

Belleville, Pa., May 17, 1907.

THE BORROW OF A SKIPPER.

"I hate to think of dyin'," says the skipper to the mate: "Starvation, shipwrecks, heart disease I loathe to contemplate. I hate to think of vanities and all the crimes they lead to..."

OTTAWA

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 of the British Government...

puts 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 as one 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; the raw edges of shabby neighborhoods do not intrude upon it. In this respect Ottawa is incomparably more fortunate than Albany. The New York State capitol cost at least six times as much as the whole group of Government buildings at Ottawa; yet it is so elbowed and jostled by mean houses that it looks cheap in comparison. The Canadian buildings are so spaced and isolated that they have some of the statelyness 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 overvalued 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 center. 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 disgrace, 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, carrying 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, thus buzzing sawmills charging the air with the tang of fresh-cut pine, the nearly silent piles of oak 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, pin cushions, 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 Inter-provincial 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, and 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 like 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. There seemed very little probability that the local authorities would ever do anything worthy of the city, and finally the Dominion was induced to take a hand. In 1899 it established a permanent Improvement Commission, and endowed it with a standing revenue of \$60,000 a year—not very much, but enough to make a showing when judiciously used. The Commissioners took the greater part of the park system of the capitol and its environs, and began to develop a systematic plan of extensions. They were not experts in landscape work, and they made some mistakes, but fortunately the mistakes were not of a kind hard to remedy, and the factors of the problem pointed the way to its solution. As the funds were limited, it was necessary to make them go as far as possible, and that very necessity held the Commissioners to the true policy, which was to let the characteristic features of the place count to the fullest extent, and spend money only in setting them off and making them more accessible. The characteristic features of the place were its waterways, and there the work began. Looking about, like the good business men they were, to find where they could get the most for their money, the Commissioners saw a Government reservation two hundred feet wide along the Rideau Canal. The Government had no further use for it, and willingly consented to turn it over to the Improvement Board. Here was the material for a unique parkway, four miles long. The Commissioners took the old reservation in hand and laid out a winding drive along its whole length, through parterres of lawns, foliage, and flower beds. From the point of view of the landscape gardener there were some imperfections in the work, but the effect, on the whole, was one of singular charm. Parkways are common enough, but this one was uncommon. The canal, which might have been turned by neglect into a frowzy blotch on the town, like so many other canals, hugged the lawns and the driveway, mile after mile, in a panorama of ever-varying beauty and interest. Pleas-

