CLOUDLAND IN THE OUEEN'S DOMINION

The Great Divide as It Is Seen in British Columbia.

SCENES OF GRANDEUR UNSPEAKABLE

Crossing the Summit of the Range of Great Mountains Which Parts the Waters of the North American Continent .- What the Traveler Sees Just Before Entering Rocky Mountain

Special Correspondence of The Tribune, Banff Hot Springs, in the Rocky Mountains, Aug. 31.—"Tomorrow will be the culmination of the beautiful and grand in the mountain scenery found on the Canadian Pacific, as you cross the Great Divide and enter Rocky Mountain Park at Banff, fifty miles distant," says our famous English Mountain Park at Bann, fifty miss distant," says our famous English traveler, who had been not only a great educator and guide, but an in-spiring companion thus far on our Canadian Journey. From Field to the Canadian journey. From Field to the Summit is nine miles, through the Canon of the Kicking Horse River, one of the wildest and grandest in all this mighty range. The scenery is not only sublime but terrible. In the nine miles the road rises 1,050 feet and in some with reaching with the mile. places the grade is 225 feet to the mile. Here three locomotives are required. On the broad front of Mount Stephen,

some 2,500 feet above, vertically, we trace the zig-zag lines of a tramway coming down from the Monarch Silve mine, somewhere among the clouds. This mine is owned by English capital-ists and after being successfully worked for seven years, was lately closed on account of the depreciation of silver as an article of merchandise, The ore mined here yielded \$45 per ton. As we proceed to the summit, the dark angular peak of Mount Field is seen on the left rising 8.555 feet, while the spires of Cathedral Mountain occasionally appear over the tree-tops, 10,285 feet high.

10.285 reet high.

Here for a mile is a series of waterfalls and immense trees on the right,
while to the left, northward, is a great
mountain valley, with great white glacler-bound peaks, and between them
are mirror-like sheets of water, which
reflers each neak and preciping with reflect each peak and precipice with startling clearness, even down to the river valley below.

TWO GIANT MOUNTAINS.

We pass from Kicking Horse Canon between the two giant mountains, Stephen and Field. The former is named in honor of one of the projectors of the Canadian Pacific and its first president, while the latter bears the name of his friend and one of the most illustrious of American citizens, Cyrus W. Field, the projector of the Atlantic cable, that has probably done more than any other one agency to unite the Old and New Worlds, England and America, in both business and social itercourse.
As we passed between these two Al-

pine heights, standing facing each other, worthily named in honor of these Illustrious men, as perpetual memorials of their great work in promoting the interests of mankind, the words of the famous traveler and living illustrious brother, Rev. Dr. H. M. Field, of the Evangelist, who traveled over this great railway in 1893, came aptly to mind. He says: "As I sat in the twilight looking up to that snow clad peak (Mt. Field) on which the sunset lingered, comfort came to my sad heart, in the thought that though my brother had passed out of my sight, in that new empire which is rising on the Pacific coast, one of the most commanding summits in all its great ranges would preserve to future generations that be-

The mind of the traveler at this point n up with wonder at the enormity of the great work, the colossal en-terprise, perseverance, and pluck of the company which brought these rocky passes and towering mountains into subjection to its will.

THE GREAT DIVIDE.

We cross the deep gorge of the Wa II ta and soon reached Wapta Lake Hector, at an elevation of 5,190 feet, a in two miles Stephen station, the su mit of the Rocky mountains—the "byck bone of the Continent," or the "Great Divide." It is the summit only in an engineering sense, for while the road is here a mile above either the Atlantic or Pacific, the mountains still rear their white heads over another mile above and stretch away to the north, west and to the southward, like a great back bone, as indeed they are, the back bone of the continent. We can hardly realize that these are the same "Rockles" we crossed in Colorado in 1892, and through whose portals we entered the far-famed Yellowstone Park at Livingstone in 1895, and whose spurs we crossed at Bozeman and again at Helena in the United States. Yet, now, on this glorious summit, on Canadian soil, they appear to us again in inde-scribable grandeur. This elevation forms the watershed for the rivers that on the western side flow by the Columbia into the Pacific Ocean and on the other by the Saskatchewan into Hul-

Stepping upon the track in front of the great rustle sign-post, or arch, upon which appear the words (5,296 feet) "The Great Divide," we behold the great glacier which supplies the sparkling ice stream which here separates into two parts and with swift currents, within a few hundred feet of each other, flows each way to its destination. Imagine the situation. One can almost stand with one foot in British Columbia. and the other in the Northwest terri-tory, and see the waters start on their course of wandering to either ocean.

