

# IT CAUSED A CONTROVERSY

## THE PROVIDING OF SUNDAY RECREATION FOR THE YOUTHS.

### The Earl of Denbigh Defends Himself In His Plan For the Establishment of Miniature Rifle Range—Makes a Strong Protest.

A controversy has arisen between the Earl of Denbigh and Rev. W. E. Jackson, vicar of Monks Kirby (Warwickshire), with reference to the establishment by the Earl on his Newnham Paddocks estate of a miniature rifle range, to provide Sunday recreation for the youths of the district. The Earl defended himself by this argument:

"Your observations are directed against any form of amusement or recreation on a Sunday which, in spite of excellent sentiments, you would apparently prefer to see made into a day of penance and boredom, for it is what Sunday becomes to the young when every form of amusement, innocent or otherwise, is barred. I beg to protest against this doctrine as emphatically as I can. It is much better for our village lads to be playing than to have no other occupation beyond loafing about the roads, playing cards under hedges, or because there is nothing else to amuse them doing many other things that they had best leave undone."

On this topic the editor of "The Treasury" says:—"There are thousands of upper middle-class, professional Englishmen absolutely self-content, absolutely leathery in their ways, yet withal honest, clean-living folk, good husbands and fathers according to their lights, industrious, intolerant of humbug. We need a prophet to go a round of the golf links, on Sunday, and preach conversion to the people he finds there. The need is urgent of putting the fear of God into professional, respectable, top-hatted, educated men, who, in one sense, are the backbone of our nation; in another (because they are so numerous, so influential, and so frankly un-Christian) its greatest danger. There are keen and instructed churchmen among this class, but what proportion do they bear to the whole? Get the average man to talk about the church, and the answer to this question will be painfully apparent."

### Aarud, The Island Of Widows.

Off the coast of Norway is a small island called Aarud, which for two years had the peculiar distinction of being peopled exclusively by widows. One spring in the early "nineties" a man arrived on the island from Haugesund, on the mainland, with his wife and family, to participate in the egg gathering. While on the cliff, he made a false step, fell, and was instantly killed. As there had not been a death on the island for eleven years, when a boy was killed by a boulder falling from the same cliff, the occurrence cast a gloom over the small community. This consisted of thirty fishermen with their families. As a mark of sympathy all the men determined to attend the funeral of the unfortunate, at the ceremony at Haugesund on the mainland. During the service at the burial-ground a tremendous gale arose. But the thirty fishermen determined to sail for Aarud, and, having freely bought household supplies, the boat was heavily laden. The progress through the angry sea was anxiously watched by the people on the mainland, who, when the boat had gone about a mile and a half from the coast, saw that it was in distress. Efforts were made to go to its assistance, but the heavy sea beat back every boat. A few moments afterwards the unfortunate smack plunged forward and disappeared from view. Every one of its thirty occupants was drowned, and on the following morning their bodies were found along the beach. Every wife in the place had by the dreadful event been made a widow, and out of the thirty as many as twenty-eight were left without any means of support.

### Addressed To United Statesers.

W. A. Douglas, Toronto.

There are some things in the history of our nation for which there is profound admiration. For a hundred years you enjoyed the unique honor in history of having no army and no navy, not much more than a good police force. When you were few and weak in number, you trusted to the goodness of humanity, to the common sense of the people. But, unfortunately, in an evil hour, you increased your army and built a great navy. One of your large papers, lately had a leading article headed: 'Our Navy Our Greatest Glory!' It reminded me of the man who had been wrecked on a desolate coast. After wandering for days in search of food and shelter he saw a gull; then he fell on his knees and thanked God for one sign of civilization.

It is a terrible thing to think how little Christianity has accomplished for the world. Instead of an immense voice going up, proclaiming emphatically for the methods of peace, there has been a great shout for the weapons of war. The time will come when swords will be beaten into plough-shares and spears into pruning hooks, but the people— even the professed Christian people—are doing little to bring this about.

In a few years there will strike the clock of the century since Britain and the United States signed the last treaty of peace. Would it not be a grand thing, full of blessing for the world, if these two nations were to meet in a great reunion at Niagara Falls, to celebrate this centennial by erecting a monument attesting to a bond of perpetual peace?

