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CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1910.

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TERRIBLE PERIL OF PRESIDENT TAFT

(Canadian Courier.)

We are accustomed to regard Canada as a peaceful and harmless country, into which it can be no danger to penetrate. We pride ourselves on the excellence of our police systems and the gentle calm of our Sunday. It is curious, then, to be informed that even the prospect of seven hours' residence in Canada caused a wild flutter among high officials in Washington during the first week of this charming June. It seems that President Taft was spending a pleasant Saturday in Jackson, Michigan, and in making up itinerary of his return journey to Washington, the officials who arranged the president's trip overlooked the fact that, while Canada occupies a few million square miles of North America, the dominion is not exactly a section of the United States. Therefore, the Taft car was put on the schedule for a night run through Ontario. The original arrangement would have sent Mr. Taft from Jackson to Buffalo over the Michigan Central railroad. Suddenly it dawned upon a nervous official at Washington that the Michigan Central runs through Canada from Detroit to Buffalo. There was a hurried search of railroad maps, a hurried despatch to the authorities in Michigan and the president was saved a foreign exile which might have cost him his proud position. In any case, during those seven hours of sojourn in Canada, he would have been no longer the chief executive of the noblest republic in all creation. Mr. Sherman would have reigned in his stead, but would probably have been unaware of the fact, as the vice-president is said to be a sound sleeper.

Times have changed, indeed, since Hon. William Taft used to pack his golf sticks and fishing tackle and his him to the classic shores of Murray Bay, where he found his Canadian holiday all too short. Being president of the United States no doubt has its attractive features, and the White House is a handsome residence, with historic associations and modern conveniences. Yet to be obliged to remain away from Canada is a privation which may give us pause. For four long years to be exiled from the Hamilton Mountain, the Toronto water-front and the picturesque if unsavoury markets of Montreal! It is hard lines and we should rather be Earl Grey than president Taft. The latter gentleman appears to be of a daring disposition, however, as he frisked across the Rio Grande last year and had luncheon with President Diaz in Mexico. A second offence—and for seven hours at a stretch—would have been fatal, and the Republican party would have sent a wireless to Theodore to come back and be sovereign of the States once more.

LONGBOAT SHOWS FORM AND BEATS NEBRICK.

The most startling news of many a day in athletic circles came from Buffalo today. Tom Longboat won a race! Yes, sir, Big Chief, led severely by one by and shown of many of his laurels by his lethargy and obstinacy, took a notion to do a little training, and the result was that he walloped Frank Nebraska in grand style in a 15-mile race in Buffalo last night. Longboat indulged Nebraska with the lead for five miles, and then sailed by and won as he pleased. He had five laps in 14 miles when Nebraska was ordered off the track by the referee, who said he was ill. Longboat galloped in his old-time form, and did the distance in 1:26:08 3-5. He ran the last mile faster than he did the first, sprinting a full three laps. The result of the race shows how easily the big Indian retains form. He only had two weeks' training for the event.

JAPAN A LOYAL ALLY.

(Toronto News.) The following is an extract from a letter from the Rev. Charles H. Shortt, formerly of St. Thomas' Church, Toronto, now of Takata, Japan. "The Japanese have quite outdone themselves in their expressions of sympathy concerning the death of King Edward. Today all over the Japanese Empire British and Japanese flags are flown, draped with black, and there are many services being held even in some of the Buddhist temples. "But the most remarkable thing is that the Crown Prince and Princess, with a number of other royals and nobility, attended the cathedral memorial service in state. That is certainly the first time one of the Imperial family has ever worn a Christian service. Of course, our own ambassador and his whole staff, besides many ambassadors and ministers of other powers, were there in full regalia; but that is only to be expected. "This Imperial compliment could only have been brought out by the funeral of King Edward. "The Japanese are most sincerely pro-British. I hope the service may have helped to make them pro-Christian."

A FLETCHERITE LOSES HIS COUNT.

(Chicago Tribune.) "Bobby," said his mother, "sit up straight and don't tuck your napkin under your chin. I've told you hundreds of times. "There!" exploded Tommy, you've made me lose the count! I don't know now whether it's 256 or 356 times I've chewed this clam!"

DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

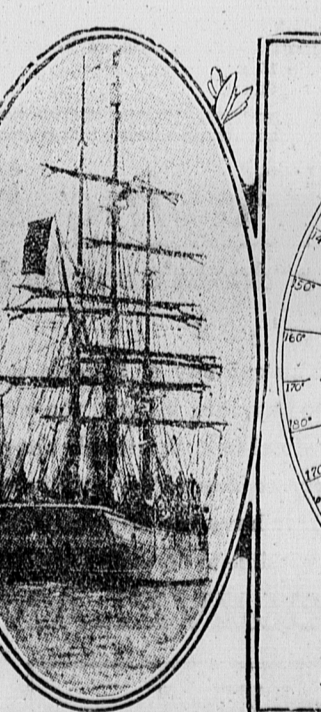
To imagine Constantinople without its hordes of prowling street dogs is difficult, but the authorities of the Ottoman capital have started in earnest to rid the city of one of its most notorious features. Last year a contractor offered to pay the Turkish treasury a lump sum for the privilege of clearing the city streets of dogs. What he wanted to do with them did not transpire; perhaps he expected to recoup himself by selling their skins for gloves. Anyhow his proposition met with no favor. Today the Turks would have gladly accepted his proposition, but no dog buyers were forthcoming, so they tackled the question.

Detachments of policemen and sweepers armed with lassoes and wooden logs and followed by a night and raided the kennels forth by night. A few were spared at the discretion of individuals who agreed to look after their dogs. The others were driven away to an unknown fate. At the time of the Russo-Turkish war a large number of dogs were collected and put on Belver Island, one of the Prince Islands in the Sea of Marmara, so called after a former English ambassador who once owned a country house there. No one took care of the starving creatures, and devour each other before the work of transporting the whole canine contingent was complete. Then news came of a crushing defeat of the Turks.

The Sultan took it as a sign of divine wrath and hastened to sign an order for the exiles to be taken back to town.

DEMONSTRATION.

A gentleman went into a pipe-maker's shop with the intention of seeing the method of making pipes. The proprietor, who was a Scotchman, had arrived from Edinburgh a few weeks ago. When the Philadelphia got in the shop he found only a boy back of the counter, so without more ado he thus addressed him: "Well, my child, I'll give you a quarter if you show me how you make your pipes." "I canna mak' a peep, sir," replied the lad. "I can only mak' a ciddle." "A ciddle! What's that, my bint?" "It's a short peep," replied the boy "sic as men and women smoke out of." "I'll give you a quarter if you show me how to make that." "Gie's yer quarter first," was the reply. The gentleman gave the boy the quarter, and he took a long pipe and broke a piece off it, saying: "There, now, sir, that is the why I mak' ciddles."



THE POURQUOI-PAS.

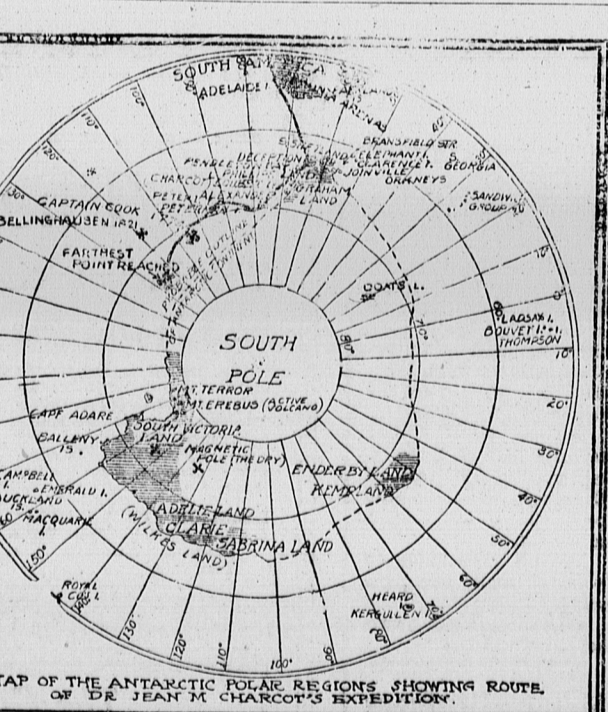
Dr. Jean M. Charcot, leader of the French scientific expedition in the Pourquoi-Pas to the Antarctic regions, has given the following exclusive account of his interesting discovery, which has been cabled from Punta Arenas. The description of the struggles of the party against ice and storm and of the results accomplished in spite of the greatest hardships, from a thrilling narrative of Antarctic adventure. It is certain that the result of our mission appears very well compared with those of Sir Ernest Shackleton, Mr. Peary, Dr. Cook, &c., whom I sincerely applaud. But it must not be forgotten that our object was entirely different. Leaving Punta Arenas on December 10, we soon arrived at Deception Island, where the Sociedad Ballenera Magallanes filled up our coal supply. From there we went to Wandel Island, passing by Fort Lockroy. After leaving Wandel Island difficulties began. We found ourselves in an uncomfortable and even dangerous situation for several days. An excursion for purposes of observation nearly had a very bad ending