THREE INTERESTING LAKES.

The summit of the pass is an almost level space about four miles long, with three lakes, the largest of which is the source of the Kicking Horse river, along which the railway has just ascended. It is here a rapid and impet-uous stream which starts with a width of fifty feet, flowing down into the Co-

The second one is "Link Lake," which seemingly has no inlet or outlet, but whose waters, fed by the great glaciers, are carried to the Atlantic or Pacific. The third is called "Summit Lake," the source of Summit Creek, whose waters flow eastward down the eastern slope of the Rockles, which we are to follow. At the summit we pass from the Province of British Columbia into Alberta, anotherProvince of the Domin-ion, 2,387 miles from Montreal. Thus far we have traveled 519 miles since we left the Western sea and crossed three ranges of mountains, comprising the longest, continuous, unbroken line of the grandest scenery found on the American Continent. Nearly all this chaos of mountains and canons is as wild as it was when first the eyes of the white man were startled by their over-powering grandeur in 1883, and among these marvels are the favorite haunts of every "man-fearing or man-skeering" brute known to the whole country. Think of it! the stately elk; the flerce black, cinnamon and grizzly bear; the sneaky panther; the big-horned sheep; the snowy goat, and also the cariboo, the deer, the wolf, the lynx, etc., all are found here in great numbers for our sport; providing we are gamey enough to follow our guide, tracker, or helper into their various haunts. Naturally, the construction of the railway has driven the game a short distance from the track, but the "Stony Indians" are the tribe that can guide us quickly and with certainty to their hiding places.

in forty-seven miles the road overcomes an elevation of 2,800 feet, while
the descent to the Atlantic Slope, from
the highest elevation above sea level to
the plains eastward, is almost imperceptible, being continued over hundreds of miles at an average grade of
not more than fifteen feet to the mile.
Leaving the summit, the next station
reached is Laggan, at the foot of Lefroy Mountain, the station for the
"Lakes in the Clouds," We descend in
seven miles 366 feet, to an altitude of
4,930 feet. We leave behind now the
serrated rocky peaks which seem like
turrets ascending to the sky and follow the Bow Valley—a gap in the Bow
range. Within these seven miles are
three remarkable lakes, and no more
delightful spot is imaginable than these delightful spot is imaginable than thes lovely stretches of water in "Cloud-land." First, is Lake Agnes, 6,750 feet, then Mirror, the latter reached by a bridle path on the mountain side, 6,400 feet, and perched amidst the most romantic environments. About three miles from the station is Lake Louise, 5,800 feet, truly a lake in the clouds, and on its margin is another Chalet betal where vertes can seems lunch. hotel, where parties can secure lunch-eon or remain over night in the wilder-ness. No tourist should fall to visit these lakes, which are of singular beauty. Lake Louise with its tremendous peaks and precipices, its glaciers and snow fields, its stretch of mirror water, depth of color, amid the slender water, depth of color, amid the stender tapering spruces, and meadows of wild flowers, calls forth all the adjectives its visitors can compand. It is one of the favorite resorts of invalid visitors to the famous "Banff Hot Springs," of which I will speak later on.

which I will speak later on.

NO MORE GLACIERS. We now bid adieu to glaciers, the last being on the shoulder of Mt. Hector, a broad crescent-shaped river of ice, a broad crescent sample of the call and call and

From Laggan to Banff is thirty-four miles and we descended 420 feet. As we proceed the scenery on all sides is most grand. The Rockies here exceed our expectations. The scenic effects are such as no mortal man can conceive of until he has witnessed them. It takes more than two looks to measure the mountains left behind, or the ure the mountains left behind, or the valley that confronts us below, for both mountains and valley play fantastic tricks with the eye as the train moves along, first bounding behind ridges then around curves and madly racing into the depths below. Ahead through the trees to the left, we get enchanting glimpses of the lofty Bow Range; on the right appears the bare, rugged, shapely serrated sub-range. rugged, shapely serrated sub-range, called the "Sawback," the central and loftiest mountain in which is Pilot loftiest mountain in which is Pilot Mountain, which looms up 9,130 feet high, like a leaning pyramid; also, the imposing cone of Copper mountain, 8,500 feet high, while to the left is the gap of Vermillion Pass through which are seen distant lofty snow peaks along the Continental watershed, from whose glaciers and snow fields the Vermillion river flows. Westward of the entrance into the pass stretches the long, rugged, and wall-like front of Mt. Temple, while directly in front is the loftiest and grandest of this whole panorama, Mount Lefroy, 11,660 feet, a prodigious, solated, helmet-shaped mountain, isolated, helmet-shaped mountain, which stands supreme over the whole

PEAKS IN ABUNDANCE.

