

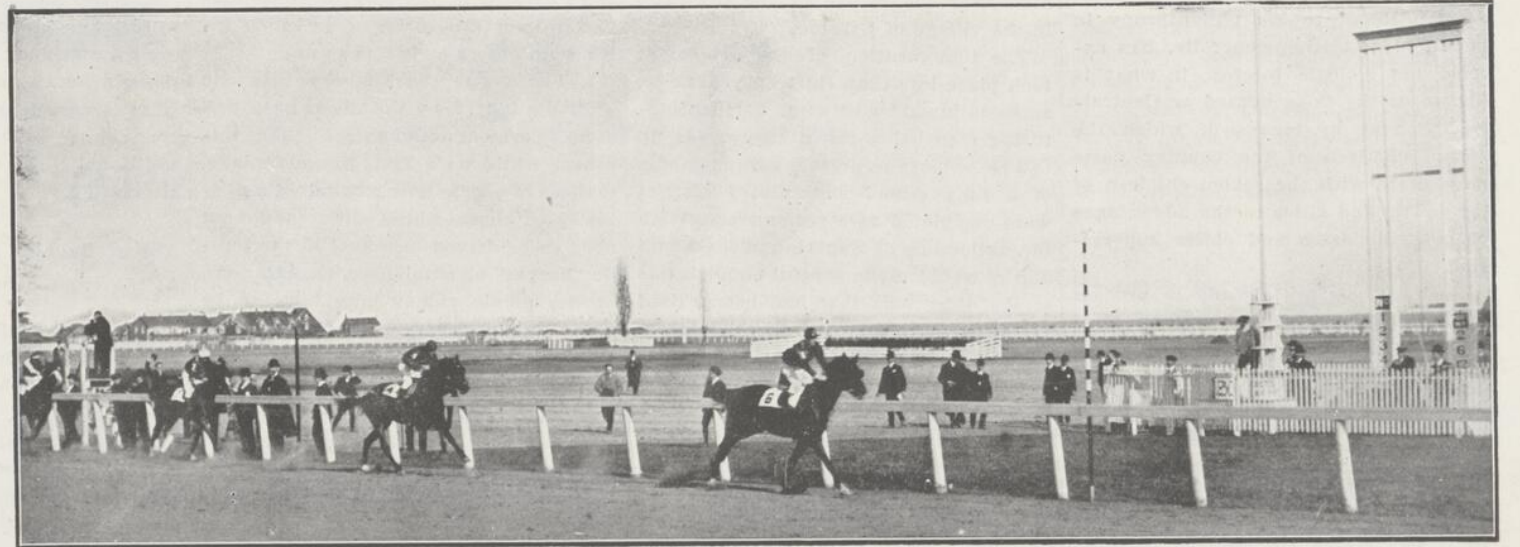
## Sporting Events of All Kinds Are Now Engaging the Attention of Canadians, Old and Young



THE ANNUAL MEET OF THE ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB—Scene at the Woodbine Race Track, Toronto, on the day on which the famous race for the King's Plate was run.



THE ANNUAL MEET OF THE ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB—Arrival of Earl Grey at the Woodbine.



THE ANNUAL MEET OF THE ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB—The finish of the race for the King's Plate at the Woodbine Track, Toronto. "Slaughter," owned by Joseph E. Seagram, is the horse in the lead.

**S**HERRING, HERO OF THE MARATHON RACE.—Several of the illustrations on this page refer to Sherring, the Canadian who this year won the celebrated Marathon race at Athens, Greece, in competition with the famous runners of all the great world nations. The race is the most famous in the world, and the winner is always idolized at its conclusion. In this respect there was no exception in the case of

Sherring. He received the laurel wreath from the King of Greece, the traditional kid from the Crown Prince of that country, a statue of Athena from the Kingdom of Greece, and hundreds of miscellaneous presents. In the near future he will receive a token from every municipality in the Grecian archipelago, as it is an ancient custom for each to present a trophy to the Marathon winner. In 1910 he will be the guest of the Kingdom of Greece at the Olympian Games to be held at Athens that year, and

the King of Greece will pay his passage from Hamilton to Athens and return. Sherring's record at the Marathon was a surprisingly good one. He ran the twenty-six miles from Marathon to Athens in the surprising time of two hours and ten minutes, the fastest for the course. History has neglected to mention the time in which the distance was covered on that first occasion nearly five hundred years before the advent of Christ, when a certain hoplite dropped dead in

take him over there, and to pay his expenses for two months before the race, and with the bare passage money for his return journey, \$75, carefully salted away. (Continued in General Section, page 8.)



MONTREAL'S WELCOME TO WINNER OF THE MARATHON RACE—The crowd in front of The Standard Office waiting the arrival of Champion Sherring. On his arrival he was greeted with round after round of most enthusiastic cheering, and for several minutes was kept busy shaking the hundreds of hands held out to him from every direction. So great was the crowd, that the street cars on St. James street were blocked for nearly ten minutes. When the above photograph was taken, sixteen cars were at a standstill.



MONTREAL'S WELCOME TO WINNER OF THE MARATHON RACE—Sherring making bow to crowd in front of The Standard Office.



MONTREAL'S WELCOME TO WINNER OF THE MARATHON RACE—Sherring and his friends at the baseball match between Montreal and Jersey City. Reading from left to right, the group includes:—Top row—J. P. Kavanagh, Dr. Scanlan, E. H. Diplock, Jos. Mercier, and F. T. Meagher. Lower Row—W. G. Slack, T. M. Wright, W. J. Sherring, Arthur Hamilton, W. J. Little. (Photographed for The Standard.)



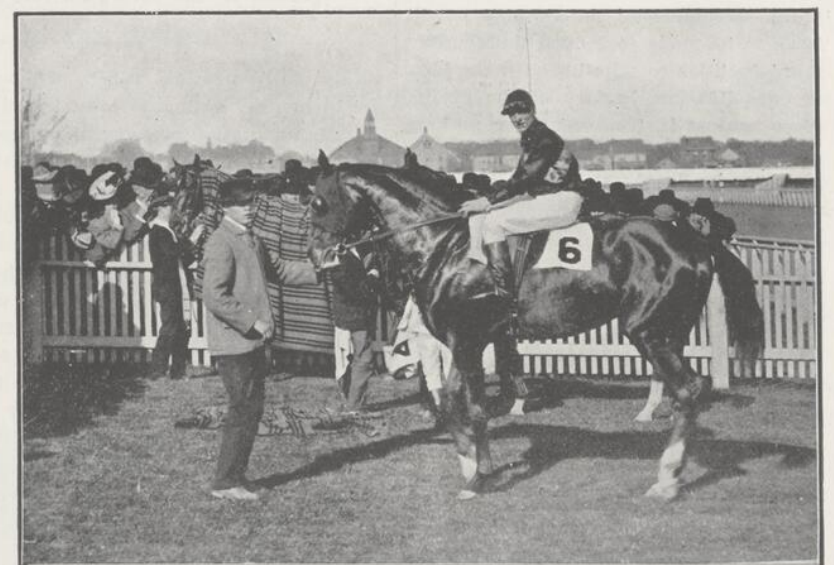
THE OLYMPIAN GAMES AT ATHENS—The spot where Sherring completed his great race, and was crowned with the laurel by King George of Greece. The illustration shows Ray C. Ewry, an American, winning the high jump standing. Copyright "Illustrations Bureau," London and New York.)

the Athenian market-place after gasping out the news that Miltiades with his band of heroes had defeated the Persians; but there is no doubt but that Sherring's time was better, and Sherring didn't drop dead.

Much alive, he arrived at Hamilton on Monday of last week, where he received a welcome that would have shown any of the Greek towns welcoming a winner of the same event in the old days a thing or two. They didn't have brass bands in those days, nor picture buttons, nor torch-light parades.

And it wasn't strange that Sherring won, either. It would have been more strange if he hadn't.

Fancy it. Fancy a young fellow, looking about twenty years old, though he really is twenty-eight, about five feet four inches in height, and slim—very slim—starting out alone against the counsel of his best friends, the people who knew him, with hardly any money, knowing no other language than his own, to compete with the pick of the world's best athletes, with all that money could put at their disposal to assist them. Sherring started out with about \$280 to

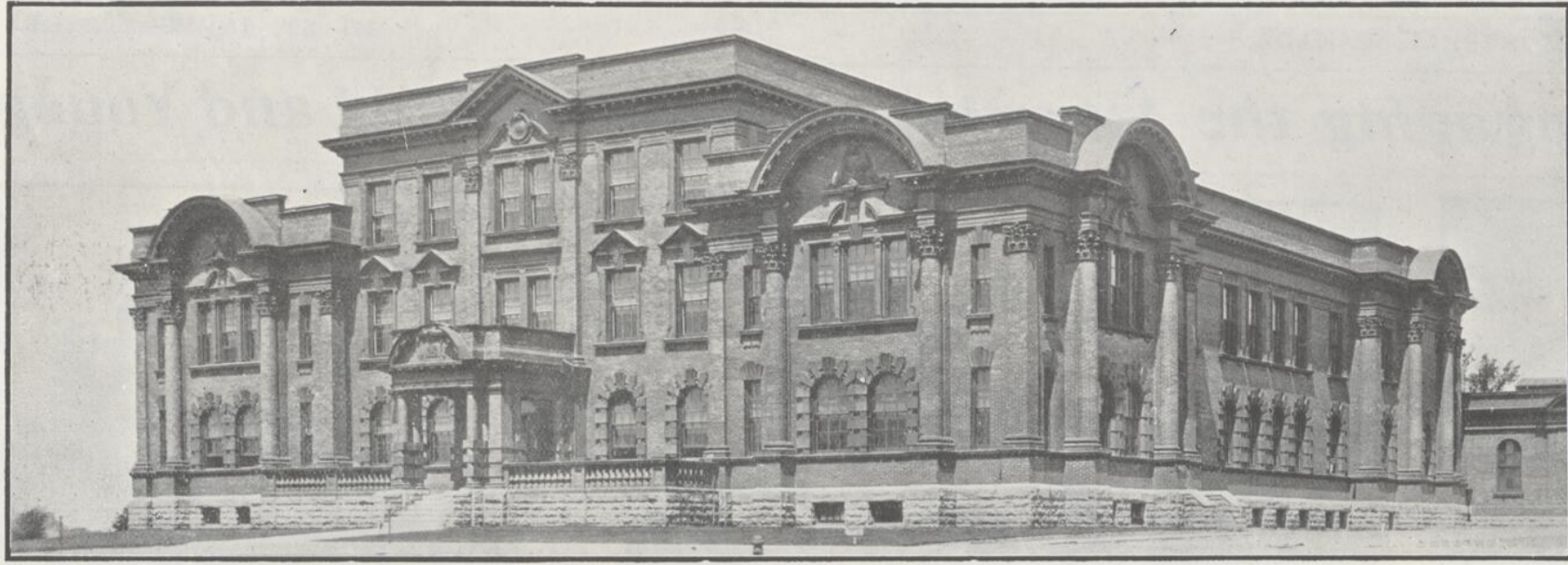


THE ANNUAL MEET OF THE ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB—"Slaughter," the winner of the King's Plate, from a photo taken at conclusion of race.

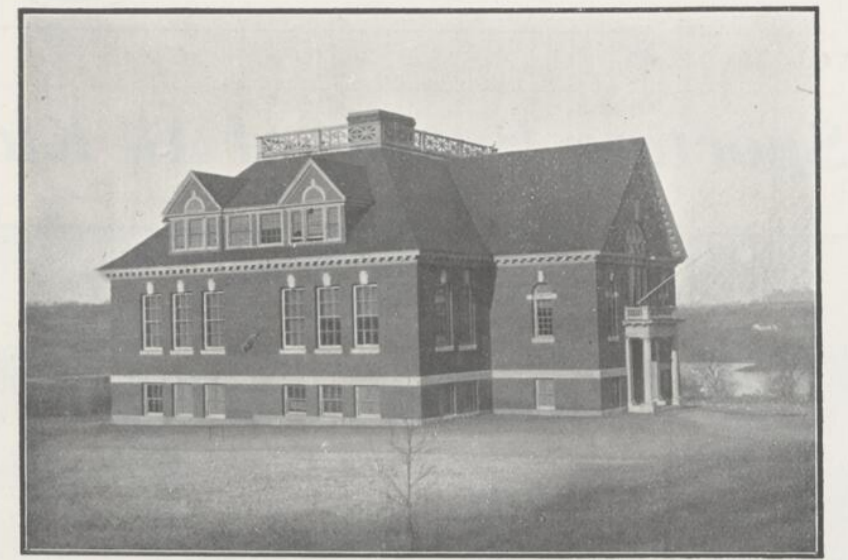


MONTREAL'S WELCOME TO WINNER OF THE MARATHON RACE—Sherring's arrival at The Standard Office, along with three of his friends who showed him the sights of the city. Soon after his arrival he posed for The Standard's photographer, and the above picture is the result. The winner at Marathon is the central figure in the illustration. On Sherring's right are, first, President Harry McLaughlin, of the Shamrocks, Mr. Leslie H. Boyd, and Ald. Tom O'Connell, Honorary President of the Shamrocks, on the extreme right. On Sherring's left, in the immediate foreground, can be seen Mr. Bernard Tansey, a great lacrosse enthusiast of the olden time.

