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STANDARD TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF CANADA.

The Department of the Interior has just issued a new map of Prince Edward Island comprising sheet No. 14 of the Standard Topographical Map of Canada. This map covers not only the whole of the island but parts of the counties of Kent and Westmoreland in New Brunswick, and parts of the counties of Cumberland, Colchester, Pictou, Antigonish and Inverness in Nova Scotia.

The map is of convenient size—about 3 feet square and is on the comparatively large scale of 3.95 miles to the inch. It shows all surveys to date, post offices, stations on the railway, highways and roads and all other available information within the territory covered. A series of these maps is being issued by the Chief Geographer of the Department of the Interior. Maps are being prepared in detail of the most important districts of the Dominion and the intention is to combine them as has been now done in the case of Prince Edward Island into large and complete maps of each of the provinces of Canada when all are finished. In the meantime, copies of the map of each district are being issued for the convenience of the public as soon as the individual plates are completed. The following sheets have been published covering portions of Nova Scotia on the same scale as the map of Prince Edward Island: The Cape Breton sheet (comprising Cape Breton and part of the counties of Antigonish and Guysborough.) The Truro sheet comprising Pictou and parts of the counties of Antigonish, Guysborough, Halifax, Colchester, Cumberland and Hants.

The Halifax, Yarmouth and Moncton sheets covering the remainder of the province and part of New Brunswick are in progress.

In New Brunswick, the St John sheet on the smaller scale of 7.95 miles to the inch was published in 1905. This map does not cover quite all of the province; the south eastern part of the counties of Kent, Westmoreland and Albert not being shown but a new and up to date map covering the entire province is under preparation.

It will be interesting to the public to know that single copies of any one of the published sheets of the Standard Topographical Map may be obtained free on application to the Chief Geographer of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa.

The Most Fatal of Diseases

This is the terrible appellation which Colonel Seely, the British under-secretary for the colonies, gives to the sleeping-sickness of Africa. This disease is communicated by the famous tsetse, and Sir David Bruce has reported that out of hundreds of thousands of cases he did not know of a single recovery. A strange fact is that the sleeping-sickness has spread enormously since the coming of the white men into the regions affected by it. Heroic efforts have been made to stay the scourge, but it is not yet arrested, although encouraging progress has been made. The plan of removing the natives from the infected lake shores has not proved so effectual a remedy as was hoped. —The Youth's Companion.

THE NOVEMBER ROD AND GUN.

While big game hunting supplies the dominant note in the November number of Rod and Gun in Canada, published by W J Taylor, limited, Woodstock, Ont., there is in the same issue, plenty of material for sportsmen who are not able, for various reasons, to go after moose, deer or bear. In the opening article, Mr Bonycastle Dale tells how Indian boys make clever hunters, trappers and fishermen and with what skill they decimate the inhabitants of the forest. Exploration in the Nepigon country, fishing and mountaineering topics, with many other papers and some fine verses, fill a number which should find its way into all hunting camps. Sportsmen, wherever they may be found, can enjoy some pleasant half hours by dipping into its contents, assured that from beginning to end they will find much to attract and interest them. The completeness of the issue in covering the whole wide field of Canadian sport gives it distinction and goes far to account for the standing the Magazine has won and continues to deserve.

ATHLETIC WORLD

The November number of the Athletic World, published by W J Taylor, Limited Woodstock, Ontario, which has just reached this office, is an exceptionally good one, and seems to indicate that the policy of steady improvement which this magazine has so far carried out so well, will continue in the future. The various occurrences of interest in the Canadian sporting world are well described and attention is also paid to events in other countries, while practically every branch of sport is covered. Lovers of Athletics will do well to get this number, in which will be found something to interest every one, whatever field of sport he particularly favors.

A Hardy Family.

As every Southerner knows, elderly colored people rarely know how old they are, and almost invariably assume an age much greater than belongs to them. In an Atlanta family there is employed an old chap named Joshua Bolton, who has been with that family and the previous generation for more years than they can remember. In view, therefore of his advanced age, it was with surprise that his employer received one day an application for a few days off, in order that the old fellow might, as he put it 'go up to de ole State of Virginny' to see his aunt. 'Your aunt must be pretty old,' was the employer's comment.