ure steamers loaded with excursionists shared this amphibious boulevard with carriages and automobiles. At last the canal expanded into a lake, which the drive crossed on a causeway before ending in the five hundred acre Experimental Farm. That is another pleasing variant on the ordinary city park. It is a real farm, where they raise crops of all kinds in sample quantities, and at the same time it is so laid out as to serve the purpose of a public pleasure ground. The "Government Drive" along the Rideau Canal is the Improvement Commission's greatest exploit as yet. To build it without neglecting the other works on hand including the acquisition of some necessary land, called for more money than the Commissioners had in a lump; so they hit upon the ingenious idea of capitalizing their expectations. They issued bonds based upon their promised appropriations, and in that way raised enough to do at once what otherwise would have had to be spread over a number of years. They have always been good business men, so they have known how to make the most of their resources. The glory of Ottawa is its wonderful variety and extent of water frontages. The Ottawa, here as wide as the Mississippi, there as narrow as the Harlem, flows with an infinite complexity of rugged shore lines along the whole length of the city. The Rideau encircles the greater part of the town, leaping at last into the Ottawa over a cliff forty feet high. The Rideau Canal parallels at a little distance the curve of its river. The Gatineau enters the Ottawa on the other side. Here at once is a system of civic adornment all laid out by nature, and it merely remains to take advantage of it. Three years ago the city of Ottawa, the landscape architect of Montreal, prepared a plan to this end on the invitation of the Improvement Commission. It provided for parks and boulevards along the whole city front of the Ottawa, except for a short space in the sawmill region. A circuit was to be completed by a parkway along the Rideau River, paralleling the present city front, and extending back to the Ottawa by a boulevard from the Experimental Farm. Across the river there was to be another park at the mouth of the Gatineau for the suburb of Hull, and two or three great driving reserves were to be set apart within easy driving distance of the city. The magnitude of the plan rather staggered the commissioners, who did not see the use of looking so far ahead. Still they are working, a little at a time, in that direction, and if they keep on, doing each year the next thing at hand, they will eventually find Mr. Todd's scheme substantially executed, although at a greater cost of money and effort than would be required to make the necessary reservations had the wonderful scenery of the Ottawa River been made public property at several points. At the lower end of the city, opposite the mouth of the Gatineau, Rockcliffe Park and its extension stretch for over two miles along a wooded bluff, lapped by the gently flowing river, which broadens here like an exquisite mountain lake. It would be imperative to "improve" this wonderful scene with the "realities of artificial decoration, and the activity of the Commissioners has been wisely limited to laying out drives and walks through the natural woods to make the views accessible. At the other end of one of the greatest natural attractions possessed by any city in the world has been given over entirely to the beautification of artificial decoration, which for volume of water and sublimity of effect rank second only to Niagara among the cataracts east of the Mississippi, remain outside of all Ottawa's plans of civic improvement. Mr. Todd, in his report, expressed the belief that at some time in the future these falls would "be restored to somewhat of their former beauty, even though it utilized for their valuable water power," but nobody has ventured to suggest any definite scheme for their reclamation. Like the Rideau Falls, which ought to be another superb embellishment of the city, they have no other present purpose of existence than to run sawmills. Of course that purpose will have to be recognized, and from this point of view the "we include both Canadians and Americans" can be induced to sacrifice a great water power for the sentimental object of saving a view. The Chaudiere Falls represent seventy thousand horsepower at low water and three hundred thousand at high water. That means too much to the commercial prosperity of Ottawa to be thrown away. If every drop of water flowing over the Falls can be used it will be used, and it is vain to think of interfering. But at present there is a great volume of water which is not used. The Falls are still a magnificent spectacle from the old bridge, crowded with trucks, which is the only point from which they can be seen to advantage, and there seems no reason why some attempt should not be made to beautify their surroundings without interfering with their commercial value. A sawmill is a factory, and it has been found possible in other places to make factories architecturally attractive, to surround them with park-like grounds, and to make their neighborhoods pleasant places of resort. There is a beautiful group of lands above the Falls at Ottawa which it is proposed to turn into water parks, connected by bridges. This will be a charming attraction, but it will not give the citizens that view of the cataract itself to which they are entitled as long as the water is not needed for other purposes. People make long journeys to see waterfalls, and Ottawa ought to appreciate her good fortune in having a superb one within her own limits. From every point of view the Canadian capital should be in the future an increasingly delightful place to live in. It will be a great manufacturing city without the grime of coal dust that makes life in most manufacturing cities insufferable. Within a radius of forty-five miles it has water power that will develop the energy of nearly a million horses at low water, and over three times as much at high. That is more than will ever be allowed to be taken from Niagara. To be a clean, smokeless, electric city, with some of nature's most glorious spectacles freely displayed in a crystal atmosphere, seems to be Ottawa's fortunate destiny.—By Samuel E. Moffett, in Collier's.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT. In silence of the middle night I wake to be with Thee; And through the shadows, as the light, Thy mercy smiles on me. I talk with Thee upon my bed In meditations blest, And sweetly pillow there my head Upon my Saviour's breast. I think of Him who knelt and prayed At midnight on the hill; Then walked the sea His friends to aid, And bid the storm be still. I think of Him who took the cup In dark Gethsemane, And, gathering strength from prayer, rose up To die for such as me. I think of heaven, where never more The weary ask for night; But ever fresh 'n' glorious pour New raptures on the sight. So do I learn a parable, That is my darkest day, When waves of sorrow 'round me swell, The storm shall pass away. Nor will I turn my head aside, Though bitter griefs be mine; But say with Him, the Crucified, "Father, my will is Thine!" Thus shall I praise Thee while I've breath To sing Thy love to me; And welcome e'en the night of death To wake and be with Thee. —G. W. Bethune, D. D.

THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER. A Celebrated Recess in the Wall of Westminster Abbey. In the southwest wall of Westminster abbey a narrow recess shows an old oak door. Behind it is a passage leading into a small room with finely carved paneling called the Jericho parlor, which leads into the celebrated Jerusalem chamber. This chamber is of profound modern interest in that it was the scene of the 1611 and 1684 revisions of the Bible, in the latter instance the United States taking a most prominent part. The Jerusalem chamber is also of great historic interest, being one of the few remains of the old palace of Westminster, which for centuries was distinct and separate from the abbey. Many rooms in the old palace had similar fanciful names, such as heaven, paradise and the Antioch chambers. The Jerusalem chamber was built by Abbot Litchington in 1386 and was so named from the colored glass brought from Jerusalem which decorated it. The room is rectangular in shape, wainscoted with cedar and other woods, all of which were brought from the Holy Land. The ceiling and the upper part of the walls are frescoed, and here and there hang costly tapestries, which Henry VIII. placed in the choir of the abbey, but which have since been removed to this room. The splendid cedar mantelpiece was put up in commemoration of the marriage of Charles I., then Prince of Wales, with the Princess Henrietta Maria of France. The carved and wooden heads on either side of the mantelshelf represent the royal pair. One of the frescoes depicts King Henry IV., who breathed his last within these walls in 1413. This event occurred twenty-five years after the room was built and was doubtless the first really important incident in its history, for celebrated, indeed sacred, as the chamber has since become, at its construction it was only intended as the withdrawing room for the guests of Abbot Litchington. King Henry, with the uneasy conscience of a usurper and a superstitious belief in a prophecy that foretold his death at Jerusalem, decided upon a crusade to the Holy Land. The crusade, which the king deemed ample atonement for his sins, was, however, too long deferred. Preparatory to leaving for Jerusalem, while praying before the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor in the abbey, he was stricken with a mortal sickness, and, in the words of the old chronicle, "they for his comfort bore him into the abbey's place and laid him down before the fire in this chamber." On coming to himself and learning that he was in the chamber named Hierusalem then said the king, "Laud be to thee, Father of heaven, for now I know that I shall die in this chamber, according to the prophecy made of me before said, that I should die in Hierusalem." And so he made himself ready and died shortly after. The body of Addison lay in state in this room, whence it was borne at the dead of night to its last resting place in the chapel of Henry VII., the procession passing round the shrine of Edward a funeral hymn. From the Jerusalem chamber also the body of Sir Isaac Newton was carried to the grave, the pall being borne by the lord chancellor and by dukes and earls. Scott's Worst Hour. It is not the foolish and ignorant who are prey to the most unreasoning fears. Scott, who had grand moral courage and seems ordinarily not to have lacked physical courage, has left it on record that the moment of greatest terror in his life was that he spent while walking back through the fields after passing a day with Joanna Bailie at Hampstead. He met a rough looking man, a disreputable figure of the real jail bird. Scott hurried past him in alarm and was further disconcerted when he saw, by turning his head, that the man had crept through a gap to the other side of the hedge. Scott climbed through another gap, so that he was able to see the fellow groping at the bottom of the hedge. It was a stone or a cudgel that the ruffian was seeking, so that he might do murder, the novelist thought. And in that moment he experienced an agony of fear such as never before or afterward possessed him. The purpose of the man was quite innocent; he was merely picking up a bundle. Scott vaulted a stile with such thankfulness to escape that he was unconscious at the time that in grasping the wood he drove home a splinter three-quarters of an inch long between the flesh and the nail of one of his fingers.—St. James' Gazette. The Kaleidoscope. Have you any idea what a wonderful thing a kaleidoscope really is? Did you ever catch yourself wondering how many different kinds of patterns could be formed by the little bits of colored glass which the instrument contains and which adjust themselves with such remarkable facility when the instrument is turned in the hand? A calculation has been made by a noted mathematician which we are sure will astonish readers. He shows that a kaleidoscope containing twelve bits of glass may be turned rapidly enough to make ten changes a minute day and night for ninety-one years and forty-nine days without exhausting the different combinations or the possibilities of getting a new figure on the next turn. If the number of pieces of glass be increased to twenty, a calculation shows that 462,880,899,576 years would be necessary to go through all of the changes of which it would be capable, the holder of the instrument turning all the while so as to get ten changes a minute and working day and night those millions of years.