This mountain comes prominently into view at Cascade Station, Castle Mountain station is at the base of the great peak whose name it takes. Here was once a mining camp called Silver City, but now there are more dwellings than inhabitants. To say that the scenery with all these peaks prominent, is exceedingly grand, does not express it or do justice to the truth. Castle mountain here looms up on the left, 8,850 feet, a sheer precipice of 5,000 feet with turrets, bastions, and battlements complete as if thrown up family, was taken home and again by engineers at the proper angle of yoked to his uncle's plough. Back, by engineers at the proper angle of forty-five degrees to the main line of fortification. As we skirt the Vermilto his studies with commendable dillion Lakes, we get a fine view of Mount leaner. At 21 he left Owen Elizabeth's Massive and the snow peaks far to the west, enclosing Simpson's Pass and al-so the snow ledges forming the eastern crest of Pilot Mountain; besides "Hole in the wall" mountain upon the left, 7,500 feet. Let the reader if he can imagine such a combination of moun-tainous scenery as that by which we are encircled, rising in mighty granders encircled, rising in mighty grandeur from eight to eleven thousand feet, their white peaks-regions of eternal snow-towering up above the misty clouds, while the marvelous clearness of the atmosphere of this section brings

out their sculpture minutely.

Six miles from the noted Banff Hot
Springs, we enter the western confines of the "Rocky Mountain," or "Canadiau National Park," where a half dozen ranges of these snow-tipped mountains center, each differing from the oth-ers in form and color, and the converging valleys separating them afford matchless views in any direction we may look. Right here in the heart of this grand and impressive scenery the Dominion government has made a reservation of a tract twenty-six miles long and ten miles wide, which inlong and ten miles wide, which in-cludes a remarkable group of Hot Sul-phur Springs, as a National Park, analagous to our own Yellowstone Park. An account of this great health resort and "Canadian Wonderland"

will appear next week.

J. E. Richmond. TARGETS FOR HEAVY GUNS.

The Immensely Heavy, Tough Plates Are Subjected to Crucial Pounding. Targets at the new range, Shoeburyness, are not so much marks as speci-mens of armor plates and other protections, says a writer in Chambers' Jourtions, says a writer in Chambers' Journal. Some of these are built up with
a strength which, to the uninitiated,
appears to be proof against any attack. Here, for instance, we find a
steel plate of eighteen inches in thickness, and behind this six inches of
iron, the whole backed up by huge
balks of timber. But, notwithstanding its depth, the enormous mass has
been dented and cracked and in places been dented and cracked and in places plerced. When we look at the plates which are not quite so thick we see that the shells have formed what are pretty and regular patterns, for small triangles of metal have been splintered off and turned back, so that the aper-ture is decorated with a circle of leaves, and resembles a rose with the center cut out. Where the shell has entered the plate before it bursts the pattern remains very perfect, but when it explodes as it touches the surface

of the encircling leaves are enone of the encircing leaves are en-tirely cut off.

One target is pointed out to us, which represents the iron casing of the vul-nerable portions of a torpedo bont, consisting of engine-room, boilers and coal bunkers. Tiese compartments have been riddled again and again. Even a service rifle bullet can pene-trate one side, and a shell of the smallest size will go through both, for tor-

pedo boats are not very heavily built. He Didn't Mind Which.

"How much for a protograf?" he queried as he entered the room at the nead of the stairs.
"My dear, sir, you have made a mistake," replied the occupant of the of-fice. "This is a dental office, while the photographer is next door."

"Oh, you pull teeth?"
"Yes, sir."

"How much?"
"Fifty cents apiece."
"Well, go ahead and yank out one or wo. Its about the same to me."-Detroit Free Press.

