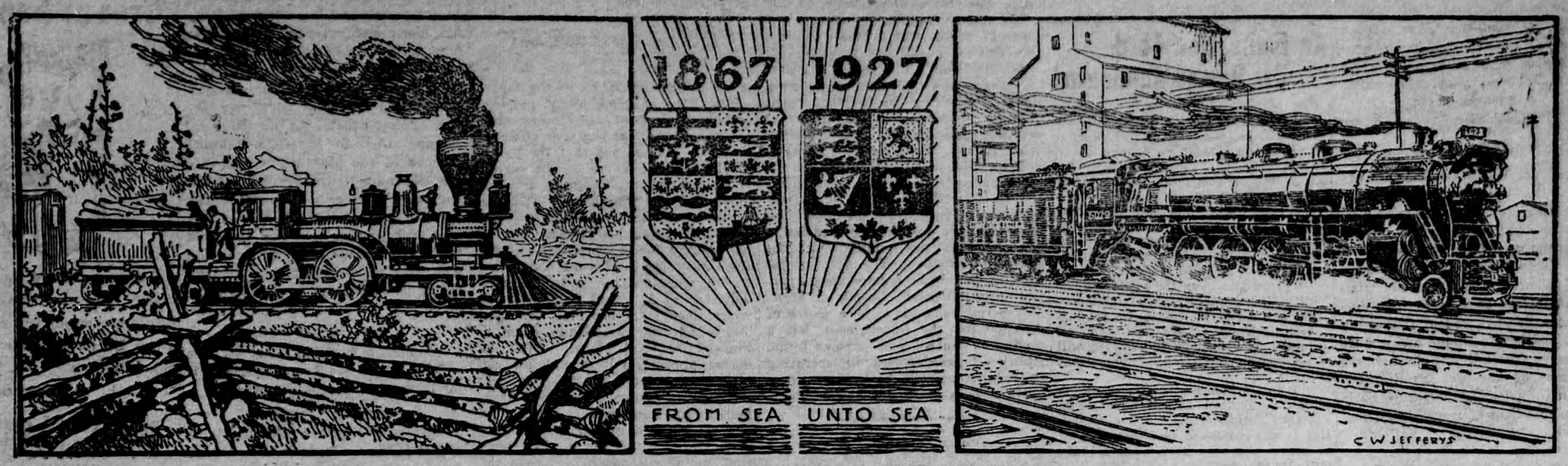
FIRST OF NINE HISTORICAL SKETCHES BY JEFFERYS

(CUT OUT AND SAVE)



CANADA'S THREE SCORE YEARS OF NATIONHOOD

Very literally are the Provinces of Canada bound together by bands of steel. As a matter of fact, British Columbia became a Province of the Dominion in 1871 under promise of railway connection, though the actual linking-up did not become a reality till 1885. The enormous development of railroading has been one of the outstanding features of the sixty years that have elapsed sinced Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia united under one central government in 1867. At that time the new-born Dominion boasted 2,278 miles of track; it has over 42,500 miles to-day. In equipment, too, the evolution has been great. The old wood-burner of 1867, though capable of very creditable speed, was a pigmy in size ,weight and strength compared with the huge locomotives of to-day. Mr. C. W. Jefferys, Canada's foremost historical artist, here graphically depicts the changes that have taken place.

TOMMY'S WISH

BY ANNIE ELLIS

One beautiful summer day, in the year no matter when, Tommy, the fisherman's son, was resting himself on a rock by the sea of no matter what. The huge, overhanging rock afforded him ample shade.

A more lazy, graceless or more handsome lad it was difficult to find. He had been amusing himself in numerous ways: sometimes throwing pebbles at the fish and, sometimes singing snatches of wild sea-songs or plaintive love-ditties.

At last, yawning and stretching his arms over his head, he exclaimed:

"Oh, wouldn't I be a happy lad, now, if I was rich, like the grand lord of the castle, with nothing to do but ride in my carriage, and do as I like all day? Oh, wouldn't I be happy, though? If there were only fairies or such like, all one would have to do would be to get in the good graces of one of them, and then one could wish and have whatever one wanted. And then wouldn't I be fine?