# Progress of Education in Canada from Little School House to Great Technical Institute



THE ADVANCES IN TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN CANADA—The magnificent building of the Macdonald Institute at Guelph, which owes its existence to the munificence of Sir William Macdonald, of Montreal, one of the greatest benefactors that the educational movement in Canada has ever had. Sir William's gifts to McGill University, Montreal, and to other kindred institutions, are well known.



PROGRESS OF EDUCATION IN CANADA—A typical modern high school building in the Eastern Townships.

## TO HAVE CONSOLIDATED SCHOOLS.

(By Dr. J. M. Harper.)

THE proposed benefactions of Sir William Macdonald on behalf of the common or public school, as a complement to his philanthropy in behalf of education generally, has excited not a little interest in what is known as the Consolidated or Centralized School, by means of which the school children of the country parts may share with the school children of the towns and cities in the advantages of graded classes and closer supervision.

Such schools are already in process of development in the various Provinces of Canada, one in each Province, and all of them under the immediate patronage, supervision, and support of the Macdonald Trust. These have been established as specimens to the various school municipalities as to what a Consolidated School should be. The reports concerning the success of these institutions are varied, there being an inclination on the part of the communities in which they have been placed to saddle the Macdonald Trust with the full burden of maintaining them, if they are to be continued. There have been one or two instances of special effort on the part of the municipal authorities, working directly under the school law of the Province, to establish such schools; and, in process of time, the movement may become more general—as general, perhaps, as it has become in the United States.

A report has lately been issued in the press by the chairman of the Macdonald Consolidated School in Ontario, chiefly to correct some mistaken notions that have seized the members of the Legislature of that Province in regard to the scope and intention of the said school. In that report it is stated that such a school was organized near or around the city of Guelph in 1904; and the Superintendent of Education of Nova Scotia, in a conversation I had with him lately, expressed the belief that in his Province, though the movement was progressing somewhat slowly, there were indications that the Consolidated School would be the school of the future in the country parts. An impetus will no doubt be given to the movement, in Quebec, at least, when the Normal School, in course of erection at St. Anne's is ready to prepare student-teachers for these schools under the curriculum proposed by Professor Robertson; though even then a more strenuous missionary effort will have to be made to induce the country municipalities to take up with the idea of consolidation, in face of the prejudices against it, from mistaken notions as to the expense entailed and other objections of a local nature.

### An Interesting Series of Observation Lessons.

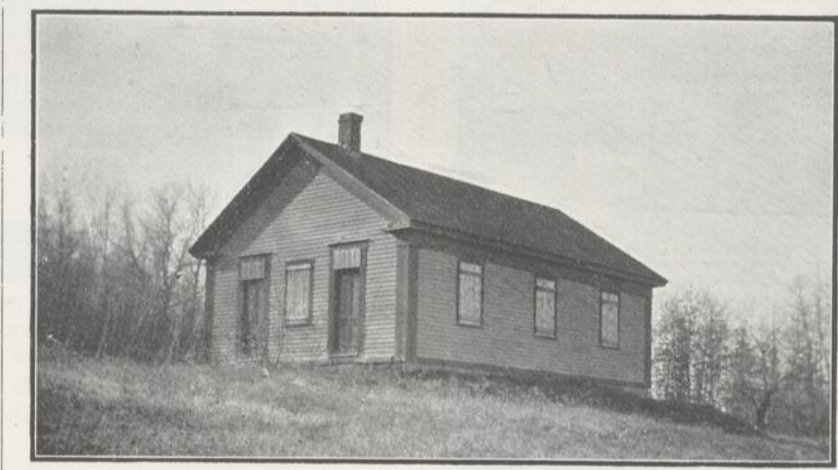
A little while ago, for my own satisfaction, I visited the Township of Grafton, Massachusetts, where the Consolidated or Consolidated School has been developed, after a period of years, into a success. And, in a preliminary report of that visit, I had to confess that a more interesting series of observation lessons than those I had during my stay in the district could not well be imagined. To repeat what I said on my return home, the good effects of system

and close supervision was readily to be traced in all the schools of the municipality. Instead of the fourteen schools that once existed in the township, differently equipped and irregularly attended, there are now but five, graded and well equipped, with two or three teachers in each, and all of them feeders to the High School, which is situated near the centre of the township in the village of Grafton.

The inauguration of the movement took place less than thirteen years ago, and continued, with some further maturing step being taken every year up to 1900, when the present arrangements of a fully school-consolidated district were completed as a permanence. With the assistance of Superintendent Small and others, I made careful enquiries as to the objections that had been raised to the proposal of centralization, and as to how these objections were over-ruled; investigating further the comparative expenses, and pedagogic advantage of the new over the old order of things; the number of teachers employed in former years compared with the number now employed; the reports of efficiency under the close supervision of to-day compared with the efficiency under desultory supervision; and the steps to be taken for the transportation of the children from the outlying sections of the township to the nearest centralized school.

### Solution of Providing Schools For Sparsely Populated Parts.

There were few of the details of the system that did not deeply interest me, as they cannot but interest every remote district in Canada, where parents would have the best that is to be had for their children in the way of an efficiently conducted and graded school



PROGRESS OF EDUCATION IN CANADA—A section school and playground in the farms district of Quebec.

within daily possible reach of home. And, when my visit was over, I said to myself, the solution of providing schools in Canada for our sparsely settled townships, and more especially in the Province of Quebec, with its divided population, is to be found in the township of Grafton. Were our remote school sections to be instructed till they understood what the township of Grafton has to teach them, there would be few dissentients to the introduction of the system, more especially were they to be made know that all this convenience, efficiency, and school progressiveness can be secured at the cost, or a very little more, of what was expended at the instance of the old system. If Grafton and other townships in the United States have done so much to establish permanently the Consolidated

School, with no pecuniary assistance save from the local tax-chest, under the beneficent encouragement of the central government of the State, it may well be asked what may not our Canadian outlying sections do, under the additional encouragement of Sir William Macdonald's benefactions.

An enquiry as to the hindrances that were thrown in the way of consolidation cannot fall to be of as much interest to others as it was to me.

1. There was the jealousy that one section might, from the "locus naturae," secure greater advantages than another; while, as a fact, the advantage, if there is one, is now recognized as being with those whose children do not need to be driven to school in the public "barges" or omnibuses, though more of the public money may have to be spent on the others than on behalf of those living near the Consolidated School.

2. There was an idea that the taking away of the "little red school-house" from near any particular farm would cause a depreciation in value of that

higher efficiency in all class work, and a closer supervision.

2. An increased attendance and almost perfect regularity, with an incidental saving of time in all the processes of school work, and a broader-minded emulation and improved culture from companionship disciplined by the sympathy of numbers.

3. Wise economy with more money to spend on supervision and in rewarding the efficiency of the teacher, besides the quickening of communal pride in what is no waste of money.

4. Longer school terms, at no great additional effort, and no great additional taxation.

### Almost Doubled Attendance At the High School.

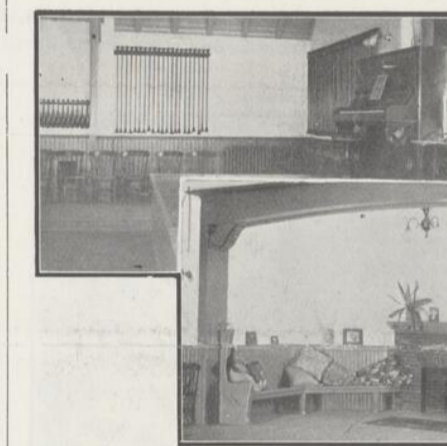
Indeed, the influence of the Consolidated Schools in the Grafton district has all but doubled the attendance at the High School, though there has been only the natural increase of population in the whole township.

I have said that there is one objection, one objection, that has a more serious aspect about it than the four I have mentioned, and yet it may be easily obviated, if only the school authorities and the community at large exercise a little co-operative prudence. I refer to the discomforts of transportation. The regulations that have been framed to reduce to a minimum the danger to health and morals of the pupils while being taken to and from school, show how far the objection can be set aside. The Board of Education of Massachusetts have issued a set of regulations in this connection that has all the force of municipal law, with definite penalties attached should they be infringed upon. The third of these regulations is all that need be given here. It reads thus:

"Pains should be taken to furnish clean and comfortable vehicles, in charge of suitable persons. The conduct of children while in transit is largely dependent on the character of the driver. The authority of the School Committee to enforce proper conduct during conveyance is indisputable."

Nothing to Hinder Canada Adopting the System.

And, therefore, with such a regulation in force, the last objection to the Consolidated School is shown to be of no very serious import. There is a rule to the same effect in all our school municipalities, which declares that the pupils are responsible to the teacher for their conduct from the time they get out from home for school until the time they have returned home—



THE ADVANCES IN TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN CANADA—A couple of bedrooms belonging to students at the Macdonald Hall, Guelph; and a glimpse of the interior of the Gymnasium.

munities require in moving along the line of progress. Indeed, Sir William Macdonald and his able coadjutor may well reply to every suggestion of this kind and all criticism of their work so far: "You had better wait until our job is done."

### WAR IN SCHOOL HISTORIES.

In school histories used between 1843 and 1885, the amount of space devoted to wars was about forty per cent. of the books. In text-books used between 1885 and 1897, the average space was only 28.5 per cent. In ten histories published between 1890 and 1904, the average war-space was still further reduced to 26.8; and the newest school histories, those published between 1900 and 1906, have an average of but 24.7 per cent of space on wars.—Advocate of Peace.

within an hour at least from the time at which school is dismissed.

And what is there to hinder Canada from taking a leaf out of the book of Massachusetts in providing for the school training of our children of school age in the outlying sections of the country, in line with the school training of such as live in the more populous centres, with a graded school within walking distance? There surely can be nothing but good-will shown to the movement which Sir William Macdonald and Professor Robertson have at heart?

Possibly some one may say that we can get at the idea of the Consolidated School without making any call upon the United States for a pattern. The Macdonald Consolidated Schools already established as models, in each province, respectively, form surely pattern enough for us. Those who have read the report of Mr. Sinclair, in connection with the Guelph Consolidated School, will see at once that such a model is a little too ambitious for our poorer districts to adopt. The Guelph School has an attendance of two hundred pupils. It has seven teachers and costs \$8,660 per annum, with \$3,400 of that spent on van service. It is needless to say that the majority of our poorer sections could not possibly follow such a model? In Grafton there is presented to us a model within the reach of all our sparsely settled townships to imitate. There is nothing extravagant to be found in any part of the machinery of its school organization or equipment, as may be partly seen from the illustrations accompanying this article. If a model of a much less ambitious Consolidated School than Guelph or Ormstown were set up in one of our more remote sections in each of the Provinces, away from town, or city, or railway, in would be of the greatest service in showing every poor section what they can overcome under the most adverse circumstances, though in the suggestion there is not one grain of adverse criticism of what is being done at Guelph and elsewhere to set up models of the kind of schools some com-

### ST. PIERRE, A MOST INTERESTING SPOT.

(Continued from Page Opposite.)

stituted into the mysteries of French cooking. Swimming is about the only form of outdoor sport in which the people of St. Pierre indulge during the summer—the English portion, at least. Handball is practised, but chiefly by the French. The Englishmen in the cable service are fine swimmers, and they think nothing of staying in the water for an hour at a time. The water is ice-cold, and one unaccustomed to it comes out livid and sick. No amount of persuasion on the part of these jolly fellows could induce us to leave our comfortable beds at 6 o'clock in the morning (their favorite hour) for a dip in these waters, although they called again and again to take us out.

From this, the headquarters of the cod fisheries, it was not likely that we would be allowed to depart, without an opportunity of trying our luck. The fish around the island are small, and the sport is not very exciting. One of our party, thinking he had a cod at the end of his line, seized on a squid he brought up, and was instantly deluged with its inky fluid. This ended deep-sea fishing for him.

A visit to the cable house where the strands come up from the sea to the land, with the roll of the ocean at your feet, was by no means the least interesting of our experience. To have a message sent by the operator to Havre and a reply while you wait helped us to realize the marvellous nature of the great invention.

### St. Pierre Long Noted as a Base for Smuggling.

St. Pierre has long been noted as a base for smugglers, and many amusing

### LANG SYNE.

These fair spring days! they carry me back To days of yore, When a group of merry faces thronged The old home door.

I see once more, in the sunset glow, A fair child stand; A spray from the pussy-willow tree In her small hand.

Her father's gift to his little girl Each sweet springtime, First herald to tell of summer's wealth In this cold clime.

The sunbeams dance on her light brown hair, In softest wave, And caress the earnest childish face, So still and grave.

She turns her eyes to the quiet grove, And strains her ear For the robin's note, with promise true, That spring is here.

Then with wistful gaze she seeks the sky To listen long; And wonder if through the blue will steal An angel's song.

When the call comes she must obey To go to rest; She sinks to sleep with the willow-spray Close to her breast.

