

Standard

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SECTION
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VOL. II. No. 36.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

171 ST. JAMES STREET.

A Canadian War Canoe Crew with a Very Successful Season's Record



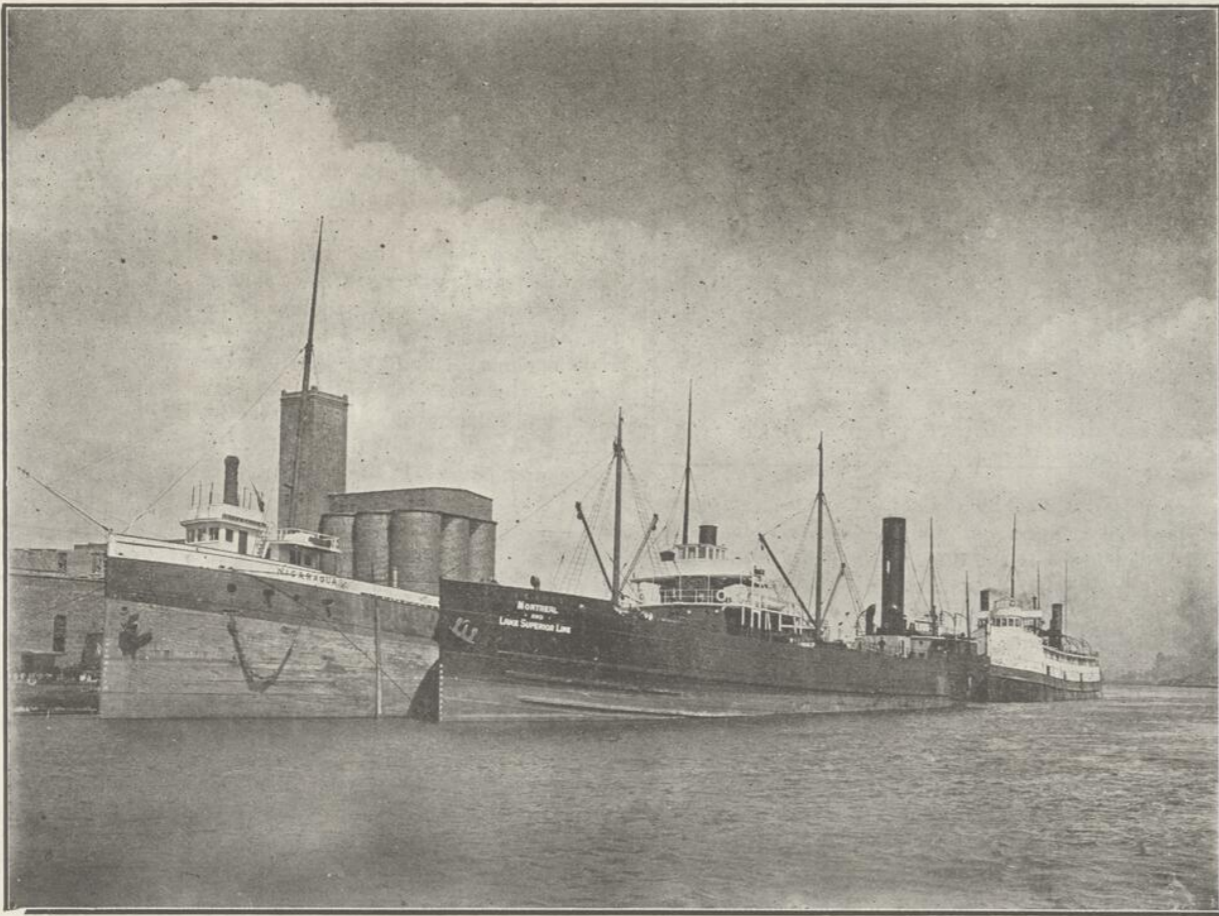
Names of the Britannia War Canoe Crew, which has a great 1906 record:—M. Skuce (stoke), F. Morse, C. Crabb, W. Mason, A. Atcheson, J. Boyce, G. Boyce, H. Kennedy, A. Plant, G. Perley, V. Braceland, E. Ault, J. Hayes, J. Hill, E. R. McNeill (captain). Britannia Fours:—C. Crabb, A. Atcheson, L. Skuce, M. Skuce. The Britannia Boating Club, whose war canoe crew are shown on this page of The Standard, have had a season probably without parallel in the history of canoeing in Canada. The war canoe entered in every regatta held in the Ottawa district, including the Northern Division meet, and also the Canadian Canoe Association meet (Canadian championships), and proved its superiority by taking first place in every instance except the mile event at the C. C. A., when the Brits and Rideaus met in collision. The Britannia Four also won the Canadian championship against all other clubs from this country.



HON. MR. JUSTICE McCORKILL—Who resigned the Quebec Provincial Treasurership to go upon the Bench.



HON. W. A. WEIR—Who succeeds Mr. McCorkill in the Quebec Cabinet as Minister of Public Works.



Scene among the steamships on the Lachine Canal after the accident by which a steamship sailed through and broke down the lock gates, flooding many adjoining properties. (Photographed for The Standard.)



The Famous Pilgrim Cricket Team of Philadelphia which has recently been visiting Canada. (Photographed for The Standard.)

NEW JUDGES.



MR. JUSTICE DEMERS.
Louis Philippe Demers, K. C., B.A., LL.D., who has been appointed a judge, has had a distinguished career in political and legal circles. He was born at St. George d'Henriville, in Iberville County, Quebec, on Sept. 16, 1863.



Members of the big Fraternal Congress, which recently held a very successful meeting in Montreal.

Parliamentarians Will Soon Once More Gather at the "Washington of the North."



THE IMPROVEMENT AND BEAUTIFYING OF OTTAWA—Scene along the Driveway near the Exhibition Grounds, showing the manner in which former ugliness has given way to great artistic beauty. (Photograph by Pittaway, Ottawa.)



THE WESTERN DEPARTMENTAL BLOCK AT OTTAWA—This is one of the administrative buildings connected with the Canadian Houses of Parliament. It is an imposing structure, and its architectural lines are singularly graceful and beautiful.

OTTAWA—"THE WASHINGTON OF THE NORTH."

The capital which now likes to call itself "the Washington of the North" was born of hostility to the Washington of the South. In the ugly old days when our grandfathers glowered at each other across the international boundary, the British Government thought it needed a military route less exposed to American raids than that by the St. Lawrence, which had been considerably disturbed in the War of 1812. Accordingly it offered to help the Province of Upper Canada to dig a canal from Kingston, on Lake Ontario, to the Ottawa River. The Province was not impressed with the idea of spending its money on such a project, and the Imperial Government had to do the work itself. It sent Colonel By, of the Royal Engineers, to survey a canal, and when a little town sprang up at the end of it, the natural name for it was "Bytown." That name was good enough for over a quarter of a century, but finally the town began to feel some stirrings of ambition; and when it became incorporated as a city in 1854, it had itself rechristened "Ottawa." At that time the question of a capital for the Province of Canada was acute. Canada then consisted of the present Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, which were governed by a single Legislature. This body had met at Montreal, but after the riots in which Lord Elgin, the Governor-General, was insulted and the Parliament House burned, the Legislature took to the road, and met alternately at Toronto and Quebec. The inconvenience of this arrangement led, in 1857, to a request to Queen Victoria to select a permanent capital, and the next year she chose Ottawa. The rival cities grumbled, and a contest ensued. In the course of which the royal choice was more than once rejected. But in the end the natural advantages of the site, and the persistency of the Government wore down the opposition, and Ottawa won a prize which, as it turned

out, was greater than anybody had imagined. For hardly had the new Government buildings been finished, than they were called upon to accommodate, not a provincial Legislature, but the Parliament of a continental Dominion.

Ottawa Destined as Canada's Capital.

Some glimmerings of Ottawa's destiny had not been lacking from the first. In the very year of Bytown's birth its founder had predicted that it would some day be the capital of Canada, and Sir John Franklin had made the same prophecy. Its situation was one that marked it out for such a distinction. It was as nearly as possible on the line between French and English Canada. If the two parts of the country were ever to be united, it was somewhere in that vicinity that the common capital must be placed. The balance between Upper and Lower Canada that made it necessary to put the capital of the united Province on the Ottawa River was like the balance between North and South that made it necessary to put the capital of the United States on the Potomac. As it happened, the site marked out by political necessity was one of superb natural advantages. A series of bold, wooded bluffs overlooked a mighty river which tumbled over a broken cliff in a cataract forty feet high. Below this Chaudiere Fall the Ottawa received on one side the Rideau, dropping in by another fall of the same height; on the other the picturesque Gatineau. Above and below, great stretches of tranquil water opened invitingly the gates of the forest wildernesses.

