c a dozen—which is two to three cents dearer than on Thursday. Print butter brought 28c to 30c a pound, and tub 25c. Scarcely any old hay is being brought to the market, but there was a good supply of the new crop. The quotation was $17 to $18 a ton, which is about $1 a ton more. Following are the quotations:—Pork, per cwt., $10 to $10.50; mutton, fronts, 6c to 8c; do. hinds, 8c to 10c; beef, per cwt., hinds $6.50 to $7, beal, hinds, 10c to 12c; turkeys fresh killed, 15c to 16c; chickens, per pair 75c to $1.25; live fowl, per pair, $1 to $1.25; ducks, per lb., 18c; fresh eggs, 25c to 28c; print butter, 28c to 30c; creamery butter, 26c; tub butter, 25c; lard, per lb., 15c oats, buchel, 52c to 55c; hay per ton, $17 to $18; straw, $5 to $7; new potatoes, $2 to $2.25; potatoes, per bag, $1.50 to $1.75; carrots, a bag, 60c; turnips, a bag, 50c; parsnips, a bag, 60c to 75c; onions, per bag, $1.35 to $1.50; cabbage, a doz., 60c to 75c; beets, a bag, $1; cauliflower, each, 20c.

Toronto, Ont., July 27.—Prices of both Ontario and Manitoba wheat are stronger. A continuous export demand is chiefly responsible for the higher prices of the latter. Supplies of both are very low. New Ontario wheat is beginning to come on the market, but the old is preferred as long as it will last. Oats are stronger every day. It is practically impossible to purchase a large quantity of either Ontario or Manitoba.

Local dealers' quotations are:—Ontario wheat, No. 2 white, red or mixed, 83c to 84c outside; new, 82c outside. Manitoba wheat market quotations: No. 1 northern, $1.12½; No. 2 northern, $1.09½; No. 3 northern, $1.08½ lake ports. Corn, No. 2 yellow nominal at 85c to 84c Toronto freights; no offerings. Oats, Ontario No. 2 white scarce, 44c to 46c outside; No. 2 mixed, 43½c. Manitoba No. 2, 47c to 47½ lake ports; No. 3, 45c to 46c; rejects, 43c lake ports. Barley, quiet; No. 2, 56c to 60c; No. 3, 56c to 57c. Peas, No. 2 nominally quoted at 90c. Rice, No. 2 none offering; quotations nominal around 85c. Buckwheat, No. 2 nominally quoted at 65c to 66c. Bran, quoted at $17 in bulk outside; shorts, $20 to $21 in bulk outside; quotations for delivery in bags $2 more. Flour, Manitoba patents, special brands, $6; seconds, $5.40; strong bakers, $5.30; Ontario winter wheat patents, $3.20 to $3.50.

FARMERS' MARKET PRICES—July 24.

Larger crowds than usual both of sellers and buyers of garden and farm produce were present in the vicinity of Bonsecours Market this forenoon, and enormous quantities of seasonable stuff were bought at reasonable prices in most cases. Potatoes were very plentiful and sold at 50c to 60c per bag less than on last Friday's market, but they are still much dearer than they will be two weeks hence. Turnips, beets and carrots of superior size for so early in the season were offered in enormous quantities. The basket brigade who come to the city by boat and rail, nearly filled both of the market halls. Oats were rather scarce and sold at $1.15 to $1.20 per bag; potatoes, $1.35 to $1.50 per 80 lb bag; small potatoes, half price; turnips, beets, carrots and onions, 8c to 10c per bunch; cabbages, 40c to 75c per dozen; cauliflowers, 40c to $1.50 do.; celery, 30c to 60c do.; radishes, 5c to 10c per dozen bunches; rhubarb, 10c to 25c do.; lettuce, 15c to 25c do.; cucumbers, 30c to 40c per dozen; dead turkeys, 17c to 20c per lb.; geese, 12c do.; fowls, $1 to $1.50 per pair; chickens, 60c to 85c do.; young ducks, 75c to $1 do.; the tub butter, 22c to 25c per lb; print butter, 25c to 30c do.; new laid eggs, 25c to 30c per dozen; older eggs, 22c to 25c do.; cream, 25c per quart; old apples $2 to $4.50 per barrel; new apples, 75c per basket; windfalls, 30c to 50c do.; plums, black currants, gooseberries and blueberries, 40c to 50c per gallon; peaches, $2.50 per box; pears, $3 do.; western tomatoes, $1.25 per bushel crate; Montreal tomatoes, $1 to $1.50 per qin box; raspberries, 12c to 15c per box; bananas, $1.50 per bunch; hay, $10 to $12 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.; straw, $4 to $5 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs.

EARNINGS OF DIFFERENT BIG RAILWAY LINES

'Soo' third week of July decrease $43,111; from July 1 decrease $167,404.

Texas Pacific third week of July decrease $64,709; from Jan. 1 decrease $125,406.

Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic third week July decrease $22,706.

Toledo, Peoria and Western third week July decrease $2,798.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of Canadian patents recently secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Any information on the subject will be

CLEMENCY FRANKLYN

BY

ANNIE KEARY,
AUTHOR OF "OLDBURY," ETC.

SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

This story of Tunstall, a small manufacturing and mining town of England, opens on the evening of Clemency Franklyn's nineteenth birthday party in the home of he. aunt, Miss Arnays. Among the guests were Mrs. Franklyn, the young girl's stepmother, and the Hon. Mrs. Edgecombe, Clemency's godmother, who brings the good news of her son's expected homecoming. After all had gone, however, Arthur Yonge, the son of a reduced manufacturer, dropped in with his greetings. His father, a late partner of Clemency's father, had died, leaving him when only a child to the care of his grandfather, a reputed miser. Col. Edgecombe arrived while Clemency and another god-daughter, Sydney Serle, were visiting High Combe. Sydney's home is the old farm house, Manor Combe, where she lives with her father and her brother and his family. There is great rejoicing in Tunstall over Colonel Edgecombe's return by all except Arthur Yonge. The excitement of frequent excursions and visits to High Combe is broken for Clemency by her return to her father's home, the Red House, to help her stepmother in the preparations for the ball. Sydney, who has felt rather left ou of the rejoicings, is delighted to receive an invitation to the ball.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Such of the visitors at Vale Combe as were interested enough in Sydney to watch her narrowly, had reason this spring to complain of greater changeableness and occasional worse treatment than they had ever had to put up with before. That bright season was not a very happy time to Sydney. There was as much activity in the farm-house as in former years; as many visitors came; and as many expeditions were planned to the Combe Woods; but Sydney was now far less frequently in a mood to join them. The disinclination for society which she had formerly affected was, more or less, real this year. She had two grievances to brood over, which seemed to herself quite excuse enough for any degree of misanthropy.

The one oftenest in her thoughts, but never spoken about, was the comparative neglect with which during the last three months she had been treated by the family at High Combe. She often said to herself that events were falling out just as she had pictured them when she stood at the window, on the rainy afternoon after Colonel Edgecombe's arrival at Combe. High Combe was not any further from Vale Combe than it used to be, neither was there any marked change in the intercourse between their inmates. Mrs. Edgecombe sent down books and newspapers for old Mr. Serle as regularly as ever, and had as many cordial pleasant words to give Sydney when they chanced to meet in the woods or on the Combe Road; yet Sydney felt as if an impassable chill barrier had suddenly sprung up between herself and her godmother, which shut her out from High Combe and all the interests and pleasures once centred there as effectually as if the place had been spirited away to another quarter of the globe. It would in reality have been far better for her if it had been moved away, for then she would have had no temptation to spend idle hours in trying to make out the lines of the roof and chimneys through the thickening foliage of the trees, and in speculating on the occupations of the inhabitants, till the place began to look to her like an Eden from which she was injustly exiled.

The second grievance was one which a very little resolution on her part would have ended at once. It was the increased intimacy with the Humphreys family perseveringly thrust upon her by her sister, and the now constant visits of Mr. Humphreys in the character of her acknowledged admirer. There had been no formal declaration or acceptance; but it had come to be considered an established fact by both families that he was an encouraged suitor, and Sydney had not courage to make her own views about the matter clear. Indeed, she was not always quite sure what her own wishes were. The Misses Humphreys and their grave, imposing-looking brother were very kind to her, and if she was a little overawed by their loud voices and decided manners, she had the satisfaction of seeing that her sister-in-law was even more subdued in their presence than she was. Since she could not shine in the light of Mrs. Edgecombe's countenance, it was something to have the approbation of people as confident in their own opinion as were the Humphreys, to set against her sister-in-law's constant blame. Besides, in spite of his pompous manner and matter-of-fact mode of expressing himself, Sydney had discovered that Mr. Humphreys did really love her—more than her father loved her—more than she could at all understand one person loving another. The discovery caused her more fear than gratification, yet it interested her, and woke a cruel sort of curiosity in her mind—such interest and curiosity as a child (not absolutely cruel but only ignorant) takes in witnessing the struggles of an animal whose sufferings it does not in the smallest degree realize or understand.

Seeing the great effect which kind or unkind words of hers had on the tall, grave, middle-aged man, she could not resist the temptation of experimenting a little with her power, and when her sister thwarted her will roughly, or taunted her with the defection of her High Combe friends, she found a sort of compensation in showing off his entire subjection. She could not help being glad that Lizzie should see how thankful he was to be entrusted with commissions by her, however much they interfered with important business; and how recklessly he would keep his patients waiting when she chose to encourage him in dawdling away the best part of a morning in the Vale Combe orchard. It is true hat Mr. Humphreys, after thus serving as a trophy, had to undergo a proportional amount of snubbing on his next visit; but then Sydney's highest effort at disdain never succeeded in being very chilling, and she seldom had resolution to persevere in being cross for a whole evening. When her sister had gone up-stairs to put the children to bed, and her father was asleep in his chair, and she had taken her work to the window, if Mr. Humphreys liked to come and talk to her, she found it more convenient to sit still and listen quietly, and make little acquiescing sounds in answer to his long speeches, than to risk Lizzie's anger by getting up and leaving the room. Poor Mr. Humphreys could not possibly divine that while he was pulling an apple-blossom or a cowslip to pieces, and explaining the difference between the the botanical systems of Linnaeus and Lindley, she was softly saying to herself—'It is seven o'clock now; they are just going in to dinner at High Combe; I wonder whether they are sitting in the great or the little dining-room, and what they are talking to each other about?'—or, that when her attention was by chance directed to him, she was not employed in drinking in the information he imparted with so much exactness, but in wondering why he pronounced some of his words so differently from Mrs. and Colonel Edgecombe; or in noting silently the size and clumsiness of the hands that pulled the delicate flower to pieces, and the bald patch at the top of his head which he believed he had concealed satisfactorily by a careful arrangement of his scanty hair.

Being, fortunately, ignorant of all this, Mr. Humphreys generally rode home from Vale Combe through the summer twilight, in a very happy frame of mind, feeling thankful that he had acquired such an elegant science as botany to discourse to young ladies upon, since he could not edify them with descriptions of interesting medical cases; and Sydney meanwhile was going upstairs to bed with a perplexed and heavy heart. She saw plainly enough where the events of each day were leading her, but having no definite purpose or even wish, she found a sort of relief in letting herself be drifted to one of which seemed important enough to dispute about. The lot that did a decision by small circumstances, no seemed also so very far away, so immeasurably distant and unattainable, look desirable and glorious in her eyes, that no hope of reaching it mixed with, or in the remotest degree influenced, her thoughts of the future. Yet, unhoped-for, this fancied glorious lot was still before her, casting its great shadow over every other earthly object of desire, and making them all look alike unworthy of being sought for or struggled against.

It must be conceded, however, in excuse for Sydney's folly, that even if she had been disposed to put High Combe and the grievance of Mrs. Edgecombe's neglect out of her thoughts, she would have had little chance of succeeding at that time, for all the conversation that went on round her tended to foster her pre-occupation. Every member of the Vale Combe party, from old Mr. Serle to the youngest of his grandchildren, was infested with the enthusiasm for Colonel Edgecombe, that was just then the prevalent popular feeling about Combe; and they were all more or less disposed to boast of tokens of friendliness from him, which seemed to come abundantly to every member of the family except Sydney. In old times it had been Sydney who was distinguished, and the others neglected. Now it was their turn. At every family gathering there was something to tell; some chance encounter with Colonel Edgecombe to relate, or some little act of kindness bestowed by him on some one, to comment upon. He had met George Serle in the woods with his gun, and taken him back to lunch at High Combe; or he had fallen in with the children and given each of the boys a ride down Combe lane on his horse; or come across Mrs. George marketing at Hemsley, and gone into the jeweller's shop with her to explain how old Mr. Serle's broken spectacles might best be mended.

Adventures of this kind so rarely occurred to Sydney that she was disposed at times to fancy herself under a kind of ban, and to believe that Colonel Edgecombe purposely avoided her. Perhaps she had unknowingly done something to displease Mrs. Edgecombe, and Colonel Edgecombe excluded her from the friendliness he entertained toward the rest of the family, to show that he shared his mother's opinion of her. At times Sydney made herself miserable with his supposition, but with all her inclination to see the worst side, it would not always look reasonable. After that, one day in March, when Col. Edgecombe came upon her unawares in the lane, as she was bending down a branch of catkins from the hedge to let the youngest child feel its downy yellow tassels, she could not bring herself to believe that there was any deep displeasure in his mind towards her. From the expression of his face, when, at some slight sound she had turned quickly round, and found him standing behind her, she could not help thinking that he must have been looking very kindly either at the child, or the catkins, or her. He walked back to the Manor House with her, and drew her into conversation that day; but on subsequent evenings, when he came in to chat half an hour with old Mr. Serle, Sydney found herself as far from feeling at ease in his presence as ever. She persevered in keeping aloof from the rest of the party, and sat silent in her window recess, sewing diligently, while he was delighting the others with his pleasant talk, and when he turned round suddenly to address a remark to her, as happened now and then, she was generally too much startled to do more than acknowledge it with the same sort of half-murmured assent, that Mr. Humphreys had to put up with in exchange for his botanical maxims. When he had gone, and the door had closed behind him, she could hardly bear her anger against herself for having lost so much, and behaved so stupidly; yet she was sure to act precisely in the same manner the next time he came.

Colonel Edgecombe, however, was by no means disposed to quarrel with her shy silence; the sudden uplifting of her large, childish, admiring, brown eyes to his face, was quite as much answer as he thought necessary. There was already rather more loud talking in the old Manor House parlor than suited with the peaceful dreamy recollection he had so long kept in his mind. He was glad that there was still old Mr. Searle's benevolent placid face, and Sydney's quiet figure, enclosed in the setting of the old window-frame, through which straggling branches of sweetbried peeped in, to justify his old notions of the picturesqueness of the place. If Sydney had been mixed up with Mrs. George and the noisy children, she would have belonged to the disenchanting present of Manor Combe; as it was, her silence gave her the distinction of harmonizing with pleasant memories of the past.

Moreover, Colonel Edgecombe had no wish to be better acquainted with Sydney Serle. It was all very well to have a pretty picture in his mind of the drooping, graceful figure shrined in the old window recess, and of the reverentially admiring eyes timidly turned towards him; but it would have perplexed and disturbed him very much just then if this vision had come to hold too prominent a place in his thoughts. He had returned from India at a great sacrifice of his own inclination, mainly with the object of atoning to his mother for the unhappiness he had caused her ten years before, when impatience under the discomforts of home had driven him to escape from Combe, and abandon her to bear her sorrows as best she could alone. He had felt at times a good deal of uncomfortable remorse for having deserted his mother just as he arrived at an age when she might have looked to him for support, and he resolved to wipe out old scores and reinstate himself for ever in his own good opinion by this signal act of self-sacrifice performed for her sake. He had had no pleasant anticipation of what life at High Combe with his mother would be, and it was a great relief to him when he was settled there to find that he could accommodate himself to his new circumstances, and put aside the interests and ambitions that had hitherto occupied him wholly, with less pain than he had expected. The discovery filled him with satisfaction and universal benevolence to every one: he resolved more firmly than ever to devote himself to his mother., and make her life so happy that all remembrance of past trials would be obliterated from her mind for ever.

He had not been at home a week before he discovered the plan for his future, on which she had so vehemently set her heart. He was merely lazily amused at first. He could not bear to ruffle the harmony between them by the least show of opposition; he would leave it to circumstances and the quiet course of time to show her there were limits to her power of determining his destiny. By the end of the first month he was more than willing to let the smoothly-flowing current of events drift him to the goal she had foreseen. He had discovered by that time, that there might be some difficulty in finding a new mistress of High Combe, with whom the old mistress could live happily; and as he had determined long ago that his home and his mother's must always be the same, it seemed a crowning mark of good fortune that the one young girl who did perfectly please her, should also be the very one whom he should have chosen for his wife, if he had been quite left to himself. He took a great deal of pains to convince himself of this fact; and when he was alone in the evenings, or on his solitary ride, he was constantly thinking over Clemency's perfections, and making a catalogue of them in his mind. Could he possibly have made a better choice if he had searched the world over? How perfect her beauty was, and her mind was as superior to other people's as her face. In all the frank revelations she had made of her thoughts and feelings during their many hours of close intercourse, he reflected that she had never said a word that did not perfectly meet his approbation and satisfy his taste.

His mother had shown wonderful discernment in the choice she had made. Any one might be proud to win such a wife—and yet—and yet—saying all this a thousand times, and fully believing that he was very much in love, it had still somehow or other to be said again and held up consciously before his eyes, that he might see and feel it. If only his mother had not planned this marriage for him, or at least had not let him see so plainly that her happiness depended on his compliance with her wish. Again and again, do what he would, his thoughts returned to this point. The air of Combe had always been poisoned by a galling sense of restraint that seemed to come over him whenever he breathed it. In former times it was his father's innumerable petty restrictions and exactions that made life there a wearisome bondage; but now, he sometimes asked himself, was not the claim his mother, in her absorbing love, made to absolute disposal of his heart and purpose, more enslaving still. He wished very much that she had been less eager and impetuous in planning happiness for him, even at the moment when he was most thoroughly convinced that nothing would make him so happy as the success of her plan.

He was not romantic, but he had had his dreams, and it did not quite please him that the great event of his life should come so easily, so openly, with so little mystery and emotion about it; he had always expected that some time or other he should experience a great deal and be very much moved out of his usual course. If he had felt any great anxiety about his chance of winning Clemency, these minor objections would have been forgotten or swallowed up; but he believed her too entirely devoted to his mother to have any choice or wish of her own. He did not flatter himself that he had any hold on her heart; he thought she would accept the lot arranged for her, when she was made aware of it, as easily, as naturally, as prosaically, as he had resolved to do. He did not imagine Clemency to be a person of very deep feeling; she seemed to him to have too many interests and too much general benevolence to be capable of that entire absorbing devotion to one person which he considered the most lovable quality in a woman. Her extreme frankness and unconsciousness troubled him, too, sometimes. The clear blue eyes, in which one might almost see the eager thoughts and questions floating up before the lips began to speak them, were a little too easy to read he thought; there was no depth or mystery in them; they were always equally clear, and frank, and kind. He could fancy a look in shy eyes that would interest him more.

But these were after all only occasional misgivings, that came when he was tired of contemplating his good fortune. When he was next in his mother's and Clemency's company he was sure to be disgusted with himself for having ever entertained them. He looked into the blue eyes he had presumed to criticise, listened to the pleasant frank talk, grave or gay, and perhaps allowed a sense of past injustice to give a shade more affectionate deference to his manner, than would have been there, if he had had no previous disparaging thoughts to atone for.

So circumstanced, and in such a state of mind, it would have been extremely provoking and disturbing to him if the Manor Combe parlor, with Sydney sitting in the window, had come to have any attraction that did not depend on old memories. He did not confess to himself that he had any fear of such a catastrophe. Sydney was wrong in thinking he avoided her consciously, he was merely passively content that nothing should happen to make them better acquainted with each other; and when after a time one or two slight circumstances so fell out as to throw them together, he had no ready-made resolution to put him on his guard against them. When two people have been secretly a good deal occupied with each other in their thoughts, a very slight opening will suffice to make a sudden intimacy spring up between them. They don't understand how it is that they seem to know each other so well all at once, and the surprise of the discovery disposes them to make more of the apparent mutual understanding than it is worth.

Mrs. George Serle's obstinacy about not having fires lighted in the sitting-room, after the established day for leaving off fires had passed, was the first link in the chain of events that brought Sydney and Colonel Edgecombe into closer communication with each other.

Old Mr. Serle and George were always driven by the chill discomfort of the Manor Combe drawing-room on a rainy spring or summer evening to take refuge in the warm kitchen. The children, weary with a whole day of in-door amusements, were sure to be sent off early to bed. Mrs. George made unfavorable weather an excuse for extra activity in the house; and so it happened, that when one wet evening Colonel Edgecombe walked over from High Combe to congratulate old Mr. Serle on the rain, for want of which he had been sighing, he for the first time found no one in the sitting-room to receive him but Sydney.