### St. Michael And The Dragon.

Lately the people of the town of Helston, Cornwall, celebrated the "Furry" Festival. In the early hours the young folk went into the country to collect flowers and green boughs. On their return they danced through the narrow streets to the strain of the 'Furry' dance, an ancient Celtic melody. Later a ballad termed the "Hal-and-tow" was chanted, the first four lines of which are:—

Robin Hood and Little John,  
They both are gone to fair O!  
And we will go to the merry greenwood  
To see what they do there O!

Then came the official dance through the town to the accompaniment of the inevitable "Furry" music. Headed by the Mayor and his partner, the dancers entered every house festooned with flowers, going in at the front and coming out at the back, ringing bells and banging knockers as they went. According to tradition, the festival is in celebration of the victory of St. Michael over a fiery dragon which threatened the town with destruction. A crude pictorial representation of the saint's deed of valor forms the town arms of Helston.

## HER LIFE FOR HER MOTHER.

### A Story Which Sheds A Bright Light Upon The Devotion Of Kanaka Women.

The usual Honolulu crowd was down at the dock when the steamship from San Francisco pulled alongside the pier on a brilliant, balmy afternoon in January some years ago. American women in summer afternoon costumes, a few English and a few German women of society, arrayed also for steamer day, leaned back languorously in their carriages and phaetons, under the shade of parasols, listening to the lazy complimentary talk of the duck clad, lei-enwreathed young business men who combined duty with pleasure in thus waiting for the great steamer to slip laboriously into her berth beside the pier.

The Kanaka women had bare feet. They stood about in little groups as silent as the men of their race. A few of the women carried brown babies—silent also. The young women were of varying degrees of beauty, their figures showing a uniform excellence of proportion. One of these Kanakas was particularly beautiful. She was clad like the women of her race. The white silk cord with which, unlike the other Kanaka women, she drew her white dress about her waist emphasized the splendid heroic proportions of her figure. Kaomouna seemed quite unconscious of her beauty. The young shipping clerks, hurrying to and fro on the dock, stopped when they caught sight of her. The women in the carriages, who had not been long down from America or Europe, saw Kaomouna and asked, "Who is that glorious creature?" Kaomouna, with a sad face, spoke only an occasional word to one of the Kanaka women.

The steamship was made fast to the pier, and the passengers began to troop over the gangplank. There was one man with his pretty young wife and three-year-old little girl. The girl was the first to catch sight of Kaomouna as she reached the wharf. She freed her hand from her father's grasp and ran toward Kaomouna with baby words. Kaomouna smiled at the little girl, but did not offer to take her up. Instead she folded her arms, looking down at the little pink faced child pleasantly. When the mother had taken the little girl she raised her eyes to look at Kaomouna.

"Did you ever in your whole life see such a perfectly beautiful woman?" asked the young wife of her husband in a whisper. "And Tita seemed to take to her immediately. If we could only have her for a nurse for Tita!" Kaomouna heard her. "Kaomouna would love to be that," she replied in a soft Kanaka accented speech, smiling. Then a look of pain came into her face. "But it may not be—it may not be!" And, with her hands at her eyes, Kaomouna turned suddenly and disappeared among the departing men and women of her race.

Three months later the parents of the little girl were at the dock to witness for the first time the saddest of sights—the departure of the lepers for the island of Molokai. The Kilanea Hou, the leper steamer, was out in the stream, and the lepers were being carried out to her in barges. A litter was borne through the roped inclosure for the lepers. On it lay a very old Kanaka woman in the final stages of the disease. At the side of the litter walked Kaomouna. Her face was very sad. The parents of the little girl wondered. They spoke to an official embarking the lepers. "Surely," they said, "she does not accompany the lepers?"

"Who—Kaomouna?" replied the health official. "Oh, yes, she does. But it is her own choice. Kaomouna has been secreting her old mother for years. We always knew there was something mysterious about Kaomouna—that is, we have known it for five years. She had made queer visits to a palm hut far over in the Nuuanu valley. Last week we followed her. We felt there was leprosy in it. We found her mother in the hut. Kaomouna had had her in hiding, trying to save her from Molokai, ever since the disease became evident. Kaomouna is not infected in the least. She has been careful. But she elects to follow her mother to Molokai. Extraordinary? Why, not at all. You do not understand the filial devotion of Kanaka women—men, too, for that matter. Such cases are common enough."