When Ottawa was selected as the capital of the old Province of Canada, a vast pile of Government buildings was begun. This was the critical moment in the town's history. Had these buildings been unworthily planned or unfortunately placed, Ottawa's civic ambition might never have awakened.



THE CANADIAN THRONE AND SENATE CHAMBER—The former is occupied by the Governor-General at the opening and closing of Parliament, and is a handsome affair draped in crimson and topped by the royal arms. The vice-regal chair is famous for its wealth of carving. It is not seen in the illustration owing to the dark shadows cast by the crimson draperies around the Throne. The Speaker's chair, which occupies a place in front of the Governor-General's, may be noticed, however, at the back of the chair occupied by the Clerk of the Senate. In the Senate Chamber all the smart functions connected with the opening and closing of Parliament are held. It is the more exalted chamber of the two Houses of Parliament.

There was no grandiose city design like that by which Washington has been jacked up in spite of itself to the level of a great capital. The street plan of Ottawa was and is commonplace. It was drawn without imagination to suit the immediate needs of a small provincial town. It took the local authorities a long time to realize that the place was ever going to be anything more. They have not fully assimilated the idea yet. But the Parliament Buildings have stood year after year as an example and a stimulus to civic pride, teaching Ottawa to appreciate her possibilities and lifting her eyes above the swirl of sawdust at her feet.

Superb Situation Of the Capitol.

Crowning the boldest promontory that juts into the river, the great Gothic tower of the Library of Parliament soars like a mountain peak into the sparkling Canadian air. Visible for miles around, it adds at once the touch of human distinction to the natural sublimity of the scene. Like a European cathedral town, the city possessing this treasure is lifted at once above the commonplace. The Library of Parliament is the dominating feature of the great mass of Government Buildings, forming three sides of a quadrangle, with its back to the river and its front on a terraced court facing the city. There would be a fourth side, but business came too near, and a new department block facing the Parliament Buildings, across the avenue bordering the court, was made to conform with the business rather than with the official standards.

When you stand on Parliament Hill, you have from several points of view that satisfying impression of completeness that is so rare on our rough-hewn

continent. There is a finished picture; it looks cheap in comparison. The Canadian buildings are so spaced and isolated that they have some of the stateliness of the Capitol at Washington. When the Parliament buildings were designed, practical men at Ottawa thought they were laid out on a scale of wanton extravagance. But now the Government has overflowed its accommodations. It has had to build one new block outside of the original quadrangle, and it is paying so much rent for other quarters that it is preparing to build more. Across the canal is Major Hill Park, and on the other side of that it is proposed to raise a new range of Government buildings that will double the extent and impressiveness of the civic centre.

Ottawa is Primarily A Commercial City.

At the foot of Parliament Hill are the locks of the Rideau Canal, which might really be called one of the natural features of the place, since they were there, along with the hills and waterfalls, before there was any Ottawa. It is not often that a canal is one of the attractions of a city. Usually it is a disfigurement, which people who are not tied to it by business try to avoid, as they do the railroads and wharves. But the Rideau's long flight of stone locks, running up the hill from the river like a giant's stairway, is a decorative feature and a source of endless entertainment. People stand for hours on the bridges above it, or on the masonry copings of the locks, watching the boats lazily climb the stairs, while the skippers' wives nurse their babies on deck. There is nothing squalid about its surroundings. It lies between two parks, an attraction for each, and a permanent refutation of the theory that business and ugliness must necessarily go together.

Unlike Washington, Ottawa is a commercial town, and was a commercial town before it was a capital. This fact has colored its entire outlook on

life. Business has been first, and attractiveness second. The great business of Ottawa is lumber. Fortunately that trade is one of the least repulsive means by which money can be made. The logs shooting the chutes of the Chaudiere at sixty miles an hour and then rounding up like herded cattle into huge bunches covering acres of river, the buzzing sawmills charging the air with the tang of fresh-cut pine, the neatly-stacked piles of clean boards, do not tend, like coal yards and slaughter-houses, to make life unbearable. They are not at all inconsistent with an attractive city. They really add to the interest of living. The chief annoyance is the sawdust, which is all right in its place, in dolls, pincushions, prize-rings, and breakfast food, but all wrong in a river otherwise so perfect for fishing, canoeing, and bathing. The Ottawa people are constantly complaining of the millmen's habit of throwing sawdust into the river—a practice forbidden by a Dominion law sixteen years old—but they keep on doing it. Still, there has been a marked improvement in this respect since the time when the stream was so choked that its beauty was utterly destroyed, and the builders of the Interprovincial Bridge had to sink a pier through sixty feet of solid sawdust.

The people of Ottawa were going ahead, making money, and paying little heed to the suffering beauty of their surroundings, when, ten years ago, Sir Wilfrid Laurier made a speech in which he referred to the Dominion capital as the future "Washington of the North." The name stuck, the Ottawans liked it, and they began to look about to see how they could live up to it. All the attractions they had at that time they owed to nature and the General Government. But what the Government had done had been entirely in the line of supplying its own needs, and not with any conscious purpose of beautifying Ottawa; for Ottawa, again unlike Washington, was not under national control, but was simply a city of the Province of Ontario, with its own Mayor and Council, like any other.



A POPULAR OTTAWA PHYSICIAN—Sir James Grant, K.C.M.G., one of the leading members of the medical profession in Canada.



THE IMPROVEMENT AND BEAUTIFYING OF OTTAWA—The driveway along the bank of the Rideau Canal, and not far from the Experimental Farm. (Photograph by Pittaway, Ottawa.)

Canadian Alpine Club's Explorations Among World Famous Peaks of Rocky Mountains



CANADIAN ALPINE CLUB'S EXPLORATION OF THE ROCKIES — A merry party beneath the giant firs in the Yoho Valley. (Photograph by Byron Harman, Banff.)



CANADIAN ALPINE CLUB'S EXPLORATION OF THE ROCKIES—Mount Stephen and Cathedral Peak, two of the giants of the Rockies. From the former, Lord Mount-Stephen takes his title. (Photograph by Notman.)



CANADIAN ALPINE CLUB'S EXPLORATION OF THE ROCKIES—Members of the Club on the trail to the Yoho Valley. (Photograph by Byron Harman, Banff.)

FIRST SUMMER CAMP OF THE CANADIAN ALPINE CLUB.—For a lusty infant of four months old to organize a Summer Camp in the very heart of the Canadian mountains, to gather together from all parts of the Dominion no less than one hundred people, including visitors from the United States, England, South Africa, etc., to transport all their baggage and supplies on ponies over rough mountain trails, to conduct official climbs to peaks 10,000 feet above sea level, to take trips of two days' duration away from the base of supplies, to do exploration, scientific, and art work, to take people over glaciers, raging torrents, ice and snow fields, up and down through mountain, valley, pass, and level stretches—to do all this for a week without a single accident, and without a single person missing a meal, partakes of the miraculous, and is a record of which every one connected with the Alpine Club of Canada may well boast, for it is indeed the story in brief of the Yoho Camp.

The Yoho valley is in the very heart of the Selkirk. Only discovered a few years ago, it is one of those beautiful places which cannot be adequately described. Even those privileged to spend a whole week amid its marvellous surroundings failed to realize—and every one was painfully conscious of the fact—one thousandth part of its wonders. At the very summit of the Pass, on the borders of a lake whose marvellous coloring of emerald was a constant source of wonder and delight to the visitors.

five miles higher than Emerald Lake and Chalet, was the Camp. On all sides it was overshadowed by giant peaks, and the dark trees of the forest enclosed it in completely. It was easy to imagine that once inside there was no way out. The delusion was complete, and it was not far from being a reality. Only half a dozen trails led into the valley, and by no other means could one pass in or out.

Streams Fed by The Glaciers Above.

The visitors had a fine breaking in on their first day in camp, when the great body started from Mount Stephen House, the fine hotel built by the Canadian Pacific Railway under the shadow of Mount Stephen, and opposite Mount Field, at the little wayside station of Field in British Columbia. For the first nine miles there is now a good wagon road up to Emerald Lake and Chalet. Conveyances met the trains, and so far everything seemed on a par with civilization itself. The road is wildly romantic and beautiful. It lies entirely through a portion of the Canadian National Park, and one of the many wonders seen, even on this initial trip, was the natural bridge, a never failing source of interest to all visitors. The great bulk of the party started out in high spirits, and it seemed as if the trip were indeed a picnic until the Chalet was reached. Here luncheon was served, and the second portion of the journey commenced. The

trail leads round the lake, and then across what are known in the mountain regions as flats.