He had let himself in at the front door, and walked unceremoniously into the parlor as he was accustomed to do, and for a minute or two he thought there was no one there. Sydney did not hear him enter; she was in her usual place in the window seat, but she was not sewing, and there was no sign of employment near her or about the room, which wore that chill, over-tidy aspect considered by Mrs. George proper to rooms except at meal times. She was looking listlessly out of the window at the great drops of rain as they trickled from leaf to leaf of the trellised rose-tree and fell with a plash on the gravel walk below. In her whole figure, from the little hand on the window-frame, against which she was leaning her cheek, to the pose of the small foot that touched the floor, there was an expression of extreme weariness and dejection that struck Colonel Edgecombe quite painfully when, on coming further into the room, his eye fell upon her. What could such a little thing as that have to grieve about, he wondered; who could have been vexing her? He did not think of any serious sorrow, only of some passing, easily dispelled trouble, such as one might pity a child for; and he thought how pleasant it would be to be able to send it away to see the dejected figure grow alert and the childish eyes brighten again. He spoke before he came close to the window, and Sydney gave such a start, and made such haste to pass her hand over her eyes and cheeks, that it was quite clear to him there had been other drops falling besides those from the rose leaves outside.

It was rather difficult to begin an easy conversation under such circumstances, and he felt relieved when his eye fell on a branch of double-blossomed cherry that lay on the window-seat, as it gave him something to remark upon.

'How beautiful!' he said, lifting it up; 'but how heavy with wet the blossoms are. Some one must have been out in the rain to gather it.'

'Yes, papa brought it in just now; he thinks a great deal of that tree. Mrs. Edgecombe brought it when it was a little slip from High Combe, and planted it in our orchard on my christening day. It was meant to be a real cherry-tree—a fruit-tree, I mean—but there was some mistake about it. Papa never will allow he is sorry. He brought that branch in just now because he said as there was to be anything but blososms, he would not have them al lbeaten down by the rain.'

'Quite right, too; one cannot take too much care of such fragile, beautiful things. I think my mother made a clever mistake. But where is the tree? I wonder I never noticed it.'

'Just in the middle of the orchard. You would not be likely to see it, for it has only just come into flower. Lizzie (my sister-in-law) says it is a shame that such a worthless tree should have the sunniest place in the orchard. She has just been advising George to cut it down, and she said at the same time—that I—'

Here the tearful note in Sydney's voice was so perceptible that Colonel Edgecombe interposed quickly.

'You must not tell me that your sister has been making comparisons between you and your tree. I can't give her credit for so much imagination, or for saying anything so much to the purpose.'

'To the purpose! Oh, but I don't like it at all. How would you like to be told twenty times a day that you were of no more use than a fruitless cherry-tree? and could you bear to be made to feel that your place in the house was grudged you, as well as the tree's place in the orchard?'

Sydney spoke feelingly, and her large, tear-filled eyes had an appealing, injured expression in them which, to Colonel Edgecombe's imagination, told a whole romance of unappreciated sweetness, and intelligence thrown away. He could hardly keep down his indignation to answer as lightly as he wished.

'I am afraid I should not care for the accusation much. I have outlived all remorse for being useless; I have not the intense respect for activity the good people about her seem to have. Can't you be content to be useless in the same way these are?' (holding up the rain-wet blossoms). 'Why should fruit to eat be better than flowers to admire and delight in? To be sure, there will always be people like your sister-in-law, who can only appreciate the obvious coarse use; but you must not mind them. Let them be active in their own commonplace way, and look down on the flowers and you. They are not all the world.'

There was a good deal in this speech that Sydney did not comprehend; but she gathered that Colonel Edgecombe classed her with himself, and preferred her to Lizzie, and there was untold balm in the discovery. The sorrowful lines went out of her face, the ready tears welled back to their source, and the change in attitude and expression, which Colonel Edgecombe had thought he should like to see, came all at once.

'What a sweet little April face it is,' he thought. 'What a gentle, tender, impressionable nature. My mother has made a great mistake in not doing more for one so evidently misunderstood by the commonplace people about her.'

'I wish you would say just what you have been saying to me, to Lizzie,' Sydney remarked, looking up shyly, after a minute's pause. 'She would believe it if you said it, for she thinks a great deal of you; but she only laughs at papa and me. She would treat us differently if she thought you were on our side.'

'Inded! I am much obliged by her good opinion;—but I had no idea that your sister was such a formidable person. I shall begin to weigh my words, for I should be very sorry to speak on the wrong side. What other useless things am I to uphold Mr. Serle in valuing, besides double-blossomed cherry-trees and—you?'

'Oh, a great many,' Sydney began, gravely, not quite understanding the playful smile that accompanied the last half of the sentence, but feeling all its kindness. 'I could tell you of a great many things that pap likes, and that Lizzie sets her face against so contemptuously. But she is coming in. She will be very angry if she thinks we have been talking about her.'

'She shall not think so. I shall trust to you to enlighten me further on your father's tastes at the next favorable opportunity. Mind you do.'

And as the door opened Colonel Edgecombe went forward to meet Mrs. George, with the branch of cherry still in his hand. During the conversation that followed he contrived to bring in so many allusions to its beauties that Sydney, in her far seat by the window, could hardly peep her amused, delighted smile from degenerating into a quite audible titter.

'Have I managed well?' he asked Sydney, in a low voice, as he wished her good-night last of the party; and it did not escape her observation that he carried the cherry branch away with him, though its blossoms, from having been battered by the rain, were beginning to droop already.

The rain had ceased when Colonel Edgecombe took leave, and he walked rather slowly home through the wood, enjoying the fragrant smell of the rain-refreshed ground and the sound of the plash of heavy drops falling from the wet trees. He was a great lover of Nature, in a somewhat unobserving sort of way. It influenced his moods rather than his thoughts; the aspect without, though he took little conscious note of it, entered into him and swayed the whole tone of his mind into harmony with it.

The tender grey sky and dim green earth, on such an evening as this, had a quieting effect, making him in love with repose and stillness.

'How very much over-exertion and effort there is in our lives,' he reflected, as he walked along. 'We cultivated people are all too full of thought and restless striving after intellectuality in these days. It becomes infinitely wearisome. How much more interest there is, after all, in a simple character, where natural feeling has been more developed than thought. My dear mother has the one drawback of being a little over-cultivated. No one who is much with her can ever have a mind at rest. It is like living always in full sunlight. Now, I must say I like a little dim shade like this sometimes.'

Reaching home brought a sudden check to his thoughts. He stood still for a minute at the bottom of the steps leading to the conservatory, as if he were almost surprised to find himself there, and before he entered he tossed the branch of cherry blossom he had been carrying hastily away. He found his mother in the drawing-room, with a large book on her knee, and a case of bronzes he had brought from India on a table before her. She called to him eagerly, as he entered:

'I have made them all out, Walter. This is precisely the book we want. We shall get on with our catalogue famously now. How clever it was of Clemency to remember this book; and, see, she has put marks in the pages where the information we want is to be found. One would think she had studied Indian antiquities all her life, instead of the one month since I asked her to help with our catalogue. She has a very pleasant way of throwing herself, heart and soul, into what her friends are occupied about. It is just what I like.'

'And just what is bad for you, my dear mother,' he answered. 'I am sure you don't require any spurring. Your mind is active enough in itself, and does not want urging on by Miss Franklyn. One may have too much of the best of things.'

She looked up, surprised, and saw a little shade of annoyance on her son's brow. Yet she could not let the subject drop. She was too overwhelmingly anxious to know what was passing in his mind to refrain from probing it. She drew him into an argument about the indispensability of intellectual sympathy to love and friendship; and they carried it on till both were so irritated that, for the first time in their lives, they were on the verge of saying harsh things to each other.

(To be continued.)

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND SPIRITUAL HEALING

BY REV. PERCY DEARMER, M.A.

(Vicar of St. Mary's, Primrose Hill, North-West, London.)

'Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God?' (1. Cor. vi., 19.)

Nearly sixty years ago an American medical man, Dr. Quimby, commenced the practice of mental healing. In 1866 he died, leaving behind him a series of MSS. in which for the first time the philosophy of mental healing was expounded. These writings are said to be the source from which later exponents of what is called 'Christian Science' drew their inspiration. During the last twenty years their doctrines have spread very rapidly; in America their adherents number over two millions, and they have important places of worship in every city. In England 'Christian Science' has been making much progress during the last few years, and orthodox Christians have at last begun to take notice of this new phenomenon.

It is a pity that we have been so late in doing so. Much harm might have been prevented if we had been quicker in discerning the signs of the times. But we ignored this sign until it had grown too large to be ignored any more; and now that we are beginning to notice it, we often do so, I venture to think, in the wrong way. We often show a want of insight, and a want of sympathy which will not help us to undo the harm that our neglect has already done. Books, tracts, and articles against 'Christian Science' are at length beginning to pour forth; some of them are good, but others are bad—mere invective, such as is always levelled against a new movement by those who are not able to understand it, and imagine that anything which they did not learn at their mother's knee must be heresy.

But all the criticisms of 'Christian Science' that I have seen, whether good or bad, have this common fault, that they devote their attention exclusively to Mrs. Eddy. Now this is natural enough, because Mrs. Eddy is still by far the most powerful person in the movement, and she is also the most easy to criticise. Her book is, indeed, a curious mixture of bad philosophy and worse English; and so long as people are found who can bracket this book with the New Testament, it may be necessary for us to point out its obvious weakness. But the mistake is to imagine that by demolishing Mrs. Eddy you are demolishing the movement, which, for the moment, has raised her upon its crest. Behind all this froth, there is a deep wave of serious thought. In America there exists a band of able and interesting thinkers who despise this particular phase of the movement quite as heartily as do our own critics. Even in London there are already new societies for Spiritual Healing whose members would be very much annoyed at being taken for followers of Mrs. Eddy. The ablest of the American writers on the subject, such as Mr. Horatio Dresser, expressly disclaim the name 'Christian Science'; and very likely the rather foolish title will disappear altogether. In fact, the real problem that confronts us is that of Spiritual Healing. Let us then use this term henceforward.

Those who are inclined to dismiss this movement of Spiritual Healing with a sneer would do well to take warning from that acutest of religious critics, Professor James, who, in his 'Varieties of Religious Experience,' points to it as one of the healthiest of modern religious manifestations, bears witness to the great good it has already done in America, and prophesies for it a considerable future. A movement with such credentials demands our serious attention. Indeed, we badly need in the church some sort of intelligence department; in our warfare against the world, the flesh and the devil we need an agency, not only for locating the enemy (which we generally fail to do), but also for finding out which are the friendly tribes.

Now there are many tribes of spiritual healers. There is a tribe at Lourdes; there is a tribe in the Orthodox Church of the East; there was a large tribe in England before the reliquaries were swept away at the Reformation. There are among Protestants many tribes of evangelical faith healers—not, as is often imagined, in America alone; a few years ago, a conference of some two thousand faith-healers was held in London, there being then a hundred and twenty faith-healing centres in this kingdom alone, and now there are probably more. Again, there are mind-curers who are not religious at all. There are faith-healers who work undoubted cures in the presence of idols in India, China, and Africa. There are spiritualistic faith-healers and mesmeric ones. There are saints and there are charlatans among them, as there are in the Catholic Church. In fact they are everywhere. And latterly there have arisen the so-called Christian Scientists; and side by side with them a really philosophic and scientific school which grows rapidly, and becomes at every stage more enlightened.

Now all this is not without some basis. Mrs. Eddy herself would not have effected what she has done, unless there were a great deal of truth mingled with her jargon. Thousands of people have been undoubtedly healed; and, what is of far greater importance, thousands of people have been converted in their souls and are now leading happy and good lives. You can go into many a home and find there an atmosphere of cheerful trust in God, of peace and gentleness, which is due to people having been converted by this teaching. How often we fail to convert people to Christianity by our want of freshness, by our conventional, hackneyed way of expressing the principles of the Gospel! How many are brought to them as soon as they see them in a new light!

Multitudes of people have got hold of some great truth. What is it? You will not do any good either to them or to yourselves by merely grubbing out the errors that are mixed with it. There is a truth somewhere. What is it?

There is a medical side to it. On this side it is a reaction against the materialism which crept over medical science in the materialistic age from which we are emerging. If you wish to study this point, I cannot do better than refer you to a book by Dr. Schofield, the devoted physician of the Friedenheim Home for the Dying, an orthodox practitioner and an orthodox Christian, who has nothing more to do with Christian Science than you or I. This book is called 'The Force of Mind,' and it explains the enormous power of the mental factor in medicine. That factor was much neglected in the first flush of scientific discovery, and is still much neglected. Dr. Schofield reminds his medical brethren that the mental factor is always present in every case of cure; that in many cases it is the mental factor alone that cures; that, in fact, our material organism is controlled at every point and at every moment by the mysterious spiritual power which is called the 'unconscious mind.' What is it that keeps your heart a-beating? A machinery of nerves and muscles, the old school of materialists would say. No, says this new school, it is that part of your mind which is below the sphere of consciousness; it is the unconscious mind. In fact the young science of psychology is beginning to assert itself, and the materialism of the last generation is being shown to be scientifically inadequate. Of course, that subconscious self explains a very great deal, perhaps all, of the phenomena of faith-healing. If you once get hold of the unconscious mind you have got hold of the man himself—incidentally of his body.

But the matter cannot rest there, Dr. Schofield writes from the point of view of strict medical science; but he takes opportunity in his preface of saying that, in his belief, this 'unconscious mind' is derived from a First Cause, and that this First Cause is 'indeed the God of the Christian revelation, in whom we live and move and have our being.'

Well, then, at once we are involved in theology, in religion, and we come upon the great spiritual truth which is the living cause of all religions of healing. Man is body and spirit, but man is one; this body and spirit are one, and while the spirit is infinitely superior to the body, the body is—what is the body?

I find myself dropping into the familiar language of the Church Catechism—the body is 'the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.'

'Yes! That is the truth at the bottom of all these phenomena of spiritual healing. We call it sacramentalism; and we English Churchmen are considered a peculiar ecclesiastically-minded set of people for our strange, old-world insistence upon the sacramental principle, which is so much out of touch with the genius of our highly successful Anglo-Saxon race. Yet here we find great multitudes of people, mainly Anglo-Saxons, almost exclusively of Puritan origin, who were supposed to be impervious to the sacramental idea, supposed to be dualists through and through, and who yet, quite unconsciously, have risen up to vindicate this principle. They have come from afar, and have come to the central doctrine of Catholic Christianity. They do not know it yet: many of them, indeed, will never know it in this life; many will drift off, no doubt, into pantheism. Many will be engrossed with the merely physical benefits which certainly must accrue from this spiritual view of the body. Many have provoked deserved rebuke for the fanaticism of their reaction against the onesidedness of medical science—have refused, for instance, the help of drugs and surgery because they forget that though the spirit is most important, yet the body is a real thing and does exist; they have fallen over on the other side and embraced Manicheeism, because they forgot that the body is a real and a holy thing, the more holy and the more real because it is the expression of the spirit that is within. This is an old story.

From the days when St. John found that he had to lay stress on the fact that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, as against the Gnostics, who refused to accept the sacramental principle of the Incarnation,—from those days till ours there has been this tendency to lose balance; and really we ought to be used to it by now. But when, amid all the eccentricities of some schools of Spiritual Healing, we find at least a strenuous faith in the power of the spirit, and in the power of the Spirit of God, whose temple our bodies are, over this spirit within us—in the power of the spirit over the body and through the body—we ought at least to be thankful at seeing so great a part of our faith vindicated. There are many tribes of faith-healers. Some of these tribes may be wild, but at least they are friendly, and at least they are emphasising a truth to which we have too often done a mere lip-service.

Is not that so? When a religious movement arises outside the Church, ought we not first of all—long before we begin to criticize or to attack that movement—to say to ourselves, 'What side of the truth, what aspect of this deep, broad, Catholic Faith which we profess, have we been forgetting that this should arise?'

The answer comes swiftly enough to us in our case. We turn to the Gospels, and wherever we open them we find our Lord engaged in healing men—healing them because, we are told, of some spiritual 'virtue' which went out of Him and passed into that part of the sick which we now call the subconscious self. They were healed because their faith made them whole. We turn to the Acts, and again we find that Christianity is mixed up with healing. We turn to the lives of the Saints, and we find that works of healing confront us at every turn.

Then we turn back to our own little conceptions of the Catholic Faith, to our own little circle of more or less conventionalized religion, and we find that the whole element of healing has been excluded. We find that this which is essential in the lives of the Saints and in the Acts and in the Gospels has been looked upon as a superstition too gross to be considered. We find that this ancient faith in the power of the spirit over matter had entirely died out amongst us. We find that for generations we have been unconsciously capitulating to the materialists. Nay! we even find that a profound scepticism as to the power of prayer was sinking into great masses of professing Christians.

What wonder that there has been a reaction, and that this reaction has come from the outside!

Nay! if you do not believe me when I say that we have given up a part of the Faith—a part involved in the very essence of the Incarnation, and involved in that extension of the Incarnation through material sacraments conveying spiritual grace—if you do not yet realize this, consider that the Church once had a special sacramental rite appointed to do this very work that Christian Scientists and Spiritual Healers are now doing for us. The Church once had a regular method of Spiritual healing, the Unction of the Sick.

Now, this healing rite has been gradually lost—and the loss began many centuries ago—because we had lost faith in the power of the spirit over the body. That faith is lost, mind you, amongst Roman Catholics as well as amongst ourselves; for the Unction of the Dying as practised by them is, in fact, the very antithesis of the Unction of the Sick. Unction for the Sick, as St. James directs, was used in order to heal the sick. Unction for the Dying is not administered until they are supposed to be in extremis; it is the very denial of the whole thing to administer it then and then only. Surely, then, our Twenty-fifth Article is not wrong when it describes this negation of the healing rite which had grown up in the Middle Ages as a corrupt following of the Apostles. If you read the office for the Unction of the Sick in the Sarum Manual, you will find that the prayers set forth there are still largely for the healing of the sick person, and yet they had come to be used entirely for the absolution of those at the point of death. They had come to be used in empty mockery over those for whom they could not be true.

In the first English Prayer Book an attempt was made to restore the true use of this Spiritual Healing by giving a service for the Unction of the Sick in the mother tongue, which therefore could at least be understood by the sick man. But apparently the people were too far gone in materialism, and the attempt failed; at all events, in the next revision three years later, the service was removed. Here are the opening words of this first and last English form of Spiritual Healing. They express admirably and exactly the whole truth that underlies the present-day movement: 'As with this visible oil thy body outwardly is anointed: so our heavenly Father, almighty God, grant of his infinite goodness that thy soul inwardly may be anointed with the Holy Ghost, who is the Spirit of all strength, comfort, relief, and gladness. And vouchsafe for his great mercy (if it be his blessed will) to restore unto thee thy bodily health and strength, to serve him; and send thee release of all thy pains, troubles, and diseases, both in body and mind.'

The truth that man is one, his body controlled by an indwelling spirit, the spirit of health and strength, which spirit can be ruled for bodily ends by the Spirit of God who dwells in him as in a temple—that truth can hardly be better expressed in more accurate or more noble language than in this prayer.

We may regret—we naturally regret—that the movement of spiritual healing has come in a sectarian form. Indeed, it has come from a nation which is very deeply rooted in religious individualism, and has still but little conception of the place that fellowship has in religion. After all, would it have so come if we had been true to the sacrament of healing? And ought we not to do our best to prevent this movement ending in the establishment of another melancholy batch of sects to add to the confusions and the divisions of Christendom—ought we not to try and prevent this by meeting it, before it is too late, in the right way?

First, I think, to meet it we must set our own house in order; we must repent of our want of faith; we must restore in our midst the Church's own way of spiritual healing. When any of us are sick we must demand that this may be done for us, and we must believe that it will help us, and when we believe then it will. We must restore this the Church's lost function of healing. If we do not soon do this, we shall lose incalculably, and all Christendom will lose.

Then, we must change our unsympathetic attitude. Let us, by all means, point out the errors of Mrs. Eddy's disciples, but let us remember in doing so we are only scratching the surface of the movement. Let us also warn our friends, who are taken with the movement, against the fatal folly of forming or joining new sects; because sects destroy our breadth of view, and press one bit of truth to the exclusion of others. Let us remind them that truth is a very large thing; and that, if we have failed to remember all its sides, they will most certainly fail if they form little one-sided sects. Let us remind them of the great gain of keeping in the fellowship of the one great Christian body, but let us, at the same time, be sure that we make room for them within it. Let us encourage the study of these matters, let us welcome the growth of a body of men in our midst who practice spiritual healing and rejoice in 'the power of the silence.'

And let us each see whether we have not something to learn from this movement, especially from the more recent American writers, who are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the popular work to which I have referred—such books as Dr. Hudson's 'Law of Mental Medicine,' Mr. Trine's 'In Tune with the Infinite,' or Mr. Horatio Dresser's 'Spiritual Healing.'

We have indeed most of us very much to learn not only in regard to the mental factor in medicine, but in regard to that other side of the movement with which I would conclude—that utter trust in God, that freedom from worry and from worrying, which looks upon worry as a sin, as of course it is, and which Professor James tells us has already changed the whole aspect of large sections of American society. There is nothing new in all this, of course, but there is a great deal we have forgotten, a great deal that we never hear, or hardly ever hear, from Christian pulpits.

To live hopefully and peacefully as in God's hands, to abstain from even the slightest expressions of grumbling or distress—all this we find in the Christian saints; you can find it practised by Brother Lawrence in France in the seventeenth century, just as you find it expounded by fifty different writers in America in the twentieth. It is an old truth, but a forgotten truth, a truth very little practiced amongst us. It is a true thing, a most beautiful thing, with far-reaching spiritual, moral, social, and civil gains, this peaceful, trusting spirit, this complete living co-operation with God, this leaving all in His hands.