Uncle Allen's View of It. wen the game a short distance from track, but the "Stony Indians" are tribe that can guide us quickly and the certainty to their hiding places.

DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

Down the mountain the

PETER WILLIAMS, BIBLE ANNOTATOR

CAST INTO SIR WATCYN'S KENNEL

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone Take Ten ar

Recently, at Pendine, Carmarthen-

shire, great services were held at the church erected to the memory of the Rev. Peter Williams, the famous Welsh Bible annotator and preacher. When the geographical history of Welsh nonconformity comes to be written it will be found that Carmarthenshire occupies a conspicuous and important place in the earlier chapters. To get a few teps further back than the rise of Calvinistic Methodism, it was Carmar-thenshire that gave birth to Vicar Prichard, the greatest religious factor in Wales in the seventeenth century. There lived and labored Stepher Hughes, the vicar's "pallbearer," and compiler and editor of "Canwyll y Cymry." The same county witnessed the patriotic labors of Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror, the initiator of the movement for popular education in Wales, and the man who made the Sunday school movement possible. From the neighborhood of Llandovery came Williams, of Pantycelyn; from Cayo, David Jones, the translator of Watts' hymns; John Evans, of Llwynforten; Thomas Charles, of Bala, the organizer and consolidator of the Corph, and Rhys Pugh. Charles's ear-ly instructor in Methodism. An equally instructor in Methodism. An equally prominent name in those
stirring times—the middle of the
last century—was Peter Williams,
also a native of Carmarthenshire, born in the parish of Llansadwrn, in 1722, educated for the
church at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar
school, Carmarthen, ordained deacon
by the Bishop of St. David's, served by the Bishop of St. David's, served as curate at Eglwys Cwmmin, his first and only licensed charge; then became a free lance, now undertaking duties at Swansea, then at Llangranog, and again at Llandyssilio, in Cardiganshire, until he finally was cast adrift and forced to join the band of young Methodist enthusiasts who were then actionist enthusiasis who were then turning the Welsh world upside down and setting established ecclesiastical authority at nought. Griffith Jones, "the Apostle of Wales," Howell Harris, the Brecknockshire visionary, and Daniel Rowlands, the Prophet of Llangeitho, had done the work of pioneers before Peter Williams entered the field before Peter Williams entered the field, but Wels's Methodism was still young and opposition as strong as ever. His parents died—his mother when he was nine years old, and his father three years later—and he was adopted by a maternal uncle, who had little sym-pathy with the visions and dreams which then filled the air, but seemed to have exerted a strong influence over Peter Williams' fervid imagination and turned his thoughts to the ministry. When at school at Carmarthen came a crisis in his history. George Whitfield was announced to preach in the town, and, in spite of the schoolmaster's warning, young Peter went o hear the great preacher, and felt the potency of his eloquence.

"Conversions" were not respectable in those days; Peter's relatives were horrified and the hapless youth, whose religious fervor, mistaken for intellec-tual weakness, was reckoned a dis-grace to the school and a slur on the however, he went and applied himself At 21 he left Queen Elizabeth's school and opened a school on his own account on Conwil Elfed, the old neigh-borhood of the Howells, relative of James Howells, ambassador under James I., and author of "Epistolae Hoelianae." At 22 he enters, with fear and trembling, the Episcopal Palace, a candidate for deacon's orders, which the bishop conferred after having satsfied himself that Peter had been comcopal license pointed to Eglwys Cumin as outlandish a spot as the civilized universe could show, where a congregation, except of seagulls and lapwings, was an impossibility. Here Peter Williams commenced his mis-Peter Williams commenced his mission, receiving in return such pittance as did not suffice for his horse, and compelled to eke out a "living wage" by keeping school. Thus was he cooped up, shackled, and manacled by ecclesiastical restrictions, while his eagle soul yearned, like John Wesley's, for a whole world for a parish. Is it to be wondered at that it burst its narrow bounds and sought neighboring fields? The end was not far. The rector's wife discovered traces of Methodism in his sermons, his ministry was ism in his sermons, his ministry was tainted, the bishop intervened. Will-iams' license was cancelled, and thus his official connection with the church he loved so well, and could serve so eminently, ceased at a single stroke. The rector and the rector's wife, the rural dean and the arch-deacon, and even the Hon. Richard Trevor himself. who then filled the throne of St. Da-vid's, have long passed from memory, but Peter Williams, the inhibited curate, remains a living memory in Pen-dine church, and will remain while the

lowyn seeks the sea and Ragwen Point looks upon the waters.