The parents of the little girl looked at each other. There were tears in the mother's eyes. "That is why she folded her arms and would not touch Tita!" she said. "In this world of God, civilized or uncivilized, could there be anything more noble?"

All was ready, and the Kilanea Hou, with Kaomouna and her mother on board, started down the harbor, the Kanakas on the dock setting up the weird, plaintive death wail.

### The Record For Laziness.

Dr. Charles A. Eaton, of the Baptist Church, Cleveland, said in a brilliant after-dinner speech:

"Laziness is responsible for too much of the misery we see about us. It is all very well to blame alcohol for this misery, to blame oppression and injustice, but to what heights might we not all have climbed but for our laziness?" He paused and smiled. "We are too much like the supernumerary in the drama," he went on, "who had to enter from the right and say, 'My Lord, the carriage waits.'"

"Look here, super," said the stage manager one night, "I want you to come on from the left instead of the right after this, and I want you to transmute your speech. Make it run hereafter, 'The carriage waits, my Lord.'"

"The super pressed his hand to his brow. 'More study! More study!' he groaned."

### Their Idea Of Solemn Service.

About sixty Chinamen proceeded to the graves of two recently buried Celestials in Anfield Cemetery, Liverpool, carrying a fully-grown roasted pig decorated with red rosettes, egged fowls, beef chops, oranges, and sweets. A bottle or two of Scotch whiskey, flanked with egg-cups and liquor glasses, were also placed on one of the graves. The total spirit was sprinkled upon the meats and rice was sprinkled upon the grass, and afterwards joss sticks, paper offerings, and boxes of crackers were burnt. The explosion of the fireworks made a lively diversion.

### Football Played In Labrador.

One must not imagine it is all work and no play with the Labrador Eskimos. Our good old game of football has taken hold in Ungava, playing with a ball of seal skin stuffed with grass. The goals are placed much as in our own game, and each player is armed with a short handled stick made of several throngs of seal hide bent in loops and attached to a wooden handle. The ball may either be tossed in the sling, kicked or, should opportunity offer, picked up and carried. Rough tactics are not barred, rather freely indulged in.

## THE TWO OLD FRIENDS MET

### AND QUITE QUICKLY ENGAGED IN A NOVEL CONTEST.

### Subject of a Story in Rev. S. Baring Gould's Recent Book, "Cornish Characters and Strange Events"—Had a Real Treat.

An English clergyman in a mental isolation is the subject of a story in Rev. S. Baring-Gould's recent book, "Cornish Characters and Strange Events." One day William Pengelly, a geologist well known in his time, was travelling on foot for the purpose of examining the rocks, when he learned that his road lay within a couple of miles of his old mathematical friend, D. His time was very short, but for "auld lang syne" he decided to visit his friend, whom he had not met for several years. When he reached the rectory, which was in a very secluded district, Mr. and Mrs. D. were fortunately at home, and received him with their wonted kindness. The salutations were barely over when Pengelly said: "It is now six o'clock. I must reach Wellington to-night, and as it is said to be fully eight miles off, and I am wholly unacquainted with the road, and with the town when I reach it, I cannot remain with you one minute after eight o'clock."

"Oh, very well," said D. "Then we must improve the shining hour. Jane, my dear, be so good as to order tea." Having said this, he left the room. In a few minutes he returned with a book under his arm and which he placed on the table. Opening the book, he here's a lot of samples for practice. Let us see which can do the greatest number of them by eight o'clock. I did most of them many years ago, but I have not looked at them since. Suppose we begin at this one,"—which he pointed to—"and take them as they come. We can drink our tea as we work, so as to lose no time."

"All right," said Pengelly, although it was certainly not the object for which he had come out of his room. They set to work. No words passed between them; the servant brought in the tray, Mrs. D. handed them their tea, which they drank now and then, and the time flew on rapidly. At length, finding it to be a quarter to eight, Pengelly said, "We must stop, for in a quarter of an hour I must be on my road."