GOLD THIMBLES. Process by Which These Dainty Finger Caps Are Fashioned. The gold from which thimbles are made is bought at a United States sub-treasury in the shape of snug little ingots brick shaped and two and a half inches long and one and a quarter inches thick. Each one contains of pure gold twenty-four karats fine metal of the value of \$600. Gold of this fineness would be much too soft for thimbles, and it is alloyed down to fourteen karats, in which condition it is rolled into sheets of suitable thickness. In the first process of manufacture a sheet of this gold is run into a machine, which cuts out of it a disk in size sufficient to form a thimble, the same machine stamping this disk also into the form of a straight sided capsule with irregular edges. Then the thimble blank goes into another machine, in which the die stamps it into its conical shape. Out of this machine it goes into an annealing furnace for tempering and from that into an acid bath for cleaning and the removal of the fire coating. Then the thimble is put into a lathe to be turned down to its final shape and dimensions. With repeated applications of the tool the operator brings the crown of the thimble into its perfect form and cuts down along the thimble's sides to bring the walls of the thimble to the requisite thickness, defines and finishes the smooth band that runs around the lower part of the thimble and brings into relief the rounded rim that encircles the thimble at its opening at once to give it a finishing ornamental grace there and to stiffen it. The glistening little gold shavings that he cuts off in these various operations all fall into a canvas trough. It lacks yet the familiar indentations in its surface that serve to support the needle and to hold it in place. These the thimble maker now proceeds to make. It is done with a tool called a knurle. There are an end knurle and a side knurle. An end knurle is simply a handle having set in it a tiny thin revolving wheel of steel upon whose periphery is a continuous encircling row of little bosses or knobs corresponding in size to the little indentations to be made. The side knurle has in place of such a wheel a little steel cylinder of a length sufficient to cover that section of the thimble that is to be indented on its sides, this cylinder having knobs all over its surface as the end knurle wheel has around its edges and turning, like the wheel, on its axis. The thimble in the lathe is turning at 2,500 revolutions a minute, and it seems as if the application to its surface of any sort of tool with protuberances on it must leave there only a jangled and mixed up lot of irregular marks. But now, with the end knurle the thimble maker makes an indentation in the center of the top of the thimble and then proceeds rapidly and with perfect certainty with the end knurle to describe around that center concentric rings of indentations, with the indentations all perfectly spaced from the center of the circumference of the top. You may see him do this, but you can't tell how he is able to do it. And then with the side knurle he makes the indentations in the side of the thimble, making them as well as he deftly presses the tool against it, indentations that run absolutely uniform and true and that end at their lower edge in a perfectly true encircling line.—Chicago Chronicle. City Servants Mustn't Snore. "Excuse me," said the polite employment agent, "but do you snore?" The rosy face of the young girl fresh from the country turned rosier. "Not that I am aware of, sir," she answered. "But what has snoring to do with my suitability for this post of chambermaid?" "You are from the country," the man answered, "or you would understand. You see, here in New York we all live in apartments or flats and snoring is with us an objection, a grave objection, for it hinders sleep. Suppose your master turned in, worn out with a hard day's work and could not get to sleep on account of your snoring. That, if it happened night after night, would settle your hash though you were a very model of a chambermaid." "I see," said the young girl thoughtfully. "I must look into this. 'I'll let you know later whether I snore or not.'" "Yes, I can't give you the place till I find out. If you do snore," the agent went on, "the vice may with patience be cured. Stop sleeping on your back; sleep only on your side. Your slumbers will then be as silent as a babe's. All city people have learned to sleep on their sides so as not to snore."—New Orleans Times-Democrat. He Paid For the Boots. According to an old French tale, a number of shoemakers argue the question, Which one of them is the most meekly submissive to his wife? To the one who is least so the host offers to give the best pair of boots in his shop. If any one claims the boots and fails to prove his claim, he must pay double price for them. The boots are claimed by a man who declares that he is not afraid of his wife. The man who offered the prize is somewhat taken aback by the man's confident manner, but he determines not to let his boots go without an attempt to save them. "The boots are stiff, I think," he said. "Take this grease with you to soften them, but put it inside your waistcoat, so that my wife may not see it." "Oh, no," was the reply, and the grease was hastily pushed away. "No, my wife would be angry if I should grease my waistcoat." Then the others promptly decided that he must pay double price for the boots.