Peter Williams' stay in the church was not of long duration, and he was induced to cast his lot among the revivalists, and it is as a preacher with the Methodists we see him henceforth. In that capacity he endured much obloquy and persecution. At Kidwelly, within a short distance of his home at Gellilednais, in the parish of Llandy-fellog, on his attempting to hold a service in the open air one Sunday aftervice in the open air one Sunday afternoon, he was set upon by a number of
roughs and savagely beaten. When he
mounted his horse they led the animal
to the neighboring marsh and compelled him to leap across the ditches
which abound in that spot, promising
themselves splendid fun to see the
preacher wallow in the mire. But being a good horseman Williams, escenced ing a good horseman Williams escaped a good norseman withams escaped accident. He was afterwards dragged into the public house, where the mob tried to make him drunk. This attempt also proved fruitless, for he poured the beer into his riding boots. At length he was rescued from his tor-mentors by his own servants, whom his wife sent in quest of him. While at Wrexham he was arrested by order of a local magistrate (one of the Wynns, of Wynnstay), and brought into the great mans presence. The proceedings of that famous meeting are not reportof that famous meeting are not reported, but the interview ended in Peter Williams being cast into the lion's den—to wit, the dog kennel—where he spent the night. In the morning he gained his freedom, and was followed by the constables who had arrested him the previous day to the house of one Moses Williams. The constables object, probably, was robbery, and Moses Williams, on seeing them coming, took from Peter Williams his watch, and all the rascals could find on the preacher's person was three on the preacher's person was three shillings and six pence and a snuff box. Peter, though a saint, was fond of a pinch of snuff, and at his earnest of a pinch of snuff, and at his earnest entreaty the box was returned, an act of kindness which they would not have done had they known that at the bot-tom lay half a guinea. At Trefriw, near Lianrwst, he suffered martyrdom at the hands of "two gentlemen." who

it was intended to blow him into "smithereens." In fine, the opposition, absurd and often cruel, which he met was a matter of frequent occurrence, and helps us to realize the state of re-Expelled from the State Church on Account of His Methodism.

CAST INTO SIR WATCYN'S KENNEL

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone Take Tea ar a Welsh Village Inn and Shake

Honds with the Counter Medicare. Hands wirh the Country Maidens -- planatory observations on the text, the first attempt of its kind that was ever made in Welsh.

"Peter Williams' Bible" is still a book that is sworn by Welshmen, several editions of it having appeared in recent times. Some years ago few entered the married state without a copy of Peter Williams' Bible to place on the parlor table or on the top of the chest of drawers, though innumerable copies have found their way to the pawnshop from time to time. Unhapply, the ap-pearance of "Peter Williams' Bible" was the means of embittering his old age and a source of contention between him and his brethren, who accused him of entertaining heretical views in some of his comments. He was branded as a Sabellian, one that entertains erroneship of Christ, and the doors

ous views on the Trinity and the wor-Methodist persuasion was closed to him in future. Other denominations also looked upon him with a suspicious eye. and thus this truly great and good man was "boycotted" by those who strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel. Peter Williams lived in an age when an ig-noble effort was made by the church and the state to crush Welsh nationality and the Welsh language. With such a demoralising policy Williams had no sympathy, and it was partly with a view to oppose it he published his works in the vernacular. He also took a prominent part in establishing the "Greal," a Welsh monthly, which was edited by his son, the Rev. Eliezer Williams, of Lampeter, assisted by "Dafydd Ddu Eryri" and "Ieuan Bryd-