Rushing along these places are numerous brawling streams fed by the glaciers above, and on occasions they are swelled beyond negotiating by any other means than on horseback. On this particular occasion all the streams were easily and successfully crossed by means of fallen logs—two placed side by side make a good foot bridge—until the main stream was reached. Here there was no alternative but to take the ice cold water and the visitors were at once broken in to the truth that if you go mountaineering you must not expect to remain dry shod. As the ice melts more rapidly during the day time when the sun overhead swelters every one, the little stream of the morning becomes a raging torrent in the evening and those who formed the second party had perforce to remain on the banks of this stream until rescued by the pack-horse train and forded across on one of the guide's horses. This little incident impressed the visitors on the first day with the fact that the Camp was meant for work and not merely for play. A number of the party proceeded to the Camp over the Burgess trail—a severe climb, and a good breaking in for many volunteers for this novelty that not half the tent accommodation was used, and ladies and gentlemen alike volunteered for the sky parlour. We had penetrated right to the

head of the Yoho Valley, and sleeping on a bed of balsam, beneath a perfect sky, with the thunder of the Falls on one side and the noise of the rushing waters of the Yoho River on the other, we had a splendid night—it would have

caused a never ceasing admiration for their cleverness.

The Yoho Glacier was the first objective, and the President and several members engaged in scientific measurements. They cut steps with ice-axes



CANADIAN ALPINE CLUB'S EXPLORATION OF THE ROCKIES—Twin Falls in the Yoho Valley (over 1,000 feet high). (Photograph by Notman.)

they worked, and at the extreme edge of this tongue is a cave so large that a man looks like an insect as he inspects this wonderful work of nature. The water of the Yoho River comes from underneath this ice, and rushes down the valley, being joined on the way by numerous ice-fed tributaries, until it becomes a mighty rushing stream and eventually joins the Kicking Horse and finds its way to the Pacific Ocean. A short distance below our Yoho Camp it rushes along with a speed of thirty miles per hour, and finding itself enclosed in a rocky gorge with a steep descent foams and boils in such a way as to cause a deafening roar. The manner in which trees, and rocks, and every obstruction is carried down testifies to the strength of the water, and there would be no hope for the unfortunate individual who took a wrong step, and found himself in it.

On the way back to the main camp, another of these remarkable falls, known as the Twin Falls, was seen. One of the Twins, we were told, had lately run in an attenuated fashion, but we were fortunate in seeing all these falls at their best. The great heat of the sun during the daytime swelled the immense bodies of waters feeding these falls, and though the Twins as we saw them, were unequal in force and power, they were near enough in volume and might to justify their names. There were many lesser falls, and every minute was rich in ever changing views. The trail, like all these trails, led up and down round what are called shoulders of hills, across rocks, green stretches, through timber, boulders, and shale, and gave every variety of experience.

Real Work Begins In Earnest.

On Tuesday morning the real work of the Camp started in earnest. Interest centred on the official climb up Mt. Vice-President, for which two ladies and ten gentlemen had entered. Others tried less difficult but scarcely less exciting feats. It was reported that the party ascending Mt. Burgess had a particularly exciting time. Both morning and afternoon the Rev. Dr. Herdman headed parties to the Emerald Glacier, and this combination of ascending over-shale, boulders, rock, ice, and snow gave most of those trying it quite enough occupation for the day. The weather was unpropitious in the morning, but cleared up later on, and in the afternoon some beautiful

views were enjoyed. Amongst the numerous curious phenomenon observed were beautiful rainbows, which, seen from the clouds above, and shining in all their marvellous colors below, was indeed a sight never to be forgotten.

Each of the several trips was productive of something of special interest, but particular mention must be made of what was known as the Yoho round trip. This took two days, one to go and one to return. On the outward trip the famous Takkakaw Falls were seen in all their wondrous majesty. Every member of the party was willing to sit for hours admiring these falls. From every point of view they presented a sight calculated to awe and impress the observers. It seemed impossible to escape from them. Soon after striking the trail for the head of the valley, the thunders of the Falls were heard, and as one got above the timber line the main fall—900 feet long—was seen dashing down to the river below. The glacial water appears to have forced its way right through the solid rock and falls in great leaps to the rock below and into the boiling, swirling waters of the river. The whole fall is said to be 1,200 feet, and the thundering descent of hundreds of tons of water every minute without any apparent effect upon the glacier above may enable readers who have not seen the mountains to have some faint conception of the immense masses of ice that form these glaciers. To add to our knowledge of the glaciers will be one of the most important portions of the future work of the Club.—"Rod and Gun."

THE WORLD'S AGE.

Who will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks of Heaven within us lying
Flash, and will flash till the last.
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Ante-room of Hell.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters;
Heir of all the age's gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
While a man from man is wrung;
Know by every want and blessing
That the world is young.

—Charles Kingsley.



CANADIAN ALPINE CLUB'S EXPLORATION OF THE ROCKIES—Members of the Club ready to start for the 10,500 feet climb to the Vice-President Peaks. (Photograph by Byron Harman, Banff.)

been perfection had the porcupines only let us alone. On retiring we found one of these strange creatures settled comfortably on the bed chewing at a bath towel that had been carelessly left outside the canvas cover. When disturbed in this appetizing meal the way he scuttled up a tree was remarkable. No sooner, however, were we comfortably between the blankets—and between two ice fed waters it was cold, and blankets were comfortable—than he came into Camp again, and got far too familiar to allow us to rest. At intervals, during the night, first one and then the other would awake the echoes of the night with a blood curdling yell as a porcupine would attempt to chew up our bed covering and seek to deprive us of the warmth which it was absolutely essential for us to retain.

Yoho Glacier was First Explored.

A hearty breakfast of hot coffee and camp fare enabled us to face with pleasure the further experience of crossing the head of the Yoho River on saddle horses. The gallant little animals breasted the stream nobly, but it was a curious sensation to feel that just for a moment—which appeared an hour—the horse lost its foothold, and the banks and the waters appeared to be going past with the speed of an express train. Then the noble little animal recovered its footing, breasted the water again, and soon landed the writer on the further bank. It was a little bit of personal experience that gave one an added respect for these mountain ponies whose intelligence in overcoming difficulties of a special charac-

and to the onlookers appeared to be crawling over a mere fraction of the visible surface of this mighty glacier—mighty, though by no means the largest of the series which make British Columbia so remarkable. It was only the tongue of the glacier upon which



CANADIAN ALPINE CLUB'S EXPLORATION OF THE ROCKIES—A picturesque camp among the pines in the famous Yoho Valley. (Photograph by Byron Harman, Banff.)

Latest Fashion Hints for Lady Readers From The Standard's Exclusive Parisian Service



THE STANDARD'S SPECIAL PARISIAN FASHION SERVICE—A dainty gown of pale gray messaline. The full skirt is fitted at hips by means of flat pleats stitched to look like pinch-tucks. The band of embroidered chiffon, in shades of gray and coral, is finished with three frills, alternate Valenciennes lace, and gray satin ribbon. The waist is fashioned of chiffon and messaline, finished with frills of lace and ribbon to form a bolero. The wide fitted girdle is of coral satin. (Photograph by Henri Manuel, Photographie d'Art, Paris.)

Smart Ideas in Lace Motifs.

Lace Seldom Falls Over the Body Material in Smartest Lace-Trimmed Gowns.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5th.—A few years ago the cry was for a long waist line, but now matters have reversed themselves, and it is the long skirt line instead. A silk messaline gown of palest rose was inset with spangled lace motifs of the same shade, and was worn over a deep pink foundation. The lace motifs were lined with chiffon of corresponding color, and on the bottom of the foundation were two sun-pleated flounces of the same chiffon. The bodice was cut square, and finished with a cunning little spangled vest curved at the top.

A crushed satin girdle just below the bust closed with a big silk cabbage rose. The full sleeves fell in a series of pleats to the elbow, where they seemed to be tucked under a close fitting cuff. This charming costume was worn by a woman whose figure carried the style with remarkable grace. And her clear blonde complexion and fluffy hair furnished the required details to make her one of the most conspicuous dancers at a ball.

In many of the smartest gowns that are lace trimmed the lace seldom falls directly over the body material; flutings and frills of

chiffon, both plain and edged with narrow ruches, are used to soften the effect and to make the patterns stand away from the mesh. This same rule applies to entire frocks when the silk or satin foundations as well as informal ones. The dressy little frock of sheer fabric and laces opens at the back, leaving an undivided expanse at the front for embellishment. Many skirts of sheer dresses this season

dress accessory, being made as it is of finest mull and laces; this over a comparatively plain blouse gives it the desired chic. The ends may be worn inside the skirt. Buff and cream linens are favor-

ite colors for the purpose, and even at times a rich golden yellow is successfully introduced, and is especially lovely with gray. When a pronounced color is used for the suit, which is rare this season, pale cream or chamois is apt to form a waistcoat, but whatever its shade, embroidery is the feature. As the newest waistcoat hooks over invisibly to one side, there is a band of embroidery directly down the centre. Satin stitch in fine floss makes a delicate effect.