THE UNCONVENTIONAL B. P.

Among the many old friends whom Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell will greet when he visits Canada this summer to have a look at the Boy Scouts of the Dominion will be Col. Steele, the commander of the 16th Military District. Col. Steele is a good type of the silent soldier. It is difficult to persuade him to "retrospect," as Mark Twain had it. But one of the subjects that set the colonel talking with enthusiasm and eloquence is "B.P." Col. Steele served with the hero of Mafeking as one of his divisional commanders in the South African war. Then he learned to respect and admire the famous cavalry leader. As an instance of "B.P.'s" genius for handling men, Col. Steele tells how on one of his tours of inspection of the veldt, "B.P." visited a block-house that was in charge of Canadians. They were good shots and could ride like centaurs, but their knowledge of military etiquette was a trifle hazy. Therefore, when a stranger arrived in a quiet, neat suit of khaki, they made no inquiries regarding his status. He gave no explanation of the purpose of his visit, but the course of a short time the whole party was engaged in a heated argument concerning the relative merits of trout streams in Canada and elsewhere. "B.P." the commander of ten thousand men and more, was sharing the top of a soap box with a giant from some of "B.P.'s" tobacco. When told afterwards who he was, the Canadians did not seem much concerned. One of them observed, "Well he's a dead game sport and knows one of a lot about fishing." A staff officer who arrived upon the scene is stated to have remarked, "Gen. Baden-Powell is a deuced clever fellow, but a frightfully unconventional beggar, don't yer know?" "That's why he made a hit with Col. Steele, who learned about men and things in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police."

REAL FAME.

(Literary Digest.) Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, was entertaining a group of magazine editors at luncheon in New York. To a compliment upon his fame, Mr. Le Gallienne said lightly: "But what is poetical fame in this age of prose? Only yesterday a school boy came and asked me for an autograph. I assented willingly. And today at breakfast time the boy presented himself. 'Will you give me your autograph, sir?' he said. 'But,' said I, 'I gave you my autograph yesterday.' 'I swapped that and a dollar,' he answered, 'for the autograph of Jim Jeffries.'"



MAP OF THE ANTARCTIC POLAR REGIONS SHOWING ROUTE OF DR. JEAN M. CHARCOT'S EXPEDITION.

for three members of the expedition and necessitated for the Pourquoi-Pas navigating in parts full of reefs level with the water and hidden by ice, and the ship grounded under very serious conditions. Our first campaign, in summer, was carried out along Graham Land and we tried to penetrate where the Francais had not been able to reach. It was thus that we again discovered the bay pointed out by the American sealer, Mr. Pennington, and discovered a deep fjord north of Adelade Island. From Adelade Island we were in an absolutely unknown land. Alexander Land alone had been seen from a great distance, defended by an ice pack considered as insuperable. Adelade Island, to which Biscoe gave the length of seven miles, is really seventy miles long and its shape is bizarre and interesting. To the south of this island we discovered a very large bay, and we made fast to the ice pack near a little island, where temporary observatories were set up on the ice. This permitted us to complete the hydrographic chart of the eastern Land from a side where no one had been. But, renewing our efforts,

OLD NOTION DISPROVED.