At the little maid with soft brown hair The moonbeams peep, And the dear earth-sounds she loves so well To dreamland creep.

The spring returns, the willows bud, As in the days of old, And still the sun sinks down to rest Through His gates of gold.

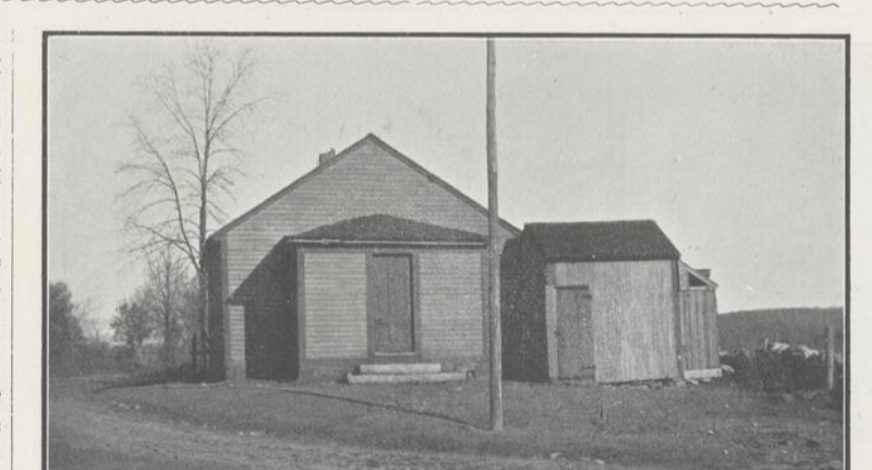
The birds come back, by unerring law, A merry throng; And Earth's glad voices still ascend In sweetest song.

The giant oak casts its shadow still On the tender grass; But the bairns who play'd beneath its shade,— They never pass.

The moon still sheds its peaceful light; And the evening star; But the merry group in the dear home door Have wander'd far.

methinks the Angel of Death some day From sin and pain, Will call the wanderers one by one, Safe home again.

Ottawa. LUCY C. GILMOUR.



PROGRESS OF EDUCATION IN CANADA — A primitive school in the Merriam District of the Province of Quebec.



THE ADVANCES IN TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN CANADA — View of the sewing-room—with girls at work—in the Macdonald Hall at Guelph.

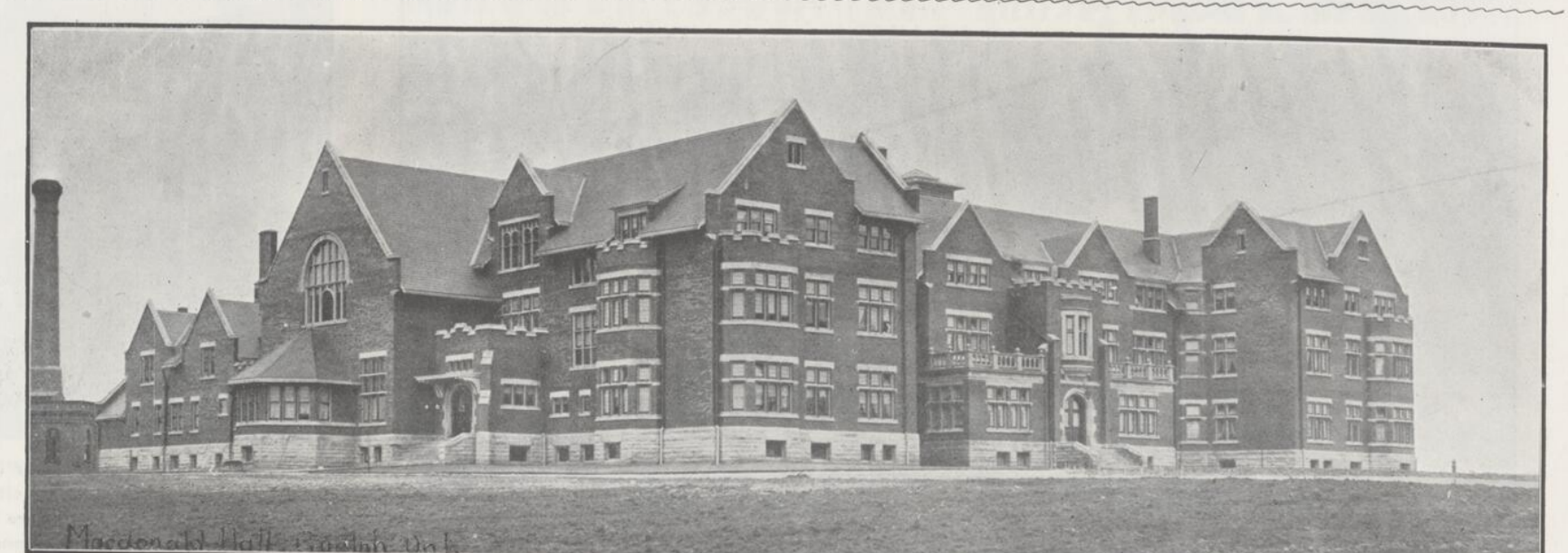
Regarding Proper Conveyance On Reasonable Terms.

3. There was an impression that it would be difficult to secure a proper conveyance on reasonable terms, and next to impossible to indemnify satisfactorily the parent who drove his own family to school or who had to provide the necessary winter clothing for the ride to and from school; but both of these objections have been found to be of no weight whatever beyond the taking of a little secondary trouble to secure the advantages of a spacious, properly heated, and well ventilated school building as a haven for the children under instruction and proper training.

4. There was the natural or unnatural proneness of some people to object to the removal of any old landmark or to any innovation, however worthy the measure or however well received it has been elsewhere; but, as one of the supervisors in his report says, this objection has had only an influence with those people who choose to live, move about, and die as did their ancestors—on the theory that this is the last generation, and that any special effort at improvement is only so much more than is wise and necessary.

As an outbalancing against these four objections, with one a little more serious to dispose of than the others, the following advantages may be urged in favor of the new system:

1. The great educational gain in having a graded school, with a right classification of pupils, better equipment,



THE ADVANCES IN TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN CANADA—The Macdonald Hall, Guelph, Ont., also the gift of Sir William Macdonald to the cause of education in Canada.

# Tremendous Schools Are This Year Being Observed in Maritime Province Fishery Waters



THE FISHING SEASON HAS NOW OPENED IN CANADA—Codfish cleaning on the Gaspé Coast, the centre of one of the greatest fishing industries in the Dominion. (From a photograph by J. Wesley Swan, Montreal.)

## ST. PIERRE, A MOST INTERESTING SPOT.

Written for The Standard by Professor W. R. Fraser, Ph.D., Johns Hopkins.

UAST schools of fish are now reported in Canadian Atlantic fishing waters. The various fleets are hard at work. The only thing that can prevent an enormous catch is the scarcity of bait. At all the fishing ports there is eager activity, and in this connection The Standard publishes today an interesting article by Professor W. R. Fraser, Ph.D., describing a visit to St. Pierre, probably the most pic-

leave the Atlantic at one end of the island of Cape Breton, and, by an enchanter's wand, find a way opened up for you to pass through to an inland sea, large and deep enough for ocean liners, and from thence again come out into the broad Atlantic at the other end. This large inland sea divides Cape Breton practically into two islands. Along its shores on either side are fertile farms, and in the distance, to add to the beauty of the scene, rise high mountains. At times the steamer sails close to the shore under steep chalk cliffs, and at one point you would say you had reached the end, so narrow is the passage as you approach. Away to the west as you sail along, is the pretty little village, Whyocomagh, an Indian name meaning, "Head

of giants, H. N. McDonald, M.D., who has won much fame as a wrestler. It is related of him, and on the authority of a theological student of Queen's College, Kingston, and therefore admitting of no doubt, that while a student of Medicine at Queens, he issued a challenge to any three men in the college to wrestle him. His challenge was ac-

cepted. One of the three, a lusty son of the Church, was a countryman of his own, and this it was that saved him from discomfiture. For when, on the point of succumbing to the combined weight and strength of the three, he whispered to his compatriot to "let

up," or the credit of their country was gone for ever. Sooner than "spill sport," his whilom antagonist "let up," and the day was saved. It is said that the doctor never forgot the generous act, and that a bond of friendship and fealty exists between the two to this day.



REMARKABLE SNAP-SHOT—Leaping salmon trying to overcome a nine-foot perpendicular waterfall on the Big Sevoque River, N.B. (Published by courtesy of the Intercolonial Railway.)

turesque fishing resort in the North Atlantic. He writes: A few summers ago, two college men, on pleasure bent, and from a laudable desire to increase their knowledge of French, decided to take a trip to that haven of smugglers, St. Pierre, Miqouillon. One of the two friends had lived for a season at Baddeck, which is within easy reach of St. Pierre, and had heard much of the attractions of the place. Rosy-tinted stories of the life there had reached him; that a glimpse of France could be had within easy sail of Halifax; of French customs older than could be found in Paris; of the sweet-smelling cafes with clean white-sanded floors, and bright little Basque girls to wait on you; of the Gens d'Armes and the bell that sounds at ten o'clock for closing; of its cathedral; of its fishing fleets and well-stocked warehouses. All this has been pictured and proved true to life.

Setting out from Halifax on the SS. St. Pierre, we pass by way of St. Peter's Canal, from the Strait of Canso, through Bras d'Or Lake, and make the open sea again at North Sydney. On board are several passengers besides our friends: two Yale undergraduates, two commercial travellers, an insurance agent, and the Captain's little daughter. The Yale men are model students—never without a German text in their hands. In this respect, they are in marked contrast to our friends, who have evidently forgotten to take corresponding French texts along.

The sail through the Bras d'Or is delightful, and has a touch of the romantic about it. To think that you can

match it—another Sir William Wallace, only without that hero's field of action to display his might.

This is a veritable land of marvels: in its people, in its scenery, and in its rich mineral deposits. Away from St. Annes in the blue distance can be seen the lofty summit of Smoky, overlooking the far-reaching ocean breaking at its foot.

And now we arrive at Sydney, with its noble harbor and fertile outlying country. To-day it is a city with great steel works and coal piers from which are sent out carloads of steel rails and cargoes of coal.

In a fog so dense, that nothing can be seen.

After a rather rough but uneventful voyage, we arrive off St. Pierre in a fog so dense that nothing can be seen, and no approach to anchorage can be made except by feeling our way. Guid-

ed by the fog-horn which moans out its time warnings, and following the boat sent ahead from the ship to guide, we at length come to anchor. When the fog lifts, as it does as the day grows, we find ourselves in the midst of fishing schooners—Gloucester ships many of them, with their tapering spars and neat, trim rigging, some preparing to sail for the Banks, others just arrived. The scene is a novel one for a "land-lubber," and the smell of the fish and the salt sea air is delightful. It was worth coming far to experience.

Our ostensible, and, when first the trip was mooted, our chief object, was to come in contact with French "as it is spoken." To do this we should have gone at once to a French pension, but not wishing to part with our fellow-voyagers, who were all going to the International Hotel, we go there also, promising ourselves to look up suitable French quarters later on. But, good-bye to our resolutions. Our host at the International made it so pleasant for us that we never cared to leave. Besides counting without our host, we had not taken into considera-

ters of the house who received us, but with the grace and tact natural to their race, they never, even by a smile, betrayed the amusement our limited vocabulary and doubtful phraseology must have caused. To our brief acquaintance with these charming young people, must be attributed whatever progress we made in our study of French in St. Pierre.

Business Carried on by Wholesale Firms in France.

A large wholesale business is carried on in St. Pierre by firms in France, either by junior members of the same, or through agents. These firms fit out schooners for the Banks—many of them their own ships. To do business of this kind in St. Pierre, it is necessary to become a naturalized citizen. The privilege may be gained for a whole family by some member going through the formality.

The cafes of St. Pierre are a special feature of the place; and to one who is a stranger to French customs and

people to assist in this direction, what a change might be effected.

No one who is a stranger to this country has any conception of its beauty. All the way from Orangevale on the I. C. R. to Port Hood, on the Northumberland Strait, it is one continuous panorama. From Whyocomagh to Mahone, and thence to Port Hood, roads run on either side of a valley overtopped by forest-clad hills. In many places beautiful homesteads brighten the landscape and show what the country is capable of. But the man who undertakes to drive all the way from Orangevale to Port Hood has entered on a task that will tax all his powers of endurance and patience. For of all the roads with which we are acquainted, these are the worst.

How the Return Trip may Be Made to Advantage.

The return trip may be made by way of Lake Ainslie, a beautiful sheet of water into whose basin flows several of the many trout and salmon streams of this country.