"Very well. Let us see how our answers agree with those of the author."

It proved that D. had correctly solved one more than Pengelly had. This point settled, Pengelly said, "Good-by."

"Good-by. Do come again as soon as you can. The farmers about here know nothing whatever about trigonometry."

They parted at the rectory door and never met again, for D. died a few years later.

### A Chinese Martyr Heroine.

Some one has said that if the women persist, they are bound to have the suffrage, because they are women. Success comes from persistence. In China a parallel case is evident in the desire of women to share in the advantages of education. The majority of the Chinese, according to a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, look upon this attitude as scandalous, and not at all to be encouraged. Many heart-rending tragedies have been brought about by insoluble conflicts of duty toward the old and the new. A short time ago, in an interior village in Kiang Su, a woman, ambitious to become educated, killed herself after bad treatment from her husband's relatives. Her farewell letter was everywhere copied by the Chinese press. It has become a national document, and almost a charter of the new movement.

It occurred the following sentences: "I am about to die to-day because my husband's parents, having found great fault with me for having unbound my feet, and declaring that I have been diffusing such an evil influence as I have injured the reputations of my ancestors, have determined to put me to death. Maintaining that they will be severely censured by their relatives, once I enter a school and receive instruction, they have been trying hard to deprive me of life, in order, as they say, to stop beforehand all the troubles that I may cause. At first they intended to starve me, but now they compel me to commit suicide by taking poison. I do not fear death at all, but how can I part from my children, who are so young? Indeed, there should be no sympathy for me, but the mere thought of the destruction of my ideals, and of my young children, who will without doubt be compelled to live in the old way, makes my heart almost break."

The blood of such martyrs is beginning to make its impression upon the Chinese people, and is turning them to favor more liberal popular customs. A nation in which a spirit of such ruthless self-sacrifice is still so common may bring forth things that will astonish the world. It has been said that "China contains materials for a revolution, if she should start one, to which the horrors of the French Revolution would be a mere squib"; but if turned into different channels, this spirit of self-sacrifice may, as it did in the case of Japan, bring about a quick regeneration of national life and national prestige, through the establishment of new institutions, that correspond to the currents of life thus striving to assert themselves.

### Ireland Should Be Grateful.

One of the signs of the growing good relations between England and the United States is that a U. S. writer deals generously with the treatment of Ireland by England, and points out all that the paramount partner has done, instead of inflaming popular prejudice against England. There has just been published "A Summer in Ireland," by William E. Curtis, one of the best known American newspaper correspondents, who, in thirty years as a journalist has visited nearly every country. He says that no government ever did so much for its subjects as the British government is doing for Ireland, but he is not entirely optimistic as to the effect of this wholesale benevolence. He expresses a fear lest the people of Ireland may acquire a habit of expecting the government to do everything for them, and thus lead to a state of dependence already apparent in many places. He sees prospects of great good from the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, and is an enthusiastic admirer of Sir Horace Plunkett's co-operative schemes for the farmers and dairymen. He also expresses the highest admiration for the Congested Districts Board. In describing the emigration movement Mr. Curtis thinks it would be a good thing for Ireland if "the Old Home Week," that has been so popular in America, could be made an Irish institution. Ireland would be crowded with her former sons and

daughters, leaving large sums, which would quicken business, increase the demand for labor, and create a market for everything that is made or grows. Mr. Curtis proposed this idea to several organizations promoting the welfare of Ireland, without exciting enthusiasm. There seems to be an apprehension that someone would make political capital out of it. "Politics and whiskey are the curse of Ireland," he says, and he deprecates the public drunkenness in Dublin and other cities, though the habits of the people are improving.