"I'd go courting pretty Elfie, King's Spangle's daughter, and then, when I married her, I would only have to wait for the old man to drop off to step into his shoes. But there is Floy," resumed Tommy scratching his head as memory recalled him back to earth. "I do love her, that's a fact! But when one's rich, one mustn't think of such things as love, and Floy would soon get some one else. Girl's hearts don't break very easy."

Notwithstanding his soliloquy, Tommy could not help feeling a pang at the very thought of leaving Floy, and he imagined he saw her pretty blue eyes looking at him through the air, very sorrowfully, as if she was reproaching him for his infidelity.

But Tommy soon laughed the notion off, and turning on his side, looked down into the ocean, when, to his surprise and delight, a beautiful fish was swimming in the water close by him, almost close enough for him to touch.

The fish was beautifully striped with blue, red and gold, and its fins sparkled as if set with diamonds. It swam round and round, looking at Tommy as if it almost knew him, and its eyes had a look of intelligence not often seen in the fish family.

Tommy was delighted, and gazed at the fish with increasing wonder, as it did not seem a bit afraid of him. He half wished he had a hook and line so he might catch it. But upon second thought it seemed a pity to take the life of such a pretty, sociable fish.

In a few moments, Tommy began to sing, "Pretty fish, pretty fish, come to me," when, to his surprise, he heard his own name spoke, and it came right from the direction of the fish, and the fish had opened its mouth as if speaking.

Tommy looked around and around, as he knew a fish could not speak, but no one could he see.

Again he heard, "Tommy!"

And looking at the fish, it commenced to talk to him just like a person.

"Tommy, what have you been wishing for?"

"Wishing for?" said the lad, emboldened to speak. "Why, I wish for a good many things through the day, may it please your ladyship," nodding his head to the fish.

"What do you wish for most, Tommy?" again asked his queer interrogator.

"If you please, I want to be rich and marry King Spangle's daughter, and be king when he dies."

"Well, Tommy, I will grant you your request, but you must follow strictly my directions."

"That I will, ma'am, if it is possible," replied Tommy, almost breathless with expectancy.

"It will be a little difficult at first, but you, like all others who desire wealth, will soon get used to it. You must cast all kindly feeling, love and thought of religion entirely out of your heart.

"You must be cold and indifferent to all that is good, and instead of giving to the poor, you must spurn all mendicants from you. Follow these directions, and when you have done all I have told you, your wish will be granted."

Tommy's heart sank very low when he heard the conditions, for he had naturally a kind heart, and to live without love and kindness was a great privation to him; but his desire for wealth and power was so great, that after a short struggle he agreed to the conditions.

The fish spouted something out of its mouth on the rock where Tommy was, and the lad found it was an elegant ring.

"Put it on your finger, Tommy—it is a fairy; and when you disobey my directions it will remind you of it. When it ceases doing so for three whole days, then make your wish, and it will be fulfilled."

Tommy thanked the fish, and it disappeared.

He then arose from the rock and wended his way home to his father's cottage, singing gaily.

As he approached the cluster of fishermen's houses—called a village—old Maurice, the blind beggar, recognized his voice, and solicited alms.

Tommy was about to give him "God speed" and a coin, when the ring gave him a sharp twinge, which reminded him of his promise. So instead of the alms he gave the beggar a kick and went on, but not singing—the lightness had gone, and he did not feel at all joyous.

As he neared his father's cottage, Floy came dancing forward to meet him, and Tommy was going to greet her with a hearty kiss, as usual, when the ring gave him a sharper twinge than before.

So Tommy remembered King Spangle's daughter, and passed on without noticing poor Floy. The poor girl gazed after him with tears in her eyes in spite of herself, and went weeping homeward.

Tommy reached his father's cottage, and every time he ventured to speak a kind word to his gray-haired mother and father, or do a kind-hearted act for any one, the ring punished him severely, until at last he became so accustomed to cruelty and ill nature that he did not mind it at all, and the ring ceased to trouble him.