(New York Times.) Lightning never strikes twice in the same place, according to an old saw, but a big cottonwood tree standing in Hyde Park, Chicago, last summer disproved this notion altogether. This tree stood on the south side of Fifty-third Street, between Central Avenue and the Illinois Central tracks. It was nearly fifty years old and one of the largest trees in the neighborhood. The late Judge Jameson built his residence at the southwest corner of Fifty-third Street and Central Avenue in 1857. There was lightning and some of them are marvellous of engineering skill. One runs the new Trans-Atlantic Railway—the first South American transcontinental line—pierces the Andes at about 10,400 feet elevation. A railway is contemplated which will connect Buenos Aires with Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay. The exports of South America are mostly raw products and goods are bought in return from almost all the European countries. English, German, French, Italian, Austrian and Spanish lines regularly to the great ports on the Atlantic side of South America; with almost equal frequency they continue the journey to the west coast and gather in the riches of Chili, Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador for home consumption. But, as the Montreal Witness says, alas for the glory of the Monroe Doctrine, and alas for the paragon of the United States, "the Stars and Stripes of our own country are seldom seen, and much of the trade that should belong to us has escaped because of the merchant marine has dwindled to nothing during the last generation." The amount of imports and exports is increasing. Within the last ten years this growth has in some instances increased over a hundred per cent, and is limited only by the capacity of vessels to carry it. The world cannot step forward a step without the rubber of Brazil, the cacao of Ecuador, the copper of Peru, the quibraho of Paraguay, the chilled meats of the River Plate, or the wheat, the corn, or the wool of Argentina. Emigration from Europe to South America, Dr. Hale points out, on a much more extensive scale than most people suppose. Brazil in one year welcomed 100,000 immigrants; Uruguay in the same time from 40,000 to 60,000; Chile, in the district of Minus Geras, in Brazil, alone, there are as many as 1,000,000 Italians; in three other Brazilian provinces there are as many as 500,000 Germans. More than 200,000 immigrants often come in a year to Argentina from Spain, Italy, Portugal, Germany and Syria. More than half the population of 7,000,000 people in this republic is of South European origin. Dr. Hale has much to say of Roosevelt.

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(Baltimore American.) Many men in the course of the different hobby periods of their youth were struck with the stamp craze. Nearly all will recall the days that were spent in scouring the neighborhood for new varieties, the hours of pasting and counting, as well as many other tasks they somehow imagined themselves duty bound to perform. This fact that nearly all men at some time in their life were stamp collectors is said to account for the popularity of the official stamp collection of the United States Post Office Department maintained in connection with the postal museum in Washington. Post Office Department officials say 100,000 men call every year to see the museum stamp collection. The post office department museum is not by any means a new institution, but many notable additions have been made in the past year. Consequently it is now quite full of interesting objects. It contains almost everything from a lock of Charles Giteau's hair to models of the big battleships of the navy, but by far its most interesting feature, according to the officials, is the stamp collection. Few visitors miss that sight, and many "hobbyists" spend hours pouring over it. Uncle Sam as a stamp collector is a most signal success. He not only has a complete set of his own stamps but a complete collection from every other stamp-issuing country in the civilized world as well. His collection is valued by the department at \$200,000, but stamp dealers say it would demand a figure many times that sum if placed on the open market for sale. The fact that Uncle Sam's stamp collection is absolutely complete is a statement difficult to comprehend, even to those who have been collectors themselves. Most of those who were collectors in years gone by will remember how many empty places there were in their albums when they glared in the possession of 1,000 and 2,000 specimens. They will recall how many new varieties above the 2,000 mark cost from \$5 to \$50 each, also the small fortunes players on some of the specially rare specimens, the kind which the dealers' catalogues related had only been printed to the number of 100 or so and but six or seven were known to be in existence. Well, Uncle Sam's stamp collection possesses all of these, besides thousands of common kinds. Although it has taken hard work, many years and a tidy fortune to do it, the collection today stands absolutely complete. The only varieties yet to be added are those yet to be issued.