Montreal Theatrical Season is Now in Full Swing



DAVID MONTGOMERY in "The Red Mill," appearing at His Majesty's during the week commencing September 10th.



MARGARET McDONALD with "Me, Him, and I," at the Academy of Music during the week commencing September 10th.



FRED STONE in "The Red Mill," appearing at His Majesty's during the week commencing September 10th.

Wings Were Thus Brought Into Uniform Contact.

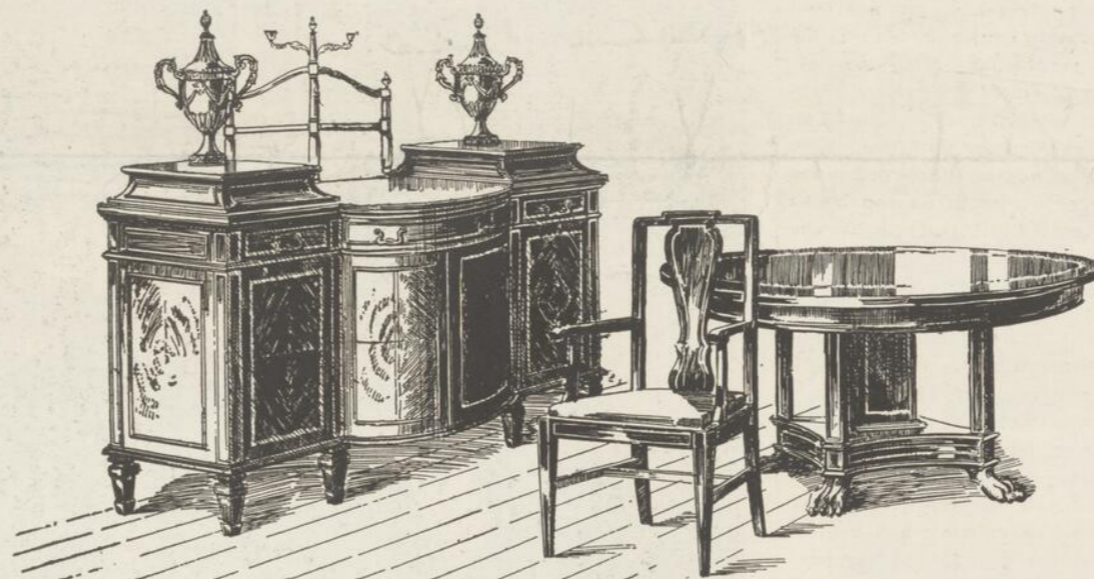
The V-shaped neck was finished with a bevy of lace birds applied in such a way as to bring the wings in uniform contact, forming the edge of the opening; toward the waist line the birds grew

partake of plain lines, while the blouse accompanying them may be as fussy as one desires. The large cape collar with long ends that cross in front is a conspicuous

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Fine Rugs and Carpets, Wall Hangings, Curtains, Electric Light Fixtures, etc. SHOWROOMS—2336-2338 ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL.



THE STANDARD'S SPECIAL PARISIAN FASHION SERVICE—Exquisite gown of brown crepe. The Princesse skirt is fitted to the waist by clusters of small tucks. The foot trimming is bias folds laid on in Vandyke points, the point spaces being filled in with large embroidered leaves in shades of brown. Bodice of Venetian lace, with bias folds of the brown crepe, the sleeves being embroidered to match skirt. (Photograph by Henri Manuel, Photographie d'Art, Paris.)

handwork of the richest and most elaborate type. Little Bird Whispers. THAT—Silk voile will be one of the most popular stuffs for dressy gowns. THAT—Many of the fall models show separate coats of soft, long-haired cloth, similar to the heavy India cashmere. THAT—Mirror or panne velvets are as much employed as ever for accessories. THAT—Kimonos that are made from Japanese silk in novelty design of either dainty Geisha girls, or fans and lanterns, are proving remarkably popular. THAT—The beautiful fibre silk braids have become staple. THAT—The fashionable opera coat of next season will be a genuine mandarin coat embroidered all over with Japanese or Chinese

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smaller and seemed to disappear in the folds of the girdle. Contrary to modes Empire, the skirt was divided by a Spanish flounce, which deepened at the back to form the train. A superb gown of maize-colored satin swathed with thinnest gauze tissue was made on semi-empire lines and trimmed with amber paillettes. The bolero bodice was finished with a slashed girdle effect not unlike the girdle worn by Romeo's Juliet. The low neck was filled in with masses of fine lace, while pointed ends of the same lace depended from the short sleeves. The skirt was embellished with wreaths of amber paillettes connected by dull gold threads. Amber hair ornaments adorned her auburn coiffure, and the jewels were topazes and pearls. Less extravagant in detail, but not less attractive, was a white messaline over malachite green. Myriads of pin tucks held the fullness of the skirt to the girdle, which, by the way, was permanently attached and firmly boned. A deep hem and two wide tucks finished the bottom, through which gleamed many narrow silk ruffles that finished the foundation. The baby bodice was sun-pleated and hung in voluminous folds from a fitted yoke of green and white needlework.

Combine in the Making of Successful Summer Frocks.

Coarse and fine laces, English eyelet and convent embroidery all combine, with billowy masses of tucks and shirrings, in the making of successful summer frocks that may be worn on ceremonious occa-



The above shows a corner of one of the Studios in the United Arts and Crafts, 91 West King Street, Toronto. A society of expert decorators and makers of hand-constructed furniture. FACTORY: 1012 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. The Studios at 91 King Street West, Toronto, are open to visitors, who will find them one of the most interesting places in Canada.

ILLUSTRATED
SUPPLEMENT

The Standard

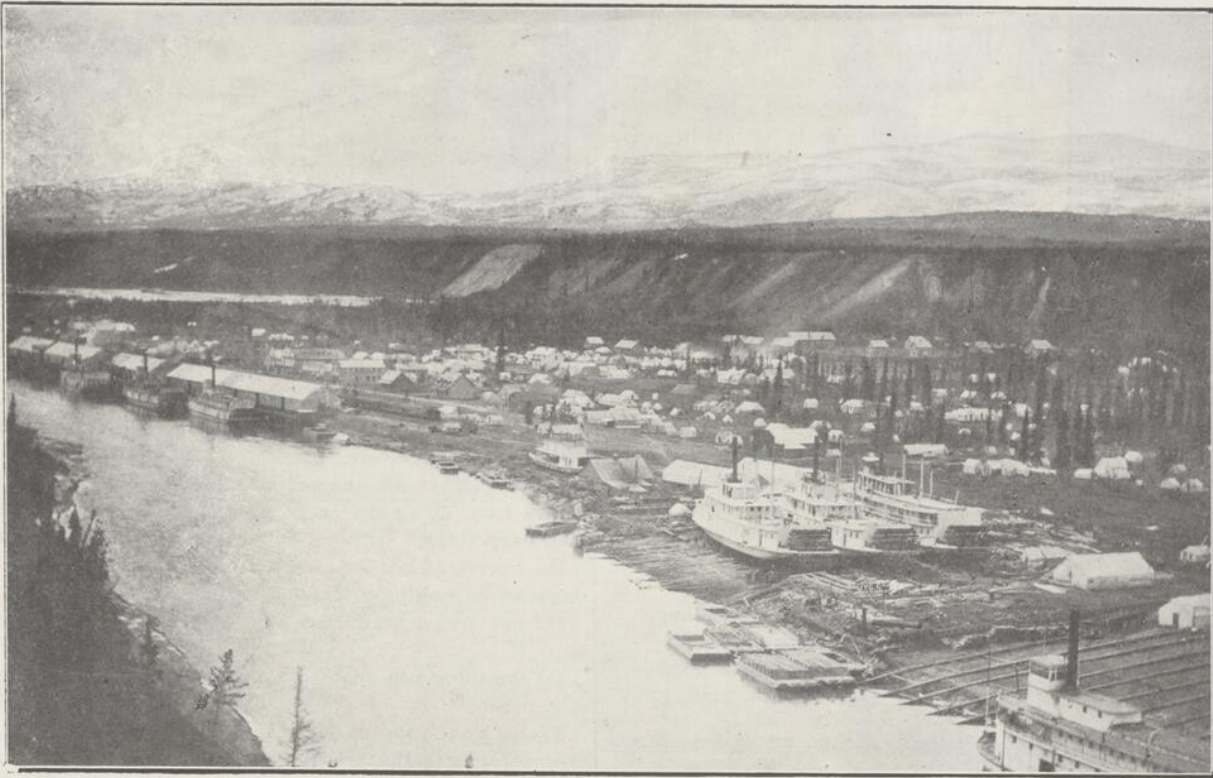
SECTION
NUMBER TWO

VOL. II. No. 36.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

171 ST. JAMES STREET.

Gold Discoveries at White Horse Have Aroused Great Interest in Canada



White Horse, situated at the head of navigation on the Yukon River.