Further down the lake, on your way to Sydney, is Baddeck, a name familiar from Charles Dudley Warner's "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing." Here Bell, of telephone fame, had his home on "Red Head," a high cliff overlooking the broad waters of the Bras d'Or. Not far from Baddeck is the village of Ste. Annes, the home of the Cape Breton giant, Angus McCaskill, whose great feats of strength are household talk in that country. On a visit paid to this picturesque spot, fitting home for such a son, where everything is on a grand scale both in sea and mountain, the grave of the giant was shown us, also the huge boots he wore, and other mementoes of his marvellous strength. He was no faked giant, this man, such as might be exhibited in dime museums, but a man of towering height and physical proportions to



THE FISHING SEASON HAS NOW OPENED IN CANADA—Specimens of British Columbia salmon, weighing, on an average, 60 pounds each.

ed by the fog-horn which moans out its time warnings, and following the boat sent ahead from the ship to guide, we at length come to anchor. When the fog lifts, as it does as the day grows, we find ourselves in the midst of fishing schooners—Gloucester ships many of them, with their tapering spars and neat, trim rigging, some preparing to sail for the Banks, others just arrived. The scene is a novel one for a "land-lubber," and the smell of the fish and the salt sea air is delightful. It was worth coming far to experience.

Our ostensible, and, when first the trip was mooted, our chief object, was to come in contact with French "as it is spoken." To do this we should have gone at once to a French pension, but not wishing to part with our fellow-voyagers, who were all going to the International Hotel, we go there also, promising ourselves to look up suitable French quarters later on. But, good-bye to our resolutions. Our host at the International made it so pleasant for us that we never cared to leave. Besides counting without our host, we had not taken into considera-



THE FISHING SEASON HAS NOW OPENED IN CANADA—Fishermen's hamlets in the Magdalen Islands, are the scenes of much activity during the summer months.

tion the fact that a large English colony was established in St. Pierre,—operatives in connection with the cable that lands there.

Those naturally in the isolated positions of the Island, watch eagerly the arrival of every boat, and any traveller who is fortunate enough to sojourn there is received with open arms and a hospitality that knows no bounds. Thrown in with such a company, no wonder that our French training should receive little attention.

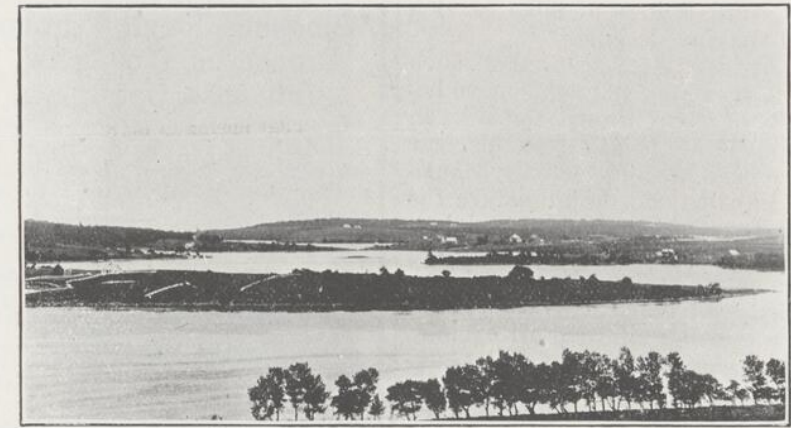
On presenting letters we had received from friends in Halifax, we were introduced to a charming French family in St. Pierre. Our attempts to make ourselves understood must have appeared laughable to the two fair daugh-

ters of the house who received us, but with the grace and tact natural to their race, they never, even by a smile, betrayed the amusement our limited vocabulary and doubtful phraseology must have caused. To our brief acquaintance with these charming young people, must be attributed whatever progress we made in our study of French in St. Pierre.

Englishmen in Cable Service Are Excellent Swimmers.

The island on which St. Pierre is situated is so small, that no one thinks of keeping a carriage. A pony and a dog-cart imported by a chance traveller was a nine-days' wonder. There are few places of interest in the neighborhood. Out on the road a little way (you cannot walk far without wetting your feet) is a road-house where a good French dinner can be had. To this resort we were taken in a body by our friends one lovely afternoon, and in-

(Continued on page opposite.)



THE FISHING SEASON HAS NOW OPENED IN CANADA—The back harbor of Lunenburg, where the fishing vessels pass the winter.

turesque fishing resort in the North Atlantic. He writes: A few summers ago, two college men, on pleasure bent, and from a laudable desire to increase their knowledge of French, decided to take a trip to that haven of smugglers, St. Pierre, Miqouillon. One of the two friends had lived for a season at Baddeck, which is within easy reach of St. Pierre, and had heard much of the attractions of the place. Rosy-tinted stories of the life there had reached him; that a glimpse of France could be had within easy sail of Halifax; of French customs older than could be found in Paris; of the sweet-smelling cafes with clean white-sanded floors, and bright little Basque girls to wait on you; of the Gens d'Armes and the bell that sounds at ten o'clock for closing; of its cathedral; of its fishing fleets and well-stocked warehouses. All this has been pictured and proved true to life.

Setting out from Halifax on the SS. St. Pierre, we pass by way of St. Peter's Canal, from the Strait of Canso, through Bras d'Or Lake, and make the open sea again at North Sydney. On board are several passengers besides our friends: two Yale undergraduates, two commercial travellers, an insurance agent, and the Captain's little daughter. The Yale men are model students—never without a German text in their hands. In this respect, they are in marked contrast to our friends, who have evidently forgotten to take corresponding French texts along.

The sail through the Bras d'Or is delightful, and has a touch of the romantic about it. To think that you can

of the Waters," with its tiny Indian reservation, and its little cottages dotting the green level at the foot of a steep forest-clad mountain. Here the Indian cultivates his farm, like any white man, and drives his primitive-looking team with a pride in his roadsters' speed that allows no one to take the road from him. Here also is a famous hostelry, the Seaside House, kept by Mitchell, whose fame as a chef has gone abroad into all those parts, so that, to-day, with his house much enlarged, he is still compelled to send away many who have travelled far to sit at his table during the summer time.

Here also is to be found one of the strong men of Cape Breton, that home

up," or the credit of their country was gone for ever. Sooner than "spill sport," his whilom antagonist "let up," and the day was saved. It is said that the doctor never forgot the generous act, and that a bond of friendship and fealty exists between the two to this day.

At an earlier period in the Doctor's career, while a student at Halifax Medical College, this young giant gave promise of the prowess he afterwards displayed as a wrestler. Coming home from dissecting one night late, he had to pass through a narrow lane, where he was waylaid by a band of toughs, who were jealous of his youthful strength and prowess, for his fame as

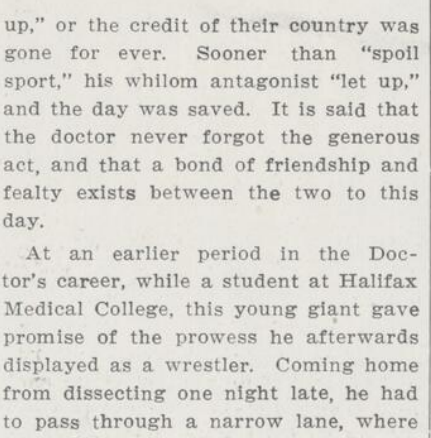
ing the far-reaching ocean breaking at its foot.

And now we arrive at Sydney, with its noble harbor and fertile outlying country. To-day it is a city with great steel works and coal piers from which are sent out carloads of steel rails and cargoes of coal.

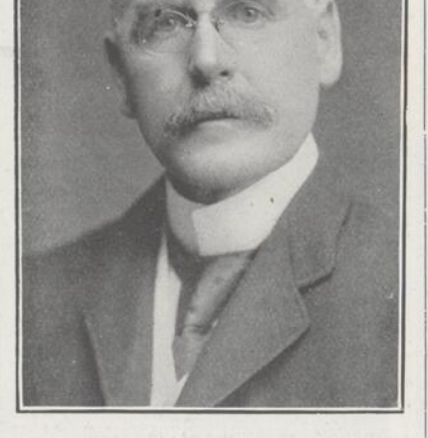
In a fog so dense, that nothing can be seen.



THE FISHING SEASON HAS NOW OPENED IN CANADA—Fishing vessels at anchor in Lunenburg Harbor, N.S.



PROFESSOR WILLIAM R. FRASER, B.A. (Dal.), Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins University).



THE FISHING SEASON HAS NOW OPENED IN CANADA—A village in the Magdalen Islands (Gulf of St. Lawrence), the male residents of which are nearly all fishermen.

# A Few of the Latest Fashion Hints for Lady and Gentlemen Readers of The Standard



**EFFECTIVE USE OF TRIMMING**—A summer walking suit made of pale blue mohair is presented, showing in the modelling of skirt and coat, the graceful lines which the material is capable of developing. Double box plaits placed at each seam of the gored skirt, are stitched flat to below the hips, from whence they fall in graceful lines to the hem, trimmed with bands of blue silk braid. The Eton coat, braid-trimmed and lace-edged, shows a daintily trimmed patch pocket and wide-folded girl girdle, and the cuffs of the sleeves are edged with lace, braid-trimmed and further decorated with blue silk buttons set upon wide buttonholes, these being worked handsomely with gold thread.

## MOHAIR THE MODISH.

It's No Longer Confined to Utility Suits—Delicate Shades of Buff, Tan, Pink and Blue—Braids, Plaitings and Buttons for Trimmings.

**M**EW YORK, May 31.—Those who invested in mohair gowns early in the year are now congratulating themselves upon their wisdom, for, among all of the handsome suit materials shown in sumptuous variety this season, none have obtained a stronger hold upon popular fancy than the mohairs and sicilienes in the fine grades of the British goods.

Away back in March the colorings were confined to blues and greens of various hues and designs, together with the always procurable white and cream mohairs. But a few wise—or was it venture-some?—merchants displayed these materials in new shades of blue, pink, gray, and tan, all light in

tone and almost identical in patterns and colors with the finest silk and wool suitings.

The sales exceeded the most sanguine hopes of these merchants, for the yards were bought with amazing speed by high-class dressmakers and others, so that cable orders for more were promptly sent in, and in some instances have been repeated, with no apparent cessation in the demand for the present.

### At Places Where Fashionably Dressed Women Congregate.

The results are now apparent at every smart luncheon place, at the seashore and mountain resorts, the race tracks and elsewhere where

fashionably dressed women congregate, in the many smart toilettes in these light shades of mohairs and sicilienes.

An unusual feature of this mohair vogue indicating a greater degree of popularity later is the combination of those colors that we are told by the fashion wise will appear upon fall materials, and which are now being shown in woven striped and invisible large square self-colored designs upon these late summer mohair arrivals.

In the minds of many women, mohairs mean fabrics whose only bid for consideration is that they will wear like iron, and so are nearly as unwieldy and undesirable. A careful inspection of the present offerings will dispel these objections forever and aye, for the new goods are as finely woven and finished as the most fastidious could desire, and have retained at the same time all of their practical wearing qualities.

Smart dressmakers are recommending suits of these materials to their ultra fashionable customers, and are also, rather significantly laying up for their own use later, all of the new crisp designs procurable, hence it would seem as though mohairs would enjoy high favor for twelve months to come.

### Street Costume of Green And Blue Plaided Mohair.

One of the most attractive street costumes shown by Paquin this year was made of green and blue plaided mohair with the colorings clouded and very light in tone. The skirt was a doubled one, and had both hems, one of knee and the other of ankle length, finished with a broad band of blue moire piped upon the upper edge with cords of deep sapphire blue velvet. The coat was a peplum designed affair made with a broad even-width belt of velvet matching the moire skirt bands, buckled with a dull silver buckle set with brilliantly cut sapphire blue stones. Short sleeves with their wide cuffs velvet edged were a feature of the gown.

New York costume houses are not behind their Parisian brethren in point of suggestions, however, and often help by the suggestions contained in their showings to whet the appreciative Parisian's appetite for the new fashion ideas.

### Preference For Eton or Bolero Coat is Shown.

The Metropolitan taste indicates a preference for the Eton or bolero coat, accompanied by a natty pleated or circular skirt that barely clears the ground, modelled either of plain colored, striped, or clear white mohair. Trimmings of braid alone or else narrow applications or Richelieu pleatings to match the gown in color are most generally used.

The charm of this lustrous material is well demonstrated in an Eton suit of pale blue mohair. Double box plaits are placed upon each seam of the gored skirt and the hem trimmed with two rows of blue silk braid fancifully designed with tiny round circular motifs that join the two braid rows together. The plaits are stitched flat to below the hips, and then left to flare, which they do in a very graceful manner. A jacket with a

### Little Bird Whispers.

**THAT**—The light flannel shirt-waist, made absolutely plain, with the simple addition of a pocket upon the left side, will appeal largely to the "outdoor girl."

**THAT**—Many buckles of either pearl or shell are shown upon the different imported models.

**THAT**—Windsor ties, with ends decorated by neat patterns, are largely in demand.

**THAT**—Ribbon embroidery is shown to great advantage upon lace boleros and lace insertions.

**THAT**—The general trend of fashion runs to the short waist and the full much-trimmed skirt.

**THAT**—The newest gloves are hand-painted, not in vivid colors, but in pale grays, greens, and blues, in art nouveau style in shadowy geometrical patterns.

**THAT**—The pleated skirt still holds a certain prestige, although it is by no means as popular as it was a season or two ago.

**THAT**—For morning wear, tiny toques, bent and twisted in fanciful shapes, are the thing.

**THAT**—Sleeves show little that is new, and their individuality is marked rather by the trimming than the cut.

**THAT**—The silk or lace mitt is a picturesque adjunct to the elbow sleeves, and may be had in the expensive real laces or good imitations.