### Alsas, A Christian Government.

The Congo continues to be horribly misruled in spite of the new regime. Indeed, since King Leopold has been succeeded by the Belgian Government, it reminds Rev. Mr. Whiteside, resident of the Congo Bololo Mission, Lolanga, of scorpions succeeding the whips. For instance, an order has gone forth that five thousand thatching mats have to be supplied by the people in the Monker district, where the unfortunate natives already had to give most of their time to the government. Other observers have been Rev. Stephen Gilchrist and Rev. Charles Padfield, who recently travelled over thirteen hundred miles in the Congo. Several of the villages passed had received their 'tax papers,' and the missionaries noticed huts chopped up and scattered and the plamains behind cut down. This, the natives said, had been done because the white man was angry, the owners of the huts not being at home to receive tax papers. The real chiefs of the native peoples have been suppressed and replaced by creatures of the administration. These state-appointed task-masters are a nightmare haunting the communities. When the natives were asked why they did not complain of the local official, they made the unanswerable and tragic reply: "When we did so, the white man gave the accused liberty to deal with the accused. The riverine populations are gradually becoming extinct through sleeping sickness, and the infection is spreading to the interior by reason of the fact that the natives are brought to the river for fishing and rubber-collecting—the rubber vine only being found in quantity on the swampy belts along the river banks."

### Making The Best Of Things.

Remember Stevenson's words: "There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor." Then there is a passage in a little book called "The Silver Crown":

A plant grew up in the spring, and spread its leaves and looked around, rejoicing in its life. "To grow," said the plant, "to be beautiful and gladden the eyes of those who look upon me, this is life. The Giver of it be praised!"

Now the plant budded and blossomed: lovely the blossoms were, and sweet, and men plucked them joyfully. "This is well," said the plant. "To send beauty and fragrance hither and thither, to sweeten the world even a little, this is life: the Giver of it be praised!"

Autumn came, and the plant stood lonely, yet at peace. "One cannot always be in blossom!" it said. "One has done what one could, and a little is part of the whole."

By and by came a gatherer of herbs, and cut the green leaves from the plant. "They are good for bruises," he said, "or distilled, their juice may heal an inward wound." The plant heard and rejoiced. "To heal!" it said. "That is even better than to gladden the eyes. The Giver of this, too, be praised!"

And thus, the fable continues, showing that there is a bright side to every phase of life.

### The White Badge Of Cruelty.

No form of feather adornment has been more harmful in effects than the wearing of "aigrettes" or heron's plumes. These dainty, graceful feathers carry with them no suggestion of death, and many a woman on whose bonnet they are placed is ignorant of the unspeakable cruelty the taking of these feathers entails. If each plume could tell its own sad history, every humane woman would raise her voice in protest against a fashion which threatens with extinction one of the most beautiful of animate creatures.

Aigrette plumes constitute the wedding dress of the several species of white herons and egrets, and are worn only during the nesting season. The birds are exceedingly sociable in disposition, and, when breeding, gather in colonies or rookeries, often containing hundreds of pairs. The plume hunter shoots the parent birds as they return with food for their young. The bird falls, the slight report of the rifle does not alarm the others that soon follow, and within a few days most of the parents have been killed, while the nestlings, lacking their care, die of starvation. A Florida plume hunter, with three assistants, killed 300 egrets in one afternoon; another boasted that he and his party had killed 130,000 birds, mostly plume birds, during one season. Soon there will not be any egrets.

### Best Pay To The Worst.

We pay our millionaire more than his broker; we pay the broker more than his chauffeur; we pay the chauffeur more than the man in the coal pit; and we pay the miner more than his wife. We pay our lobbyists more than our lawyers; we pay our lawyers more than our judges; and we pay our judges more than the man who serves society by keeping out of court. We pay our college "executives" more than our professors; we pay our professors more than our scholars; we pay our scholars more than our thinkers, whom we pay mighty little at all. This law is universal. We pay the bad novelist more than the good novelist; we pay the bad poet more than the good poet; we pay the good poet more than the prophet, whose wages in his own valley are notoriously meagre and uncertain. And if we rise above the prophet to services more than human, we know very well what the world pays for that.

### Another Broad Battle.

Forty-one local option contests have been begun in Ontario, in preparation for voting January next. Two of the municipalities—Brantford and Peterboro—are cities; fourteen are towns—Almonte, Aurora, Carleton Place, Cobourg, Collingwood, Dunnville, Lindsay, Meaford, Newmarket, Orangeville, Picton, Port Hope, Stayner, Strathroy; three are incorporated villages—Acton, Dutton and Georgetown. The other municipalities are: Adelaide, Admaston, Albion, Beckwith, Blyth, Broke, Bromley, Caledon, Dunwich, Elma, Erasmus, Esqueving, Essa, Gower, North, Gwillimbury East, Hay, Luther, Marlboro, Nepean, Pakenham, Sunnidale and Tucker-smith.