ydd Hir.' MR. GLADSTONE AND WELSH INN. The inhabitants of Caergwrle, in North Wales, enjoyed a novel sensa-tion recently. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone drove out from Hawarden to this picturesque village, which nestles at the foot of a mountainous range which stretches between Hawarden and Wrexbam. Some six or seven ladies and gentlemen accompanied the carriage on their bicycles, among them being Mrs. Drew, Miss Helen Gladstone and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M. P. for Leeds. On their arrival at Caergwrle Mr. Gladstone was persuaded to alight and take tea at the Castle Inn, which is a humble hostelry of the most un-pretending order. The excitement of the white-headed comfortable landlady at being suddenly called upon to pro-vide tea for so distinguished a party in her brick-floored back parlor may be asily imagined. But the time occupied in her preparations was beguiled by the right honorable gentleman in examining with much interest two or three pieces of china which at once attracted his attention. During the progress of the meal news of what was going on flew like wildfire through the village, and in an incredibly short space of time between two and three hundred villagers were gathered in the road outside the inn. When Mr. Glad-stone came out he was greeted with vociferous cheers, eager hands were thrust out to be shaken, blessings were invoked by fervent Welsh villagers on the venerable statesman's head, and the carriage was driven off the scene amid a sensation which, though grati-fying as a spontaneous testimony of affectionate respect, was almost painful in its intensity. The few persons who succeeded in gaining a handshake will probably be permanent heroes among their neighbors. One village dame, indeed, with a face blanched by suppressed excitement, was observed to push her way to the front to ask nd to obtain the coveted hand-grasp. Altogether the scene was likely to be for a long time to come the chief vil-lage tradition, and, indeed, it is often

at tea so celebrated a statesman as the ex-premier. NOTES. The Vale of Neath Brewery, near Neath, now owned by Councillor E. Evans Bevan, was originally erected by a stock company at a cost of \$30,000.

that the back parlor of a village ale-house enjoys the honor of entertaining

Should Mrs. John Thomas, of Lianelly, decide to accept the offer of a South African vocal tour—the decision is yet to come—she will leave for the South in May

There are this year seventy-nine candidates for the various scholarships connected with the University college of South Wales and Monmouthshine, which will be offered for competition in the near future.

In William Salesbury's dictionary, "Imprynted at London in Foster Lane by me, John Waley, (1547) occurs the following quaint definition of onion: A plant which wives use to induce tears at the death of their husbands."

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone intend leaving Hawarden Castle about the first of Octo-ber for Penmaenmawr. This quiet, pleas-ant spot is a favorite one with the ex-Premier, and he has more than once ac-knowledged the debt he owes, in the mat-ter of health, to the bracing influences of Welsh air.

Gwalia, the Welsh conservative weekly, of Hangor, has evidently no sympathy with the attempt of "Catholicus Cambreuss" to defame the Welsh people. In the opinion of Gwalia, this scurrilous scribe is a "parson," and, further, that in besmirching others he is merely describing his own character."

People who say that Welsh seaside boarding houses and shopkeepers are not sufficiently up to date evidently know nothing about the subject. At Barmouth recently some visitors bought some pretty shells to take home. They were labelled as usual "a present from Barmouth," but what the dismay of the purchasers to find later on on close inspection the words inside the shell—"Made in Germany."

Aberystwith is about to lose the Rev. Liewelyn Edwards, M. A., who for many years has conducted the Ardyn Grammar school in that favorite resort. Mr. Edwards, who is a brother to the well-known principal of Bala, has, it is definitely announced, accepted the call to the Clapham Junction Calvinistic Methodist church, and has disposed of the Ardwyn school buildings to the Cardiganshire intermediate school authorities.

Major Pryce-Jones, the Conservative member for the Montgomery Boroughs, is talking of having an analysis taken of all the well-known mineral waters sold at Llandrindol, Llanwrtyd, Builth, and other Weish resorts, with the view of having their properties compared with those of celebrated watering places, such as Carlshad, or the continent. He believes that with management and advertising these Weish resorts may be developed on a very big and fashionable scale.

Miss Ethel Maddock, the popular instructures of English at the Training College for Teachers, London, has just obtained at Paris (where she passed with distinction through the course of lectures for foreigners given by the French Allcance) the diploma of professor of the French language. This shows her to be fully quality to teach the French language in Wales. The young lady is the daughter of Mr. James Maddock, of Newport.

Mr. G. H. Havard, who last week headed Mr. G. H. Havard, who last week headed the list of thirty-two candidates for the ministry in the examination of the South Wales Calvinistic Methodists, is the eldest son of Mr. William Havard, Llandovery House, Treherbert, As a student he is establishing a creditable record, From Llandovery school he won an 180 scholarship, tenable for four years at Jesus college, Oxford. He will take his final B. A. examination in June next. Wyr William Havard, y crydd, o Lanymddyfri.

near Lianrwst, he suffered martyrdom at the hands of "two gentlemen," who dragged him into a tavern, made a but to the gibes and ridicule of the mob, and subjected to the most disgraceful indignation. At Gwydderin, in Denbighshire, he nearly became the victim of "ganpowder plot," by which

moved further inland, and it has been found that an adequate successor to him at Dale college cannot be obtained.