**THAT**—Of the variety of sheer silk novelties, which is not inconsiderable, the broche brilliant mousselines are the most charming.

**THAT**—In many instances, a hat will boast not one blossom, but from two to four different kinds in the trimming.

**THAT**—Long hat-pins, with large plain knobs of yellow horn, are a fad of the moment.

**THAT**—Parasols adorned with ribbon embroidery are a new and popular novelty for the warm months.

### Gentlemen, Remember!

**THAT**—The bright red golf coat is no longer considered the smart thing for the links.

**THAT**—A dark red flannel, with a trimming of black braid and monogram worked in black on the breast-pocket, worn with white flannel trousers, and white shoes, is distinctive and smart.

**THAT**—Plain white flannel outing suits, and white with slender lines of color, are much in favor, and bid fair to be more than ever in vogue this season.

**THAT**—Knit waistcoats and jackets with silk sleeves are still to be worn on the links.

**THAT**—The best boot for the links is of tan leather, extension sole, while low tan shoes with blunt spikies are to be had for the same purpose.

**THAT**—For the warmer days, white duck and canvas shoes are much worn.

**THAT**—The newest model in summer shoes which promises to achieve most popularity is the buttoned Oxford, which shows a calf-skin top and three medium-sized buttons.

**THAT**—The dressiest shoes manifest a tendency toward narrow toes, medium extensions, and moderately low heels.

**THAT**—A dress boot which has much to recommend it in the way of novelty, as well as of good style, is the gaiter-shoe. The vamp is of patent leather, with a top of black Melton cloth overlapping the vamp; this is buttoned, and a strap and buckle complete the idea of the gaiter.

**THAT**—One of the newest ideas in belts for sport is white flannel with a metal buckle.

**THAT**—White ties, whether of buckskin or canvas, will be sought by the most fastidious for informal and morning wear during the hot season, in the country.

**THAT**—The white duck hat still remains the favorite for tennis.



**A ROSE TRIMMED CHAPEAU**—A charming hat for wear with the summer tailor-made of dressy effect or the lingerie frock, is the one here pictured. The shape is a fine, white Neapolitan, the underbrim wired from the crown to outer edge. The crown, originally high, is softly crushed, and wound with black velvet ribbon tied in a many looped bow on the right side, and falling gracefully over the brim. The roses are full-blown American beauties with deep green foliage, malinette of this same shade of green trimming the back bandeau.

pect with the latest decision of the London tailors. A single wide fold of cloth placed just above the narrow skirt hem was lined like the coat strap with haircloth. The whole suit presented a type of classic tailoring decidedly attractive and very clean cut.

Long "separate" coats are enjoying a greater degree of popularity this year than ever before, and those modelled of colored mohairs are made brilliantly effective with linings of silks of rich and striking designs.

This does not mean that such coats are necessarily expensive because of these linings, for silks in the moderate priced lines this year have been as unexpectedly beautiful in color and design as are the mohairs or other frock materials.

The Inverness coat is meeting with much appreciation, one such styled coat made of reseda green mohair being adorned with many weed green bone buttons, and having a tan silk lining, which was especially effective when the triple capes were thrown back over the shoulders in any fashion. A close fitting coat of tan mohair, made with a long flat pointed hood which reached to the waist line, was lined with bright scarlet silk.

The hood was finished with a long fringed tassel and lined with the red, while the neat little revers topping the coat in front were made of the same brilliant red silk.

## Vapo-Cresolene

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Bronchitis, Coughs,  
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**CANINE PETS NOW IN HIGH FAVOR**—A couple of prize-winning Yorkshire Toy Terriers that are greatly prized.

little flat curved collar shows more of the curled braid designs for trimmings and is edged, as are the front edges, with Richelieu pleatings of lace. A small patch pocket, braid trimmed, gives a jaunty touch to the little coat, while the sleeves show a touch of color contrast in their trimming of braid topped with blue silk covered buttons set upon useless but very attractively made buttonholes, worked with gold thread.

### The Skirt was Laid in Plaits From the Hip.

A gray Sicilian shown by the same house that exhibited the blue, had the skirt laid in plaits from the hip and fitted into a rather narrow plain hip yoke. This little yoke was trimmed with white braid just a shade lighter than the oyster-gray color of the material, and stitched flat in pretty curved designs. More of the braid trimmed the Eton coat, which showed a low cut collar made of white moire, edged with a narrow frill of lemon yellow silk. Six amber-rimmed

buttons with gray enamel centres were placed upon the front of the coat.

Later designed street suits are made of serviceable and practical shades of gray or navy blue, and are made with hip length coats closing in single breasted style fastening either with three or five cloth-covered buttons. The curve of the French shoulder and bust seam upon one clean cut model, was accentuated by a narrow hair-cloth lined strap stitched flat to the coat.

### Duplicating Rules for Fashioning of Man's Coat.

The collar and cuffs of this model were of white linen made over moire of the same shade of gray as the suit material, but it is considered a trifle more ultra to model the collar and cuffs of the suit material, duplicating as near as possible the construction rules in vogue, for the fashioning of a man's coat. The skirt of this model cleared the ground five inches, complying evidently in this res-

Among the new designs in half-hose are small embroidered figures, narrow stripes, and the smaller polka dots.

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CANADA CARRIAGE CO.,  
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Louis XVI. Cabinet and Chair from Bell's Galleries.

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**THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF LOUIS RIEL'S MOTHER**—In the family burying ground, beside the historic old St. Boniface Cathedral, shown in the background of the illustration, under the shade of an ancient elm, the remains of Mrs. Julie Riel, mother of Louis David Riel, the leader of the two Red River rebellions, were laid to rest last week. She was buried beside the red granite shaft which marks the spot where the body of her famous son lies, in the plot where reposes the dust of the other members of the family. This plot is situated under the trees to the left of the picture.

## British Troops Leave Canadian Shores; What Our Own Military Graduates Look Like

**SPANISH ROYAL MARRIAGE.**—The elaborate and brilliant ceremonies which began with the marriage of King Alfonso and Princess Ena will last nearly a fortnight, and will cost, it



LIFE ON PARLIAMENT HILL—Mr. Thos. B. Flint, Clerk of the House of Commons, on his way to attend a session of the House.

is calculated, in the neighborhood of \$700,000.

These wedding observances were arranged in accordance with the etiquette of the Spanish Court, which is far more fussy, stiff, and pompous than that of any other of the royal households of Europe. Cervantes laughed Spanish chivalry out of existence, but nothing short of a revolution that would make a clean sweep of the whole



LIFE ON PARLIAMENT HILL—Col. Sam Hughes, M.P. for Victoria and Haliburton, Ont., and one of the vigorous critics of the Militia Department.

business can change by so much as a hair's breadth the tyrannous etiquette of the Spanish Court, to which kings and queens, unwilling victims for the most part, must subscribe.

That old proverb still holds



LIFE ON PARLIAMENT HILL—Mr. A. F. MacLaren, M.P. for North Perth, a great Canadian Imperialist.

good, "The Queens of Spain have neither feet nor legs," which, being interpreted, means that for the vulgar to think of them as like unordinary women is lese majeste, or its Spanish equivalent. The



GENTLEMEN CADETS WHO WILL UPHOLD BRITAIN'S PRESTIGE AND CANADA'S HONOR—Members of the Graduating Class of the Royal Military College, Kingston, an institution which has given to the British Army many of its most promising officers. This College bears a relation to Canada such as that which Sandhurst bears to the Mother Land. The work of the session of 1905-06 is now about over. The course of instruction covers four years. Part of this course is obligatory, and part voluntary; the former embracing mathematics, fortification, military drawing, military history, French or German, elementary chemistry, geology, etc., drawing (freehand, figure, and landscape), drill (infantry, artillery, etc.); while the voluntary subjects include higher mathematics, higher fortification, and higher chemistry, French, German, architecture, and hydraulic engineering.

phrase originated in an actual incident. A predecessor of Alfonso's Queen, in entering the capital with her husband, the King, was presented by some manufacturers with a gift of beautiful silk stockings. The Grand Chamberlain seized the wares and tossed them back in a passion. "Know that the Queens of Spain have no legs," he said. And the poor young Queen, accepting the saying literally, wept and cried that she would never have married the King had she known that her legs were to be cut off.

### The Penalty for Touching the King.

Court etiquette, by the way, might have deprived Queen Ena of her husband had it not for once been flagrantly violated. When he was four years of age, the King fell headlong downstairs. There happened to be on guard on the staircase a raw flunkey, who with blundering ignorance did the most outrageously human thing, he caught the baby King in his arms and prevented his brains from being dashed out. The Queen Mother's heart overflowed with gratitude, and she rewarded him handsomely. But the regulations were inexorable. He had dared to touch the sacred person of majesty, the exclusive privilege of grandees. He had to be summarily discharged and a situation provided for him elsewhere.

### Meals Eaten From A Service of Gold.

But King Alfonso, who seems to be as genuinely in love as the most ordinary of mortals, is doing his best to make his bride happy, according to his lights, by fixing up things for her in the most gorgeous style. He personally directed the work of beautifying and renovating the royal villa of the Pardo, where Queen Ena was lodged for some days immediately preceding her marriage, and the royal apartments in the palace itself. These lodgings comprise seven magnificent apartments, and on

their adornment the King expended nearly \$100,000. Her meals were served to her on an historical table service of gold dishes, which were used by the early Spanish Governors of Cuba at their grand banquets. The apartments reserved for the royal couple in the Palace comprise sixteen sumptuous rooms, nearly all of which over-

riage. The King also made choice of two apartments in the Senate House, where, in observance of tradition, the Queen-elect donned her bridal array, and spent \$10,000 in fixing them up for the brief period that they served as a royal dressing room. Queen Ena, as Princess Ena, accompanied by her mother and

of Spanish etiquette, the train continued its journey toward Madrid, but it stopped a short distance from the capital at a temporary station constructed for the occasion in the royal park, the Casa de Campo. There the Princess was received by the King, the Queen Mother, the Royal Princesses, the Prime Minister, the

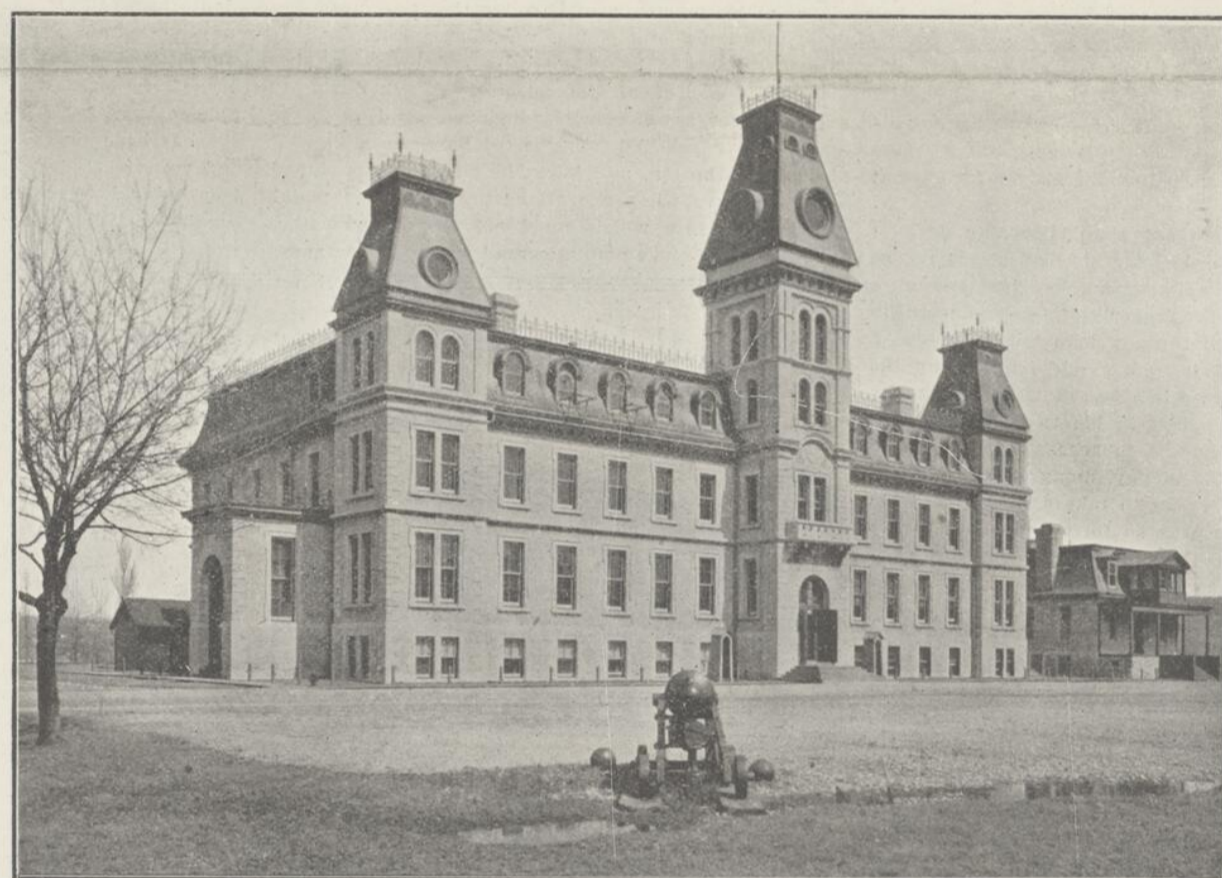
King and his suite returning to Madrid.