The interior of a miner's cabin at Dixon Creek, showing the agencies employed for whiling away the evenings.



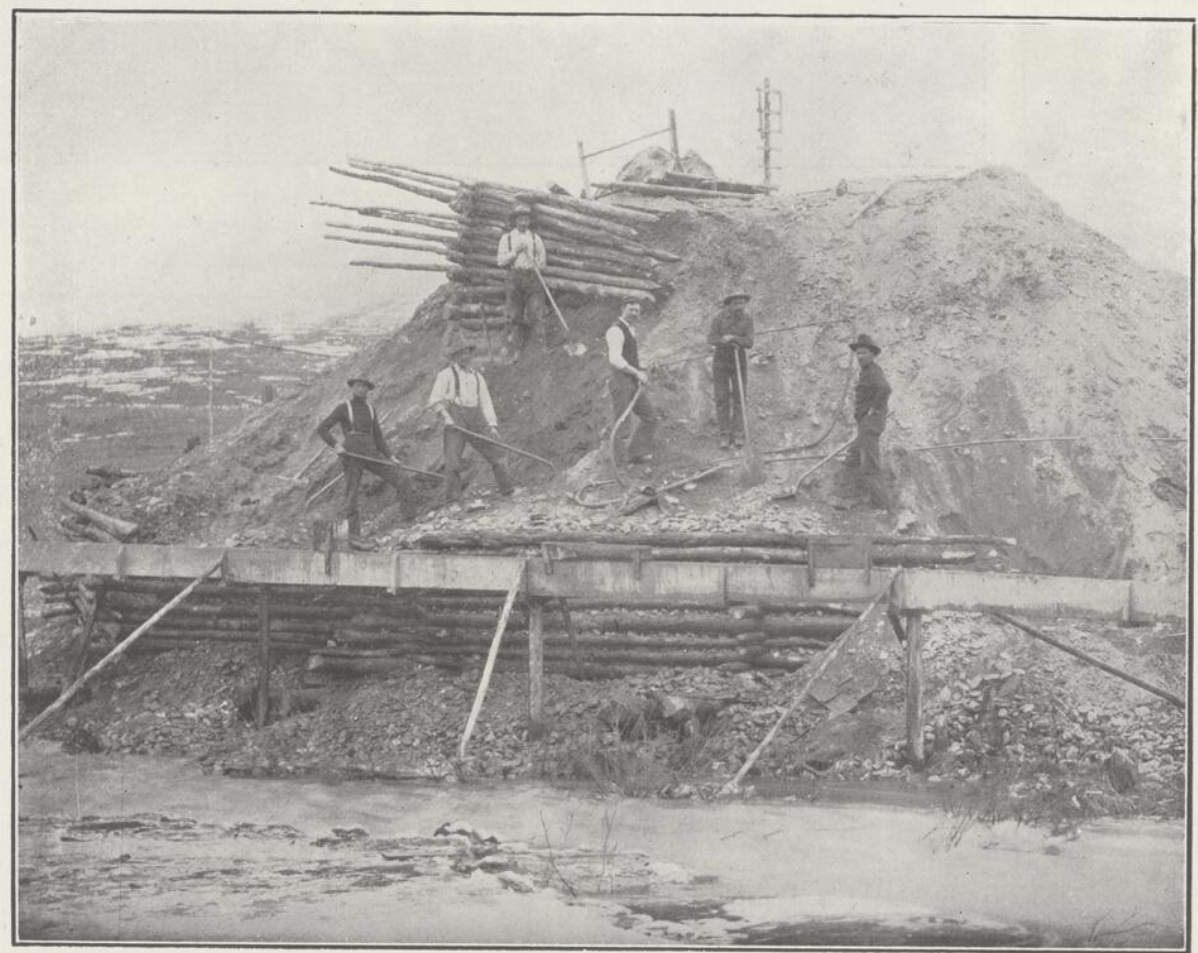
The humble log cabin of a miner at Dominion Creek.



A primitive hotel in the mining district on Dixon Creek.



Mastodon Head, discovered underground near Quartz Creek



Placer Miners at work in the vicinity of Quartz Creek.



Summer Mining at Dominion Creek. Cleaning up \$200,000 in gold.



The Good Samaritan Hospital at Dixon Creek, originally built under the supervision of Dr. Andrew Grant.

Teachers and Pupils of the Catholic High School of Montreal; Victoria Rifles Officers



Teachers and Pupils of the Catholic High School of Montreal, which had its autumn opening on September 5th. (Photographed for The Standard.)

CONCENTRATION IS KEY TO SUCCESS.

ONE of the hackneyed figures of speech that is as commonly used perhaps as any other is, "I cannot think of twenty things at once"; and imagine this said in a petulant tone of voice, and it will recall to you how often it is said.

As a matter of fact, like most figures of speech, it is quite untrue. You can think of twenty things at once, and it is because of that, by no means an achievement to be proud of, so many men fall in life, so many men stop short of reaching the summit. Any fool can think of twenty things at once; the lunatic asylums are full of people who think of twenty things at once.

A wise man, a man with his brain under perfect control, is he who thinks of one thing at a time and keeps all subjects foreign to that at hand locked up in little drawers in his brain.

Faced with the business necessity of cutting down expenses, B does not permit his mind to wander off into sentimental side issues as A does. He realizes at once, for instance, that he can save money by going into far cheaper offices, and there the matter ends. In cutting off his East Liberty branch he does not waste time in wondering how Smith, his East Liberty manager, will feel about it. The branch has been a failure. It must go. And B's aggregate saving of time in this and similar business matters, as compared with A's loss of time, must represent an important factor in the struggle for such success as both are striving after.

It is Quite Possible to Focus the Mind.

It is not difficult to understand why a man who has a dozen different interests and very few of us have less, cannot readily focus his mind upon one of those subjects to the exclusion of all the rest, but he will do it the more readily if he adopts a system which the writer (an English journalist) found to work excellently. Let him liken his mind to a camera primed ready for use; he has fixed his plate, and has decided on what picture or image he intends operating. He will know that it is impossible for him to take two aspects of one picture at once; he has one plate

for one object, and if he says to himself, "I intend taking this picture," or, in other words, "I intend dealing solely with this subject under review, and no other," and he takes hold of his wandering fancy and steadfastly points all his thought, the whole of his mind, the whole of his imagination towards that one subject, he will have mastered the first principle of concentration.

Suppose you have a card with a hundred different pictures of the size of a dime. Take another card perfectly blank of the same size, with one hole the size of one of the pictures; lay your blank card upon the top of the other.

ployer knows this. He finds it necessary to stimulate and urge his men more in summer than in winter. It is not that they are unwilling perhaps. But there is a slackness in the air, a kind of creeping paralysis of the energies. The relaxing heat affects the best of men physically and mentally. It requires a strong effort to "tone up" without a spur.

Learn to read and understand difficult literary passages amid distracting surroundings.

Learn to concentrate for minutes on an abstract word—say "wisdom"—without thinking of any of the things the

word suggests. (This is one of the most difficult exercises.)

Think of a concrete thing—a flower, for instance, without allowing your mind to wander to any of the mind pictures suggested by a flower, such as fields, gardens, bouquets.

*** ** *

It is Quite Easy to get Off the Track.

How quickly the mind gets off the track will be best illustrated by the following sequence of thoughts described by a novice: A daisy, a field, a cow,

STUBTOE LAND.

How would it be to steal away,
When sunny is the weather,
And leave the town, all dull and brown,
And jog along together,
Down in the road in the old-time way,
By lane and fields a-smiling,
Until we came to Stubtoe Land—
Now, isn't the thought beguiling?

It seems to me 'twould be so good
To go where nothing's hurried,
Where clanking bells and all that tells
Of strife is dead and buried;
To just forget the whistle's screech,
And things that's irritating,
And where the style of clothes you wear
Don't indicate your rating.

I think—don't you—this din and roar
Just makes a fellow wonder
If all those things he used to know
Still live in Old Back Yonder.
I'm not dissatisfied with life,
And mind, I'm not fault-finding,
But how would it seem to forget, just
—at once,
This everlasting grinding

How would it be to drop the mask
That we're forever wearing,
And be ourselves in Stubtoe Land—
Back of the Hills of Caring?
To follow the barefoot trail along,
By lanes and fields a-smiling,
It seems to me it would be so good—
Now, isn't the thought beguiling?