Writes R.L.:—"I am glad that Dr. James Williams, of Brecon, has, in his address to Madame Patti, called attention to the barbarism, of 'Penwyllt' as applied to the railway station near Craigy-nos. Crig-y-nos signifies the "Rock of Night,' and Penwyll, as it is and has always been called by the natives, means Pen top, and Gwyll, shades—the hill above the shaded valley where Craig-y-nos stands. The railway authorities are responsible for the barbarism of Penwyll—the natives will have none of it."

A gratifying indication of the vitality of the Welsh language is furnished by the remarkably flourishing state of Welsh periodical literature. Recent years have witnessed an unparalleled revival in this direction. And there is apparently no ebb in the tide. Mr. O. M. Edwards' new venture, "Heddyw," is about to be launched, while Mr. P. M. Evans, of Holywell, one of the leading Welsh publishers, promises for the first of the year, the first number of "Y Teulu," a weekly unsectarian magazine.

Llansadwrn, a small country town near the city of Llandovery, has given to the world not a few successful men, and most of them are Evanses! It was in that picturesque parish that Mr. Ben Evans, the Swansea draper, first saw light, and also Mr. David Evans, J. P., of Llanselly, now Langennech Park. Another Llansadwrn man is Mr. D. Evans (John James & Co.), head of the large new firm of drapers in Queen. street, Cardiff; and whose brother, Mr. W. Lemuel Evans, M. A., of New York, is author of a well-known work entitle "Memory as a Power of Knowledge."

John Evans, of Pandy, was an enter-prising tradesman of a somewhat original and ingenious turn of mind. In setting up a new sign over the door of his shop he had the following engraved upon it: John Evans, o Bant-y-ena, Yn gwerthur blawd a dafedd dda, Ac hefyd wlanen a chig moch; Jack yn ddu, a Shani'n goch. Shani was probably his wife, and was

Jack yn ddu, a Shani'n goch.

Shani was probably his wife, and was blessed with a crop of red hair.

It is a good many years since the conversion of Lord Bute to Roman Catholicism, and the portrait of him in "Lothair" were the talk of London, Saturday of last week was his forty-ninth birthday. Vast as was his forty-ninth birthday. Vast as was his landed property when he succeeded to it in 1818, when still a baby, he has added to it very largely during the last few years. He married a daughter of Lord and Lady Howadr, of Glassop, who entertains largely at St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park. He is the patron of nine livings in the Church of England, though as a Romanist, he can make no presentation; but his charities and his gifts to his own church are on a scale of high munificence.

In Merionethshire the term used to de In Merionethshire the term used to denote the act of washing and preparing a dead body for the coffin is "diweldur" (ending). The equivalent term in Montgomeryshire is "thot alian" (aying out); in Glamorganshire and Carmarthenshire, "trot e helbio" (putting him by); in Denbighshire, "dywarthu"; and in Carnarvonshire, "Golchi'r corph" (washing). Years ago the 'Gwylnos' (a prayer meeting in the house of mourning on the night before burial) was in vogue throughout the greater part of Wales, but it is gradually dvine out, and is now only held in parts of the Principality. the Principality.

A proposal which emanated from Elvet Lewis is now being very favorably discussed in Congregational circles, namely, that a Weish Congregational quarterly magazine should be established. In a recent address, Elvet outlined a year's programme for sich a quarterly, giving a list of subjects and allocating the subjects to certain writers whom he named, winding up with the statement that were those writers to write on those subjects the four numbers would contain excellent matter. The "Cell" supports the proposal, and instances the quarterlies published under the auspices of other denominations. Many people, however, will desire to know why the Celt should class the Tracthodydd as a Methodist. This quarterly claims to be undenominational, and has always been so regarded.