### The Signing of the Nuptial Contract.

On the day after her arrival, all the members of the Government called upon her to assure her of their loyalty and devotion. The Senators and Deputies went through a similar performance. That same night took place the reading and the signing of the nuptial contract and the "tomar de dichos"—a promise of marriage. This double ceremony was witnessed by the whole Spanish royal family; the Prince of Wales, who represents King Edward; the English Ambassador, the most exalted functionaries of the palace, and the suites of the royal personages. The Minister of Justice, Senor Garcia Prieto, in his quality of Notary General of the Kingdom, read the nuptial contract, and this contract was signed, in the first place, by Alfonso XIII. and Princess Ena; then by the Queen Mother, the Prince of Wales, the Princesses Maria Teresa and Isabel, and Princess Henry of Battenberg. It was signed as witnesses on behalf of the King by the Ministers, the Cardinal Primate of Spain and Archbishop of Toledo, Monseigneur Sancha; the head steward of the palace, the commander of the Halberdiers, the first aide-de-camp of the King and the chief intendant of the palace. As witnesses for Princess Ena it was signed by the head steward of the palace, the Marquis of Viana, the English Ambassador, the first gentleman of the Princess Henry, and the two grandees in attendance on the bride.

### Obligations of Spanish Queen.

When that business is finished, Cardinal Sancha, assisted by the head chaplain of the palace and the Bishop of Sion, proceeded to the ceremony of the "tomar los dichos." The betrothed couple knelt before the Cardinal, each placing the right hand on the volume of Holy Writ and the left over



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON, ONT.—Which has just turned out a large graduating class. The primary object of this college, which was opened on June 1st, 1876, is to secure such a complete military and scientific education to young men belonging to Canada, as will qualify them to fill all the higher positions in the Canadian Military Service. At the same time, owing to the breadth and general scope of the curriculum of study, the graduates are fitted for any civil business or profession, public or private.

look the great square called the "Armaries." They were in excellent condition and were magnificently furnished; but, nevertheless, the King expended another \$60,000 in making such changes and additions as he imagined would make them still more attractive to his bride. They are the same as were occupied by his father and mother after their mar-

suite, entered Spain from the French frontier on the evening of May 27. Just across the boundary line, at Hendaye, she was waited upon by the head steward of the palace, the Duke of Sotomayer, the Grand Chamberlain of the King, the Marquis de la Utina, and a few other high and mighty functionaries. After the Princess's first initiation into the mysteries

Minister of State, grandees and ladies and gentlemen of the court, all arrayed in their most gorgeous outdoor outfits. After much wearisome bobbing and bowing, curtsying and kissing of hands, the royal family and their respective suites accompanied the Princess and her mother to the royal villa of the Pardo, where they remained until the wedding, the

the heart. They then repeated a formula, of which this is a translation: "In the entire possession of my mental faculties and making use of my free will, I swear by the Holy Gospel to give my hand as husband (or wife) to—(here fol-



LIFE ON PARLIAMENT HILL—Mr. Ralph Smith, M.P. for Nanaimo, B.C., and one of the Labor members of the House of Commons.

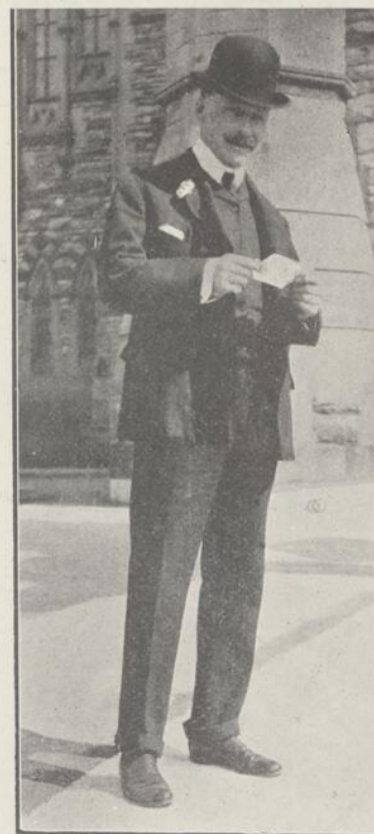
lows the name of the bride or bridegroom)—promising to fulfill faithfully all the obligations which marriage imposes on me."

The obligations which Spanish law impose on Spanish Queens are quaintly simple and in striking contrast to the bewildering maze of ceremonies which attend her daily life. They are embodied in two rescripts. That of Alfonso X., called the Sage, "orders the Queen to procure for her lord and hus-



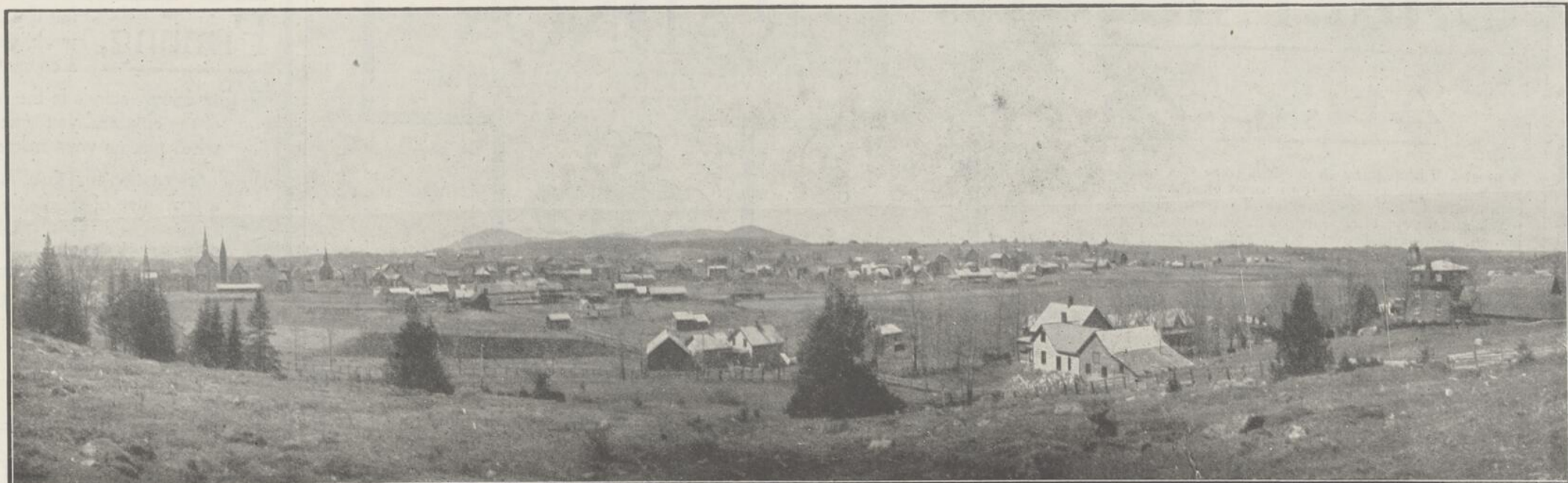
LIFE ON PARLIAMENT HILL—Sir William Mulock, Chief Justice of Ontario, and former Postmaster-General, taking a stroll through the Parliament grounds with a couple of friends. Sir William is the central figure.

band as many children as possible." The rescript of Philip II. "orders the Queen and her ladies to devote themselves to the preparation of bandages for wounded soldiers whenever a war breaks out in which the King takes part."



LIFE ON PARLIAMENT HILL—Lt. Col. A. N. Worthington, M.P. for Sherbrooke, Que., snapped by The Standard's photographer.

So far as Spanish law is concerned, it will be seen there is nothing to prevent the Queen of Spain from leading the simple life, but everything else would appear to be dead against it.



A PRETTY PANORAMA IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS, QUEBEC—View of the town of Waterloo, looking west.

(From a photograph by G. E. Lefebvre.)

# The Dog in Many Varieties This Week Has Supplanted the Horse in Popular Favor



RECORD-BREAKING CANADIAN DOG SHOW—The champion Airedale Terriers, "Colne Master Royal" and "Colne Mistress Royal."

## WISDOM OF THE CANINE FAMILY

**I**N connection with the Dog Show, which attracted many thousands to the Arena this week, the following stories of canine fidelity and sagacity will make interesting reading: Just where, in the ingenious plan devised by Darwin, the family dog sporadically in the chain of evolution, whether he is ancestor or posterity of the first ape, we do not pretend to state, but certainly the dog as we know him today must come in somewhere along the line where brains began to have the power to reason.

Compared with some representatives of the present highest type of bipeds, the dog makes a good showing, and when we speak in derision of a man by saying he "is going to the dogs," we treat that faithful beast to a double-edged libel.

The power to reason does not seem to be distributed equally among them,

neither is it confined to particular breeds, and perhaps in reality all dogs might be marvels of intelligence if their possibilities were developed, and perhaps, as with the individual, striking cases of especial note are merely the result of change environment.

A Maine man has a fine blooded St. Bernard, a specimen of that wonderful breed whose intelligence has proved of such inestimable blessing to snow buried travellers in the glacier-barred pathways of the higher Alps. This dog often went with his master to the meat market. One day a dime was given him, and he discovered that the placing of a piece of money on the counter meant the forthcoming of a juicy bone. It soon became his daily habit to trot down alone to the shop with a dime between his teeth, wait until the screen door was opened by some customer, and slip in. He would select the particular butcher who he knew would attend to his wants, waiting patiently with slow wagging tail if the man was busy, until if perhaps the man was occupied too long to suit his dogship's ideas of courtesy, he would gently poke him

with his paw until the bone was secured, when, and not until then, he would loose his hold on the money.

It became known over town that Bruno did his own marketing, and many of his human friends would put



RECORD-BREAKING CANADIAN DOG SHOW—This illustration shows the hounds belonging to Montreal Hunt. (Photographed for The Standard.)

money nor could he be beguiled into substituting a bone or any choice morsel in its stead.

That dogs weigh values, and decide what things are worth while and what not, is shown by a bright little black and tan owned by a friend of mine. This dog had a special fondness for chasing chickens, not to hurt them, but just to hear the clatter and cackle and flutter of the perturbed hens. When caught at this disturbance, he was always locked up in a certain woodshed near the house to suffer the penalty of his crime. One day he lay snoozing in the sun when a flock of scratching biddies came by. The dog opened his eyes, started up, then dropped back and he seemed to be meditating. At last, he suddenly made up his mind, and leaped at the group all one animated bark of bliss, sending the hens scattering in all directions, feather ruffled and squalling with terror. Then after the fun was over, the sinner marched to the door of the prison where he had been wont to suffer his punishment, and duly sat down before it, looking up into his mistress's face as much as to say: "Do your worst; I've had my fun, and am ready to pay the piper."

### Wonderful Powers Of Perception.

Several years ago a horseman who followed the races in the East was attended by a beautiful shepherd dog who showed wonderful powers of perception. His master would place upon the carpet pieces of money of different values in a row, and ask any one present to tell the dog what piece to select. In-



RECORD-BREAKING CANADIAN DOG SHOW—Prize-winning collies, the property of a number of enthusiastic dog fanciers in Montreal. (Photographed for The Standard.)

the poor dog seemed much distressed, and after smelling back and forth over the coins and bills for a time, came back to his master and whined, we were ready to believe almost anything was possible in the line of marvels in a dog except speech.

And that, too, perhaps is possible if we stupid humans had finer understanding, for we ourselves own a fine Scotch collie, of good breeding. She is a most sensitive dog, shrinking heart-

### VERY DAINTY ANIMALS.

The denizens of the London "Zoo" cost the society nearly \$17,500 a year in food alone. They are terrible idlers, yet they live like lords.

In one year they consume, in the form of soup, forty-eight large jars of extract of beef. Fish figures very largely in their menu, 22,703 whittings, 9,471 lb. of plaice, 2,201 lb. of flounders, 546 herrings and 1,488 plints of shrimps having been bought for them last year. A delicacy in the way of fowl-heads—18,720 of them—was another interesting item. Although 81½ cwt. of potatoes, 137 loads of hay, and 133 loads of clover form part of a year's food, the captives are not even bordering upon vegetarianism, for they manage to eat 207 horses, at a cost of \$1,200 in a twelve-month, as well as 270 goats, worth \$800.

Nor are they satisfied without dessert. Nearly 2,000 dozen bananas, 11 bushels of apples, and 25 cwt. of monkey-nuts were paid for in 1905 by the Zoo cashier.

### THE CHILD'S BRAIN.

In considering the brain force in childhood, a scientist writes that the brain of a child is larger in proportion

to its body than is that of an adult. The head of a boy or girl does not grow in size after the seventh year, so that the hat that is worn at that age can be worn just as well at thirty.