This is a reform much needed in our pushing, over-wrought age; and it is a very marked feature—it is the marked feature on the domestic and social side of the movement which I have attempted to explain to you to-day. It has come through a strong revival of the belief in our oneness with God, in the dwelling of His Spirit in us. It is an old truth, but we have largely forgotten all that it means. We may be thankful that we have been reminded a little of what this should mean to us—that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON

August 9, 1908.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

(I. Samuel xvii., 38-49.)

Golden Text.—In the Lord put I my trust.—Psa. xi., 1.

(Davis W. Clark.)

Philistia and Israel confront each other once more, at a point so often the scene of battle as to be called the 'bloody boundary.' On this occasion the aliens are the fortunate possessors of a giant champion. Goliath is a lineal descendant of the Anakim, who, in this very neighborhood four hundred years before, had stricken the spies with such terror. Twice a day this animated fortress moves out beyond the Philistine line, and from beneath the brazen dome of his helmet there rings out his insulting challenge.

The degenerate condition of Israel is painfully apparent. Saul has forfeited the divine favor. He can not expect a providential intervention. He tries the human expedient of offering largesses to the hero who will accept the challenge. But the king's fear is contagious. For forty days no one appears to pick up Goliath's gauntlet.

Just ten miles away, on those rough Judean steppes, a rustic lad tends his 'few sheep.' Fidelity to his homely task has developed noble traits. 'Oft on a stilly night' he drinks deep of the theocratic spirit. He believes in the immanence of God in Israel's affairs. He keys his harp to victory. His courage is tested by personal encounter with the ravenous foes of his flock. Nor is he altogether a rustic. He has been a time or two at the royal residence as an improvisator, and has been appointed a court esquire.

But it never occurred to David as being beneath his dignity to turn errand-boy and carry some cheeses, bread, and parched corn down to his brothers at camp. That Bethlehemite lad, with his ten cheeses, was the greatest acquisition the host of Israel ever had. His envious brother thought him out of his sphere, and ordered him back to the flock. But from that moment he was never to go back. Eliab was as incapable of understanding David as the brothers of the Messiah were of understanding David's greater Son. Not love of adventure, not desire for personal aggrandizement, quickened his pulse or prompted his questions. No ill-tempered criticism dashed his spirit. The Lord's honor was at stake. He would fain vindicate it.

A moment later he is ushered into Saul's presence. He seeks to cheer the despondent monarch. His self-confidence is toned with modesty. 'Courage! thy servant accepts the challenge!' It is pleasant to find a kindly touch or two in the outre character of Israel's first king. Saul deprecates David's danger. When somewhat reassured by the narrative of his successful encounters with the wild beasts, he clothes him in his own beautiful, costly, and invincible armor.

David no doubt felt the impractibility of wearing armor in a contest in which there could be no measuring of strength with strength; but out of courtesy to the king, and to demonstrate the infeasibility, he allowed himself to be panoplied. In a moment it was seen that the only quality by which he could hope to win—namely, dexterity—was lost. The nimble shepherd was hopelessly fettered. He moved slowly and awkwardly; he would be dashed to death if he came within reach of Goliath's waver's-beam spear.

Now, without an ounce of armor, without a weapon save his crude sling, Israel's champion moves out beyond the line of battle. His courage is unbroken. His trust in Jehovah is absolute. Purest patriotism burns in his heart. He will shrive his nation of disgrace and his God of dishonor. By his deed this day he will stir his nation sunk in lethargy. His confidence of victory is based upon the purity of his motive, the justness of his cause, the wickedness of his foe, the power of Jehovah. But with all that, he takes the utmost care in the selection of his stones; his practiced eye sees to it that they are of right size and shape; he weighs them with a skillful hand; he takes care to have enough of them. He does what is expressed in our modern phrase of 'keeping the powder dry.' The shepherd lad challenges our admiration. He is not Israel's hero only, but the world's hero and God's hero. An ever-increasing cloud of witnesses look down upon this historic incident, so vividly depicted, and are thrilled and inspired by it.

In advance of the Philistine line stands that living tower, encased in brass. His armor-bearer holds his shield, round and blazing like the sun. After his spear rises, like the mast of an admiral. A torrent of curses and epithets pours from his brazen throat. When he sees the foeman, so unworthy, advancing, he lifts his visor in contempt, and throws back his head in derisive laughter. It is David's opportunity. His sling whirls in air. There is the whiz of the speeding missile. The aim is correct, the momentum sufficient. A shudder goes through the giant frame. With a crash, that living tower falls to earth. The giant's armor becomes his metallic coffin.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Living principles move before us in this thrilling scene. Goliath is the type of entrenched and towering wickedness. Take the drink traffic, for example. This modern giant of Gath, encased in the armor of license, or sheltered behind the shield of tax, and entrenched in social customs, laughs at the host of Israel, while the blood of our sons and brothers drips from his horrid tusks.

The very insolence of public wickedness sometimes seals its doom. Nast's inimitable cartoon will be remembered. It depicts Boss Tweed's defiance to an outraged public: 'What are you going to do about it?' and what happened when it 'all blew over.'

But no amount of money can buy a deliverer from this or any other public evil. Deliverers are born, not bought. Nations have sometimes offered monetary considerations for the writing of a national hymn. Germany did not get her 'Die Wacht Am Rhein' that way, nor France her 'Marseillaise,' nor America her 'Star-spangled Banner.' Patriotic deeds as well as sentiments come from hearts stirred, as David's was, by no considerations of Saul's proclamation of largess to the slayer of Goliath.

The contrast between Eliab and David is striking. Eliab is a narrow-gauge man. He cannot widen the range of his vision beyond the tiny flock in the Bethlehemite meadow. He deprecates the loss of a sheep, while a nation is in jeopardy. He is utterly incapable of appreciating the patriotic motive of his self-oblivious brother.

David is the soul of pious heroism. His courageous deed is unsurpassed in the annals of any nation. It has been the inspiration of many a hero.

There is no Scripture which so emphasizes the use of individuality. David could not fight in Saul's armor; not because it did not fit him, so much as that he was not accustomed to be encased in metal. He could not whirl his sling with an arm weighted with brass. Every man must be himself. He must use his own talents, be they never so humble. He must burst the shell of conventionality. He will never kill his giant until he does.

The Philistine proposition to decide the fate of the contending nations by a personal encounter has many parallels in ancient and mediaeval history. Perhaps them ost remarkable is that of the Horatii and the Curiatii, to whom respectively were committed the destiny of Rome and Alba Longa. Five miles out on the Appian Way they show you yet the five tombs—first, of the two Horatii; then of the three Curiatii, who, following the surviving Horatius in his feigned flight, were despatched by him one by one.

The gigantic stature of Goliath is not apocryphal. The well-known Chinese giant, Chang, was seven feet eight inches tall. In the College of Surgeons, London, may be seen the skeleton of Charles Birne, the Irish giant, which measures eight feet. A guard of the Duke of Brunswick and another of Frederick William I. of Prussia each stood eight and a half feet. The giant of Gath as the maximum estimate of the cubit, measured nine feet and nine inches.

HOME READINGS.

Monday, Aug. 3.—I. Sam. xvii., 1-11.
Tuesday, Aug. 4.—I. Sam. xvii., 12-27.
Wednesday, Aug. 5.—I. Sam. xvii., 28-39.
Thursday, Aug. 6.—I. Sam. xvii., 40-54.
Friday, Aug. 7.—I. Sam. xvii., 55; xviii., 5.
Saturday, Aug. 8.—Ps. cxliv., 1-15.
Sunday, Aug. 9.—Ps. xi.; xxii., 2.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

A Boy's Holidays.—The ardent controversy which has been waging in England and America concerning the best way to dispose of school boys in the long summer vacation has prompted the Grand Trunk Railway System to issue a special publication giving suggestions and practical hints to parents, as to what to do with the public and preparatory school boy during the months of July and August. The vacation camp is one of the solutions, and the publication entitled, 'What shall a Boy do with his Vacation,' thoroughly covers the ground and solves the problem of the best way for a schoolboy to enjoy his holidays. A copy may be obtained for the asking by applying to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Depot, Montreal.

YOU HAVE INDIGESTION.

And conclude, of course, that the stomach is at fault. So it is, but there is a cause away back of the stomach that must be reached before the stomach can be made to do its work. The cause is nervous disturbance, or nerve debility. First get the nerves in shape and then the stomach will be right, also. Ferrozone has accomplished this for thousands of people whose indigestion was completely gone. Ferrozone is a food for the nerves and works wonders in stomach trouble. Where digestion, appetite and assimilation are faulty just try Ferrozone. It cures thoroughly. Price 50c; at druggists.

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Based upon the Juices of Fruit—"Fruit-a-tives" Has Made a Name For Itself In Every Part of Canada at 50c a box

ALSO PUT UP IN 25c TRIAL SIZE.

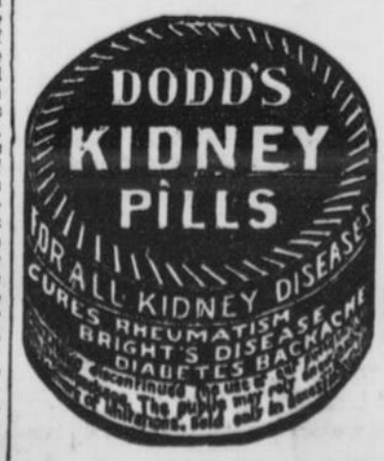
'Fruit-a-tives' is now a household word throughout Canada. From ocean to ocean these wonderful fruit liver tablets are used and praised in thousands of homes.

No other medicine, of late years, has made such an unqualified success with the whole Canadian people as 'Fruit-a-tives,' and in the comparatively short term of four years. As an indication of the way they are selling it may be mentioned that several of the large wholesale drug houses are ordering in 100 gross lots. That means 14,400 boxes of 'Fruit-a-tives' to be retailed 50c. a box, amounting to $7,200.00.

No doubt there are thousands of people who have felt that they could not afford to risk 50c just to try 'Fruit-a-tives.' To meet them half way 'Fruit-a-tives' are now put up in a special trial size which sells for 25c in order that every man, woman and child may find out the benefit of these splendid tablets.

Whatever your trouble may be—Constipation, Biliousness, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headaches, Indigestion, Dyspepsia—'Fruit-a-tives' will surely help you.

Remember the new 25c trial size, in addition to the regular 50c boxes. Let us know if your dealer cannot supply both sizes. Fruit-a-tives Limited. Ottawa, Ont.



UNDERTAKERS, ATTENTION!

I am offering for sale an undertaking shop, 30 x 30, finished in hard wood, 2 Hearses, Harness, Blankets, Stools, Embalming Tools, Caskets, trimmings, etc., etc. Also, a good 9 room house, heat by furnace, with carriage house and stable, nice garden, everything handy. Within 2 minutes' walk of 4 churches, post-office, schools, stores, etc., and $2,100 takes the whole, as described above, on easy terms. This is an old established business, and is a great bargain for the right man. Reason for selling, poor health. For further particulars apply at once to

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The Boys' Page.

[For the 'Witness.'

A Matter of Business.

E. M. CROSSLEY.

(Concluded.)

It was a distressed little hostess, however, who greeted her uncle when he came out the next day.

'Oh, uncle,' she said, 'you've come early—'

'Come early on purpose, little woman. I wanted a talk with my little birdie before the others were likely to arrive. Anyone else in?'

'Bob is, but when you sent your card up like that, instead of just coming when you were expected, I didn't tell him you were here. Uncle, I think I shall hate to be called "little bird" by father and you after this, because it just seems now as though it was mean telling tales, my coming to you about the boys. I didn't know—'

'Or, you wouldn't have told me? Come, come, Dorothy, don't tell me you wouldn't have treated your old uncle on the square whatever happened. Why, don't I want the very best kind of a man when I will have to leave the interests of hundreds in his hands?'

'But I'm sure, quite sure, Uncle Bob, that either or both of them would be quite all right when it came to big things—'

'"He that is faithful in that which is least,"' quoted her uncle softly.

'Oh, uncle, I shall cry. I know I shall cry. I nearly did last night when father told us.'

'Tut, tut, cry! Nonsense. Tears for a level-headed business woman, with an eye which ought to be open for the main chance.'

'But I'm not a level-headed business woman, uncle. I've just proved I'm not. I begin to think I must be just the child father treats me like. I ought to have known—. Oh, dear, however either of the boys will ever love me again when they find out I don't know.'

'Why need they find out' he queried, with a smile, patting her hand up and down in his own.

'Of course I shall tell them, and anyhow, I think Bob suspects something already. He saw I was upset last night, and if you say now that you don't want either of them he'll guess, I know.'

'Don't want either of them? That's a very big jump at conclusions, little birdie. You must think your poor old uncle a hardheaded codger that he can't make any allowances, and can't see that even sixteen and eighteen are not final barriers to reform. Your little talk, in all its loving honesty and care for them shan't turn out to their disadvantage, I can assure you.'

There was an exceedingly unbusinesslike demonstration after this, and just as it was proceeding Bob put his head in at the door.

'Hello, uncle, I thought I heard you come. What scheme are you and Dossie concocting?'

The big man gave the little figure under his arm another squeeze. 'Doss came to me on a business matter. We have several little secrets together that impertinent brothers are not allowed to share, haven't we?'

After dinner was over Uncle Bob patted the seat beside him for Dorothy to sit in, and all knew that the important decision was about to be discussed. The conversation opened with some trivial remarks which passed on to the slackness of the time in Uncle Bob's work. This proved just the opening for the real question. Now was evidently the time to introduce a new hand to the work. Both boys were ready, and both at this time felt the importance of their manhood.

'You see, Bob,' said Mr. Ellsmore, 'there was absolutely no hurry, and I left it to you to make the first move. Whichever you decide would be the less fitted for your particular business I will see about securing a position with us. I am quite confident that my influence is sufficient to place my son where he can follow in my path, and it rests with both the boys to make good in the future.'

Harold and Rob both watched their uncle earnestly.

'You understand, boys, that it has always been my intention to take one of you into my office, with your place as my successor to be understood. Why I have not considered the two is that I would in that case have to arrange for your partnership, and I have seen so much of harm where brothers unsuited by nature were put into partnership that I was quite decided none of that should be laid to my door. However, should you in the future decide of your own free will to so work together you can arrange that between yourselves. There could be nothing to hinder, and there will in that case be a recognized head which the other willingly acknowledges as such. You are not children, you have had a good education, and both, your father says, have chosen to go into business rather than take up a profession. You have had a regular allowance for the past three years, so have learned a little to manage for yourselves. Will you show me your books?'

Rob and Harold looked at each other with a start, and Dorothy almost held her breath.

'Books, uncle!' burst out Rob, 'on a dollar a week? How could I keep books?'

'Not books, but whatever account you have kept. You have handled during that time something like two hundred dollars, including allowance and gifts, and you have surely kept track in some way?'

Harold felt inclined to whistle, and thought that if that was how his uncle planned a decision, his chance of the opening was pretty poor.

'Uncle,' continued Bob earnestly, 'I can assure you that I could account from memory for almost every cent of that amount. I don't mean to puff myself, I really don't, but I have a good head for figures. It was always so at school. I never found it necessary to keep an account except in memory.'

'Memory, my boy, not even the greatest mind dare trust to always. It is bound to play tricks on occasion. However, let us see how your good head for figures works. We won't ransack your memory for the three years. Let's see what you've done since you received your allowance last.'

'That's barely five weeks ago, uncle; that's the easiest problem yet, just five dollars to account for.' He dug into two or three pockets and placed in all on the table sixty-five cents. 'You see, I'm ready for my next allowance, all right, for besides that I have only a quarter upstairs in another coat pocket. Ninety cents, then, to start with, and I had exactly four dollars on hand, because I had been saving up to get that Kodak I wanted, so with the five dollars' allowance, that makes nine dollars, less ninety, that is, I have eight-ten to account for.' He had taken paper and pencil, and was scribbling as he wrote: 'So, four fifty for the kodak; one for a second-hand book on butterflies I bought in an old store in town; fifteen for ice-cream sodas, as Will French and Harold were with me that day, and I stood treat; ball game, twenty-five; car tickets, one dollar; peanuts, five cents; a good old Canadian stamp I bought from Will French, a quarter; my running shoes repaired, fifty; collection for four Sundays, forty, and a quarter that has not been returned.' He added rapidly, put down the total, and stopped with a puzzled look. It read $8.35. He added again, frowned, and went over the list, then hopefully, 'Wait a minute, perhaps I took that quarter out of my upstairs pocket.' He returned balancing it thoughtfully on his hand. 'No, my accuser was there all right.' He took up his pencil again and looked at that row of absolutely convincing figures with a feeling that they were beating him on what he had believed to be his invulnerable point. He started again. 'Four fifty for the kodak, I'm sure of that. One dollar for the butterfly book, Harold, I paid one dollar for that book, didn't I? You know you were with me that day in that queer little shop.'

Harold looked over at his brother. 'Ramshackle little second-hand place, that looked as if nothing ever went on there. The old man couldn't even make change for the bill you gave him, and we had to put our wits and our change together over it, and, say, phew! I have it, Bob, there's where your quarter's out. That was the day I paid you the quarter I owed you. To straighten 'things out, dont' you remember, I gave you a dollar, and you gave me seventy-five cents.'

Whether Bob was more relieved than ashamed it was hard to say. To discover that his trusted memory had played him false, that he had been obstinately persisting that Harold had not returned that quarter when he had, and the whole thing when he had just desired to prove his fitness for being placed at the head of a large concern! Did pride ever go before a more humiliating fall? He looked at Harold queerly, and, putting his pencil through the last item on his list, said, 'I beg your pardon, old chap; I'd like to kick myself.'

Harold laughed, smacked him heartily on the shoulder, and turned to the silent onlookers.

'Uncle Bob, I honestly don't think I'd like the full responsibility of a big concern. I'd rather Bob took the place you offer. I'll go into father's office if he thinks I'm fit, and perhaps, if things are going swimmingly with him, Bob may invite me later on to sit as chief admirer of his administrative ability. Since thought of that day nearly dissolved Dossie in tears last night, however, perhaps we had better not talk too much about it.'

Bob grasped his brother's hand with glistening eyes. 'You're a trump, Harold, you are. There never was a quarter of a quarrel between us until lately, and if paper and ink can keep even that much away, I'll immerse myself in them in future.'

Dorothy was as near tears now as supposedly at the mention of her uncle's funeral the night before, but there was so much of pleasure in their glisten that they did not fall.

'If you aren't the dearest, dearest, darling of an uncle that ever lived,' she breathed into her uncle's ear.

'So your investment turned out all right, Doss, old girl,' whispered Bob later that night, 'but you should have got uncle to audit your books. You might have stood a fair chance for your brother Robert's prospective position.'

COURAGE vs. BRAVERY.

(Graham Hood, in the 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser.')

There are lots of persons in this world who actually do not know the difference between courage and bravery. They talk about the courage of the man who was first to scale the walls at Pekin, or they praise the courage of the soldiers who walk up without flinching into the very mouth of the enemy's cannon with entire disregard of the fact that there is a marked distinction between these two qualities in human nature, that only in the vaguest way are they at all synonymous. Instead, bravery is absolutely a physical attribute, while courage belongs upon the higher plane, among the noblest of moral qualities.

One of the bravest men I ever knew was a man who was utterly lacking in courage. He was a soldier in the civil war, and his record was one of which any soldier might have reason to feel proud. Again and again he endangered his life for the sake of a companion, and once, to save the regimental flag, he took chances that not one out of a hundred men would have dared to have taken. He was a young man then, and he knew no fear.

When he returned to his home in one of the eastern cities this element of bravery continued to dominate his nature. He took chances that other men did not dare to take—commercial chances that soon placed him well up the ladder toward the success that seemed so nearly within his reach. With his prosperity, however, came new temptations, entitlements that he had never known before. One was the temptation to drink, and though he soon discovered that he was one of those individuals who cannot drink intoxicating liquors he could not seem to resist. Business and social acquaintances urged him to join them at the bar, and he lacked the courage to say 'No.' Even when he realized that he was sacrificing all the advantages of position and wealth that he had gained he still gave way to the persuasive eloquence of alleged friends. He was brave enough to meet any danger and face it down, but there was very little moral courage in his make up. Fearing the laughter or ridicule of his acquaintances, he continued the pace that kills, and in his case it indeed did kill. Within a few years he was penniless and without employment, and it was because of his want of courage that he brought this heavy burden of suffering and woe upon himself as well as upon all those who loved him for his manly traits, of which he had so many.

It is bravery that meets physical dangers without faltering, and yet bravery, admirable though it may be, is commonplace when compared to moral courage. The most ordinary people whom we meet may be fearless enough when danger threatens, but most of them are without the moral traits that we designate as courage. It often takes more stamina to stand up for a conviction in the face of ridicule or unfavorable comment than it does to dash into a burning house to rescue a sleeping child.

In fact, there is no weapon that tries the courage more thoroughly than the fear of facing adverse public opinion. The idea that other people may criticize us or may ridicule us as soon as we have turned our back upon them is a danger that makes cowards of us more quickly than almost any other peril in the world. We laugh at the idea that the gigantic elephant can be driven into paroxysms of terror by the sight of a mouse—a diminutive animal that he might crush to death with one blow of his big foot—and yet we, or the majority of us, are quite as timid as the foolish elephant when it comes to questions of public opinion. If a man was drowning we might be the first person to spring to his rescue; in time of battle we might be as brave as the bravest; but let us for one moment believe that other people may deem us silly or 'queer,' and there are few duties that will tempt us to meet the bugaboo that our imagination has suggested. We may be courageous as anybody when it is a gun that confronts us, but let us be threatened by the shaft of ridicule and many of us are only too ready to run.

