Trout Fishers' Paradise.

Brook trout and brown trout are not appreciated in Newfoundland, being far more common than are the perch and sunfish of the States, says the Country Calendar. Catching them will soon surfeit the angler who casts his flies from the shore of almost any lake. Such catches are counted by the dozen—one lot of seventy-two dozen being brought aboard the train at Harbor Grace. One dozen ten-inch trout usually sell for 10 cents.

There are 687 named lakes on the island, and 30,000 known ones without names. The island has about 4,000 miles of seacoast, including that of bays like Bonavista, Notre Dame, Fortune, St. Mary's, Bonne, St. George, Placentia and Bay of Islands. From one to six streams of clear green water empty into each of these bays. Every stream that reaches salt water is a salmon stream. Back from all that coast are other and easily reached streams that have not even a tradition of a fishnet, rod or hook, and lakes never mapped where one may camp and add to the fare wild geese and ducks, willow grouse, whose plumage turns white in winter, ptarmigan, plover and curlew. These camping places bring a unique sense of remoteness and solitude. Only one who has actually seen the wall of darkness around a campfire in the Newfoundland jungles and over the tundras can understand the tinge of fear that sometimes becomes almost appalling in the vast solitudes.

A Necessary Formality.

"How much longer have I got to wait for my breakfast?" demanded the impatient man with the napkin tucked under his chin.

"You ordered eggs on toast, I believe, sir?" said the waiter.

"I did. You ought to remember it well enough. You took the order."

"Yes, sir. The toast is all ready, but the proprietor is executing a mortgage on the establishment for the eggs, sir," explained the waiter, with dignity.

RELIGIOUS

He that Humbleth Himself.

Among the many pathetic incidents of the Russo-Japanese war is one which recalls the parable of the Pharisee and the publican.

Two Japanese spies, Colonel Jokoka and Captain Jokki, were captured in the act of blowing up a bridge on the Manchurian railway. Jokki was a Buddhist, Jokoka a Christian. They pleaded guilty, stood their trial with entire calmness, and received their death sentence—hanging—with complete indifference. When a telegram was received from General Kuropatkin, sparing them the humiliation of being hanged and ordering that they be shot, the Buddhist accepted the change in disdainful silence. The Christian replied, "It is well; I am ready," asked permission to write to his family, and turning, embraced the captain.

Then said the Buddhist, "I die more tranquil than you, colonel."

"How so?" asked the Christian.

"I have performed my duty toward my country and toward my God. You only toward your country. I have thought a good deal about what you have told me of Christianity—you are always boasting of its superiority. Well, I consider that you are not in accord with Christ, whereas I have nothing with which to reproach myself."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the Christian, thoughtfully. "However, it is now permitted me to do the first truly Christian act of my life. I shall give the money I have with me, about a thousand rubles, to the Russian Red Cross, to be used for our wounded enemies."

The Russian commandant, deeply touched, agreed to accept the money; and asked if the prisoners had any final requests to make before their execution.

The Buddhist asked to have a bath, and buckets of water were brought.

The Christian asked to see a chaplain, and as there was no Protestant minister in camp the Russian regimental pope came to the prisoner.

"I should like to hear the Sermon on the Mount" said the condemned man; and he followed the text in his Japanese Bible while the priest read aloud in Russian. When they reached the words, "For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? * * And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?" the prisoner closed his book, and for a few moments prayed silently, with eyes shut and lips moving. Then he turned to his Buddhist comrade and said, gently:

"Jokki, you are right. You die with a more peaceful conscience than I, for never have I felt more keenly how much my life has been in disaccord with the teaching of Jesus."

Again, as in the old parable, we seem to see the publican, who stood afar off and would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." And we remember that Christ said of him, "This man went down to his house justified rather than the other."—Youth's Companion.

Working and Waiting.

The slowest thing that can be done in this world is the building up of moral character. Many persons think that there is a lightning-like process by which men's characters can be built up by the Holy Ghost. They think that when God, by his Spirit, strikes the soul he knocks the old nature out of it; and that then the man rises up a new creature in Christ Jesus. If you regard this as a mere figure, there is some truth in it; but if you literalize it, and test it scientifically, and say that God changes man's nature in an instant as by a flash of lightning, it is not true. It is as far from the analogy of nature as it can possibly be. For there is no work that is so important, and none that is so high, as the creation of manhood in Christ Jesus; and there is no work that takes so much time; there is no work that is so slow; and there is no work in which men are tempted to be so impatient. This mental and spiritual development is not a work of to-day nor of to-morrow; and men should not be discouraged because its results are so long delayed. They ought not, because it is slow, to hold back and say, "I am not responsible." Work on, and work harder to the end of life; put on all your force; and do not be impatient because after you have done all, you have so little to show for it. Having done all, stand and wait.—H. W. Beecher.