All his kinsfolk and friends were dismayed at the sad change that had come over the formerly loving, kind-hearted lad—for he had always been a favorite with all for his gentle, loving, merry ways.

His parents grieved, and their hair turned white, but he did not mind that. Floy grew pale and thin, but that did not annoy him, so long as he had such brilliant prospects before him as the price.

At last the ring did not annoy Tommy in the least for three whole days, and he breathed forth the wish the fairy had promised him, when suddenly he found himself transported to a magnificent palace, surrounded by a great court.

Attendants were full and plenty. His garments were changed to the most magnificent apparel, inlaid with precious stones and wrought with fine embroidery. Tommy's delight knew no bounds as he wandered over his palace and beheld its grandeur.

The carpets and furniture were of the most intricate workmanship; fine pictures graced the walls, and birds of brilliant plumage sang.

Tommy saw a bell and rang it (he should have called a page, but it must be remembered this splendor was all new to him), and servants advanced to do his bidding.

He ordered a luncheon, and shortly he was led to the banqueting-hall, and a sumptuous repast set before him.

Tommy sat down to it, and was about to return thanks, as he had always been accustomed to do, when his ring gave him a dreadful twinge. So he hardened his heart and ate his food thanklessly.

But it did not taste as good as he anticipated, and he arose from it dissatisfied and wishing for—he knew not what.

He then thought he would ride, so he ordered a horse, and a beautiful black stallion was led to the door by a groom in livery, who also had a horse ready to attend upon his master.

Tommy mounted his gally-caparisoned steed, when a body-guard of soliders appeared, to accompany him. He turned around in amazement and wondered what they were coming for, and was just beginning piously to think that God would protect him, when his ring gave him two dreadful reminders.

He then started on his ride, but somehow he did not enjoy the ride; having so many soldiers with him led him to continually think he was in danger. And so he was, for he had not ridden far before he met Prince Envy and his followers, who considered himself a bitter enemy of Prince Wealth.

As soon as Prince Envy saw Tommy, he drew his sword and prepared for battle.

Tommy was about to remonstrate kindly when his ring hurt him sharply, so he and his followers drew their swords and began to fight.

Tommy drove Prince Envy off the field, but not until he was himself wounded and two of his guard killed.

Prince Envy was also wounded, but not mortally, and none of his band were killed.

Tommy, or Prince Wealth, as he was now called, was carried home, and also the bodies of the slain.

The palace surgeon attended him, and he soon recovered. He was inclined to feel sorry for the poor soldiers who had lost their lives in his defense, but his ring reminded him of his error, and he hardened his heart and tried to think it all right.

But after the fray he felt no more freedom in riding—he was always afraid of meeting his foe.

One day, while feasting, he detected something unusual in one of the viands, and having it examined, found to his horror that it was poison, placed there by a servant whom he had punished for some trifling misdemeanor. Prince Wealth felt inclined to pardon the poor wretch, when his ring reminded him, and he had the poor fellow beheaded.

After that, the prince did not dare to eat of any dish unless it was first tested by his attendants; and somehow the face of the dead servant would haunt him.

A sound of a bugle was heard, and a cry of:

"A courier from the king! Open the gates for the king's messenger!"

Soon the messenger was conducted to the presence of the prince, and after rendering obeisance addressed him thus:

"His majesty King Spangles, having heard of the prowess and grandeur of his neighbor, Prince Wealth, hath sent me, his servant, to request the presence of your highness in the throne-room to-morrow. Such is the message of his majesty."

So saying, the messenger, after being feasted, departed.

Great was the joy of Prince Wealth at this summons. He could scarcely wait for the morrow to see the king, for he was in hopes at the same time of seeing his daughter, the princess.

The morrow arrived, and at the appointed time Prince Wealth and his attendants, all magnificently attired and mounted, with banners bleaming and sparkling in the sun—altogether a dazzling, brilliant throng—presented themselves at the royal palace.

The king's attendants wondered at the gay pageant that entered the portals.

Prince Wealth was handsome, but there was a hard, cruel expression on his face, and his eyes were so unfeeling, his manner so haughty, that the beholders pronounced him every inch a prince, and should be a king.