FISHING WITH KITES.

In the waters around the Caroline Islands in the Pacific Ocean there is a great fish that is armed with tremendous teeth set in immensely long jaws like that of a crocodile. The creature is extremely savage and has a habit of leaping clear from the water when hooked. As the natives of the Carolines go out in small, lightly built canoes, the fish often capsize the frail craft, and as a result the fishermen have invented a funny way of catching them without running this danger.

They make a little round kite. The framework is formed by the dried ribs of leaves from the cocoanut palm. These leaves are like paper. Then they draw a leaf of the bread fruit tree over the framework and attach the kite to a long line. Thus they steer out to sea.

When they reach the fishing grounds they fasten another line to the kite. This has a baited hook at the end, and when the fisherman raises his kite the hook trails along the top of the water. Thus the natives are able to hook the fish far enough away from the canoe to be safe. When a fish bites he is allowed to tire himself out by towing the kite, and when he is too weak to fight any more they paddle up to him, hit him with a club and haul him aboard.—New York 'Times.'

DOORS OF DARING.

The mountains that enfold the vale
With walls of granite, steep and high,
Invite the fearless foot to scale
Their stairway toward the sky.

The restless, deep, dividing sea
That flows and foams from shore to shore,
Calls to its sunburned chivalry,
'Push out, set sail, explore!'

And all the bars at which we fret,
That seem to prison and control,
Are but the doors of daring, set
Ajar before the soul.

Say not, 'Too poor,' but freely give;
Sigh not, 'Too weak,' but boldly try.
You never can begin to live
Unless you dare to die.

—Henry Van Dyke, in 'Standard.'

Choice and service—in these are the whole of life.—Mark Hopkins.

A CORNER IN REAL HEROES

A BRILLIANT RESCUE.

It is a grand sight—20,000 to 40,000 horses, where each and every horse knows and understands the lightest note of the bugle, sweeping over a broad plain, and changing positions like an enormous machine guided by an unerring master hand. It must be seen to be appreciated. Words cannot reproduce the picture.

On a certain occasion an event transpired which lent an interest most thrilling to the military sense. It was at a review held in Vienna, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the military order of Maria Theresa.

Not far from 30,000 cavalry were in line. A little child, a girl of not more than four years, standing in the front row of spectators, either from fright or some other cause, rushed out into the open field just as a squadron of hussars came sweeping around from the main body. They had made the detour for the purpose of saluting the Empress, whose carriage was drawn up in that part of the parade ground.

Down came the flying squadron, charging at a mad gallop—down directly upon the child. The mother was paralyzed, as were others, for there could be no rescue from the line of spectators. The Empress uttered a cry of horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable—and such terrible destruction—the tramping to death by a thousand iron hoofs!

Directly under the feet of the horses was the little one—another instant must seal its doom—when a stalwart hussar, who was in the front line, without slackening his speed or loosening his hold, threw himself over the side of his horse's neck, seized and lifted the child, and placed it in safety upon his saddlebow; and this he did without changing his pace or breaking the correct alignment of the squadron.

Ten thousand voices hailed with rapturous applause the gallant deed, and other thousands applauded when they knew. Two women there were who could only sob forth their gratitude in broken accents—the mother and the Empress.

And a proud and happy moment it was for the hussar when his Emperor, taking from his own breast the richly enamelled cross of the order of Maria Theresa, hung it upon the breast of the brave and gallant trooper.—Philadelphia 'Ledger.'

DO YOU SEE?

An artist went to sea to see
What he could see at sea to draw;
He only saw what all may see—
The sea was all the artist saw.
And when he saw he'd seen the sea,
Proceeded he the scene to draw,
And since his scene I've often seen,
I've seen the sea the artist saw.
—Selected.

Perhaps not every one knows the origin of the word 'brat' as applied to small children. In a volume of miscellaneous papers called 'Animal Artisans and Other Studies of Birds and Beasts,' by the late C. J. Cornish, M.A., F.Z.S. (Longmans, Green & Company), we read: 'When Oliver Cromwell inquired affectionately after the "little brat" with which Dorothy Cromwell had presented her husband, he was, according to current belief in the north, alluding unconsciously to a form of animal garment. The lambs are fitted before going on to the hills with waterproof coats, called "brats." These lambs, or young sheep, are also called "brats," whence the name for babies.'

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first is property. My second is to interchange. My whole is a business institution.

PYRAMID.

When the words in this puzzle have been correctly guessed and placed according to the numbers the base and the sides of the pyramid will be formed by the same word.

1—2. The continent which was the last to become generally known to geographers.
3—4. A follower of Mahomet.
5—6. An adjective that describes the feelings of a winner in a contest.
7—8. Opposed to front.
9—10. Three.
11—12. Two hundred.
13. A word of one letter.

13.
11 12
9 . 10
7 . . 8
5 . . . 6
3 4
1 2

—N. Y. 'Tribune.'

TRANSPOSITION PUZZLE.

I am a fur. Change my head, and I am a story. Again, a piece of furniture. Again, a strong chain. Again, and I am a triangular end of a house.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

Double Acrostic.—Haven. Also. Anger. Knew. Opera. Novelty.—Haakon, Norway.

Square—

D E A R
E D N A
A N T S
R A S H

Changing Words.—Rain, grain. Now, snow. Bridge, Bridget. Nail, snail.

'A group of Montrealers staying at Bannerhouse, N.Y., sent in these answers correctly with the exception of the square. A square to be correct must give the words down as well as across.

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR DEPARTMENT.

Killooleet, Little Sweet Voice.

('Canadian Teacher.')

But of all the Killooleets,—and there were many that I soon recognized, either by their songs or by some peculiarity in their striped caps or brown jackets,—the most interesting was the one who first perched on my ridgepole and bade me welcome to his camping ground. I soon learned to distinguish him easily; his cap was bright, and his white cravat very full, and his song never stopped at the second note; for he had mastered the trill perfectly. Then, too, he was more friendly and fearless than all the others. The morning after our arrival (it was better weather, as Simmo and Killooleet had predicted) we were eating breakfast by the fire, when he lit on the ground close by, and turned his head sidewise to look at us curiously. I tossed him a big crumb, which made him run away in fright; but when he thought we were not looking he stole back, touched, tasted, ate the whole of it. And when I threw him another crumb, he hopped to meet it.

After that he came regularly to meals, and would look critically over the tin plate which I placed at my feet, and pick and choose daintily from the cracker and trout and bacon and porridge which I offered him. Soon he began to take bits away with him, and I could hear him, just inside the fringe of underbrush, persuading his mate to come too and share his plate. But she was much shyer than he; it was several days before I noticed her flitting in and out of the shadowy underbrush; and when I tossed her the first crumb, she flew away in a terrible fright. Gradually, however, Killooleet persuaded her that we were kindly, and she came often to meals; but she would never come near, to eat from my tin plate, till after I had gone away.

Never a day now passed that one or both of the birds did not rest on my tent. When I put my head out, like a turtle out of his shell, in the early morning, to look at the weather, Killooleet would look down from the projecting end of the ridgepole and sing good-morning. And when I had been out late on the lake, night-fishing, or following the inlet for beaver, or watching the grassy points for caribou, or just drifting along shore silently to catch the night sounds and smells of the woods, I would listen with eager anticipation for Killooleet's welcome as I approached the landing. He had learned to recognize the sounds of my coming, the rub of a careless paddle, the ripple of water under the bow, or the grating of pebbles on the beach; and with Simmo asleep and the fire low, it was good to be welcomed back by a cheery little voice in the darkness; for he always sang when he heard me. Sometimes I would try to surprise him; but his sleep was too light and his ears too keen. The canoe would glide up to the old cedar and touch the shore noiselessly; but with the first crunch of gravel under my foot, or the rub of my canoe as I lifted it out, he would waken; and this song, all sweetness and cheer, 'I'm here, sweet Killooleet-lil-looleet-lillooleet,' would ripple out of the dark underbrush where his nest was.

I am glad now to think that I never saw that nest, though it was scarcely ten yards from my tent, until after the young had flown, and Killooleet cared no more about it. I knew the bush in which it was, close by the deer path; could pick out from my fireplace the thick branch that sheltered it; for I often watched the birds coming and going. I have no doubt that Killooleet would have welcomed me there without fear; but his mate never laid aside her shyness about it, never went to it directly when I was looking, and I knew he would like me better if I respected her little secret.

Soon, from the mate's infrequent visits, and from the amount of food which Killooleet took away with him, I knew she was brooding her eggs, and when, at last, both birds came together and, instead of helping themselves hungrily, each took the largest morsel he could carry and hurried away to the nest, I knew that the little ones were come; and I spread the plate more liberally, and moved it away to the foot of the old cedar, where Killooleet's mate would not be afraid to come at any time.

One day, not long after, as I sat at a late breakfast after the morning's fishing, there was a great stir in the underbrush. Presently Killooleet came skipping out all fuss and feathers, running back and forth with an air of immense importance, between the last bush and the plate by the cedar, crying out in his own way, 'Here it is, here it is, all right, just by the old tree, as usual. Crackers, trout, brown bread, porridge; come on, come on; don't be afraid. He's here, but he won't harm. I know him. Come on, come on!'

Soon his little gray mate appeared under the last bush, and after much circumspection came hopping towards the breakfast; and after her, in a long line, five little Killooleets, hopping, fluttering, cheeping, stumbling—all in a fright at the big world, but all in a desperate hurry for crackers and porridge 'ad libitum'; now casting hungry eyes at the plate under the old cedar, now stopping to turn their heads sidewise to see the big kind animal with only two legs, that Killooleet har told them about, no doubt, many times.

After that we had often seven guests to breakfast, instead of two. It was good to hear them, the lively 'tink, tink-a-tink' of their little bills on the tin plate in a merry tattoo, as I ate my own tea and trout thankfully. I had only to raise my eyes to see them in a bobbing brown ring about my bounty; and, just beyond them, the lap or ripples on the beach, the lake glinting far away in the sunshine, and a bark canoe fretting at the landing, swinging, veering, nodding at the ripples, and beckoning me to come away as soon as I had finished my breakfast.

(To be Continued.)

A GRATEFUL LION.

A correspondent of the London 'Spectator' tells an interesting story in support of the disputed possibility of the classic tale of 'Androclus and the Lion.' Early in the 'forties' of the nineteenth century, he says, a lion or lioness in the Dublin Zoological Gardens was discovered to be suffering from the effects of an ingrowing claw-nail. Matters had reached a serious pitch when, I think, the late Professor Haughton, or Head of Trinity College, became interested in the case, and, in conjunction with the keeper, arranged to attempt an operation, the step having the full sanction of the authorities, who knew that unless professional skill could effect a cure the life of a valuable specimen would be sacrificed. A second iron barred screen was arranged in front of a portion of the solid iron gratings of the invalid's cage, and after many efforts, on the appointed morning the animal was roused and the damaged paw drawn through the bars. As if aware that steps to alleviate its sufferings were in progress, the great creature was wonderfully tranquil, and allowed the surgeon to cut out the offending nail and remove the diseased flesh in the immediate vicinity without the awful struggles which had been anticipated and prepared for. The operation concluded, the restraining ropes were removed, and the great creature retired to lick its wounds, in no very placid mood. Two days after the surgeon returned to see how matters stood, and to his intense surprise was recognized by the patient, not as an enemy, but as a friend! Stalking up to the side of the cage, the lion purred loudly, rubbing its sides against the bars, waving and arching its tail after the manner of the domestic cat as it passed and repassed in front of its benefactor. Nor was its gratitude of a transitory nature. As long as it survived the greeting was the same every time its friend presented himself, till one day, months after, on reaching the lion-house, he learnt that the faithful creature had died,—not from any result of the operation, which had been absolutely successful, the wound healing completely. Though uncertain of the operator's name, I am clear as to the main facts, having often heard the tale from my father, a medical student of Trinity College, Dublin, at the time.

HOW A SPIDER USED SIXPENCE.

A correspondent sends us a remarkable instance of adaptation of instinct in a trapdoor spider. Says the writer: 'A friend of mine noticed near his camp a trapdor spider run in front of him and pop into its hole pulling the "lid" down as it disappeared. The lid seemed so neat and perfect a circle that the man stooped to examine it, and found, to his astonishment, that it was a seixpence! There was nothing but silk thread covering the top of the coin, but underneath mud and silk thread were coated on and shaped convex (as usual). The coin had probably been swept out of the tent with rubbish.' Commenting on this, a contributor to 'Nature' says: 'As is well known, the doors of trapdoor spiders' burrows are typically made of flattened pellets of earth stuck together with silk or other adhesive material. The unique behavior of the spider in question showed no little discrimination on her part touching the suitability as to size, shape and weight of the object selected to fulfil the purpose for which the sixpence was used.'—Sidney 'Bulletin.'

A TAME SPARROW.

'Jim' is the name of a sparrow which is the pet of the engine-drivers and firemen at one of the railway centres in the North of Scotland. In the 'Animal's Friend' it is stated that he was hatched within the noisy precincts of a busy locomotive stable, but falling out of the nest before being fully fledged, was placed in a cage and tenderly cared for in the railway office. On the third day he began to be friendly, and in a very short time was flying all over the room, and ever allows himself to be petted. In fact, he quickly became so tamed that one day, when his owner (the local railway engineer) was writing, he flew on to his hand and quietly fell asleep; and when about six months old began to accompany him on his daily rounds amongst the engines in the yard, perched on his shoulder, or hopping contentedly by his side. He chooses very queer places for his nests, the oddest and most awkward, so far, being the inside breast coat-pocket of his owner, whom he would follow wherever he went, stuffing the selected pocket with miscellaneous nesting material. 'Jim' is now six years of age. —Selected.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS EASILY EARNED.

A Camera in an Hour,

Boys all over Canada are busily earning splendid premiums or generous cash commissions selling the July Tercentenary Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial.' Though the edition has been selling out very rapidly, we have a certain number still RESERVED for our boy agents, so that their customers need not be disappointed. Send in at once. Cash with order secures preference and any money sent after the supply runs out will be promptly refunded. Price to the public, 15 cents. Good profits for our boy agents. Six sold at 15 cents gets a fine Rogers penknife. Twelve sold secures a No. 1 Brownie camera, etc., etc. A dozen or more could be sold in an hour in hundreds of places. Prompt attention to all orders.

Address John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

HUSBAND AND SON CURED

A Mother's Praise of Zam-Buk

Oakwood, Victoria.

Dear Sirs,—I have great pleasure in stating that Zam-Buk cured my husband of barber's rash with twice rubbing. It also cured my little boy of a dreadfully bad arm after vaccination. I know of several other cures it has affected and I cannot speak too highly of it. I am sure if people once try it they will always use it. Yours truly, R. SAVILLE.

Zam-Buk is healing, soothing and antiseptic. It quickly heals wounds and skin troubles. Certain cure for piles. Sold by all druggists and stores, 50c. a box, 3 for $1.25.

Local wholesale depot, 144 Craig street west, Montreal.

PLANNING A STRIKE.

In a Prussian roadside inn, one hot summer day, several men were smoking and drinking. The room was dirty and uncared for, and the men, who looked quite in keeping with it, were railing at the ways of Providence, and contrasting the luxury and idleness of the rich with the hardships of the poor. During the conversation, a stranger, a young man, came in to eat his bread and cheese, while his team rested in the shade before the inn. For a time he listened silently and then joined in, saying:—

'You must strike.'

'Strike against what?' asked the peasants.

'Against poverty!' answered the young man, 'and the weapon with which to strike is work.'

'Well said! Sensibly spoken!' laughed the peasants.

'It would have been well for me had I always been as sensible,' continued the stranger, 'but I used to be an idle rogue. I was strong and healthy, but I would not work, and if now and then I was obliged to do anything, I was off at once to the alehouse, and like lightning the money was out and the brandy was in. I went from place to place. I soon had enough of farm service, and then I went about to fairs and public houses as a fiddler Wherever any one would hear me, I scraped the violin; but with all my scraping I was never able to get a whole shirt to my back. Soon I grew tired of music, and then tried begging. I went up and down the country, but most doors were shut in my face. I grumbled that God had not made me a rich man, and I was envious of all who were better off than myself. I would have liked to turn the world upside down, that I might have been able to lord it over the rich. One day I went into an inn, sat down in a corner, and began muttering my begging speeches. At a table not far from me sat a gentleman—he is, as I afterwards heard, a writer of books—he kept glancing at me, and I kept glancing at him, for I thought he would be sure to give me good alms, and so he did. I'm spending it still.'

'What was it?' asked the men.

'He came up to me and asked me about my early life. I told him I had been a farm servant, and sent from place to place—in short, I told him everything. He listened quietly, shook his head, and at last said, "Show me your hands!" Astonished, I held out my hands; he examined them all over, pushing up my shirt sleeves, and again shook his head.'

'"What powerful hands! What strength there must be in those arms!" said. "My lad, you must join in the war."

'"In what war?" I asked.

'"In a war against your misery!" he exclaimed in a loud voice. "You fool, you imagine you are poor—poor with such hands! What a mad idea! He only is poor who is sick in body or mind. You are healthy in body and mind. What! with such hands poor! set your wits to work and reflect upon the treasure God has given you in your strong healthy limbs. Recover your senses and march forward in the war!"

'Bravo! That was good,' laughed the peasants.

'And so I joined the war,' continued the young man. 'I looked for a place, and now I am content and industrious.'—The Christian Herald.'

WHO SPEAKS THE BEST ENGLISH?

(London 'Academy.')

In reply to the letter from the Transvaal asking where the best English is spoken in the British Isles we should not like to pretend to give an authoritative answer, but our private conviction is that the best English is spoken on the west coast of Scotland, and in parts of Ireland. It sounds paradoxical; but every one knows that the best French is spoken not in Paris, but in certain remote and old-fashioned provincial towns.

CANADA'S MODEL.

The Americanization of Canada is shown in the press, which takes its style from the American newspapers; the American books and periodicals found everywhere; in the hotels, the barber shops, the bars, and even the clothes worn and the language spoken. All are American. The influences of eastern Canada seems to have departed entirely. The Canadians look southward rather than eastward, and as for England, it is very far away.—Washington 'Post.'

THOUSANDS CONVERTED.

Through ignorance many have suffered aches and pains long thought incurable. But doubt quickly turns to belief when sciatica, lumbago and neuralgia are treated with Nerviline. Its healing, soothing powers are like magic—in they sink, right through the sore nerves and muscles. Relief is sure, suffering stops, —because pain can't live if Polson's Nerviline is applied. Think of the hundred ills that come to every family,—Cramps, colds, stomach pains—all are cured and sickness avoided just by using Nerviline.

AUSTRALIAN COUNTRY LIFE.

May Ask Yourself and Stay as Long as You Like.

HOW GUESTS ARE ENTERTAINED OR ENTERTAIN THEMSELVES —UNCERTAINTY OF DOMESTIC SERVICE—ALWAYS MORE GIRLS THAN MARRIED WOMEN AMONG THE VISITORS.

(By Louise Mack, in the London 'Daily Mail.')

In Australia a month's visit to a country house would be nothing. Two months —three months—six months—as long as you like—would not be considered too long, other things being equal. Nobody thinks of dates. To write and invite you from the 15th to the 30th would be rude. You are asked to stay as long as you like; or else you ask yourself to stay as long as you like. Or even—to face all the contingencies—you neither ask nor are asked; you simply go. And, having arrived, you remain, for the one unfailing commodity of an Australian country house is welcome. Everything else may give out. If you stay long enough there is sure to be a time when there are no servants, no milk, no vegetables, no meat but mutton, or even no water, but the thoughts of guests going away will never enter the minds of the host and hostess. Good nature, gayety, informality—these are the leading notes of life in every Australian country house.

One morning—after a moonlight picnic perhaps—you do not wake for your early tea. You sleep, and it gets cold. The servant, guessing what has happened, comes back later with another cup, but still you do not wake. She returns; it must be five times, for when you wake up you find five cups of cold tea standing in a row on your bedside table.

When people prove unamiable there is one explanation—dyspepsia, which is easily accounted for by the climate, the large amount of meat eaten and the abnormal quantities of tea consumed.

In the Blue Mountains, three hours from Sydney, are many beautiful country houses, mostly bungalows with wide verandas all around, where Sydney people fly in February and March to get away from the dreadful heat of the city by the harbor, and here you will find the house of the famous Mr. Dash, who once behaved so badly to a houseful of guests. Feeling ill one day, he went to see a doctor. 'Dyspepsia,' said the doctor. 'What you need is cheerful company, bright conversation and laughter!'

'Then I'll run up to Burradoo tonight,' said Mr. Dash. 'My daughters have a lot of people there; they'll cheer me up.'

He arrived at his country house that night in a violent temper, swore at the man, the horses, the garden, at the dried up look of the country, at the giving out of the ice, at the heat—at everything. At dinner the guests, who were all youngish, sank into deeper and deeper silence, appalled by the awful look on Mr. Dash's face as he carved the corned beef thick, and asked why there was nothing but beef and mutton and a turkey and curries and a pigeon pie to eat on the table. Deader and deader grew the silence. Nobody could summon up a whisper. Suddenly Mr. Dash banged on the table with his fist, his eyes blazing with indignation.

'Laugh and talk, can't you, —— you!' he cried.