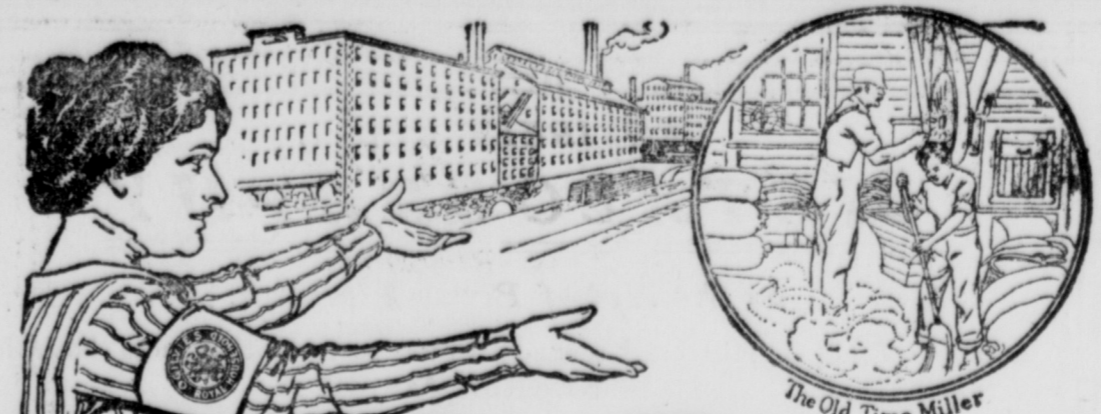
'Yassir,' said Joshua; 'he's pretty old now I reckon she's bout a hundred and ten years ole. One hundred and ten! But what on earth is she doing up in Virginny? I don't jest know, explained Joshua, but I understand she's up dere livin' wif her grandmother.—Harper's Weekly.

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech With its direct revealing; It takes a hold, and seems to reach Way down into our feelings. That some folks deem it rude, I know, And therefore they abuse it; But I have never found it so— Before all else I choose it. I don't object that men should air The Gallic they have paid for. With "Au revoir," "Adieu, ma chere." For that's what French was made for. But when a covey takes your hand At parting to address you, He drops all foreign lingo and He says "Good-bye, God Bless you." —Eugene Field

Aristide B. 1911.

John MacDonal in the Daily News [London] Eight years ago, and bourgeois France hardly knew M Briand from Adam. He was then forty. Fifteen years had he spent in a sort of nomadic life, as barrister, as journalist, as trade unionist orator, political organizer, Congressman, general secretary to the French Socialist Party. In spite of his splendid gifts, his comrades used to say, Aristide will never make his fortune at the Bars? Why? Because the only clients he cares for are the proletariat victims of our economic anarchy, whose gratitude is his reward. Optimist though he is, he feels acutely the injustice of the Social State. "Gentlemen of the jury," Aristide has been heard to explain, in defending my client I'm defending myself." Magnifique. But how unorthodox! Drifting from his obscure birthplace in remote Vendee to the boulevards of Paris he reported Parliamentary debates and working class meetings, and wrote leading articles for the 'Petite Republique' and other advanced papers, such as the 'Lanterne,' of which he became for a time director. He loved to saunter among cafes and restaurants of all sorts and lounged by the brass-topped lilliputian tables of a cabaret beside his two penny table, or on the silken sofa of a bourgeois salon, with a choicer liquor at his elbow, was to listen to the most persuasive talker in all Paris.

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He loved to spend a day among people such as his own constituents, the workmen of St Etienne, who tell you that notre Aristide is like ourselves, that as Master of France he is the same unassuming, frank, serious, genial fellow he was when eight years ago they gave him his first Parliamentary seat, who when they heard that the first thing he did on becoming a cabinet Minister was to go and see my dear old Mother, far away in the country, remarked that's our Aristide.