The prince was ushered into the king's presence, and to his intense delight saw that the lovely Elfie was sitting by his side.

The prince advanced, and kneeling humbly kissed the king's hand, which was graciously extended to him.

The king then bade him arise, and presented him to the princess.

Prince Wealth scarcely dared raise his eyes to look at her, so modest did he feel, but his ring gave him a twinge, and he remembered and raised his eyes boldly.

Princess Elfie was a beautiful lady, entirely different from Floy, for where Floy had flaxen hair and blue eyes, Elfie's locks were dark and her eyes black as night.

The prince was invited to remain, and before he returned to his home the king had promised that Elfie should be his wife.

The princess was very sad when she was informed of the future in store for her, for she had dared secretly to love another. But she knew her father's will was law, and being an obedient daughter, consented.

In course of time Prince Wealth and the Princess Elfie were married, and the old king died.

Prince Wealth became King Spangle. But, somehow, he was not contented. Gentle Elfie's sad eyes troubled him; for he knew she did not love him.

The wealth and power he had coveted gave him no pleasure. He could not help thinking of the days when he was safe to go where he pleased; not afraid of poisoned food; could go abroad without fear of Prince Envy, and walked along the shore with Floy, listening to the music of the waves and singing merrily, with a light heart.

At last, his ring tormented him so much that the pain became intolerable, and one day, overcome with remorse, he hastened quietly out of the palace and went to the seashore, where he cried lustily for the fish.

The fairy, after much importunity, appeared. Instead of the dulcet tones of former times, she asked, in a harsh voice:

"What do you want now?"

On his knees went poor Tommy.

"Please, ma'am," cried he, with clasped, uplifted hands; "please, ma'am, let me go back to my old home at my father's, and I'll promise never to be discontented again!"

"Why, you had everything heart could wish. Did it not make you happy?" asked the fairy, mockingly.

"No, ma'am! When the money came, my heart was filled with evil thoughts, and I would rather be poor and have a light conscience free from guilt," replied the prince.

"Remember, Tommy, if I take away what you wished for, I will never give them to you again."

"Take it away, Mrs. Fortune!"—for Tommy had found out the fairy fish's name—"take it away, and I never want riches again!"

"Well, Tommy, throw me your ring."

He gave it a toss, the fish caught it, and Tommy found himself once more lying on the rock on the seashore.

He rubbed his eyes as if he had been asleep and dreaming, and arising hastily, he went to his parents' cottage, where he found them with smiling, happy faces, while Floy entered, her blue eyes dancing with joy at seeing Tommy once more. She lifted her rosebud of a mouth for a kiss, and neither she nor the gray-haired parents seemed conscious that their dear one had had been away longer than for a few hours' stroll on the seashore.

Tommy and Floy were married, and lived in a little cottage by the sea, as their parents had done before them.

The lad, now a man, became a fisherman, and he and his blue-eyed wife lived in peaceful content.

THE ADVANCING FLOODS SHOWN IN PICTURE. A MILE AN HOUR

Homekeeper in the inundated area of Clarendon, Arkansas, on the balcony of his flooded home, with the few belongings he was able to save.

UNKNOWN VILLAGE FOUND IN JAPANESE HILLS

Natives Speak a Language of Their Own.

Tokyo—High in the mountain fastnesses of Niigata Prefecture, 50 miles from the nearest town and practically untouched by the world of modern Japan, there is a tiny, Old-World village of 20 families, clad in the garments of another age, speaking the language of times long past and preserving contact with to-day by the slender link of one single veteran. Census officials never knew of its existence. Modern Japan learned of it only recently.

Niigata Prefecture straddles the chain of mountains on the western coast of Japan. About 700 years ago, it is said, the Heike Clan was severely beaten in a war with the Genji and fled into the mountains of Echigo. There it appears to have vanished. Scholars believe that the tiny village of 152 persons may be the last remnant of the survivors.