A Welsh weekly, published in Liverpool, referred in the following terms to the Cardiff exhibition in a recent issue; "In spite of the low condition of trade and general poverty, all the people in the Vale of Glamorgan go to Cardiff to get a glimpse at the exhibition. The trains every Saturday are full. There is no scarcity of money to get pieasure, and if there is a searcity of it to pay the grocer and the draper, and the congregations in some churches on Sunday morning present a rather thin and mengre appearance; in fact, the faithful ones are wanting, but they are too tired to hear the good word. Saturday's trip explains everything!" The Weigh word gwerin is often used i

The Welsh word gwerin is often used in Welsh for the English world democracy, community, masses, and people. In a letter addressed by him to Owen Jones in June, 1899, Iolo Morganwa explains the meaning of the word, and refers to the importance of proverbs as a means of elucidating the language of a country. "I think," he writes, "the old proverbs of very important use in elucidating the language, and will also very frequently help as to the true sense and etymology of a word. For instance, gwerin is by Dr. Davies and others said to be the plural of gwr, but this cannot possibly be on any principle of etymology—any rule of grammar—any analogy of the language:

'Nid gwlad ond gwerin, nid gwerin

 Nid gwlad ond gwerin, nid gwerin ond brodordde; 'Nid hawdd gwerinaw diriaid.'

'Nid hawdd gwerinaw diriaid.'
Whence I conclude that gwerin signified people that are civilised or formed into regular communities, having regular government and fixed habitations; from gwar, civil or tamed, so that gwerin appears to me to signify civilised people in opposition to gwyddelod (Sylvaticos), woodmen, wid men." After this, the term 'Gwerin Cymru,'' so often met with in our periodicals, ought to be thoroughly understood by every Weishman.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Mrs. Abbey is to star.
Mansfield is rehearing "Hamlet."
Actor Vroom will make McKinley speeches.
The "Irish Greenhorn" is Dan McCarthy's new play.

Belasco is at work on two totally dif-ferent kinds of plays.

"The Merry Tramps" is the title of the "The Merry Trainies is the title of the Lilliputtans' new play.

Annie Ward Tiffany has joined the "Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," Henry E. Dixey closed his starring tour in "His Absent Boy" at Boston last

night.

Julia Marlowe Tabor has made a hit in the dramatization of George Eliot's "Romola."

A choice of a successor to the late Frank Mayo in "Pudd nhead Wilson" has at length settled down upon Theodore Hamilton.

Frank Mayo in "Pudd'nhead Wilson" has at length settled down upon Theodore Hamilton.

Any circus manager in Italy who does not carry out his advertised programme, or misleads the public by means of posters, is fined \$500.

The cast of Rice's revival of "Evangeline" includes Theresa Vaughn. Charles Bigelow and Mile. Yvonne La Guerre, the Parisian harpist.

Henry Irving's revival of "Cymbeline" calls up the fact that since Shakespeare's time there have been twenty-four productions of that play.

Robert Mantel is the first actor to turn the kinetoscope's moving pictures to advertising account. He shows scenes from "The Corsican Brothers" outside the theatres.

Charles H. Hout's peet farce will illust.

Charles H. Hoyt's next farce will illus Charles H. Hoyt's next farce will illustrate the misadventures of a non-resident debtor under Massachusetts law, and Harry Conor is to have the principal role. When Nat Goodwin returns from Australia about the last of October he will produce in San Francisco a new play by Madeline Lucette Riley, entitled "An American Cousin." It is said to afford admirable opportunity for that form of humorous expression in which he is quite inimitable.

Charles H. Hoyt is telling this story of one of the young women in "The Black

Charles H. Hoyt is telling this story of one of the young women in "The Black Sheep." This young lady, who is still shrouded in amonymity, was an artist's model before she went on the stage. Once she called on a prominent painter and offered him her services. "But, my dear," explained the artist gravely, "I only paint fruit pictures, and—." "Then," interrupted the applicant, "paint me, I'm a peach."

"In Gay New York" furnishes an opposite illustration of the ingenuity shown by writers of burlesque and extravaganza in the litem of stage normelature. In this burlesque Mrs. De Shvster Van Shoddle is one of the parvent rich; Miss Percucide Me. Tushtush is a leading lady; Fairy Fullmeasure is an actress inclined to embonically franklin Wiegeths is a Teutonic soubrette; Yvette Guilbert's sisters are known as Youbstle, Gewette, Dontfreite, Tolette and Mypette.

On the Rolling Wave.

She—"Take care, Alfred! That isn't the remedy for sea sickness. Don't you see the bottle is marked 'poison?" " He—"That's the one I want."—Truth. Two Exceptions.

Quiz-"So you believe in the green every time?"
Pat-"Yis, sor; ixcipt whin it's the grane apple or the grave."-Judge.

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