VICTORIA RIFLES OFFICERS AT THE REGIMENTAL COUNTRY HOUSE—Reading from left to right, their names are: Lieut.-Col. Wilson, Capt. Hiam, Capt. Gascoigne, and Lieut. Cook.

paper, an advertisement, a dress, a dance, a man, etc., etc.

Learn to suppress the irritation that comes from doing the uncongenial but necessary thing.

Do not build air castles when you ought to be making bricks for cottages.

Do not dream between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.

Do the thing you ought to do at once—at once.

Finish what you are doing as though that thing was the crowning work of your life.

The man who thinks of millions usually counts his monthly salary in two figures.

SIX TIPS FOR LONG LIFE.

First: Rise early, retire early, and fill your day with work.

Second: Water and bread maintain life; pure air and sunshine are indispensable to health; and do not worry.

Third: Frugality and sobriety form the best elixir of longevity.

Fourth: Cleanliness prevents rust; the best-cared-for machines last the longest.

Fifth: Enough sleep repairs waste and strengthens; too much sleep softens and enfeebles.

Sixth: A clean and cheerful house makes a happy home.



CORNWALL "OLD BOYS" RE-UNION—The pretty homestead of Mr. Joseph Gallinger at Cornwall. Four generations of the family may be seen on the piazza, and all attended the week's social gatherings.

By moving it about you are able to see the pictures, but only one at a time. Call the hole in the card concentration, and you have an object lesson which should serve you in good stead.

And yet, easy as it sounds, concentration is the most difficult thing in the world to acquire.

Even when acquired in some degree, the weather will affect it. The wise em-

The Standard's Illustrations

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Price \$5.00.

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"AFTER THE MOOSE."—Messrs. Macnab and Wallace dressed as Indians, winners of the first prize at the Illuminated Concert on the North-West Arm, Halifax. (Photograph by J. A. Irvine, Halifax.)



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Fall Fashions for Men.

YOU are invited to learn exactly what the correct styles for Fall and Winter are by inspecting garments that will be in the hands of our agents early next month. This information is yours for the asking and is worth having.

20th Century Brand Garments

are the accepted models of style and the accepted standard of tailoring excellence.

AGENTS IN NEARLY EVERY TOWN IN CANADA.

TAILORED BY

The Lowndes Company, Limited, Toronto.

Summering on the River Ottawa; Canadian Camping-Out Scenes; French Man-of-War



SUMMERING ON THE OTTAWA—The Plateau des Chenes at Rigaud, an attractive spot during each summer.

Other, the Cleodora tridentata, rises at seven.

Frail as these tiny shell-fish are, no storm ever injures them. They all possess the peculiar power of being able at will to sink a few feet below the surface of the sea, and there they remain when gales blow, perfectly safe, and rise again when the weather improves.

The largest of these ocean swimmers are about three inches in length. Almost all are most brilliant in color, and their shells far frailer and more glossy than those found upon the sea beach.

BERLIN'S FAMOUS STATUE.

A curious statue of Roland, one of the famous paladins of Charlemagne, around whom so many legends have gathered, may be seen in Berlin. The statue, which is of great age, has every mark of archaic style about it. The legs are stiff, and the arms curiously thin. The eyes, however, have a very penetrating look, which was not given to the statue by chance, but was intentionally devised by the ancient sculptor in order that the statue might be able to carry out its functions as guardian of the city by night as well as by day. These great owl-like eyes were a terror to criminals. At one time it was the custom to drag the accused before the statue, in order to see whether they blanched or showed signs of fear under the stony gaze of Roland. The statue shows Roland bearing his famous sword, Durandel, which he had



SUMMERING ON THE OTTAWA—A view of the camp and summer cottages at Rigaud, an attractive resort near the Lake of the Two Mountains.

HOLIDAYS AND BOOKS GO WELL TOGETHER

It has been said that the real delights of a holiday are its souvenirs. Now, a souvenir may be anything from a terra cotta pig to a revelation of truth. Therefore, don't forget—my lucky, holiday-spending reader—that the best souvenir of the scenes around you will be the book you have read there—provided it is a book that you will read hereafter. It need not, necessarily, be a great book. It may be a standard novel. Many years ago I spent some weeks in a farmhouse near Land's End, and while the Atlantic rains swept against the windows, I read Jane Austen's "Persuasion." I have read it many times since, and always through the printed pages which tell how the sweetest of Jane's heroines surrendered herself I see the great shape of Cape Cornwall emerging from

ease. But I advise a well-made volume. It is a great thing that the very volume you read in this way should be in your hands years hence, and bear traces of that day's use.

JOHN O' LONDON.

TOMMY LIKES HOSPITALS.

Soldiers, all the world over, are very much given to shamming sickness. Although chosen carefully for their physical soundness, they spend three or four times as many days in the sick-room as the average working man of the same age.

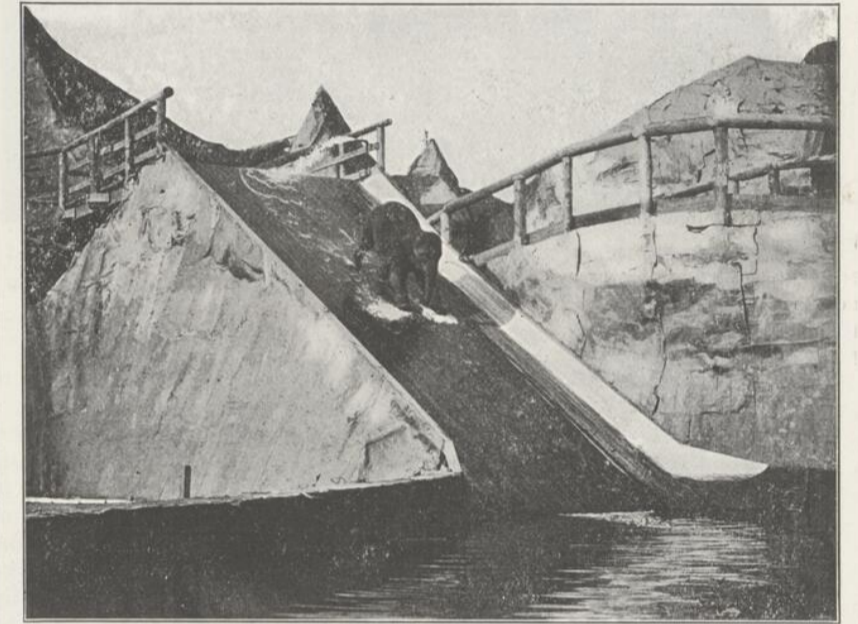
In the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society, for instance, which has a membership of about one million, the men under thirty-four years of age receive sick pay for less than six days a year.

But in the British Army at home, the average number of sick days for each soldier was over sixteen, when Dr. Billings compiled his statistics on this point a couple of years ago. The only

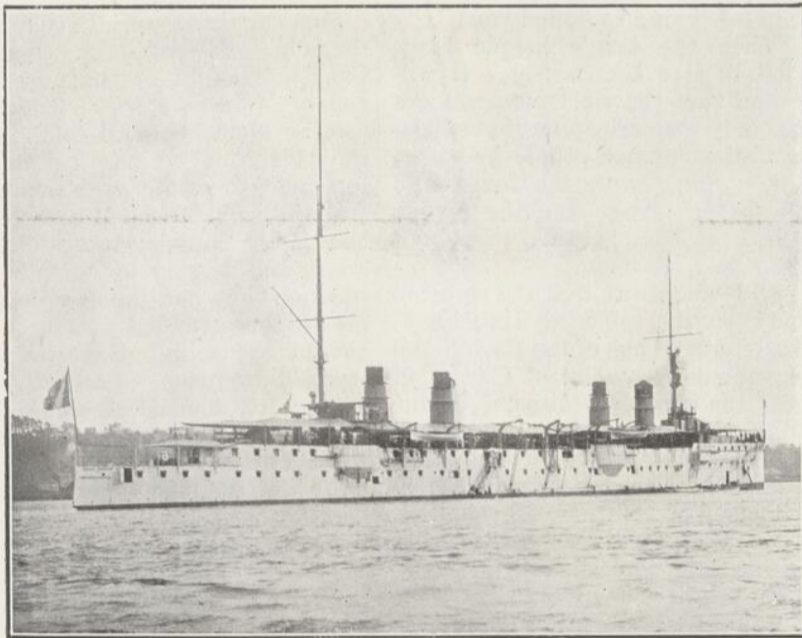
only seen on the surface at a certain time of the year. The real ocean shell-fish are mostly very small. In the Indian Ocean they may be seen by millions. One which bears the appalling name of "Cavolinia trispinosa" has the odd peculiarity of coming to the surface at six sharp every evening. An-

with him at his final battle. In dying, he threw the trusty sword into a poisoned stream, where it still remains. The statue at Berlin is more than life-size; but, then, Roland himself is said to have been eight feet in height.

REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH!



SLIDING ELEPHANT—Photographed by E. Wilmerding, New York. Made with Bausch & Lomb Zeiss Unar No. 6 Lens. RICE, JOHNSTON & GLADWISH, 132 ST. PETER ST., Montreal. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. KODAKS. DEVELOPING. SUPPLIES.



RIDING AT ANCHOR BENEATH QUEBEC'S HISTORIC CITADEL—The French cruiser "Desaix," one of two men-o'-war from "La Belle France," which recently paid visits to Quebec.

the storm. Such associations never clash, and they are always worth while.

It is, in fact, an excellent plan to read one really good book—preferably one of the great books—during every holiday. It is then that your spirit is malleable to great impressions. It is then that its receptivity, aided by a new and delightful environment, is greatest. Moreover, there comes a day in every holiday when the mind awakens with a cry for something large and good. On such a day drop your bathing or golf—a good thing to do, anyway—and betake yourself to some shady place with such a book as I have in mind. Live with it the day through until you possess it and it possesses you. In those hours you will advance your education wonderfully. You will have permanently enlarged your mind, and taken a deep mental breath of which the good effect cannot be exaggerated.

What shall the book be? That is for you to choose. But make no work of your choice. All great books are akin. Hundreds of such can be obtained with

white soldiers who have a worse sickness record than this, are the French, with seventeen days, and the British troops in India, with no fewer than 26½ days each per annum.

Belgian troops are less fond of hospital life than any others, but they are run pretty close by the Prussians—11 10/16 to 11 1/4 days respectively.

Colored troops beat all white soldiers in this matter. The British colored troops of North India put in nearly nineteen days' illness per annum, and the colored men of the North African British Army twenty-eight days.

SHELLS THAT SWIM.

The idea of shells being found anywhere else except upon the sea beach, or in river beds, is a little startling. Yet the naturalist who pursues his work from a ship in mid-ocean can and does collect shells by the thousand at every dip of his net or bucket.

Swimming shell-fish are mostly confined to tropical seas. The most familiar is the nautilus, which is, however, not truly a shell-fish at all, but a near relation of the cuttle fish. Also it is



SUMMER CAMPING DAYS IN CANADA—A scene at eventide.



SUMMER CAMPING DAYS IN CANADA—A morning's haul.

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"Cures While You Sleep."
Whooping-Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Influenza, Catarrh.
Confidence can be placed in a remedy which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once.
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Send postal for Descriptive Booklet.
Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10 cts. in stamps.
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A RESIDENCE IN OUTREMONT.

MONTREAL'S MOST BEAUTIFUL SUBURB

Outremont

Who Lives at Outremont?

If you have glanced at the series of photographs of residences reproduced in these pages, you will know that the present residents of Outremont are people of means and good taste. As a matter of fact, they are a desirable class of neighbours, and taken with the other good points of the suburb, go to make happy surroundings for quiet, healthy family life.

THE OUTREMONT TOWN COUNCIL.



A RESIDENCE IN OUTREMONT.

Mgr. Sbaretta Will Consecrate Right Rev. Mgr. McCarthy Archbishop of Halifax Sept. 9



The Right Rev. Mgr. McCarthy, who will be consecrated Archbishop of Halifax on Sept. 9 by His Excellency Mgr. Sbaretta, Papal Delegate to Canada.

ARCHBISHOP MCCARTHY OF HALIFAX.

Rev. E. J. McCarthy, LL.D., who will be consecrated Archbishop of Halifax, N.S., on Sept. 9th, is an earnest, energetic, and genial priest, still in the prime of life. He was born in Halifax, where his mother kept a shop. His father died when he was a small boy. He received his early education at the public schools and St. Mary's College, Halifax, and later on took a course at Laval University.

He was ordained to the priesthood at St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, by the late Archbishop Connolly, in 1876, the last ordination service performed by that distinguished prelate, who died only a few days later. The young priest was appointed to the pretty little parish of Kentville, the shire town of King's County, and headquarters of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway (now the Dominion Atlantic), and at once attracted attention by his earnest and thoughtful sermons, his amiable disposition and devotion to his work. He was next appointed to Chester, at that time the chief summer resort of Nova Scotia, a place much frequented by wealthy Baltimoreans. His first great success as a parish priest, however, was at his third parish, Yarmouth. This was one of the most progressive and prosperous towns in the Lower Provinces; but his immediate parishioners were chiefly poor people. The church was a little old wooden building in the poorest quarter of the town. Like the church famed by "Father Phill's Collection," there were "leaks in the thatch," and the rain reminded the parishioners of the condition of the House of God. The outlook was rather cheerless, but Father McCarthy "seen his duty, and done it." He decided that his little flock must have a new church, and one creditable to the community. The task seemed impossible of achievement, but he stuck to it, and a few years later the new St. Ambrose was an accomplished fact. A handsome new brick and stone building, such as would be no discredit to any city in Canada, was the result of his indefatigable work. It was a distinct tribute to the esteem in which he was held by people of all denominations, for he was most gen-

erously assisted by hundreds of personal friends of other faiths.

He followed this by building a fine presbytery. The church could not afford to leave such a man in what, after all, still only ranked as a country parish. He was reluctantly compelled to give up the pleasant associations of his many years in Yarmouth, because he was needed in Halifax. There he was appointed to St. Patrick's, and again he replaced an old wooden structure with a handsome brick and stone edifice, and brought the parish work up to a high state of efficiency. Then he was appointed to the rectorship of St. Mary's Cathedral, the chief Roman Catholic Church of the Maritime Provinces. After he went to Halifax, the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by St. Francis Xavier College.

Rev. Dr. McCarthy is eminently qualified for the position to which he has been called. He is an eloquent and forcible speaker, with marked administrative ability, a devout Catholic, and yet one whose tolerance and fair-mindedness will always ensure a continuance of the friendly relations which happily have existed among all denominations in Nova Scotia for the past half-century. Dr. McCarthy was administrator of the archdiocese of Halifax after the death of Archbishop O'Brien.

WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO RELIGION.

Did you ever sit down quietly and give a good, long thought to what the world owes to religion? Most of us couple religion with the concerns of a world in the dim future, very distant and somewhat uncertain. Few of us think of what we owe to religion in the present day, and that is no more than every generation of men under all skies and in all lands in their everyday life have owed to religion. Those of us who do couple religion with real life look at it purely from its influence upon the morals, or upon the performance of what we conceive to be our duty in relation to a Supreme Being. But no matter how far back we go, real religion has been a practical, potent factor in all the affairs of the everyday life of men.



The Grand Hotel at Yarmouth, N.S., one of the best-known hostleries in Nova Scotia.

INVASION OF THE SEA; SHORE DISAPPEARS.

WITHIN the past few years great changes have been taking place in connection with the shore-line of the Canadian Provinces along the Atlantic Coast. Large sections of the shore, especially on the coast of Northumberland Straits, are gradually disappearing. Outside of Pictou Lighthouse, tracts of sand, some of them upwards of one hundred yards in length, have gone within the past five years. In parts of the coast, along the County of Yarmouth, something of the same nature is said to be taking place.

Recently much excitement has been aroused concerning the desperate state of certain parts of the English coast owing to erosion, and this has caused the Paris papers to fear for the safety of Mont Saint-Michel, that Norman shrine of pilgrims and tourists—the centre of mediæval tragedy and romance—which peers across the English Channel toward the Cornish coast. It is not generally appreciated that after submergence under the ice of the glacial period, England was not an island, but formed portion of a large plateau extending out to what is now the 100-fathom line. Since this period the sea has carved its way through the Channel until England presents its existing appearance. The North Sea is merely a plain covered by shallow water, from which the remains of mammoths and other animals are recovered by trawlers. Beyond the 100-fathom line, ocean depths are rapidly reached.

The cause of the erosion at Mont Saint-Michel is said to be the causeway built twenty years ago to connect the island rock with the mainland. It stops the flow of

the tide, which comes racing into the Bay of Cancale as fast as a horse can trot. The flood, instead of passing freely around the island, spends its curbed force in a work of destruction. The King's Tower, the bastion which comes down to the seat at the head of the causeway, is already undermined and doomed.



The Town of Yarmouth, N.S., where Mgr. McCarthy labored successfully for several years.

thing that one ate or drank, because Poularde apparently never booked anything. He trusted to his guests—they were guests, not customers—telling him what they owned.