The villagers spend their summers in raising crops of fruit and vegetables in their mountain valley. The winters they devote to wood-working, carving bowls, squat tables and the other products of the wood-carver's art which the Japanese use for decorative purposes. When spring comes, the veteran Kanekichi starts on the first of his many trips to the outside world, carrying a load of wood carving upon his back. He has picked up a few words of modern Japanese and is able to bargain for the sugar and salt which he obtains for his wooden wares.

Through the periodic trips of Kanekichi, modern Japan first became interested in the mountain colony. There had been rumors and legends regarding it for many years. Mountaineers had come upon villagers in the hills. Neither could understand the other. They had tried to converse by means of gestures. Scholars heard of Kanekichi's trips, however, and accompanied him, discovering the village.

The villagers, generally speaking, are illiterate. Some can read a little from ancient scrolls, but this is discouraged. It is believed that "book learning" may make a man dissatisfied with the life of the colony and that he will desert it for the outside world. The old custom of blackening the teeth, discontinued by men under an Imperial order issued in 1870, still prevails.

Shark Fishery Proposed.

Perth, W. Aust.—A project is being discussed in connection with shark fishing in the northwest. This country has just been visited by Dr. Alfred Ehreureich, a Czechoslovakian specialist, and reputed authority on the shark, and he has surveyed the shark fishing grounds. An application has been made to the Government for a lease and a favorable view is taken of the proposal. The principal product of the shark is said to be leather of extremely tough quality.

BRITISH FIND MANY COINS IN TURKISH RUINS

Walls of Hippodrome in Constantinople Now Being Cleared to Base.

Constantinople—A communique issued by the British archaeological expedition shows that the excavations of the Byzantine hippodrome in Stambul are progressing very satisfactorily.

he main trench first cut across the width of the hippodrome has been continued up the slope on the northwest side. Two outer supporting walls of the hippodrome have been revealed here and are now being cleared to their foundations. Upon them were blult the walls of a long-forgotten mosque of Uchler Djami, built in 1539. These ruined walls were composed largely of marble architectural fragments derived from the hippodrome, and some of great size. Portions of the epistyle decorated with ornamental patterns in relief and of large imposts and a large part of a column have already been extracted from old mosque walls. Other fragments of importance will be extracted later.

On one of the large blocks of the epistyle clear traces remain of a bronze monogram medallion 23 inches in diameter ,which had been fixed onto the surface of the marble. It seems likely that a series of such medallions joined by a central bar ran along the front face of the epistyle. Portions of a marble balustrade were also found decorated with a finely-cut floral border and also one of the slab marble seats. The space between the two supporting walls corresponds to a still existing corridor in the sphendone and is the main inner passage which ran around the hippodrome below the seats.

Upon its floor some hundred bronze coins were found, ranging in date from the fourth to the fourteenth century. Three other trenches opened along the axis of the hippodrome indicate that the spina consisted only of the various monuments built upon that axis and that makes it essential to reconsider the accepted views of authorities upon this subject.

An elaborate system of Byzentine underground passages and water conduits, which extends from the sphendone to Saint Sophia underneath the hippodrame, can now be entered and is being investigated. Some 500 yards of passage have been fully examined. Cuttings are now being made in order to examine in detail the foundations both of the Serpent Column and the Porphyrogenitus Column.

Old London Traffic.

Perhaps the most striking point of the traffic census carried out by the Daily News during the Easter holidays was the fact that during an hour's observation only sixteen horse-drawn vehicles were found on the four gibbest roads leading out of London. Motor cars, large and small, numbered 1,702, motorcycles, 306, pedal cycles 972. In addition there were 40 motor-lorries, mostly filled with holiday makers, 44 buses and a medley of other three and four wheeled vehicles, mostly of the mechanical variety. It was pleasant to find that all the observers paid a tribute to "the new road sense which seems to be developing." Says "Chiltern," the Daily News motoring correspondent, who was himself "observing," while on holiday in North Devon:

"The roads were carrying 100 motors of all sizes, shapes, speeds, weights and ages where but 40 were carried five years ago. . . . Few seemed to be in a hurry and road courtesy was overwhelming. There were some young irresponsibles of both sexes who did dangerous things, but they only served to show how quiet was the driving of all the others. The . . . most striking things were the smiles and good humor. . ."