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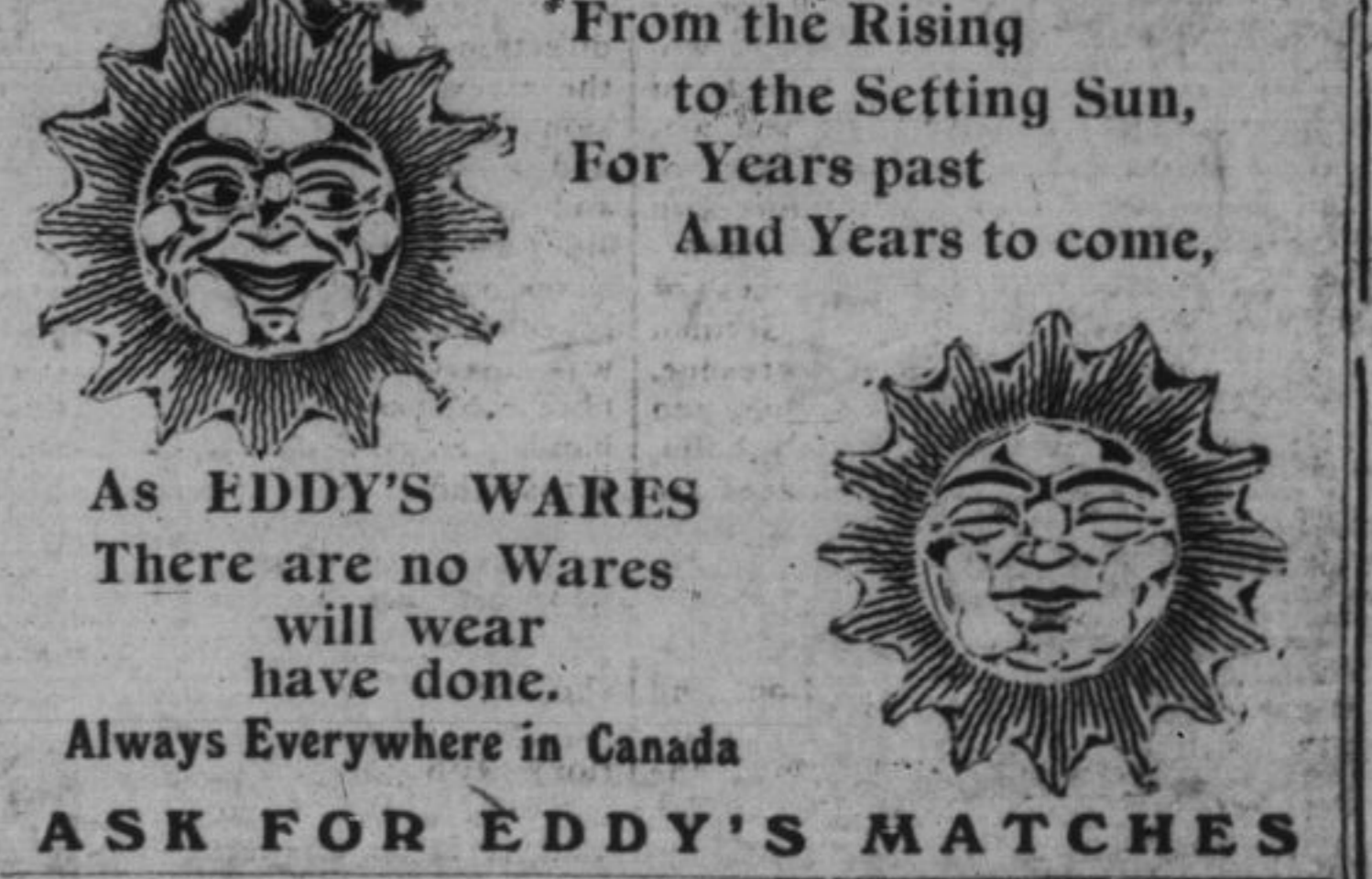
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