The brain is more excitable and impressionable in the child than in the adult, and is not at its maximum for severe and long-continued exertion; hence when subjected to a prolonged strain it is certain to suffer.

"The child," says Dr. Hammond, "should be taught how to acquire knowledge by the use of his senses, and there are facts enough surrounding him to keep him as much engaged as is proper."

## STANDARD'S Half-Tone Illustrations.

Applications will be received and quotations given for any selections to parties wishing to purchase the Beautiful Half-Tone Cuts, that appear weekly in **THE STANDARD**. Address, Manager, Standard Office.



CANINE PETS NOW IN HIGH FAVOR—Ruby, a Blenheim spaniel fourteen years old, the property of Mrs. W. E. Phillips.

dimes into his mouth to see him trot off on his purchasing trip, until he became one of the best customers of the store, one day, the proprietor said, bringing \$1.10 in change. What effect this bounteous living had on his dog digestion we never learned, but he must have reached canine heaven for once at least.

That a dog should learn to go to a certain shop for his food seems not so remarkable as another instance of a collie, the property of a ne'er-do-well in a small town, a man who eked out a bare living doing odd jobs among the farmers when out of sufficient money to keep him in his two crying needs, whiskey and tobacco. His one friend was this mangy, mongrel collie, whose habit it was to take a dime, when his master was so fortunate as to secure one for the purpose, and trot to the village grocery, and there standing on his hind legs before a shelf where a certain brand of tobacco was kept, drop the coin and pick off one of the bags with his teeth, when he would trot out again, disturbing no one. He never tried to take a bag without leaving the

variably the creature, after a quick glance at his master, would trot to the place mentioned and pick it up. This seemed wonderful, but when we asked for a sum which meant the selection of several pieces, say 65 cents for instance, and the dog selected the half-dollar piece, then the ten, and later the five, and still more when one of the party asked for a sum which could not be grouped out of the amounts spread out,

broken to the floor with tail drooping and head lowered at the slightest reproach, and is ready to bound almost over our heads for joy at a caress. When we return home after an absence and go to the stable to loose her from the stall where she has been tied, her joyous squeaks and squeals of delight are as plainly deep-hearted words of welcome as any unabridged dictionary can compass.

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**"THE BEST OLD DOG IN THE LAND."**

I'm old and lame—and under my fowls the brown is turning grey—  
But I don't complain,—for like every dog, I suppose I have had my day,  
And I fancy that now there's a softer touch in the stroke of the master's hand—  
As he bends and says—as he always said,—“You're the best old dog in the land!”



"BARNEY."

And oft when the heat of the day is done,—ere it ringeth to even song,—  
The master and I go out to the lake, and we take the pup along,  
And turn by the path where a partridge drums on the breast of a sandy knoll,  
While the breath of the cedars scent the lane where lovers love to stroll.

And sometimes the master will take that pup, and get him upon his knee,  
And fondle his ears, and stroke his head, which greatly worries me,  
And if I look sad, and jealous-like, the master will understand—  
And smile and say, “Never mind old chap, you're the best old dog in the land!”

I've a soft wool rug on the study floor, and often as I lie there,  
That pup will come, and he looks at me with a supercilious air,  
And he cocks his ears if I groan a bit,—as I'm sometimes forced to do,—  
And he seems to say “I wonder now whatever's the use of you!”

But what does he know,—that Gordon pup,—of the warmth  
of the Master's side,  
As we've curled together on cedar bed at the top of the “Big  
Divide,”—  
And watched the stars come out in the sky, and the red of  
the camp-fire's glow,  
And harked to the howl of the hungry wolf coming over the  
mountain snow.

He never scaled the highest peak that mirrors in Lake Slovan;  
Nor sprang to its waters—icy cold—in chase of the wounded swan;  
Nor shared in the tales the hunters told over evening pipe  
and grog—  
Of the birds that flushed the live-long day to the nose of the  
old brown dog.

Has he searched the haunts of the ruffled birds on the slopes  
of Canyon Creek,  
Or the thicket of fir on Gibson's Hill where the rabbits play  
“hide and seek,”  
Or waited the flight of the blue-winged teal,—or crouched  
by the rushy screen

As the geese fly down to the sand-spit formed by the swash  
of the Spillamacheen.

What does he know of the mallard ponds at the head of Grangers' Slough;—  
Or the mountain trail,—half hidden now,—where the pioneers came through—  
Ere the hoofs and neigh of the Iron Horse on his way to the western sea,  
Joined in orchestral diatribes with the Wapta's melody.

Does he know that spot, far up on the hill, and close to the timber line,  
Where a deep ravine—all scarred and torn—dips down to a thicket of pine,  
While back to the heights the glistening eye of a giant glacier peers,—  
Arched with a brow of shrivelled snow,—and the rime of a thousand years.

Ah me!—can I well forget the place; and that spring so  
long ago:

We were just about to camp for the night, where the  
timber meets the snow,  
When a grizzly sprang from the nearest copse, with a  
two months cub at her side,  
And somehow or other for once that day the master's  
shot went wide.

And that brute rushed in with an angry growl and ven-  
geance writ in her face;  
—And never the chance to pump the breach and back  
with the charge in place—  
And I saw them close in a death-like grip,—but quick as  
flash of brain—  
I seized that cub through the tender-loin till he foamed  
and groaned with pain.

And the mother sprang at the woesome noise of her off-  
spring's pleading call,  
But I never let go of the hold I had though 'twas tum-  
ble and tussle and fall,  
Till the voice of the Marlin told of death, and the echo  
clear and loud—  
Sobbed its requiem out on the wraithy heights, and slept  
in the glacier's shroud.

There was quiver of lip, and glisten in eye, as the master came where I lay,  
While the life-blood flowed from scratch and scar of that rough and tumble fray;  
And all night long through my fitful dreams, as I bordered the shadowy strand,—  
I could hear his pitying whispings—“The best old dog in the land!”

And often now as the nights grow long, and I grow weary and sore,  
And tire of dreaming the hours away on my old red rug on the floor,  
I steal to the master's big arm-chair,—where he sits in reverie,—  
And push my nose into the lap, where it loves so well to be.

And as I look up to the face I love, and see life's evening time  
Writ large in the furrows that crowd his brow,—and sees it writ on mine,—  
His fingers twine in my once silk ears, and he smooths the old curls down,  
And tells me again,—as he often did,—I'm the best old dog in the town!

But I'm feeble and lame and under my fowls the brown is turn-  
ing grey,

Yet I won't complain, for like every dog, I suppose I have had  
my day;

And I want to rest 'neath a Knic-a-nic bed, in the shade of a  
sweet coned pine,  
Where the brown birds come for the berries red in the summer  
of autumn time.

No column of stone, nor words on brass, need mark the spot  
where I lie,

For it's dust to dust,—and nothing beyond,—for such soulless  
things as I;

But I know there is one when he carries me there and tenderly lays me down,  
Will write in his heart my epitaph—“The best old dog in the town!”

A September morn;—a bit of copse;—a quick report;— and then;—  
A painless death for a faithful friend,—and a grave near a strip of fen,—  
A wooden box,—and a brown head lain on a pillow by loving hand;—  
And some blinding tears are the burial prayers for “the best old dog in the land!”

“Now I'm old and lame—and under my fowls, the brown is turning grey.”

—Rev. C. F. Yates in “Rod and Gun.”

**A JAPANESE FAIRY STORY.**

Long years ago there lived with his parents in Japan a young wood-cutter. All day long he worked in the forests, but he could make only a little money to bring home to his old father, who was a selfish old man, and who was always grumbling at the poor food he had to eat. “If we only had a cup of sake” (which is a Japanese drink) “it would warm us up,” he would say, and then he would tell his son how when he was a young man he had always made enough money to buy sake for his friends, as well as himself. The poor young man was very troubled at his father's grumbings, and worked all the harder so as to earn more money to take home. One day he was wondering to himself how he could earn more, when suddenly he heard the sound of running water. Although he had often worked in the same place, he had never



ONE OF THE FAVORITE SPORTS IN MONTREAL JUST NOW—Scene at a recent baseball game between the Montreal and New Jersey teams. Bannon, of Montreal, is at the bat, with Butler, of Jersey City, catching, and Kelley as umpire. (Photographed for The Standard.)



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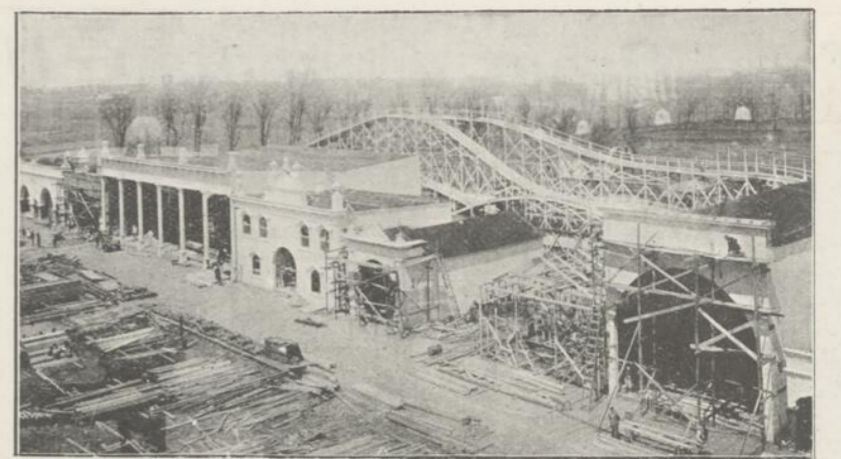
heard this sound before, so he followed the sound until he came to a beautiful little waterfall. He stooped down to drink the clear water, and, to his great surprise, he found that it was not water, but sake. He was so pleased with his discovery, that he immediately filled his water bottle, and ran home with it to his old father, who was so delighted that he drank it nearly all up. The old man gave some of the sake to a neighbor, and told him the tale of the wonderful cascade. This neighbor quickly spread the news, and when the young man arrived the next day at the falls with a large water-bottle, he found many of his neighbors there before him, each laden with jars and water-bottles to carry away the sake. But when they tasted the liquid, to their rage they found it was only water, and they were so angry with the young man, they wanted to duck him in the waterfall. He, however, when he saw their anger, hid himself, and after they had all left, crept out, and tasted the stream. Yes, it was sake again, and so it happened for the dutiful son it flowed sake, but for the greedy neighbors it was only water. When the Emperor of Japan heard this story he rewarded the wood-cutter for being dutiful to his father, and even changed the name of the year in his honor, and to teach all children in the future to obey and care for their parents.

**GIGANTIC NURSERY.**

The Winter Palace in Russia is the largest building in Europe. It was begun by Peter the Great and finished by Catherine II., and is built in red sandstone. It contains the finest state-rooms. Besides these state-rooms, it has 1,500 other rooms. The Imperial



“Now I'm old and lame—and under my fowls, the brown is turning grey.”



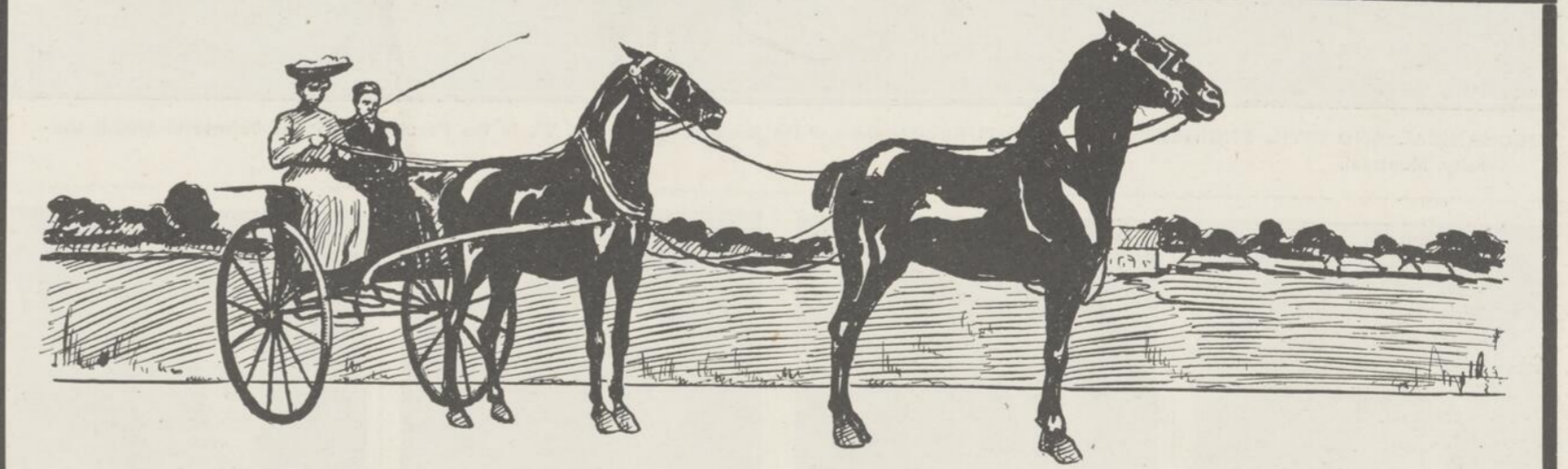
THE GROWTH OF MONTREAL—A section of Dominion Park under construction, showing the scenic railway in the background.