But no! Even in gay Australia you cannot gibe people into cheerful conversation and laughter.

Breakfast, when a good many steaks and chops are eaten, is at half past eight, but you may be as late as you like. It is even possible that you will come down so late that the servants are busy with other things and you will go out to the kitchen and cook yourself a chop or bacon and eggs and make fresh tea. No one will think anything of it. Nothing is locked up, and you may take what you like without asking. It may be that you will have to help wash-up afterward. Yes! Even in the most luxurious country houses this may happen. Servants are always an uncertain quantity in Australia, and every Australian girl and woman knows that she may be called upon to 'do things' even when she goes to stay with friends.

But nobody minds. Nobody minds anything, in fact. The Premier's wife is ironing her blouses in the wash house. Lord M., the young Englishman, is cleaning his boots in the scullery. Four ladies and six men are washing up in the kitchen. The Premier is feeding the fowls. The daughter of the house is rolling out pastry. Half a dozen people are clearing away the breakfast table and making beds. The three maids have all gone off without notice. The hostess is driving around in a buggy trying to find others. She will have hard work to find them, but she has wired to the Registry Office in Sydney to send up three more by tonight's train. Let us hope they come. Let us hope they stay, at any rate till the next holiday, for the Australian domestic has one direful habit—she leaves when a holiday comes around. Hence the story of Lady F., a Chief Justice's wife. One night the chief and she were giving a dinner. Among the guests there was a young Englishman. Suddenly there was a lull in the conversation.

'Awful pause!' said the boy Englishman lightly to his hostess.

Her hands were on the table at that moment.

'So would you have if you'd done your own washing and ironing,' was her strange and unexpected reply.

After breakfast you may help to catch the horses in the paddocks, and then you can go riding as long as you choose. 'Do as you like' is the only recognized order of the day. There will be golf, tennis, croquet, polo, kangaroo hunting rowing on the creek (but no punting), moonlight rides, billy tea, and picnics galore. And there will be gayety and laughter, music and song, dancing and bridge, night and day and day and night. And all day long there will be tea. Tea at seven, tea for breakfast, tea in the sitting room or veranda at eleven, tea for lunch, tea with dinner.

The gentle art of making coffee is not one of Australia's accomplishments. At 1 o'clock lunch will be served of cold meat, mutton chops, curries, salads and a bewildering array of gorgeous fruits, peaches, nectarines, persimmons, passion fruit, pineapples, grapes, guavas, custard apples and melons heaped up on enormous dishes.

A curious fact will be the entire absence of rabbit from any menu. In the paddocks around and all over the country millions of rabbits abound, to the destruction of the land, but never do you find a dish of rabbit on an Australian country house table. Another characteristic of an Australian house party as opposed to an English one will be the remarkable absence of letter writing among the guests, and Elizabeths, Ambrosines and Evangelines will also be mercifully to seek.

And yet there will always be more girls than married women. Girls in fact abound in a country house, for Australia is pre-eminently the land of the girl. Everything is for her. Married women, unless very beautiful or very dashing, are put on one side when girls are present. An Australian lady who had been living for years in Italy paid a visit to Sydney last year and afterward confided to her Italian friends how glad she was to get back to Italy. 'In Australia,' said she, 'I was left out of everything because I was married. It was always Ethel who was asked, never me. If by chance I did go I was sorry. I had something to eat and then was left alone, while all the young people talked to each other. It's nice to get back to Italy, where a married woman is the only one who counts.'

And all day long and all night the front door will stand wide open, and the strange folk who come drifting in are never turned away empty handed.

RUSSIAN GENERALS IN PRISON

DAILY ROUTINE OF THEIR LIFE—FIRST MEETING OF STOESSEL AND NEBOGOTOFF.

(St. Petersburg correspondent of the London 'Globe.')

The unfortunate General Stoessel and Nebogotoff are now confined in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, together with the naval commanders Grigorieff and Lischin. The generals have each a spacious cell equally large in common. The cells have large windows with iron bars overlooking the Neva and the Winter Palace. The furniture for each is a camp bed, a large and a small table, two chairs and a press.

The prisoners' outdoor recreation consists of gardening, under the direction of Lischin, who is no stranger to that art and mystery.

According to the rules of the prison fortress the four unfortunate war prisoners rise at 8 a.m., take their tea and then proceed to the garden, abutting upon the Neva. At noon they dine together, Nebogotoff presiding at the mess. What the conversation of these men, upon whom fortune has not smiled, but whose bravery has never been impugned, it can only be imagined. At 6 p.m. they sup and at 9 o'clock they take tea. Between times they can read what they like, newspapers, books and magazines.

It seems that Stoessel and Nebogotoff met for the first time in prison. They only knew each other from photographs. 'Alas, that we should meet in such a place,' said Stoessel to his companion in misfortune, as 'adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole.' Nebogotoff replied: 'God above is our judge. We must never lose courage.'

ENLARGING ROYAL BURIAL PLACE

ROOM FOR NO MORE OF THE HAPSBURG DEAD IN CAPUCHIN VAULTS.

(Vienna correspondence 'Pall Mall Gazette.')

The dead Hapsburgs have outgrown the limits of their final resting place in the vaults of the Capucnin church, and a court commission has been appointed to consider plans for enlarging the imperial burying place.

Since the death of the Emperor Matthias, in 1619, 132 members of the Hapsburg family have been laid to rest here. The array of massive metal coffins, some of which are of immense proportions, have so crowded the vaults that it has been impossible to find proper room for the coffin of the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany, who was the last Archduke to be brought there.

Two projects are under consideration—one to extend the vaults under the garden of the monastery, the other to take in a part of the monastery cellars. The first would deprive the monks of the solace of their small but cool and shady garden, while the second would only rob them of some superfluous lumber room.

HIS DREAM OF BURIED WEALTH.

(Richmond correspondence of the Washington 'Post.')

For a week Thomas Wade, a prosperous farmer in Tuckahoe district, Henrico County, dreamed each night of a buried box bulging with gold in ingots and ancient coins. The spot where this treasure was secreted was indicated unvaryingly in his dreams by an old stump, which he recognized as being on his farm. A few dayes ago, with the assistance of Constable I. H. Henley, he went to the place indicated in his dream, and after digging for several hours his shovel struck the traditional 'hard metallic substance.' Believing his dream of wealth realized Wade fainted from emotion, but, the constable nursed him back to consciousness and then the box was unearthed and examined. It contained three big copper cents of ancient date and four fishhooks.

MRS. CORNWALLIS-WEST'S MEMOIRS

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND LORD SALISBURY.

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, in her latest chapter of 'Reminiscences,' as Lady Randolph Churchill, in the 'Century,' tells that after Lord Randolph had left the government, their relations with Lord and Lady Salisbury 'became gradually more and more strained':

'Outward appearances were kept up, and we were still invited to the political parties given in Arlington street, but all real cordiality had ceased. Friends, however tried to bring about a rapprochement, and eventually we were asked to dine. Much against his inclination Randolph was persuaded to accept. The dinner, which was a large one, was a fiasco so far as the object of our being there was concerned, for beyond a bare greeting neither Lord nor Lady Salisbury exchanged a word with Randolph. This he resented very much, and regretted having gone.'

Mrs. Cornwallis-West does not think this was intended as a slight, for shortly afterwards she received a letter from Lady Salisbury in very courteous terms.

This letter asked Lord and Lady Randolph to dine and sleep at Hatfield and help Lord and Lady Salisbury to receive the Irish delegates at a garden party, at which Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Randolph were advertised as the principal speakers. But, at the last moment, Lord Randolph 'flatly refused to go,' and insisted that Lady Randolph should keep the engagement alone:

'As I drove up to the picturesque and historical Elizabethan house, the ideal residence of the Prime Minister of England, my feelings were anything but enviable. I shall never forget the look of blank dismay, and the ominous silence with which my feeble excuses for Randolph's absence were greeted. That night at dinner, in the splendid banqueting hall, I sat next to Lord Salisbury. Courteous as ever, he talked pleasantly to me, but made no reference to the subject uppermost in my mind. The next day was fine, and crowds of people came from London. . . . Cries for Randolph were heard on every side. Many had come expressly to hear him, and bitter was the disappointment when they realized that he was not there. No adequate reason could be given for his absence, and the "rift within the lute" was made more apparent than ever.'

Lady Randolph was glad when she could slip away, for rarely, she says, had she felt so uncomfortable, or experienced anything more disagreeable.

In the Jubilee Year Lady Randolph met, among other celebrities, the late Shah of Persia, about whom many stories were circulated:

'One night at a banquet at Buckingham Palace he was asked to give his arm to the late Queen Victoria. He refused flatly, having made up his mind to take in a lady whose voluminous proportions had attracted his attention. Much pressure had to be brought to bear before he was prevailed upon to change his mind. With reluctance and a cross face, it is said that he dragged the Queen along as he strode into the dining-room. Another night at the opera, to the despair of his suite, he sat with a glum countenance, evidently much bored, until the orchestra during the entr'acte began to tune their instruments. At these discordant sounds the Persian monarch brightened up, and, applauding vigorously, asked for an encore.'

At one of the Court balls at which the Shah was present, much to Lord and Lady Randolph's and the Lord Chamberlain's annoyance, as it was against all Royal etiquette, they were commanded to go to the dais and be presented to the Shah.

A strange and unpleasant experience which Lady Randolph had on one occasion in Paris shows her pluck. Standing in one of the archways of the Gare du Nord she saw a man fire several shots at another:

'Fearing that the man was running amuck, and that I might be the next victim of his wild firing, I ran down the platform as fast as a heavy fur coat and various incumbrances permitted me. Unfortunately, I dropped my muff, which happened to be a sable one adorned with tails, and containing my purse and ticket. Before I could pick it up a man pounced on it, and made off at top speed towards the swinging glass doors leading out of the station. As I followed, calling out, I saw him vanish through one of the doors, and reappear by another, like a clown in a pantomime. Calm and unconcerned, he was swinging a cane, and no muff was visible. While I stared at him in utter amazement, I spied sticking out from his coat, which with one hand he was endeavoring to keep closed, one of the tails of the muff. At that moment the bell which announced the departure of the train began to ring. There was no time for words; it was a case of "Do or die."'

'I rushed at the thief,' adds Lady Randolph, 'seized the tail of the muff, and jumped upon the train, which I just managed to catch, leaving the man, with his mouth wide open, still staring as the train crawled out of the station.' Westminster 'Gazette.'

The number of physicians in France has nearly doubled in ten years. There are now 20,000, and nearly 2,000 are turned out every year by the medical schools. Fees have decreased alarmingly because of this competition, and because of the diminution of disease due to hygienic precautions. In some districts in Paris a franc is all that is paid for a doctor's call.

A MINISTER WHO KNOWS.

The Rev. Mr. Blanchard, of Clairmount, knows what he says in stating the only sure cure for Hay Fever is Catarrhozone. 'For two months of the year for ten years I suffered. Catarrhozone cured me so perfectly that the disease has not returned. Others in my parish I know have been permanently cured by Catarrhozone, which I strongly recommend for Hay Fever, Asthma and Bronchitis. $1.00 at druggists.

FITS CURED

Sufferers from Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Troubles or Falling Sickness should write the LIEBIG CO., 179 King street, Toronto, for a trial bottle of their Fit Cure and Treatise. Enclose 10c for postage and packing.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term 'vicinity' in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

SOLDIERS' UNEXPECTED ALLY

HOW A MOHAMMEDAN HOLY MAN CAME TO THE RESCUE OF A BRITISH REGIMENT.

(From the 'Youth's Companion.')

Sir D. C. Drury-Lowe, who recently died, a veteran of Crimea, the Mutiny, the Zulu and Egyptian wars, was one of the leaders of the forced march to Cairo, which made its way for sixty-five miles across the desert and consummated the victory of Tel-el-Kebir. A curious incident is told of this campaign. The story illustrates the absolute and superstitious devotion of the Arabs to their religion. Arabi Pasha had concentrated his forces near the English camp. The British soldiers were a queer looking set in their rough, loose jackets, dusty and muddy, their growing beards, their dirty belts and helmets; but the strictest discipline was maintained. The men were steady, cheerful, patient to endure the scanty food, filthy water and the heat and dust.

A canal ran close to their line of entrenchments, from which they got their water. Arabi dammed this canal and cut a deep drain by which he intended to let out the water into the valley and so make it impossible for the British to get their supply.

A few days before the final battle the British engineers were astonished to find the water in the canal rising. The tendency before had been a rapid decrease from consumption and evaporation. As every one knew the canal was dammed, they supposed the only solution of the mystery was that the rising of the Nile had filled the canal above the level of the dam and that the water was pouring over it. The increase was availed of at once; the lock was opened and the level of the water raised. The true solution of this increase of water never entered the European mind. Later it was discovered. Arabi Pasha had cut the dam. A dervish, or holy man, much venerated, had come to the camp. He had heard of the building of the dam and pronounced it contrary to the faith. He declared that although the British soldiers were infidel dogs they were still God's creatures and should not be made to suffer and that the divine blessing could be expected only if the water were set free.

Arabi was a devout Moslem, and he instantly complied with the dervish's decision.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

Your Summer Outing.—If you are fond of fishing, canoeing, camping or the study of wild animals look up the Algonquin National Park of Ontario for your summer outing. A fish and game preserve of 2,000,000 acres interspersed with 1,200 lakes and rivers is awaiting you, offering all the attractions that Nature can bestow. Magnificent canoe trips. Altitude 2,000 feet above sea level. Pure and exhilarating atmosphere. Just the place for a young man to put in his summer holidays. Hotel accommodation. An interesting and profusely illustrated descriptive publication telling you all about it sent free on application to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Depot, Montreal.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS

CARRIED THE HABIT TOO FAR.

'Youth's Companion.')

American travellers in Europe find a great deal of trouble with the omnipresent need of tipping those from whom they expect any service, however slight. They are very apt to carry it much too far, or else attempt to resist it altogether. There is a story told of a wealthy but ostentatious American in a Parisian restaurant. As the waiter placed the order before him he said in a loud voice: 'Waiter, what is the largest tip that you ever received?'

'One thousand francs, monsieur.'

'Eh bien! But I will give you 2,000,' answered the upholder of American honor, and then in a moment added:

'May I ask who gave you the 1,000 francs?'

'It was yourself, monsieur,' said the obsequious waiter.

Of quite an opposite mode of thought was another American visiting London for the first time. Goaded to desperation by the incessant necessity for tips he finally entered the washroom of his hotel, only to be faced with a large sign which read:

'Please tip the basin after using.'

'No,' said the Yankee, turning on his heel, 'I will go dirty first!'

A Cure for Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value.

Foreigner—'Scientists agree that climates are changing all over the globe. Is there not fear that the American climate may change for the worse?' American (confidently)—'Oh, no, it couldn't.'

Mrs. Spriggs—'Why do you leave those horrid blots in your letter to Mr. Richman asking for a business interview?' Mr. Spriggs—'I want him to see that I am business man enough to use a fountain pen.'

One of the commonest complaints of infants is worms, and the most effective application for them is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Kind Lady—'I hope your sick husband is cheerful, Mrs. Briggs.' Poor Woman—'Oh, yes, ma'am. He's one o' them homeoptimists.'

'The manager always keeps back a portion of the villain's salary.' 'Why does he do that—afraid he'd skip?' 'No; but he always acts his part better when he's mad.'

Corns are caused by the pressure of tight boots, but no one need be troubled with them long when so simple a remedy as Holloway's Corn Cure is available.

'Pardon me,' the photographer said, 'but I think your smile is unnecessarily broad. It will show all your teeth.' 'Those teeth cost me sixty dollars,' growled the sitter. 'I want 'em to show.'

Tin Pedler—'Madam, I am selling a patent self-basting pan for roasting.' Old Lady—'I don't think I'd care for that; but if you have any patent self-darning needles for mending, I'll take one.'

Do Not Delay.—Do not let a cold or cough fasten upon you as it will if neglected. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will break up a cold and cure a cough, and should be resorted to at once when the first symptoms appear. It can be disguised so that any unpleasant taste it may have will be imperceptible to the delicate. Try it and be convinced.

'Pa, what's a metrical romance?' 'Well,' this month's gas bill is one.'—Philadelphia 'Inquirer.'

Rollingstone Nomore—'Dis paper says dat labor is ennobling.' Tatterdon Tern—'Dat's all right, but I'm agin' de nobility, anyhow.'—Philadelphia 'Record.'

'Are you sure, Aunt Susan, there is nothing deleterious in this pie?' 'Sure, honey. My recipe don't call for none of that kind of stuff.'—Baltimore 'American.'

Pater—'And did that young man have the nerve to think that he was in a position to propose to my daughter?' Daughter—'Oh, he was, papa! He was on his knees.'—Cleveland 'Leader.'

Weary Willie—'Firemen has a cinch; dey don't do nothin' most o' de time but lorf around de fire-house. I'd like dat job, wouldn't you?' Ragson Tatters—'No; once I seen a fireman git soaked wid water from a hose.'—Philadelphia 'Press.'

The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat frequently puts a strain upon the system that produces internal complications, always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful ailment is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.

Knicker—'Jones is wrapped up in his auto.' Bocker—'When did the accident occur?'—'Judge.'

Home Department.

Little Kindnesses.

If you were toiling up a weary hill,
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,
And each one passing by would do so much
As give one upward lift and go their way
Would not the slight reiterant touch
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

If you are breasting a keen wind, which tossed
And buffeted and chilled you as you strove,
Till baffled and bewildered quite you lost
The power to see the way, and aim and move,
And one, if only for a moment's space,
Gave you a shelter from the bitter blast,
Would you not find it easier to face
The storm again when the brief rest was past?

There is so little and there is so much;
We weigh and measure and define in vain,
A look, a word, a slight responsive touch
Can be the ministers of joy to pain.
A man can die of hunger walled in gold,
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing which tells for life or death.

—Susan Coolidge.

An Enforced Vacation.

(By Hilda Richmond in the New England 'Homestead.')

'Yes, I guess I can bring the butter this afternoon,' said Mrs. Holt through the telephone. 'And you want the chicken dressed? Well, I don't know as I'll have time for that. What did you say? I needn't bring it if I don't have time to dress it? I'll do my best, but I've got lots of chores to do to-day.'

After more talk about apples and other farm products, the receiver was hung up with a snap, and Mrs. Holt turned to her husband to say, sharply, 'It does beat all about these town women being so busy they can't dress a chicken! That was Mrs. Tanner talking, and she wants a lot of stuff, or I'd never bother dressing a hen to-day. You go and cut its head off, John, and I'll try to clean it. If I'd nothing more to do than Mrs. Tanner I'd be ashamed to ask for a dressed hen. I just wish some of the lazy, town women had to work and slave like I do. They'd soon have a different song to sing! Here, I've been up since before daylight working as fast as I could, while she has nothing to do but sit on the front porch. Some people have all the easy time in life, and others all the work.'

'It ain't my good will and pleasure that you should work and slave, Mandy,' said her husband, mildly. 'I've wanted you to quit selling things this long time. We've got enough in the bank to take life easy all our days, and the children are all comfortable. If you'd say the word we'd take a trip to New York or most anywhere.'

'New York!' said his wife, impatiently. 'What I've always hankered after is to just sit down and play the lady with absolutely nothing to do. Sight-seeing is enough to wear a stout person to a thread. Last fall when we went to the State fair we was both beat out for two days afterward. There ain't a bit of use talking about farmers taking life easy. When we are in our graves maybe we'll have rest, but not while we're on this farm.'

Mr. Holt had heard these statements time and again, so he departed to get the chicken for his wife. People always said Mrs. Holt would not be happy unless she was busy, but that lady only smiled scornfully, and said she would just like to have the chance before she died to have nothing to do.

When Mrs. Holt drove to the Tanner residence shortly after dinner that beautiful autumn afternoon, a bitter feeling rose up in her heart, as she saw Mrs. Tanner sitting on her porch with a bit of fancy work. The two ladies had been schoolmates, but Mrs. Holt looked ten years older than Mrs. Tanner. Mrs. Holt had always said she had no time for gew-gaws, and her hair and dress were severely plain, while Mrs. Tanner had her abundant hair simply waved, and her dress, while simple, was in the latest style. Mrs. Holt had a tooth or two missing, while Mrs. Tanner had taken care of her teeth, and from head to foot there was a great contrast between them.

'It ain't fair for Molly to have all the good times and me all the work,' she said to herself as Mrs. Tanner went into the house for her purse. 'Hard work has broken me down, while Molly is as pretty as a picture. That's the way it goes in this world, though.'

By five o'clock Mrs. Holt had delivered her butter and eggs and produce, and had turned the old horse toward home. 'Mrs. Holt! Mrs. Holt! Wait a minute!' screamed a policeman, running after the buggy. 'We have been looking everywhere for you. There's a case of smallpox at your home, and you can't go there. No; it isn't your husband,' as the poor woman turned pale. 'Shortly after you left some campers drove into your yard with a very sick woman in their waggon. Mr. Holt couldn't turn them away, so he sent for the doctor, who pronounced it a mild form of smallpox. You must not go home.'

'What shall I do? What shall I do?' wailed Mrs. Holt.

'You must go to a hotel or stay with friends till the scare is over,' said the officer. 'Mr Holt told us to tell you not to be alarmed for him, as he had the varioloid when a boy, and he said to tell you he would get his own meals and look after himself. They put the smallpox people in your old house and gave them some of your old bedding for the present, but the county authorities will provide a nurse and look after them. Your house and everything will be safe, but Mr. Holt will not be allowed to leave the place for some time. Have you no friends in town?'