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FRENCHMAN HAS FOUND A NEW USE FOR SPRUCE

A recently invented French process for the manufacture of cloth out of spruce wood is being investigated by a number of New England cotton exporters. The cloth is said to resemble the finest merized cotton in texture and sheen, while it takes on dyes more brilliantly than the real cotton and finishing than does the real cotton fibre. The cost of the new fabric will be much below that of cotton cloth. In fact, it is stated that the finished wood pulp cloth will be cheaper than the raw cotton in bales. C. J. H. Woodbury of Boston, president of the National Association of Cotton Spinners, has given some details of the new process. The first wood to be used, is to reduce the spruce wood to cellulose, much after the method used in the ordinary steps of making pulp for paper manufacture. That consists, speaking generally, in reducing the wood to a liquid by a combination of chemicals and applied heat. The reason that spruce is preferred is because of its lack of color, which, of course, is a feature in bleaching and dyeing the finished cloth. After the wood is reduced to cellulose, or synthetic cotton, since bleached cotton is nearly pure cellulose, this liquid is then pressed out. For the coarse fibre the pulp is pressed through perforated steel plates, and as it hardens when it strikes the air it may be wound on spools or drums in any lengths desired. For the finer fibres the holes through which the wood cellulose is pressed are in glass tubes, drawn out to very small orifices, such as are found in fountain pen nibs. When made from spruce this fibre is almost white, and it may then be bleached before being dyed. It has been brought out also that this wood pulp cloth or "soyewe," to give it the French name, will resist boiling water or caustic potash solutions for several minutes without change. Also it burns no more rapidly than does cotton, and this is a most important point in artificially produced textiles. A substitute for silk that is much used in the cheaper grades of ties is already made from wood pulp treated after a different process from the French substitute. But this imitation silk is highly combustible. It is easy to tell it from the real silk by touching a match to a thread from it. If the thread is real silk, it will burn slowly and leave a little ball of white carbon. The thread or imitation wool burns rapidly and entirely. It is this extreme combustibility that has been a charge against imitation silk, but to the new substitute of silk there is no such objection.

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LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POEM.

When the great poet, Longfellow, was nine years old, his master wanted him to write a composition. Little Henry, like all children, shrank from the undertaking. His master said: "You can write, can you not?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then you can put words together?" "Yes, sir." "Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go behind the schoolhouse, and there you can find something to write it with, and then you can tell what it is, what it is used for, and what it is to be done with, and that will be a composition." Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to be near, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what it was, what it was for, and what would be done with it. A half hour had been allowed, to Henry for his first undertaking, in writing a composition. In half an hour he carried in his work all accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in a short time.

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The brakeman was a novice, and on his first run here there was a very steep grade mount. The engineer at ways had more or less trouble to get up this grade, but this time he came near sticking. He almost lost his head. Eventually, however, he reached the top. At the station that crossed the top looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said, with a sigh of relief: "I tell you what, my lad, we had a job to get up there, didn't we?" "We certainly did," said the new brakeman, "and if I hadn't put the brake on we'd have slipped back." Washington Star.

THE FOURQUI-PAS.

Dr. Jean M. Charcot, leader of the French scientific expedition in the Pourquoi-Pas to the Antarctic regions, has given the following exclusive account of his interesting discovery, which has been cabled from Punta Arenas. The description of the struggles of the party against ice and storm and of the results accomplished in spite of the greatest hardships, from a thrilling narrative of Antarctic adventure. It is certain that the result of our mission appears very well compared with those of Sir Ernest Shackleton, Mr. Peary, Dr. Cook, &c., whom I sincerely applaud. But it must not be forgotten that our object was entirely different. Leaving Punta Arenas on December 10, we soon arrived at Deception Island, where the Sociedad Ballenera Magallanes filled up our coal supply. From there we went to Wandel Island, passing by Fort Lockroy. After leaving Wandel Island difficulties began. We found ourselves in an uncomfortable and even dangerous situation for several days. An excursion for purposes of observation nearly had a very bad ending

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had a turnip, And it grew and it grew, And it grew behind the barn, And the turnip did no harm. And it grew and it grew, Till it could grow no taller, Then Mr. Finney took it up, And put it in the cellar. Then he lay, there it lay, Till it began to rot, When his daughter, Susie washed it, And she put it in the pot. Then she boiled it and boiled it, As long as she was able, Then his daughter Lizzie took it, And she put it on the table. Mr. Finney and his wife, Both sat down to sup, And they ate, and they ate, Until they ate the turnip up.

UNCLE SAM'S STAMPS.

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THIS BAGGAR 'OPS.

Pedestrian—"How far is it to Aldershot? Let me see. Well, as the crow flies—?" Footsore Tommy—"Never mind 'ow the beggar flies, 'ow far is it as the beggar 'ops"—Truth.