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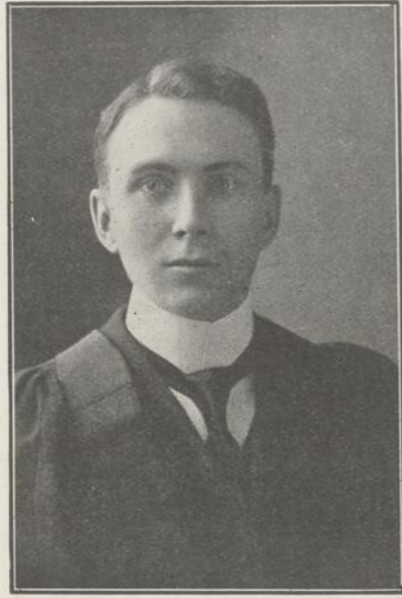


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# Two Great Canadian Universities and Their Contributions to the World's Workers



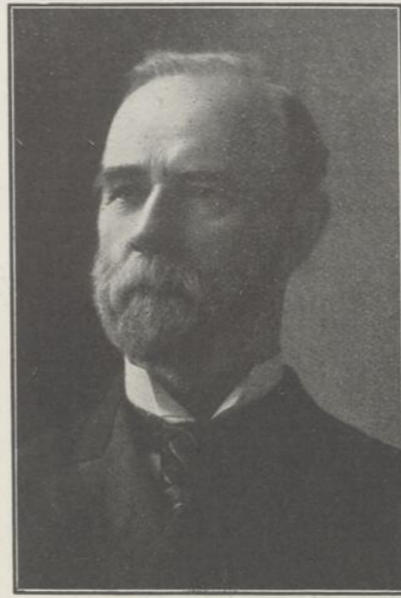
DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GRADUATES—J. H. Trefry, M.A., President of the Alumni Association.



DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GRADUATES—Harry S. Patterson, who won honors in Philosophy.



DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GRADUATES—Francis P. H. Layton, who won honors in Philosophy.



REV. PRINCIPAL JOHN FORREST, D.D.—President of Dalhousie College and University.



DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GRADUATES—John M. Stewart, Secretary of the Graduating Class of '06.



DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GRADUATES—Harry C. Fraser, who won honors in English and History.



DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GRADUATES—Miss Anna E. McLeod, Vice-President of the Class '06.

**ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF DALHOUSIE COLLEGE.**—In connection with the progress of education in the Dominion of Canada, no institution has played a more prominent part than Dalhousie College and University.

Dalhousie was founded upon the Edinburgh model, and has long held a most enviable position among Canadian Universities, being noted especially for the excellence of its Arts Course.

Rev. Dr. John Forrest, the President, has ever had the best interests of education at heart, and he has surrounded himself with a staff of very able professors. Dalhousie graduates are found in the highest walks of life the world over.

The Alumni Association of Dalhousie College and University, of which interesting illustrations are given in this week's issue of The Standard, held its first meeting on April 25th, 1871. The list of its presidents is an honored one. It includes: J. H. Chase, Hon. Robert Sedgewick (Supreme Court of Canada), 'Lieut.-Governor D. C. Fraser, Prof. H. A. Bayne, Hugh Mackenzie, Rev. Louis H. Jordan, Dr. A. H. Mackay (Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia), E. L. Newcombe (Deputy Minister of Justice), Prof. J. G. MacGregor (of Edinburgh University), J. McG. Stewart, J. A. Sedgewick, C. H. Cahan, Prof. Howard Murray, George Patterson, E. Mackay, G. M. Campbell, J. W. Logan, and J. H. Trefry. The retiring President, J. H. Trefry, is a B.A. of '95, and an M.A. of '98. The Secretary-Treasurer, S. A.

Morton, took his B.A. in 1886 and his M.A. eight years later.

The object of the Association is the promotion of the interests of the University—and at no time has this object been more fully carried out than during the past few years. The Association contributes largely to the equipment of the Science Department, and has become an important factor in the life of the University. Its present membership is 490, the increase during the past year being very large. Efforts are being put forth to add to the enrolment the names of all graduates.

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**Benefactors' Gifts To Dalhousie.**

In 1879, Geo. Munro, of New York, a native of Pictou, Nova Scotia, placed in the hands of the Governors the funds necessary for the endowment of a Professorship of Physics. In 1881 he established a Professorship of History and Political Economy. In 1882 he founded a chair of English Language and Literature. In 1883 he added to the staff of the College a Professor of Constitutional and International Law and Tutors in Classics and in Mathematics. In 1884 he founded a Professorship of Metaphysics. Since 1880 he provided the University with Exhibitions and Bursaries to the amount of \$15,700, which, according to his own desire, have been so offered for competition as to stimulate to greater activity and efficiency the High Schools and Academies of Nova Scotia and the neighboring Provinces.

To connect the donor's name for all time with the benefits thus conferred both on the University and his native country, the chairs which he has founded were called the George Munro Chairs of Physics, of History and Political Economy, of English Language and Literature, of Constitutional and International Law, and of Metaphysics respectively.

In 1883, Alexander McLeod, Esq., of Halifax, bequeathed to the University the residue of his estate. The following is an extract from his will:

"All the residue of my estate I give and bequeath to the Governors of Dalhousie College or University in the city of Halifax in trust, that the same shall be invested and form a fund to be called the McLeod University Fund, and the interest and income of which shall be applied to the endowment of three or more professional chairs in said College as they may deem proper; but this bequest is made upon these conditions, namely, that if at any time the said College or University should cease to exist, or be closed for two years, or be made a sectarian College, then and in any such case the said fund and all accumulations thereof shall go to the said Synod of the Maritime Provinces of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, to be used for the purpose of higher education in connection with said Synod, and it is further stipulated that no part of this Fund shall ever be used, either by said Governors of Dalhousie College or by the said Synod as a collateral security under any circumstances whatever."



THESE WILL FOLLOW THE PROFESSION OF ST. LUKE AND ÆSCULAPIUS—Members of Graduating Class of '06 in the Faculty of Medicine of McGill.



MECHANICAL AND CIVIL ENGINEERS OF THE FUTURE—Members of the Graduating Class of '06, in the Faculty of Applied Science of McGill University, Montreal.

**DALHOUSIE COLLEGE**

was founded by the Earl of Dalhousie in 1821, "for the education of youth in the higher branches of science and literature."

The original endowment was derived from funds collected at the port of Castine in Maine, during its occupation in 1814 by Sir John C. Sherbrooke, then Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. These funds the British Government authorized the Earl of Dalhousie, Sir John's successor, to expend in "defraying the expenses of any improvement which it might seem expedient to undertake in the Province"; and the Earl, believing that "a Seminary for the higher branches of education is much needed in Halifax—the seat of the Legislature—of the courts of justice—of the military and mercantile society," decided upon "founding a College or Academy on the same plan and principle of that at Edinburgh," "open to all occupations and sects of religion, restricted to such branches only as are applicable to our present state, and having the power to expand with the growth and improvement of our society."

The original Board of Governors consisted of the Governor-General of British North America, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, the Bishop, the Chief Justice, and President of Council, the Provincial Treasurer, and the Speaker of the House of Assembly.

After unsuccessful efforts on the part of both the British Government and the Governors of the Province, an institution modelled after the University of Oxford, this College went into operation in 1838, under the Presidency of the Rev. Thomas McCulloch, D.D., and with a staff of three professors.

By an Act passed in 1841, University powers were conferred on the College, and the appointment of the Governors was vested in the Lieutenant-Governor and Council.

In 1843 President McCulloch died, and in 1845 the College was closed, the Governors considering it "advisable to allow the funds of the institution to accumulate."

In 1848 an Act was passed, authorizing the Lieutenant-Governor and Council to appoint a new Board of Governors "to take such steps for rendering the institution useful and efficient as to His Excellency may seem fit." This Board, from 1849 to 1859, employed the funds of the University to support a High School.

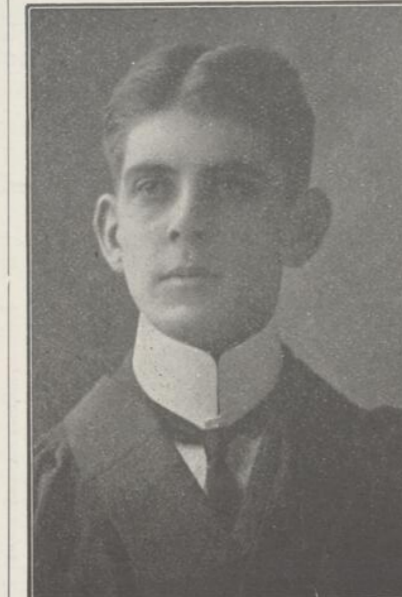
In 1863, the College was re-organized under an Act of the Legislature, extending its basis and making important alterations in its constitution. After providing for appointment of a Board of Governors, with duly defined powers, to control the property and funds of the institution and generally to manage its affairs, the statute enacts that "whenever any body of Christians, of any religious persuasion whatsoever, shall satisfy the Board that they are in a position to endow and support one or more chairs or professorships in the said college, for any branch of literature or science, approved of by the Board, such body in making such endowment, to the extent of twelve hundred dollars a year, shall have a right, from time to time, for every chair endowed, to nominate a Governor to take his seat at the Board, with the approval of the Board of Governors and of the Governor-in-Council, and shall also have a right, from time to time, to nominate a Professor for such chair, subject to the approval of the Board of Governors; and in the event of the death, removal, or resignation of any person nominated under this section, the body nominating shall have power to supply the vacancy thus created."

In pursuance of the Act of 1863, the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces closed their College, and agreed to support two chairs in this University; the Synod of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland founded one chair; and the College opened in 1864, under the Principalship of Rev. James Ross, D.D., and with an Arts Faculty of six professors.

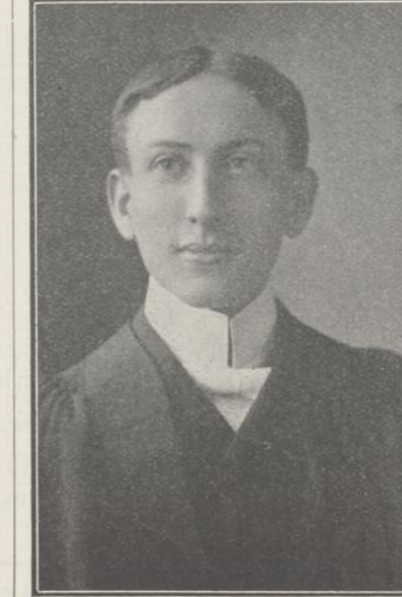
In 1868, a Faculty of Medicine was organized, which in 1875 developed into the Halifax Medical College. In 1885 the Faculty was re-organized, and the Halifax Medical College affiliated.



DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GRADUATES—Miss Blanche E. Murphy, who won honors in English and History.



DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GRADUATES—H. Jermain Creighton, who won honors in Chemistry and Chemical Physics.



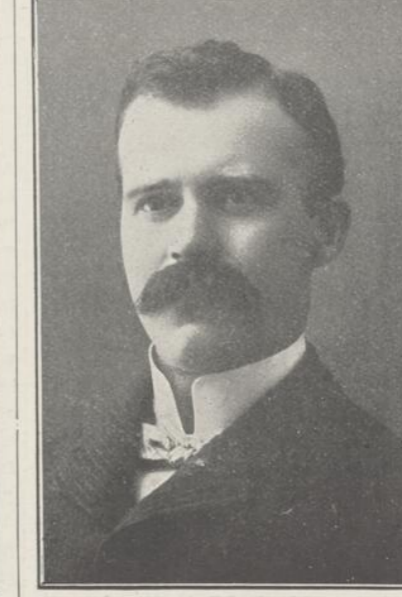
DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GRADUATES—Charles T. Sullivan, who won honors in Pure and Applied Mathematics.



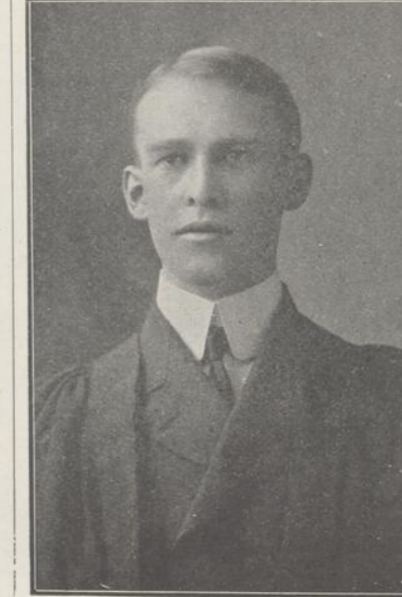
DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GRADUATES—Edward W. Nichols, who achieved general distinction in all subjects.



DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GRADUATES—James G. Bruce, the Class President, and a most popular graduate.



DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GRADUATES—S. A. Morton, M.A., Secretary-Treasurer of the Alumni Association.



DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND ITS GRADUATES—Arthur Moxon, who won honors in classics, and who is a Rhodes Scholar.