'I—I think I'll go to the hotel,' said Mrs. Holt, faintly. 'Can they send me some clothes from home?'

'I am afraid not. You see the hotel people might not like it. Mr. Holt has telephoned the bank to let you have all the money you need, so you can buy what you want till you get home. Now, don't worry a bit, for everything will be all right.'

By degrees Mrs. Holt settled down to her new life since there was nothing else to do. She bought herself a dressing sack, also toilet articles and other necessary things and proceeded to enjoy her enforced vacation. She could talk to her husband whenever she wished, and he assured her everything was all right and she could have a good time. It was no use to worry, he said, so she could just take life easy.

'Won't you come and stay with me, Mandy?' said Mrs. Tanner, when she heard about her friend's predicament. 'You are welcome—perfectly welcome.'

'No; thank you, Molly. I think I'll stay at the hotel these few weeks. I've always wanted a chance to take a good rest, and since I've got the chance I'll take it. Of course if I could have my way I'd be home working, but since it is no fault of mine, I'll just enjoy my vacation.'

'I hope you will,' said Mrs. Tanner, heartily. 'By the way, Mandy, we will count on you to help us with our next church fair. You know you were always too busy at home, but now you have your chance.'

'Yes, I'll be glad to,' said Mrs. Holt. 'Before now I couldn't do much because the chores kept me so tied down, but I'll lend a hand whenever you want me now.'

Mrs. Holt rose late in the morning, and after breakfast read or did fancy work for a week before hotel life began to pall upon her. 'I'm sick of this stand cover,' she said, pettishly one morning, as she flung the fancy work aside. 'I wonder if I could do my hair as Molly does hers.'

(To be Continued.)

Home Thoughts.

What will I care for the unshared sigh,
If, in my fear of slip or fall,
Closely, I've clung to Christ through all;
Mindless how rough the path might lie,
Since He will smooth it by and by?

Ah, it will matter, by and by,
Nothing but this—that joy or pain
Lifted me skyward, helped me gain,
Whether through rack or smile or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all, by and by!

OUR DUTY.

The duty of doing, not great things, but what we can, is the very top and sum of human obligation. One can't get beyond it; one ought not to stop this side of it. It means the doing of everything that you can, and chiefly it means the doing of things that issue out of the heart toward God and man. It means the setting aside of self, and laying out one's best energies in unselfish, not-to-be-requited service. It means not merely occupation, industry, attainment; not merely busy hands, but busy affections, sympathies, purposes. You can not sum its almost limitless significance.—J. F. Ware.

WORTHY OF FRIENDS.

In speaking of friendship recently, a thoughtful woman whose life has never lacked love, said: 'I learned long ago to pray, "Make me worthy of friendship, and give me friends."'

How few ever think of a prayer like that, especially of its first petition! Too often friends are considered a natural right, and the lack of them a wrong and injustice for which humanity is to be berated and Providence complained of. Yet friendship is one of God's choicest gifts, and it is worth while to pray to be made worthy of it—to be brave, loyal, honest, unselfish; to be true when interests clash, and faithful when faithfulness costs.

There is, indeed much that calls itself friendship which does not deserve the name, and many a life basks in sincere and earnest love of which it is not worthy, but one who appreciates affection at its real value may well pray humbly to be made worthy of it. For the office of true friendship is a high calling; it uplifts both in its giving and receiving.—Selected.

With the Children

HAMMOCK SONG.

To and fro,
To and fro,
Into the summer wind you go!
Now you're a birdie with scarlet wings;
Now just the hammock where baby swings!
To and fro,
Slower—slow,
You are a boat that the Sand Man brings.

To and fro,
To and fro,
Over the waving grass you go!
Now baby's hammock's a red balloon
Off for a trip to the rising moon;
To and fro,
Slower—slow,
Bring my wee traveller back to me soon!

To and fro,
To and fro,
Little red hammock I sway you so—
But don't forget, if you swing too high,
That angels live in the purple sky,
Swing low, swing low!
If they saw him, O
They'd steal my baby away for aye!

—Garnet Noel Wiley.

JUST A BABY.

Bless the babies! What on earth would we do without them? I rode down on the street car this morning with a lot of sour-faced, stern-mouthed, anxious eyed men and worried, despondent, what-on-earth-shall-I-ever-do-next women, writes Winifred Black, in the New York 'American.'

'Dear me,' I thought, 'this really is a vale of tears, after all. It must be or there wouldn't be so many mournful-looking people in it.' Just then the surliest-looking man in the car began to look different. The lines about his mouth relaxed, his eyes lit up. 'Why, he's quite handsome,' I thought. 'I wonder what he's thinking about that makes him look so pleasant.'

A little wizened-up old woman next to him was smiling all at once and her little faded eyes began to dance as if she were sixteen and saw her sweetheart coming down the shady street toward her in the gloaming. A pompous man, with a face like a writ of habeas corpus, put his head on one side and grinned like an amiable behemoth. 'What on earth has happened to them?' I thought. I looked down my side of the car and there it was—just a baby, a little pudgy, round-faced, big-eyed, surprised looking baby, grabbing at the sunshine with his fat fist and telling the conductor an amazing secret which sounded like 'goo goo.'

And that little old rascal of a fat pudgikins changed the whole atmosphere of the car in less than half a minute just by his very presence.

And yet there are people who pretend that they don't like children.

LEARN THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

'My girls, whether they marry or remain single, shall be taught how to care for babies and little children. Where is the common sense in teaching girls everything but this most important one? The chances are in favor of her having the care of some child, her own or not, as may be. My first child was all but sacrificed to my conscientious, struggling ignorance. I ought to have her spared all the suffering I endured because of my own lack of preparation for the care of a little child. I would take every girl I know and have her learn in some practical way how to feed, clothe and care for a baby. This is a hundred times more important than three meals a day. I don't know what we are thinking of that we disregard this. Motherhood under present conditions cannot be left to instinct.'—A Mother, in 'Good Housekeeping.'

'Airing it on the Portch.'

(A Sermonette by Boston W. Smith.)

My text was found last summer when I went to the Jersey coast for my annual bath—in 'old ocean.' I was spending a day or two at that famous resort, Ocean Grove. In my room at the hotel was a card on which was printed, 'Rules of the House.' My attention was most attracted to the last, which read: 'Should you cannot to have a grievance, do not air it on the porch. Come talk it over—Mrs. Lyman.'

Ah, yes, what a world of trouble would be saved if every man would paste this rule in his hat, and every woman put it on her mirror, where it could be seen often and invite meditation. It seems to be human nature to want 'to air things on the porch,' to tell things heard and done, especially if these things seem to militate against another's good name and reputation. 'It is rumored,' 'Some one told me,' 'I do not know whether it is true, but this is the way I heard it,' 'Too bad that he did that,' 'That mistake will follow her through life'; these, and many others, are expressions used in 'airing it on the porch' to the serious injury of many good men and pure women. How much better to keep one's mouth shut and 'come talk it over' with the one about whom the evil report is being circulated.

Only this morning I read in Proverbs xvii. 9: 'He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends.' We all know many instances illustrating this truth. Sometimes a jealous disposition will prompt a person to seize upon an evil report which is accepted as a fact, and it is immediately 'aired on the porch' for the benefit of every one who will listen. As a result much sorrow and unhappiness follow, that might have been avoided had it been 'talked over' with the one affected.

In my travels I have found so many sad hearts and broken lives which might have been otherwise had this rule been observed. Why is it that so many people seem to delight in spreading reports likely to prove detrimental to another's reputation? I know good ministers of Jesus Christ who were driven out of the ministry, or whose progress has been much retarded, because of the readiness of some people 'to air on the porch' some reported grievance, instead of 'talking it over' with the servant of God himself.

Several years ago I met a man whom I had known in a pastorate in Minnesota, he had been compelled to leave the ministry and was in secular business in another state. Why? The church of which he was pastor failed to pay him the small salary promised. It was impossible for him to live on his income and support his family. When he resigned he was compelled to leave a few bills unpaid. The report was at once started: 'It is rumored that he does not pay his debts.' That was enough. This good brother remained in business and paid every cent he owed, but when he tried to return to preach the gospel, the 'old rumor' was revived and 'no church wants a man who does not pay his debts,' and no call came. Now if some one had gone to that pastor and 'talked it over,' instead of 'airing it on the porch,' who can tell how many souls might have been won for Christ by this brother, who had always been a successful 'winner of souls?'

Another pastor was well situated in his new field and the work was moving well. One of his members attended an association and there met 'a traveling brother,' who asked: 'How did you come to call that man—haven't you heard the rumor about him in a former pastorate?' That was enough. The delegate returned home and soon the 'rumor' became a tumor, and the life of that pastor is gradually being eaten out of him. Why did not that 'travelling brother' go straight to that pastor and 'hear the other side,' for there is usually another side that may be found, if we have in us a true heart of sincerity that 'thinketh no evil,' and that 'talks it over' with the supposed sinner, instead of 'airing it on the porch?'

It was 'matinee afternoon' at the Metropolitan Opera House; a church member was seen on a nearby street entering a large building. A thoughtless person started the report: 'I saw Mrs. So and So going into the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon.' That was enough. She was at once branded 'a pretty church member,' and 'just like all the rest of the pious people.' You know how such things get into circulation. But a real friend went straight to the church member and asked: 'Were you down town last Wednesday?' 'I was.' 'Did you go to the matinee?' 'No, I never do.' 'Well, it is reported that you were seen going into the Metropolitan at half-past two last Wednesday.' 'Metropolitan, Metropolitan, let me see; yes, I remember, I did go into the Metropolitan Bank at that time to get a cheque cashed.' The people who 'aired this grievance on the porch' of common gossip, were humiliated; the one who went and 'talked it over' was a truer friend than ever.

Why, even in our beloved chapel car work, some of the most outrageous reports have been put in circulation; some have believed them to the injury of the work, but true friends of the work have 'come and talked it over,' instead of 'airing it on the porch' of parsonage or hotel and are truer friends than ever, for it has been made plain that, though mistakes may have been made, they have been 'such as are common to man.'

'Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.' 'Love suffereth long and is kind.' So let us keep sweet and should we chance to have a grievance 'do not air it on the porch.' Come talk it over with the offender.—'Standard.'

Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.—'Sala.'

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.

WIT AND WOMAN.

No one is more tiresome than the 'would-be' witty woman.

If nature has endowed you with the quality of wit, well and good, but it is an impossible quality to cultivate.

Wit is not always kindly, and it often detracts from a woman's gentleness. The wit is never able to resist the opportunity of raising a laugh. The fact that other people's feelings may be hurt does not count.

The most lovable thing about a woman is her womanliness and gentleness. If you try to be smart and funny you are in great danger of losing both those qualities.

There is no harm in being funny as long as it is not at other people's expense. The trouble is that it is hard to know where to draw the line.

If you notice you will find that the gentle girl is never at a loss for friends and attention. You know to be gentle does not mean to be weak and interesting.

A girl can be full of life and spirit and fun and still be exquisitely gentle.

To be gentle means to have consideration for others, to be refined in thought and action.

The gentle girl is as popular with her own sex as with men, and where you find the girl that both men and women like you have found the best of all girls. She may never have made a witty remark in her life, but she has hosts of friends.

There is one thing that people absolutely cannot stand, and that is ridicule.

Many a promising love affair has been nipped in the bud by an untimely laugh.

A mental hurt is much harder to recover from than a physical one.

A keen sense of humor is an excellent thing, and yet it has its drawbacks. To always see the funny side of a thing unless one has self-control, is dangerous. You run great risk of untactfully laughing in the wrong place.

Be as merry and jolly as you like, but don't try to be too funny.—'Evening Wisconsin.'

For the Housekeeper.

WASHING SUMMER FROCKS.

An excellent laundress who has never been known to fade a summer frock says she has a special 'fixative' for every color.

Alum used in the rinsing water will prevent green from fading. A handful of salt thrown into the rinsing water will set blue.

Ox-gall is good to use for grey and brown. Hay water made by pouring boiling water over hay is excellent for washing tan or brown linen.

A tablespoonful of black pepper stirred into the first suds in which cottons are washed will prevent colors from running.

Five cents' worth of sugar of lead crystals dissolved in a pailful of water makes a solution which fixes the tone of pinks, blues and lavenders. The fabrics should remain in the sugar of lead bath half an hour or so before going to the suds.

These baths will not prevent a garment from fading if it is hung in the sun to dry. Delicate colors, in fact, any colors at all, are safe if dried in the house.

Vinegar is useful in reviving colors. Add one teaspoonful of common vinegar to each quart of cold rinsing water. Thoroughly saturate the article, wring tightly and dry quickly.

To wash brown Holland dresses use bran, but no washing soda, and no soap unless the skirt is very dirty. Boil two handfuls of bran in one quart of water and strain through muslin. Put the bran on to boil again, as you will require a second supply of bran water for rinsing. Cool the water by adding one quart of cold water to it. Then wash the skirt. Rinse first in bran water, then in plain water. Put the article through a wringer and iron while damp, on the wrong side.—Selected.

SETTING UP A POT-POURRI JAR.

For the dweller in the country or the garden-surrounded suburb, the following suggestions for gathering and preserving the sweetness and fragrance of the spring and summer for delectation in the winter months by setting up a pot-pourri jar are recommended to every young girl who has access to a garden or the fields and woods.

Any one of the quaint and pretty patterns of rose jar procurable at any big shop will answer for holding the pot-pourri itself, which consists not only of rose leaves but of the petals and leaves of any sweet scented plant. The putting up of the pot-pourri consequently extends through spring and early summer, just as the different blossoms come out. There are a few general directions which must be closely followed in making pot-pourri; the rose jar itself, as also the vessel in which the pot-pourri is mixed, must be perfectly new—must never before have been used; the salt used in the making must be toasted in the oven to insure its absolute dryness; the blossoms and leaves must be young and tender when gathered, entirely unwilted and must be used when perfectly fresh—not after lying by or standing in water. The ingredients must be thoroughly stirred up at least once—better twice—a day, and when the pot-pourri is all gathered and mixed it should be exposed for two or three weeks to the heat of the August sun.

Here follow two recipes for pot-pourri ingredients. They are copied from an old book handed down from mother to daughter in a German baronial family, and have been followed—as have also the general instructions given above—and found reliable and satisfactory even in the present generation.

1. One pound fresh picked orange blossoms, half a pound of roses, half a pound of mace, half a pound of lavender and four ounces of marjoram leaves; four ounces of carnations, four ounces oxalis, one ounce rosemary, one ounce cloves and half an ounce of bay leaves.

2. One pound of orange blossoms, one pound of roses; half a pound of red carnations; half a pound each of marjoram and myrtle; two ounces each of nutmeg, thyme, lavender, sage, camomile and sweet basil; fifteen or twenty bay leaves, and three handfuls of jasmine. Let the mixture stand for a month, stirring twice a day, and then add ten ounces of powdered orris-root, two ounces of cinnamon and two of cloves, with six drachms each of yellow sandalwood and chyper.

Both the above recipes call for half a pound of salt—absolutely dry—to draw out every bit of perfume.—'Eagle.'

Household Hints.

Milk Toast and Cheese—Make some slices of milk toast, using only enough thickened milk to just moisten well; cover with grated cheese and put in the oven till this melts and browns a little; serve immediately. This is a nourishing and substantial luncheon or supper dish.

Hot boiled potatoes forced through a ricer and piled lightly in a hot dish are better and more sightly than plain mashed potatoes. They should be well sprinkled with salt before ricing, and lumps of butter dropped lightly on top after the dish is full. Again, rice the potatoes into a dish that may be set in the oven, drop on bits of butter; sprinkle with very fine crumbs and brown in a quick oven.

A spoonful of vinegar put into the water in which meats or fowls are boiled makes them tender.

A lump of soda laid upon a drain pipe down which waste water passes will prevent the clogging of the pipe with grease.

The smaller a roast of meat, the better should be the oven at first, that the least possible amount of its delicate juices may escape.

Bread should never be covered with a cloth when taken from the oven, but laid on the side and allowed to become perfectly cold, and then keep in a closely covered tin box, without any wrappings.

Bake crumbs for frying in the oven without allowing them to take color. By this method the fish or meat will be much crisper.

Selected Recipes.

Cherry Syrup—This is a most delightful beverage for tea or luncheon. Boil for ten minutes a quart of juice with three cups of sugar; pour in bottles and seal while hot. Serve diluted in water.

Cherry Fritters.—Stir into a cupful of milk two well beaten eggs, a pinch of salt, three cups of flour that have been sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, beat briskly until the ingredients are well blended, add a cup and a half of pitted cherries plentifully sprinkled with sugar. Drop tablespoonfuls of the batter in deep smoking fat, when a rich brown drain on blotting paper, and roll in powdered sugar and serve immediately.

Cherry Jam.—The pitted cherries should be heated to the boiling point and mashed before the sugar is added. Allow to every pound of fruit the same amount of sugar, cook gently for twenty-five minutes, fill jelly glasses and cover closely.

Spiced Cherries.—Dissolve two pounds of brown sugar in one cupful of best vinegar, add four pints of large pitted cherries, two pieces of preserved ginger, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of ground cloves, and have the two latter tied in bags, cook until the mixture is the consistency of jam, put in wide-mouthed bottles and seal.

Preserved Cherries.—In the first place secure rich, ripe cherries, the Morrella seems best for the purpose; to every pound of fruit add an equal amount of sugar; after the cherries are stoned cover in layers with sugar and let remain over night in a deep porcelain kettle. In the morning cook slowly and without stirring until soft and the syrup is clear. Pour in tumblers, cover and do not use for several weeks.

CURRANT JELLY THAT NEVER FAILS.

Select currants that are not fully ripe; the ends of the bunches should be green. Pick over and wash the currants, but do not strip them from the stems. Put them in the kettle without weighing, and stand it on the back of the stove where the fruit will heat but not cook, and crush with the pestle till all the juice is out. Then strain it through first a cheesecloth, then a loose flannel bag and measure it with a pint cup. Take as many pints of sugar, but leave out one half-pint. Put the sugar in an enamelled pan in a hot oven and stir often. Leave the oven door ajar and watch carefully that it does not burn. Boil the juice till it clears, which will be in five or ten minutes, and skim it. When it becomes transparent turn in the hot sugar and let the whole boil up hard—only once—and it is done. Take it off and dip it into the heated glasses, and it will jelly on the cup as you do so. Let it stand in the sunshine for a day or two until it is as firm as desired. The secret of making this jelly is in boiling just the single moment.—Chicago 'Record.'

Raspberry Vinegar.—Pick over, wash and drain the berries, place in a stone jar, bruise thoroughly and pour over sufficient cider vinegar to cover. Let stand for twenty-four hours, press off all the liquid, prepare a second quantity of berries, add the same vinegar and macerate as before. Use a third lot of berries, and when the liquid is pressed off measure it, and for each pint allow a pound of granulated sugar. Stir together over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, bring to the boil and boil for twenty minutes, then bottle and seal. This is very concentrated, and two tablespoonfuls is sufficient for a glass of iced water. If less flavor of raspberries is desired use only two lots of berries.

A FLAG FOR YOUR HOME.

You miss it when holidays come and others flags are flying, while your home lacks the loyal emblem. Let us help you to get a really, good bunting flag WITHOUT A CENT OF OUTLAY. The boys and girls can do it, if you support them by your encouragement and your own enthusiasm. Send to our Flag Dept. and let us tell you all about our plan, and how others have tested it and found it to work. It will only cost you a postcard and a moment's time. (See advt. elsewhere in this issue.)

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

Splendid Premiums earned selling

TERCENTENARY NUMBERS OF THE

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

—AT—

15 CENTS A COPY.

JACK-KNIFE FOR SELLING SIX.
BASEBALL GLOVE FOR SELLING TEN.
CAMERA FOR SELLING TWELVE.
WATCH AND CHAIN FOR SIXTEEN,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Call at the "WITNESS" office and let us show you the premiums and give you all particulars. Out-of-town boys drop us a post-card, or better still order half-a-dozen to start on and so save time. Hundreds of boys would find this a capital way of getting some long desired article.

(Cash profits if preferred).

John Dougall & Son,

Agents for the "Canadian Pictorial"
Witness Office, Montreal.

CHAMPLAIN'S LIFE STORY.

The Great Explorer's Difficulties and Triumphs.

The life story of Champlain is revealed in the Journal of his Voyages, and the last three decades are the story of the birth of Canada. Samuel de Champlain was born at Brouage, in Saint-Onge, France, in 1567. His father was a marine captain, and from childhood Champlain had that love of adventure by sea which led him, as he wrote in later years, 'to expose myself almost all my life to the impetuous waves of the ocean.'