'Idler'—lazy bones, someone remarked in a company of M P's and journalists strolling in the sunshine, while Briand, silent (as he often is) in the clatter of talk loitered about seemingly lost in dreamland. 'You don't know him, was M Jaures' reply; 'he's hard at work. We shall hear it in the Chamber.'

'Improviser'! Not he. And yet he never wrote a speech in his life. He composes his speeches in his brain, patiently marshalling in his prodigious memory, day after day, facts, ideas ransacked from reports, acquired, or suggested in personal discussion with friends and foes alike, in readiness for the rush of 'spontaneous' utterance. The personal talk, the immediate contact of mind with mind, is M Briand's favorite method of research. And so if, on the eve of a debate pregnant with the fate of a ministry, you see him leisurely strolling in the corridors of the Chamber, button holing this man, throwing his arm over the neck of the other, and talking him in tow for a quiet talk—no matter who the honorable member may be, faithful follower, 'unified' malcontent, or stalwart of the Right—you know he is still hard at work.

And now, in the tumult of debate, he leans, restfully, in the Ministerial bench, with folded arms stock still as if in Dreamland—but listening through the long hours never missing a word, never taking a note.

'La parole est a M Briand.' The tumult ceases. Other orators have gone around to the tribune with their 'serviettes' of MS. and printed documents. M Briand faces his critical, vast audience—without a scrape. Until you know the man, you tremble for him in his destination. The interruptions come, fast and furious. They cannot mar the sequence of his speech. Weaving them with prompt dexterity into his logical web, the orator never at a loss for the right word in the right place, develops his fluent sinuous argument, without breach of continuity, to its destined end.

To physical 'presence' the new Prime Minister of France owes next to nothing. Some what over middle height, grown rather emaciated round shouldered, slightly knockkneed he is ordinarily a little ungainly in his movements. The brow is narrow. The head, with its closely cut black hair, altogether common place. Beneath the thick, black, pendulous moustache the left half of the lower lip droops heavily. But the large dark eyes

with their tranquil, searching gaze—and the voice—proclaim their owner's quality. A penetrating voice, audible in its lowest tones at the remotest corner of the chamber, it is what Carlyle would call a downy voice, a caressing voice, a cooing voice; since Gambetta's the most seductive heard in the Palais Bourbon.

'Let us have done with talk,' he says 'the time for constructive work is come.' The task he has assigned to the new Legislature, a task which includes a Labor Code—with Syndicalist proprietorship, Syndicalist 'Personality,' labor shares, as its original element and substitute for the 'ruinous class war,' with his idea of Association as the potent instrument of individual development and and of the moral and intellectual elevation of democracy—is the most inspiring ever fallen to the lot of a French Government.

The tradition of the Amazons, a valiant race of women warriors, was a favorite with the writers and artists of ancient Greece, but it has been generally treated in modern times as a poetic myth. Now comes an interesting archeological discovery which makes it seem certain that there were indeed women fighters of high rank in the old days. There was recently unearthed a sepulcher in the part of Italy once known as Etruria in which was found a war chariot of bronze and iron, and crouching in it the skeleton of a woman. There were about her not only the remains of rich robes and beautiful ornaments of gold and ivory, attesting truly feminine vanity, but also the same weapons which the ancient traditions say the Amazons used in battle. The bronze work and the terra cotta vases definitely fixed the date of the tomb as about 800 B. C. The earliest accounts of the Amazons located them in the northeast part of Asia Minor, and had attained a high degree of skill in certain of the arts long before Rome was founded. Such evidence as this tomb affords is more convincing than the pictures of Amazons on the old vases, or such legends as that of Queen Penthesilea, who is said to have led five thousand female soldiers to the aid of Priam in the Trojan War.

The Earle of Crewe, Secretary of State for the Colonies, succeeds Viscount Morley as Secretary for India. The Right Hon Lewis Harcourt, the present First Commissioner of Works, is appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies. Viscount Morley has been anxious to give up the India office for some time. He is growing old and the recent troubles in India have been too much for his strength. In taking the post of Lord President he gains added dignity but loses three fifths of his salary. The India secretaryship pays £5,000 (\$25,000) a year; the Lord Presidency £2,000.—World Wide.

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