A Second Danger Also Threatens.

A second danger also threatens Mont Saint-Michel, not from the

QUEER ACCIDENTS HAPPEN AT SEA

A VESSEL may sail the seas the world around and then come to grief in a quiet cove on a summer day, or be wrecked in her home port within a stone's throw of the wharf. The queer accidents that have happened to Maine vessels would fill a volume, and many of the stories would not be believed by lands-



A Charming Vista on the Nova Scotia Coast, showing one of the most famous of the many lighthouses which dot the shore-line.

men. Two old retired shipmasters were talking in a Bangor ship chandlery the other day about peculiar disasters at sea, and one of them recalled the mysterious wrecking years ago of a little schooner called the Active down in Eggemoggan Reach, eastern coast waters of Maine.

It was in the fall of the year, and the Active was going through a rather narrow channel between



Hotel and Summer Residence, Mark Land, Yarmouth, N.S.

necessary; nobody ever got caught in the quicksands crossing to the island unless they wandered foolishly away from the track; and it has taken away half the charm of Mont Saint-Michel. Not only is the island no longer an island, but it has been vulgarized, turned into the commonest of objects of a day's excursion. Drags and automobiles cumber the causeway, and eating-house keepers' touts badger one with loud-voiced recommendations of their masters' fare.

In the old days Mont Saint-Michel was unsophisticated, con-

tinued to be no motive for anyone to murder the boy, and as it was known that the shot must have been fired by a third person, the whole affair was a mystery, and remained thus for years, when a man living in another State confessed on his deathbed that it was he who fired the shot that killed the helmsman of the Active.

Horried to see the boy drop to the deck.

The man said that he had fired at a hawk, which was circling low, and did not see the schooner, which suddenly came into range, owing to an intervening clump of bushes. Then he was horrified to see the boy at the schooner's wheel throw up his hands and fall to the deck, while the schooner broached to and was driven ashore by the wind and tide. The gunner, who was after gulls and ducks, fled without waiting to investigate the result of his unfortunate shot, fearing that if he reported the matter to the authorities he might, although innocent of any criminal intent, be imprisoned.

There are on record instances of vessels having been wrecked or run down by reason of their helmsmen being asleep or insane, and one Maine schooner was cut down by

JEWELS.

The black diamond is so hard that it cannot be polished.

An uncut diamond looks very much like a bit of gum arabic.

The diamond, in sufficient heat, will burn like a piece of charcoal.

The Island of Ceylon is the most remarkable gem depository in the world.



Willow Street, Yarmouth, N.S., one of the prettiest streets in the town.

a steamer because the man at the wheel was deaf and could not hear the steamer's whistle signals. The Rockport brig Marie W. Norwood had a narrow escape from collision some years ago off the coast of Georgia under strange circumstances. The brig was running along under easy sail one moonlight night, and a steamer was coming up astern. When the steamer got too close for comfort a torch was burned over the brig's stern, but the man at the steamer's wheel paid no attention to it, holding to his course, which would take him right through the brig. Finally a great shouting by the brig's people, and the firing of a gun, awoke the steamer's wheelman, and he put her helm hard down just in time to escape a crash.

Most of the Crew Were Down With the Fever.

When the steamer had come close up, it was observed that the man steering was hanging over the wheel as though half asleep. When asked why he did not keep off, he growled:

"What do you want? All the room there is? Here you've been yawning all around for an hour, and me trying to dodge you!"

Then the brig's people knew that he had been asleep. It was found that the wheelman was not the only man asleep on that steamer. Most of her people had been taken down with the fever, and the others, from standing double watches, had become worn out from loss of sleep.

Old sailors say that the collision between the schooner Hannah F. Carleton and one of the Boston and Savannah steamers off Cape Cod was the strangest disaster of the kind that ever happened, and they doubt if such another ever will occur. The Carleton, a two-masted schooner of 189 tons, then hailing from Jonesport, Me., was passing in by Cape Cod on a clear moonlight night, coal laden, for Boston, and Captain Falkingham was on the quarterdeck. A steamer was observed coming up astern, but no attention was paid to her at first, everything being clear for miles around. Captain Falkingham looked astern every little while, and presently became nervous, for the steamer was coming right for the schooner and, without altering her course, would hit the Carleton fair in the stern in a few minutes.

Struck the Schooner's Main Boom on the End.

When the steamer got up a little closer, Captain Falkingham began to shout to her people, telling them to keep away. The men on

the steamer's pilot house were plainly visible, as was also the bow lookout, but they seemed not to see the schooner.

Captain Falkingham's shouting awoke all hands on the schooner, and the men came tumbling on the deck. They all joined in the shouting, but to no purpose. The steamer came on like a racehorse and struck the schooner's main boom fairly on the end, snapping the mainmast off like a pipestem, even with the jaws of the boom, and letting it down with a fearful thump on the deck. The stump of the mast stove a hole in the deck, and there the stick rested, swinging back and forth and threatening to fall at any minute, as the rigging was made slack.

The steamer came close up, after backing away, and asked if assistance was wanted, and Captain Falkingham said he would like to be towed into Boston, which was done. The steamer's owners paid for the damage, and at Boston the Carleton got a new mainmast and main boom, and had the hole in her deck patched. Had the steamer struck her in any other place, the schooner would have gone down like a shot. "Couldn't be done again in a million years," declared the old salts.

Some amusing stories are told of the old and roly-poly steamer, Charles Houghton, that used to run in Maine waters. One trip, coming from Portland to Bangor, the Houghton became lost in the fog, and her master was trying to feel his way into Boothbay Harbor. After floundering around for hours and tooting the whistle until everybody had the earache, people in the steamer's pilot house caught the sound of voices, and stopped to listen. Presently out of the fog loomed a big lobster boat, and the master of the steamer hailed the fisherman.

"Aho, the boat! Can you give me the course into Boothbay?"

A loud guffaw was the only response, and the fisherman fairly roared with merriment, while the master of the steamer, mad all through, swore large oaths at them and asked if they were all crazy.

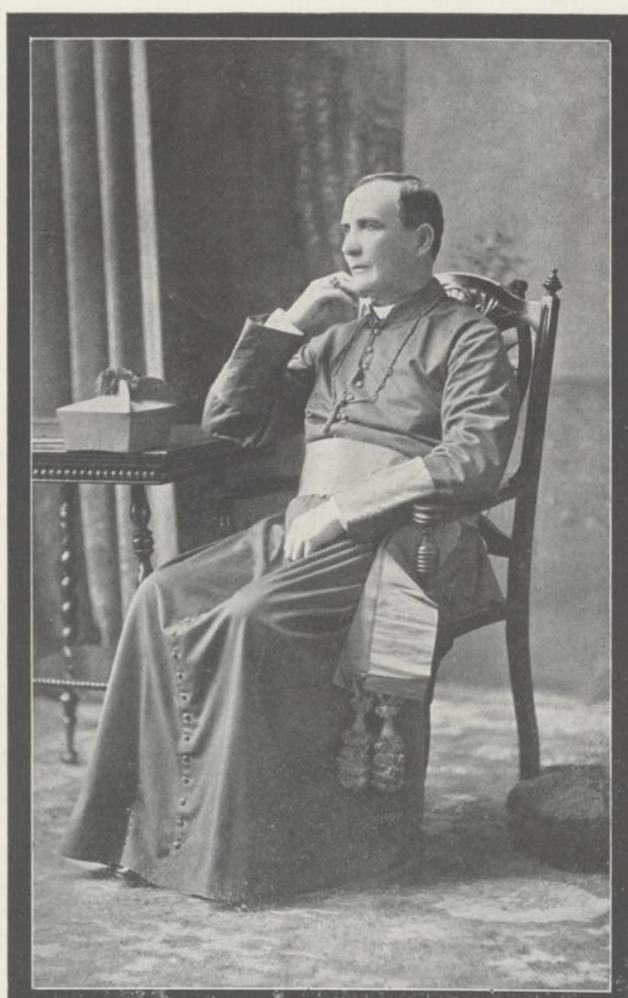
"No, we ain't crazy, cap'n," responded the lobsterman, "but we just had to laugh."

"Well, how about the course into Boothbay?" demanded the Captain.

The master of the smack quieted another burst of laughter, and replied, with aggravating deliberation:

"Wa'll, yew jest turn them wheels of you're steamer over once or twice agin and you'll hit the wharf to Boothbay. You're most there now!"

It was a fact that Charles Houghton had blundered into Boothbay without the people aboard knowing where they were.



The late Most Rev. Mgr. O'Brien, D.D., Ph.D., whom Mgr. McCarthy has succeeded as Archbishop of Halifax.