After having served in the royal army in Brittany for some time, the pacification of that province in 1598 left Champlain without active employment, a condition not to be borne by his eager spirit. He went to Spain, the hope of the early navigators, and after some delay was given command of a vessel belonging to a seafaring uncle of his, in the annual expedition of the Spanish to the West Indies and Central America. On this voyage, which lasted two years and two months, Champlain showed himself the born explorer, possessed of the faculty of intelligent observation and of recording his discoveries faithfully. He kept a journal as if he had been the leader of the expedition, and illustrated it by maps and some very remarkable drawings. On his return to France his careful and conscientious report won for him the favor of King Henry IV., who granted him a small pension. About this time, after having abandoned the enterprise for half a century, France was beginning to stir again with the idea of colonizing the country discovered by Jacques Cartier in 1535. In Champlain, the Commander de Chaste, organizer of the new expedition, recognized an explorer whose services would be of the greatest value to such an undertaking. Authorized by the King, Champlain sailed in March, 1603, on a vessel commanded by Pont Gravé, an experienced fur-trader, and after a fairly stormy voyage of over two months, landed at Tadousac, where was an old trading post visited at irregular intervals by French ships. Here Champlain had his first meeting with the Indians, bands of the Montagnais gathered from the forests of the north to the place of traffic on the St. Lawrence. The white men were entertained at a 'tabagie' or feast at the cabin of the grand Sagamo, the peace pipe was smoked, and then began an alliance which had a far-reaching and unforeseen effect on the history of the French in Canada.

Leaving Tadousac the French sailed up the St. Lawrence until they found their way barred by the Lachine rapids. Champlain was forced to content himself for the time in finding out from the Indians he met all they could tell him by signs and drawings on the ground, of the sources of the great river. He returned to France in the autumn, after having cruised along the coasts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

The next year the Sieur de Monts was commissioned to attempt a settlement, and Champlain to continue the exploration of the country. The first winter was passed on the Island of St. Croix, where thirty-five of the seventy-nine settlers died of scurvy. Champlain was not greatly encouraged by the prospect. He wrote: 'It is hard to know this country without having wintered in it, for arriving in summer all is very agreeable. . . . There are six months of winter.' De Monts and Champlain fitted up a barque and cruised along the Atlantic coast towards Florida, reaching as far south as Cape Cod. Champlain also explored the regions of the Kennebec and St. John rivers, and the Acadian coast, in the search for evidences of mineral wealth. The second winter at Port Royal (now Annapolis) was passed quite happily, owing, in great measure, to Champlain's establishment of the 'Order of a Good Time,' 'to the benefit of both spirits and health, more profitable than any medicine.' The insignia of the order was a chain which, being placed with some ceremony on the neck of one of the men, constituted him steward, or maitre d'hotel, for the day. As each held the office in his turn, he tried to outdo all the others, so that fresh meat was always provided by hunting or fishing, and the very most in the way of variety of serving was made of the stores at hand. Only seven died of the 'maladie de la terre' (scurvy) that winter. In the spring arrived a vessel from St. Malo, bringing letters from de Monts stating that his monopoly had been revoked, and directing Champlain to return to France. On Aug. 10, 1607, the habitation at Port Royal was abandoned.

On the next expedition, in 1608, to Champlain was left the choice of a location for the colony. With men and provisions to begin a settlement he crossed the ocean in the little ship 'Le Don de Dieu,' and landed at Quebec, on July 3. The name Quebec, or 'kebec,' he had heard the Micmac Indians use to describe a strait or narrowed passage. He gives his reasons for establishing the settlement there. On his first voyage up the St. Lawrence in 1603 he had been struck with the position as one capable of being effectually defended, and on the route of traffic inland by way of the great river.

The remainder of Champlain's life was devoted to one object — the success of the colony of New France. After spending a year in the country during which he established a habitation, explored the Richelieu river and discovered Lake Champlain, and helped his Huron and Algonquin allies to defeat their Iroquois enemies, he returned to France, and made a report to the King.

On March 7, 1610, Champlain embarked at Honfleur with a number of artisans to return to Quebec, but he was taken very ill, and had to delay sailing for a month. When he got to Tadousac he was cheered by the news that all had gone well at the habitation, and that there had been no serious attack of the dreaded scurvy, as fresh meat had been available all winter. At Quebec Champlain was not long left in peace. Presently arrived a band of Montagnais on the warpath, who importuned 'the man with the iron breast' to go with them, promising in return to show him the way to the great sea of the north (Hudson's Bay) 'next year' —a next year that never seemed to arrive. At Three Rivers, where the French traded for four boat loads of furs, they were joined by some Algonquins, who reported the Iroquois a little way up the Richelieu river. These redoubtable warriors made a stubborn resistance, but were defeated through the generalship of Champlain, who in the fight had his ear cleft by an arrow tipped with sharp stone. On his return to Quebec, Champlain busied himself in erecting a palisade around the habitation, and putting things generally in order. Then leaving one du Pare, with sixteen men, and charging them to 'live wisely in the fear of God and in peace with each other,' he sailed for France.

It was on his next voyage, in 1611, that he explored the vicinity of Montréal, landed and established a post where the Custom House now is, and named it La Place Royale. Returning in the autumn to France, he found that de Monts and his associates, under whose patronage the enterprise had been carried on, were unable to continue it, and Champlain was left to find what means he could. He presented the case to the King and the seigneurs of the council, expatiating eloquently on the glory as well as the profit that might attend the enterprise, and urging the regulation of the trading privileges, as the quarrels of rival traders and their neglect of the colony threatened the settlement with ruin. The Prince de Condé was appointed viceroy, and held the position for several years, but seemed to consider his duty done when he gave the protection of his name in return for several thousand francs yearly. Champlain, grieving at being detained from Quebec, had to spend several months obtaining a commission for a new association, and combatting the opposition of merchants who petitioned the King against granting a monopoly. When he got to Tadousac, he nailed to a post in the harbor the rules of the association.

On the voyage of 1613, Champlain explored the Ottawa, and made friends with the Indians through that region, also extending the trade in furs on which the success of the enterprise depended financially. He had from the first longed to explore the country to the west, so when he came in 1615, he waited at Quebec only to give orders for the lodging of the Recollets, the construction of a chapel, and clearing more land, then pushed on up the river. With an interpreter and guides, he made his way up the Ottawa, then by portage to Lake Nipissing, whence he descended by the French River to the 'fresh water sea,' Lake Huron. Champlain mentions that the lake was abounding in fish, notably trout, 'some of them four and a half feet long, also pike and a kind of sturgeon, wonderfully good.' The warriors of the Huron clans were preparing for a great expedition against the Iroquois, and of course Champlain must join them. The warpath led by lake and river and forest to the south, and across Lake Ontario into the strongholds of the Iroquois. Champlain endeavored to instruct his side in some elemental notions of military organization, but the savage impetuosity and lack of anything like discipline more than offset his generalship. The Iroquois, from within their barricaded village, inflicted a severe defeat, and Champlain himself was severely wounded in the knee and had to be carried off in a sort of sack on the back of one of the Indians—which he found a terribly painful experience. Having got the war off their minds, the Hurons made their way home leisurely, stopping for a great hunt of stags, bear, and beaver when well beyond the reach of Iroquois retaliation. Champlain spent the winter among the Huron villages, where two of the Jesuit missionaries were already laboring, and returned in July to Quebec, where a public service of thanksgiving was held. The gardens he found 'beautiful with peas, beans, pumpkins, roots, vines, etc.' He cut some of the grain to take to France to show how good the soil was.

When Champlain returned in the spring of 1618, he found the people at Quebec worked up over the treacherous murder of two Frenchmen by the savages, who, seeing themselves found out, sent to offer furs in reparation. The reply was that Christian blood could not be bought for pelleteries, and it was demanded that the malefactors be given up. This idea of justice was new to the Indians, and the situation was one requiring careful handling.

In 1620 Champlain brought with him his young wife. He was vexed at finding the habitation in a neglected, ruinous condition, with huge crevices where the rain beat in and the winds whistled through. He set the workmen to restoring it, and also began the building of Fort St. Louis. The associates of Rouen and St. Malo not having fulfilled their agreement as to bringing out and settling people on the land, the new viceroy, Duc de Montmorency, took away their charter and gave it to a new company, and Champlain, as governor, bound to maintain the King's authority, had much to do to keep the peace, as both associations claimed equal rights. After a year or two the associations were united in one, and the harassed governor was free to devote himself to building a new habitation, making the agricultural experiments he delighted in, and pushing on the work on the fort. In 1625 he took his family back to France. When he came back the next year, he had barns and stables built at Cap Tourmente, where there were natural meadows of hay for the cattle. In 1627 there was a war scare at the habitation, but the threatened attack by the Iroquois passed over.

Twenty years after the founding of Quebec, Champlain's ideal of a settlement was still a castle in the air. For buildings, there were only the half-finished fort and habitation, and a few wretched houses and sheds, with the warehouse for furs. There were not more than seven families who could be regarded as settlers, and only one Louis Hebert and his family were making a living by farming. The associations had not cleared an arpent and a half of land, and they gave no encouragement to the tilling of the soil. The population, numbering at most scarce a hundred, was composed of a few soldiers, some dozen or fifteen builders and workmen, the factors and clerks of the trading associations, a small company of Recollet and Jesuit 'religious,' and a number of men brought out as settlers, but who, lacking the incentive to work and the proper means of cultivating the land, spent their time mostly in hunting, fishing, and lounging. The colony was dependent for subsistence on the annual supplies brought from France.

The summer of 1628 passed without the anxiously watched for ship. The habitation was out of provisions, except four or five puncheons of stale cakes, some peas and beans. In July came the tidings that England and France were at war, and that an English ship under General Kirke was on the way to take Quebec. The provision ship from France had been captured. General Kirke anchored at Tadousac, and sent some Basque fishermen in a boat with a letter to Champlain calling upon him to surrender. Champlain sent answer to the effect that if the English general wanted Quebec he must come and take it. The terms in which the letter was couched made Kirke imagine that the place was better provisioned and prepared for defence than he had supposed it to be. He contented himself for that time with cruising along the coast and seizing a number of vessels.

The next winter passed very drearily at the habitation. Provisions were so low that they 'ate their peas by count.' Some Indians came to the rescue with a little venison and the Frenchmen went out a few times in quest of game but ammunition was too scarce to be used in the chase. The men were reduced to a state that made it enough to do to cut and haul over the snow wood for the fires. As soon as the ice was out of the river Champlain sent men in canoes to Gaspé with letters explaining the state of affairs and asking succor from the first vessel that might come, subject to the French king. Late in June the messengers returned without having sighted a vessel, but reported that English ships had arrived off the Acadian coast. About the middle of July, General Kirke's messenger was again before Quebec, bearing his offer of a reasonable composition on the fort and habitation being given into his hands. Champlain held a council, and it was decided that in the condition of the settlement, without ammunition and reduced to digging up roots in the woods for food, it was useless to try to hold out.

On July 22, 1629, Kirke planted the British ensign on one of the bastions, and took possession of Quebec. Champlain asked to be allowed to wait at Tadousac for the sailing of the ships, as now that Quebec was lost to him, 'the days seemed months.' During the three years that Quebec remained in possession of the English, Champlain gave the ambassador in London and the Council in Paris no rest until it was restored, urging that peace had been concluded in Europe almost three months before the English general took the fort. By the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, Quebec was restored to France. Cardinal Richelieu, who had taken over the control of the colony's destinies, and had formed a Company of One Hundred Associates, ordered them to at once send out men and everything necessary to establish a colony on a better basis than before.

Champlain returned to Quebec as governor. The last two years were probably the most cheerful of all he had spent there. When he died, deeply regretted, on Christmas day, 1635, at the age of sixty-eight, he was beginning to see the success of his mission. He was buried at Quebec.

MUTILATED A CORPSE.

The 'Pall Mall Gazette's' Trieste correspondent sends an account of a strange case illustrative of the superstitions current in Dalmatia. Antonia Iagis, a widow, was accused of mutilating a corpse, and also with disturbing the repose of the dead, by severing the sinews in the foot of Mathe Duda, a deceased land owner, at Saona, near Spalato.

It seems that in this locality exists a deeply-rooted superstition that any evildoer will after death be compelled to wander about eternally in the shape of a greatly distended spirit, to the terror and discomfort of himself and all beholders. And as Duda's daughter-in-law had reasons for fearing that he might become a 'Bukodlak,' as the Dalmatian vernacular has it, she employed the widow to cut the ligaments in one foot and thus prevent any ghostly ramblings later. The lower court discharged the prisoner because she was convinced of the truth of the superstition and had acted from motives of piety, but the Court of Appeal reversed the decision and sentenced her to three days' imprisonment for mistreatment of a corpse.

BREAKING AN OLD CUSTOM

HOW A CLUB'S SYSTEM OF BLACKBALLING WAS BROUGHT TO AN END.

(From 'Reynolds's Newspaper.')

An authentic story is told of one famous club in St. James's street where a number of ancient members made it a law to themselves to reject every one without exception who had offered himself as a candidate. This practice of blackballing was long held as an imperative and unbreakable rule, but was at length evaded by a stratagem. At one election a number of a newcomer's friends were in attendance, but outside at a distance from the clubhouse. No one appeared in the committee room, and it was generally supposed that there would be no quorum. The malcontents therefore abstained from voting. But when only a few minutes of the legal time for balloting remained and the servants were at the point of removing the ballot boxes an overwhelming number of the candidate's friends rushed in and elected him before the slightest opposition could be organized. After this the absurd system of blackballing was dropped and the club to-day is still alive and prosperous.

The 'Witness' Pattern Service.

To obtain these patterns fill in coupon given at foot of this department, send it to us with ten cents in stamps for each pattern wanted, and they will be sent by mail to your address. Allow one week margin beyond time necessary for return of mail, as orders are handled in rotation.

NO. 1427—NIGHT ROBE WITH DRAPED SLEEVES.

The French garment which we are illustrating to-day is of such an exceptionally good cut that it might well be used as a negligée, if the front were opened the entire length and trimmed; or if cut off at the waist line would be an excellent design for a house waist. As a nightgown it will appeal to all lovers of dainty underwear. It may be made up with almost no expense, if one is clever with the needle. The edges could be finished with buttonholed scallops and some pretty design worked upon the yoke, or it may be elaborated to any degree, with lace and embroidery. The gown is quite full and the sleeve much prettier than the kimono shape. The pattern, No. 1427, is made in four sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure, and six and a half yards of 27-inch, or five and a half yards of 36-inch material will be required for the medium sizes.

NO. 1420—CORSET COVER OF FLOUNCING.

A new idea in corset covers is that of adding a yoke and sleeves cut in one and of an entirely different material. It is a pretty and serviceable idea, as it has little of underwear look about it and can be modestly used under a thin waist. The rows of beading are more ornamental than useful, but a ribbon is run through that around the neck. The waist is made of a flouncing twelve inches deep and the top is of all-over German Valenciennes lace. The pattern, No. 1420, is in seven sizes, 32 to 44 inch bust measure, and a length of six inches more than bust measure should be allowed for any size, with three-quarters of a yard of lace or embroidery, 27 inches wide, for the yoke and sleeves.

NO. 1434—SHORT PETTICOAT.

The short petticoat, worn with a corset cover, is by many preferred to a chemise, and to supply the demand for a good pattern we are illustrating a design that may be made up very simply with stitched bands on the panels and hem and tucks on the ruffle, or ornamented to any degree. The pattern, No. 1434, is made in five sizes, 22 to 30 inch bust measure, and four yards of 27-inch material will be required for a medium size.

NO. 1180—CHILD'S NIGHTSHIRT.

In this design for a very comfortable garment, the legs are without the feet, usually seen on these nighties, and that soil too quickly. For necessary warmth or running about the bed slippers of knitted cotton yarn are more convenient. The pattern, No. 1180, is made in five sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years, and two yards and a quarter of 27-inch wide material will be required for a six-year size.

NO. 1417—LADIES' AND MISSES' APRON.

For one who has household duties to perform a sort of cover-all is an absolute necessity. There are patterns galore, with and without sleeves, bibs and waist part, but, after all, not so many that are worn attractively. Our pattern, No. 1417, is well formed in front, and gathering in the back disposes of a little necessary fulness. All seams are straight and so plainly marked that a child could put them together. The only trimming is a bias band of the gingham of which the apron is made around the neck and sleeves. The pattern is made in seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure, and five and three-quarter yards of 27-inch material will be required for a 36-inch size.

Weekly Witness Pattern Coupon

Please send me

Pattern.	Size.
No.....	.....
No.....	.....
No.....	.....
No.....	.....

for which I enclose.....cents

Name.....

Street and No.....

P. O.....

Prov.....

For blouses, etc., give bust measure in inches.
For Skirts, etc., give waist measure in inches.
For Misses and Children, give age only in years.

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. Price 10 cents, in postal note or stamps for each pattern, unless otherwise specified. Costumes usually consist of two separate patterns, and hence call for twenty cents.

Address, Pattern Department, 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Women Cured at Home

Women's disorders always yield, from the very beginning of the treatment, to the mild, but effective action of ORANGE LILY. Within two or three days after commencing its use the improvement becomes noticeable, and this improvement continues until the patient is completely cured. ORANGE LILY is an applied or local treatment, and acts directly on the womanly organs, removing the congestion, toning and strengthening the nerves, and restoring perfect circulation in the diseased parts. In order to convince all suffering women of the value of this remedy, I will send a 25-cent box, enough for ten days' treatment, absolutely FREE, to each lady sending me her address. MRS. F. A. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

JULY SUBSCRIBERS

Should in renewing for the 'Witness' take advantage of one or other of the following clubs:

The 'Weekly Witness' AND TH 'Canadian Pictorial'

one year for

only $1.35.

Worth $2.00.

Our Special Family Clubs

are the best in the market.

1. 'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide,' 'Canadian Pictorial' and 'Northern Messenger,' worth $3.90, for only **$2.70.**

2. 'Daily Witness,' 'World Wide,' 'Canadian Pictorial' and 'Northern Messenger,' worth $5.90, for only **$3.70.**

Our other clubs are as follows:—

	Regular rate per annum	Club price
'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide.'	$2.80	for only $2.00
Weekly Witness and 'N[illegible]'	$1.40	for only $1.20
'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide' and 'Messenger.'	$2.90	for only $2.20

The above cut rate offers are subject to postal regulations given on page 8.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.,

'Witness' Block, Montreal.

WOMEN IN CAGES

SHOCKING CONDITIONS IN A SHANGHAI REFUGE.

London, July 23.—A despatch from Shanghai to the 'Standard' says: A painful sensation has been caused among the foreign community this week by the exposure of the conditions prevailing in a native 'charitable' institution known as the Sinza Refuge. For some years past it has been the customf to send native women involved in domestic disputes to this refuge for detention, but attention was not attracted to what went on within its walls until a case came to light in which a woman had been illegally imprisoned there for upwards of seven years. The writer then paid a surprise visit to the refuge, in company with a member of the municipal police force. I found that no fewer than eighty-one women were locked up there, most of whom had no idea how long they would remain, while some had entirely lost count of time, and were unable to say how long they had been detained. From statements made by the inmates, however, it was clear that some of the women had been imprisoned there for six years. They all described the food as disgraceful.

In the lunatic quarters, which I happened to enter by accident, I saw a sight I shall never forget. Two small dark rooms fronted on a narrow courtyard. In the first room there were two wooden cages, but so dense was the gloom that for some minutes I believed that they were empty. When my eyes got accustomed to the light, however, I saw that a woman was curled up on the floor of each—their narrow limits did not permit the occupants to extend their limbs to the full. The second chamber contained four cages, but what attracted my attention immediately I entered was an object on the floor. There, chained round the neck like a dog, and absolutely destitute of clothing, was a Chinese woman. Her body was covered with dirt, and the chain, which was fastened to the bars of a cage behind, prevented her from lying or standing, or moving more than a few inches in either direction. Even these were not the most repulsive sights that I saw. The Sinza Refuge, in which I witnessed these indescribable horrors, is well within the boundaries of the foreign settlement, and not a hundred yards from tramways, arc lamps, and others marks of western civilization. For how many years these horrors have gone on unchecked will probably never be known, but it is quite certain that now the mismanagement of the place has been exposed, the foreign ratepayers will not tolerate such a state of affairs any longer.

ANOTHER ELECTION PETITION.

A contestation of the election of Mr. Octave Mousseau, M.P.P. for Soulanges, was filed in court Friday afternoon. Mr. Mousseau was re-elected at the last provincial elections, in June last, and the present contestation is based on the grounds of corruption. The petitioner is Mr. J. A. Tessier, a Conservative elector of the county.

LOCAL OPTION AT TRENTON,

Trenton, Ont., July 23.—At a large and representative gathering of the citizens of Trenton held this week, the principle of local option received hearty endorsation. Mayor Funnel presided. A resolution was unanimously carried that a campaign of education be at once inaugurated.

IF—— ?

If you have not had the good fortune and the costly and probably annoying experience of a trip to Quebec you will be able to see much of what went on there by investing 25 cents in the 'Canadian Pictorial' Portfolio Souvenir. But for only fifty cents you get the Portfolio and the 'Canadian Pictorial' from now to the end of the year as well. It's a bargain. The address is 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

THE BISLEY MEET.

An Unfortunate Incident—Lieut. Spittal Charged With Resting Butt of Rifle on the Ground.

HE WAS TIED FOR FIRST PLACE IN KING'S PRIZE COMPETITION.

(Canadian Associated Press.)

Bisley, July 22.—The 500 and 600 yard ranges in the first stage of 'His Majesty the King's Prize' were fired to-day. At the five hundred yard range the Canadians did poorly owing to a mirage. The scores were: Armorer-Sergeant Brown, 33; Captain Crowe, 32; Private Eastcott, 25; Lieut. Elmitt, 32; Color-Sergeant Freeborn, 34; Corporal Haystead, 34; Corporal McInnes, 31; Major Jones, 31; Staff-Sergeant Kerr, 29; Private Leash, 30; Armorer-Sergeant Martin, 31; Sergeant Morris, 32; Captain Pope, 34; Private Rowe, 33; Sergeant Smith, 32; Lieut.-Col. Spearing, 30; Lieut. Spittal, 33; Private Steele, 32; Sergeant-Major Utton, 34; Private Williams, 28; Lieut. Sclater, 31; Sergeant Mortimer, 30; Sergeant Bayles, 34.

At the six hundred yard range the Canadian scores were: Lieut. Elmitt, 29; Corp. Haystead, 27; Corporal McInnes, 30; Staff-Sergeant Kerr, 32; Sergeant Morris, 34; Captain Pope, 31; Sergeant Smith, 34; Lieut. Spittal, 34; Private Steele, 33; Sergeant-Major Utton, 32; Private Williams, 30; Sergeant Bayles, 31.

The 'Duke of Cambridge' prize, valued at £20, was also shot for to-day. The distance in this competition is 900 yards, ten shots each. The Canadian scores were: Armorer-Sergeant Brown, 38; Lieut. Elmitt, 34; Corporal Haystead, 35; Corporal McInnes, 31; Major Jones, 39; Staff-Sergeant Kerr, 39; Armorer-Sergeant Martin, 32; Sergeant Morris, 38; Lieut.-Col. Spearing, 36; Lieut. Spittal, 34; Private tSeele, 39; Sergeant-Major Utton, 33; Private Williams, 36; Lieut. Sclater, 37; Sergeant Mortimer, 37; Sergeant Bayles, 39.

Bisley, July 23.—The St. George's Challenge Vase was shot for to-day. The first prize is the vase, dragon cup, gold cross and £30. The match is competed for in two stages, at 500 and 600 yards, seven shots at each range. The weather was fine, but the light was bad and a tricky wind was blowing.

At the 500 yard range the Canadian's scored as follows:— Armourer-Sergeant Brown, 31; Captain Crowe, 33; Private Eastcott, 35; Lieut. Elmitt, 33; Color-Sergt. Freeborn, 31; Corpl. Haystead, 32; Corpl. MacInnes, 32; Major Jones, 31; Staff-Sergt. Kerr, 31; Pte. Leash, 33; Armourer-Sergt. Martin, 32; Sergeant Morris, 35; Captain Pope, 30; Pte. Rowe, 29; Sergt. Smith, 30; Lieut.-Col. Spearing, 34; Lieut. Spittal, 33; Private Steele, 32; Sergt.-Maj. Utton, 34; Pte. Williams, 34; Lieut. Sclater, 33; Sergt. Mortimer, 29; Sergt. Bayles, 35.

Brown, 33; Crowe, 29; Eastcott, 30; Elmitt, 27; Freeborn, 29; Haystead, 32; Jones, 31; Kerr, 27; Morris, 32; Pope, 31; Rowe, 27; Smith, 29; Spearing, 18; Spittal, 34; Steele, 29; Utton, 20; Williams, 33; Sclater, 30; Mortimer, 34; Bayles, 33.

The Imperial Tobacco trophy, valued at £52 10s., was also shot for to-day. The distance is 1,000 yards, ten shots each. In this competition the Canadians with few exceptions scored poorly.

In the Secretary of State for War, shot Tuesday, the Canadian prize winners were: Pte. Steele, 20th, £3; Lieut. Mortimer, 31st, £2; Lieut. Elmitt, 64th, £2, and Lieut.-Col. Spearing, 69th, £2.

Bisley, July 24.—Firing in the second stage of His Majesty, the King's prize, took place to-day at 300 and 600 yards. In this stage of the competition twelve Canadians were qualified to shoot. Their scores at 300 yards were:—Brown, 42; Freeborn, 45; MacInnes, 45; Jones, 48; Leask, 41; Morris, 46; Pope, 44; Smith, 47; Spittal, 46; Steele, 44; Utton, 39; Bayles, 46.

At the 600 yard range the scores were: Brown, 46; Freeborn, 48; MacInnes, 41; Jones, 45; Leask, 46; Morris, 46; Pope, 41; Smith, 41; Spittal, 46; Steele, 48; Utton, 35; Bayles, 40.

With a score of 46 out of a possible 50, Sergt. Bayles, of Toronto, yesterday won the Imperial Tobacco trophy, valued at £52 10s.

In addition to the win of the trophy by Sergt. Bayles in the Imperial Tobacco the Canadians were well represented in the prize list. Lieut. Spittal was 8th, Major Jones 19th, Sergt. Morris 43rd, Capt. Crowe 49th, each winning £3.

The conclusion of the St. George's, first stage, ended up the Grand Aggregate matches, and determined the standing of the Canadians for the prizes offered by Lord Strathcona and the Canada Club. Lord Strathcona's prize, as expected, went to Sergt. Morris, with the fine aggregate of 330, Lieut. Spittal being 7 points behind him and capturing the Canada Club prize. Both of these scores are very good and should place Morris and Spittal high in the Grand Aggregate prize list. Sergt. Morris was a prize winner in all of the Grand Aggregate matches, except the 'Daily Telegraph,' in which he finished just outside the money.

The Canadian garden party took place to-day and was favored with fine weather. About three hundred were present. The pavilion was finely decorated. Colonel Labelle was assisted by Mrs. Donald Macmaster in receiving the guests.

In the Gregory competition at 200 yards Sergeant Mortimer won the second prize, £10. Private Rowe, in tenth place, won £2, and Major Jones and Private Steele, in seventeenth and fortieth places respectively, won £1 8s. and £1. In this competition Sergeant Mortimer and Private Rowe each made possibles, while Major Jones and Private Steele each scored 34.

Sergt. Morris, of Bowmanville, won the Grand Aggregate, the first prize for which is the Dominion of Canada Challenge trophy, the N. R. A. gold cross and £20.

Colonel Barlow has presented a challenge cup to the Dominion Rifle Association to be competed for by a team of four officers of any regiment. Twenty miniature cups are also being sent, sufficient for five years.

Bisley, July 25.—According to the official ist of places in the second stage of the King's prize competition, Private Leask, Sergeant Bayles and Captain Pope, in 141st, 187th, and 195th places respectively, each won £4. Corporal MacInnes and Sergeant-Major Utton, in 277th and 296th places respectively, each won £3.

In the McQueen competition at 300 yards, Sergeant-Major Utton, Private Eastcott and Sergeant Bayles, with scores of 34, 34, and 32 respectively, each won £1.

Sergeant Morris won the shoot off with three others for third place in the final stage to-day of the St. George's Challenge Vase competition.

Bisley, July 25.—In he St. George's Challenge Vase Competition to-day, Sergeant Morris, of Bowmanville, won third prize, £20. Lieut. Spittal, in eighth place, won £10, while Sergeant Bayles and Private Williams, in fifty-first and fifty-eighth places, respectively, each won £5. Lieut. Love, of Hartney, Man., in 21st place, won £8.

Lieut. Sclater ties for first place in the Association Cup Match.

The Hon. R. B. Haldane, the Secretary of State for War, visited the Canadian pavilion to-day.

At the 800 yards range, in the final stage of the King's Prize Competition, to-day, the Canadian scores were:—Brown, 44; Freeborn, 44; Jones, 46; Morris, 48; Smith, 40; Spittal, 47; Steele, 48.

Bisley, July 27.—Great Britain on Saturday narrowly averted the winning for the second year in succession of the King's Prize by a colonial marksman. Last year the big event went to an Australian, Lieut. Addison, and this year, but for an unfortunate occurrence in the 1,000 yards range, the chances are more than good that it would have come to Canada for the second time in its history. When the one hundred competing marksman went back to the final range at 1,000 yards, Lieut. Spittal, of Ottawa, was tied for first place with Pte. Gray, the ultimate winner, with a score of 286. Spittal had been shooting finely in the two previous ranges, putting on 47 at 800 and 46 at 900. At the thousand yards range he started off with a bull. Then came an unfortunate interruption. Colonel Ward, a range officer, drew Lieut. Elmitt's attention to Spittal's position, claiming that he was resting the butt end of his rifle on the ground, when shooting. Elmitt offered to speak to Spittal, but the range officer instead stepped forward and did so. Spittal resented the interruption and told Colonel Ward, the chief range officer, to mind his own business, and that if he were a shooting man he would know that if the butt end of his rifle was on the ground it would be impossible for him to hit the target. Spittal added: 'I am a competitor here and you are not. I will shoot as I like and you can show me nothing in the rules against my position. No matter what you say I do not put the butt end of the rifle on the ground.

The effect of the interruption was seen when he fired his next shot, missing the target altogether. The next was an outer and then followed two magpies, a total for the first five of only 13, and putting him hopelessly out of the running.

The team are very sore over the incident. Lieut. Elmitt says that besides Colonel Ward, there were two other members of the Council present, and they informed him that any protest would not avail as they had decided that Spittal had rested the butt end of his rifle on the ground. Lieut. Elmitt added that it was rather hard at such a critical moment when Spittal was leading that he should have been spoken to. He had been shooting for two weeks at Bisley and this was the first occasion when objection was taken to his position. The objection would have come better at an earlier date. Lieut. Elmitt expressed the opinion to the two officers mentioned that it seemed as Spittal was leading they were over eager to find some excuse to make objection, to which the officers replied: 'Most certainly not.' Lieut. Elmitt answered that the position Spittal was using had been thrashed out in Canada and there was nothing in the rules against it.

As it was the Canadians made a fine showing in the King's Prize. Major Jones was fifth, winning £20; Lieut. Spittal, 13th, £15; Sergt. Freeborn, 19th, £12; Sergt. Morris, 37th, £12; Pte. Steele, 63rd, and Sergt. Smith, 67th, each winning £8. The scores were as follows, the 800, 900, and 1,000 yards being fired to-day:—

	1st Stages	2nd Stages	800 yds.	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	Tl.
Major Jones, Pownall, P.E.I.	96	93	46	45	39	319
Lieut. Spittal, Ottawa	101	92	47	46	31	317
Sergt. Freeborn, Hamilton	87	93	44	45	36	315
Sergt. Brown, Edmonton	99	88	44	42	41	314
Sergt. Morris, Ottawa	97	92	47	46	29	311
Private Steele, Guelph	96	92	48	42	27	305
Sergt. Smith, Ottawa	100	88	40	43	33	304

The following sums were won for the team:—Brown, £24; Crowe, £25; Eastcott, £2; Elmitt, £5; Freeborn, £12; Haystead, £7; MacInnes, £16; Jones, £57; Martin, £10; Morris, £106; Pope, £4; Rowe, £14; Smith, £28; Spearing, £4; Spittal, £59; Steele, £23; Utton, £7; Williams, £17.

The following are the individual winnings of the team: Crowe, £15, 10s.; Eastcott, £12; Elmitt, £2 6s.; Freeborn, £1; Haystead, £1; MacInnes, £6, 14s.; Jones, £8, 18s.; Kerr, £6, 16s.; Leash, £8, 3s.; Martin, £2; Morris, £9; Rowe, £3; Smith, £-2; Spittal, £2; Steele, £3; Smith, £12; Spittal, £2; Steele, Sclater, £27, 10s.; Mortimer, £54; Hayles, £31, 5s.

Morris, Jones and Bayles each get a bronze jewel in the Service Rifle Championship competition.

Colonel Labelle, the commandant, and Adjutant King are both greatly pleased at the success the team met with, their winnings making a record. Col. Labelle and Adjutant King, however, were much annoyed over the Spittal incident.

The range officer's name was Moore, not Ward, and it is understood that during the firing at the 800 and 900 yards ranges in the King's prize two range officers were lying down behind Spittal watching him.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Notices of births, marriages and deaths must invariably be endorsed with the name and address of the sender, or otherwise no notice can be taken of them. Birth notices are inserted for 25c, marriage notices for 50c, death notices for 25c prepaid. The announcement of funeral appended to death notice, 25c extra; other extension to obituary, such as short sketch of life, two cents per word extra, except poetry, which is 50 cents per line extra—prepaid.

Annual subscribers may have announcements of births, marriages and deaths (without extended obituary or verses) occurring in their immediate families, free of charge, in which case name and address of subscribers should be given.

BIRTHS.

ALLEN — At the 'Golfa,' Gregory P. O., Muskoka, on July 20, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Gregory Allen, a son.

ARNOLD — At Regina, Sask., on July 19, 1908, to the wife of Florent G. Arnold, a son.

BALLANTYNE — At Hillsview avenue, Montreal West, on July 20, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. James Ballantyne, a son.

BLAIR — At 226 McLaren street, Ottawa, on July 25, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. A. George Blair, a son.

BROWN — At Cowansville, Ont., on July 24, 1908, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brown.

CRAIG — At 1975 Selby avenue, Mirriam Park, Minn., on July 22, 1908, the wife of Mr. James Craig (formerly of Montreal), of a daughter.

DRAPER — At 115 Florence street, Ottawa, on July 22, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Draper, a son.

FOWLER — At the Manse, Little River, Musquodoboit, on July 15, 1908, to the Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Fowler, a daughter.

GRAHAM — In Kingston, Ont., on July 22, 1908, at 64 Livingston avenue, to Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Graham, a son.

GUTHRIE — At 113 Eramosa Rd., Guelph, Ont., on July 21, 1908, to the wife of Norman Gregor Guthrie, a daughter.

HALL — On July 19, 1908, at 108 Villeneuve avenue, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. L. Hall, a son.

HOWLAND — At 540 Spadina avenue, Toronto, on July 20, 1908, to Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Howland, a daughter.

HUNTER — At Huntingdon, on July 20, a son to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hunter.

JEFFREY — At Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on June 27, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Jeffrey, a son.

NASH — To Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Nash, 183 Princess street, Kingston, Ont., on July 21, 1908, a son.

READE — On July 18, 1908, at Toronto, to Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Reade, a daughter.

ROSS — At the 'Maples,' Ormstown, on July 20, 1908, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Ross.

ROWAT—At Richmond, Que., on July 21, 1908, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Donald M. Rowat.

SMART — At Stratford, Ont., on July 22, 1908, the wife of Mr. R. H. Smart, manager of Traders Bank, a daughter.

SMITH — At Broadview Farm, Waterville, Que., on Friday, July 24, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith, a daughter

STOCKDILL — At Montreal West, on Tuesday, July 21, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stockdill, a son, still-born, premature.

TALBOT — At Deseronto, Ont., on July 22, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Talbot, a son.

WILLIS— On July 20, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Willis, 764 Bathurst street, Toronto, a son.

WILKINSON — At Winnipeg, on July 18, 1908, the wife of Charles L. Wilkinson, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

BERKLEY — ROSE — At Morrisburg, on July 22, 1908, by the Rev. Wm. Howitt, Blanche Rose to Percy, son of Zenas Berkley, Esq.

COWAN — WALSH — On July 22, 1908, at the residence of Mrs. Geo. Firth, 363 James street, Ottawa, by the Rev. Jos. White, Ethel, youngest daughter of James Walsh, to John H. Cowan, of the firm of Baker & Cowan.

MARSHALL — HARTMAN — In Kingston, Ont., on July 21, 1908, by the Rev. W. H. Sparling, John Marshall, to Miss Mabel, second eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Hartman, both of Kingston.

McCAUSLAND — BIGGER — On July 21, 1908, at St. Jude's Church, Oakville, Ont., by the Rev. Wm. Brougball, assisted by the Rev. Harold McCausland, Mary Eva, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bigger, to Maurice Bruce, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCausland, Toronto.

McINTOSH — PERRY — In the Queen Street Methodist Church, Kingston, Ont., by the Rev. W. H. Sparling, B.A., on June 18, 1908, Miss M. A. Perry, of Athens, Ont., to Peter McIntosh, of Winchester, Ont.

RICHARDS — LOCKE — At the residence of the bride's parents, 813 Third street, N.W., Washington, D.C., on July 16, 1908, by the Rev. A. C. McGilton, M.A., D.D., Elizabeth J. Locke, to Newman D. Richards, Attorney at Law of Denton, Md.

Toronto and Ottawa papers please copy.

WEIR — CAIRNS — On July 20, 1908, at the residence of the bride's parents, Ormstown, by the Rev. D. W. Morison, D.D., David Weir, of Manitou, Manitoba, to Eva Anderson, daughter of Mr. Robert M. Cairns.

DIED.

BAILLIE — At Barriefield, Ont., on July 21, 1908, Milton G. Baillie, aged 55 years.

BOOKER — On July 11, 1908, at Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C., wife of Thomas Booker, formerly of Ottawa.

BUTTERWORTH — At Granby, Que., Mary Ann Morrison, wife of the late Samuel Butterworth, born at Denny, Stirling, Scotland, on April 19, 1824; died on July 19, 1908.

CHARLTON — At Toronto, on July 24, 1908, Robert Charlton, in his 71st year.

DE PORCHERON — At Cote des Neiges, on July 19, 1908, Isaac de Porcheron, formerly of Champlain, N.Y., in his 79th year.

DENNIS — At his late residence, 1085 Yonge street, Toronto, on July 17, 1908, William Dennis, in his 82nd year, father of Mrs. Wm. East, 604 Huron street, and Dr. John Dennis, Newark, N.J.

DRYDEN — At Fordyce Corner, on July 23, 1908, Emma Teel, beloved wife of James Dryden.

FLEMING — At Quebec, on July 20, 1908, Margaret Watters, aged 44 years, beloved wife of James Fleming.

FOSTER — At Quogue, L.I., on July 26, 1908, James Foster, of New York, son of the late James Foster, of this city.

HAMILTON — At Levis, Que., on July 22, 1908 Louisa M. Nixon, widow of the late W. B. Hamilton.

HILLARY — At the Monar, Aurora, Ont., on July 20, 1908, Margaret Leslie, twin daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Hillary, in her ninth month.

HIRSCH — On July 23, 1908, at Trafalgar avenue, Montreal, Alfaretta Elliott, beloved wife of Andrew W. Hirsch.

HOSSACK — On Monday evening, July 20, 1908, at his residence, Little River Road, Quebec, Alexander Hossack, a native of Morayshire, Scotland, aged 89 years and 6 months.

HOWARD — On Thursday morning, July 23, 1908, at No. 4 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal, Gertrude S., dearly beloved wife of the late Capt. Thomas Howard.

HUNTER — At Tullibody, Scotland, on July 11, 1908, Annie Edmonston, wife of Alexander Hunter.

KEDDY — At her late residence, Hallerton, Que., on June 25, 1908, Christiana McNaughton, widow of the late John Keddy, in her 73rd year.

LESTER — At his late residence, No. 48 Empress avenue, Ottawa, on July 21, 1908, Richard Lester, contractor, in his 64th year.

McCOMB — Accidentally drowned, on July 24, 1908, at St. Rose, Robert, second son of J. H. McComb, age 21 years.

McCORD — Suddenly, at his late residence, 499 Wilbro street, Ottawa, Frederick Augustus McCord, law clerk of the House of Commons.

McKENNA — At Toronto, on July 23, 1908, Michael J. McKenna, aged 18 years, cigar maker, born in Sligo, Ireland.

McLEAN — On July 20, 1908, at 38 Windsor avenue, Westmount, Calvin Inglis, infant son of J. Albert and Elizabeth McLean, aged one month and five days.

MOONEY — On July 27, 1908, John Henderson Mooney, in his 79th year.

POWELL — Suddenly, on July 25, 1908, George Colman, only son of the late Samuel Powell, formerly of Quebec.

PRENTICE — At 5 St. Peter's Place, Edinburgh, Scotland, on July 13, 1908, Elizabeth Sutherland, widow of John Prentice, merchant, Edinburgh.

ROBINSON — On July 21, 1908, at 171 Richmond Rd., Hintonburg, Ont., Fanny Dowler, beloved wife of Charles Robinson, aged 40 years.

ROSS — At Cardinal, on Tuesday, July 14, 1908, Samuel Ross, aged 72 years.

SIMONS — At Quebec, William Simons, Port Warden, on July 24, 1908, aged 89 years 5 months.

STARR — At his residence, 394 Markham street, Toronto, on July 22, 1908, the Rev. Joseph Herbert Starr, aged 78 years.

TAPLEY — On June 24, 1908, at her late residence, 1227 Mount Royal avenue, Outremont, Mary Gourley, eldest daughter of the late John Gourley, and beloved wife of W. H. Tapley.

Utica, N.Y., Winnipeg and Vancouver papers please copy.

TRAILL — At Edinburgh, Scotland, on July 12, 1908, Euphemia Traill, (Effie).

TYLEE — On July 21, 1908, of pneumonia, Victor George, eldest son of Albert George Tylee, aged 11 years and two months.

TYO — In Kingston, Ont., at Redan street, on July 20, 1908, Stephen Tyo, aged 73 years.

VANWINKEL — In Kingston, Ont., on July 25, 1908, C. D. Vanwinkel, in his 77th year.

WATTERSON — At Manotick, Ont., on July 25, 1908, Mrs. Wm. Watterson, in the 72nd year of her age.

WATSON — On July 22, 1908, John Reginald, aged 17 years and 14 days, youngest son of John Watson.

IN MEMORIAM.

DRYSDALE — In loving memory of Elizabeth Templeton Drysdale, who died on July 22, 1907, aged 8 years.

SCRIMGEOUR — In loving memory of our dear sister, Jessie Fraser Scrimgeour, who passed away at Broughty Ferry, Scotland, on July 26, 1905.

STEVENSON — In loving memory of Wm. Edward Stevenson, who died at Beechridge Manse, St. Remi, on July 26, 1906. 'Gone, but not forgotten.'

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