The Efficacy of Prayer.

The marvelous results of St. Paul's life must be attributed to his persistent prayerfulness. Few have approached him in the ardor and fervor of their prayers. Surely it will be the regret of most of us, when we come into the light of eternity, that we did not pray more. We can set a higher and swifter set of laws in motion by prayer than by our activities. God makes straight our ways for us; ask Him to bring you to your desired haven. As we traverse our appointed path, be it easy or hard, let us flow over with love. Probably the heart which abounds in love is the established and the blameless one.—Rev. E. B. Meyer.

Christ's Companionship in Sorrow.

Do not keep this sacred thought of Christ's companionship in sorrow for the larger trials of life. If the mote in the eye be large enough to annoy you, it is large enough to bring out His sympathy; and if the grief be too small for Him to compassionate and share, it is too small for you to be troubled by it.

If you are ashamed to apply that divine thought, "Christ bears this grief with me," to those petty mole-hills that you magnify into mountains sometimes, think to yourself that then it is a shame for you to be stumbling over them. But, on the other hand, never fear to be irreverent or too familiar in the thought that Christ is willing to bear, and help you to bear, the pettiest, the minutest, and most insignificant of the daily annoyances that may come to ruffle you. He will do more. He will bear it with you, for if so be that we may suffer with Him. He suffers with us.—Alexander Maclaren.

"These Three—"

I fought with Faith;
Faith struggled to be free;
And in a dark, dark night
She went from me.

I fought with Hope;
Hope fought with me in vain,
She fled—and left me
Desolate again.

Love sought me out,
From darkness set me free,
And lo! both Faith and Hope
Came back to me!

—Allan Junior.

A Christian's Business.

A true and faithful Christian does not make holy living a mere accidental thing, but it is his great concern. As the business of the soldier is to fight, so the business of the Christian is to be like Christ.—Jonathan Edwards.

STORY OF LANDSEER.

And How He Recovered His Friend's Pet Dog from Thief.

Among his acquaintances Landseer numbered a certain dog fancier who on more than one occasion proved useful to the famous artist by providing good animal models, says the Detroit News-Tribune. It was the readiness with which he supplied dogs of any kind or breed which led to the suspicion that they were not always obtained in a legitimate manner—a suspicion which was ultimately borne out by the following incident:

Landseer was commissioned by his friend, Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, the famous art collector and connoisseur, to paint a favorate dog of his; but the great artist had so many works in hand of greater importance that he begged for some months' delay. After a lapse of considerable time, says a biographer, he met Mr. Wells in the street and told him that he would be able at last to paint his pet.

Mr. Wells—Alas, my dear friend, it is too late! I have lost him!

Landseer—I am sorry he is stolen! Will you give me the commission to paint if I recover him for you?

Mr. Wells—Gladly.

Landseer, instantly on returning to St. John's Wood, sent for his friend, the dog fancier, described the characteristic points of the animal and told him he should be well paid if he would find him.

Dog Fancier (scratching his head reflectively and repeating to himself the description given)—Black and tan, wi' very long ears, large eyes. I've seed that dog somewhere, I'll swear! I dessay I could bring him in a fortnight.

Landseer—A fortnight? Nonsense! I must have him in forty-eight hours!

Dog Fancier—It could not be done, sir, in the time.

Landseer—Well, I have no doubt you could put your hand upon him in no time. But if you won't, then bring him as soon as you can.

At the end of a fortnight the man entered Landseer's hall with the dog in his arms.

Landseer—Oh, so you have brought him at last, have you? Now, why could you not let me have the dog before?

Dog Fancier—You're an old friend and won't peach. But the fact were I stole the dog! But—honor among thieves—I sold it to a trump of an old lady in Portland place for such a howdacious good sum I thought it would not be just not to let her enjoy it at least for a fortnight.

Helping Him Out.

One of the many amusing stories told of old Squire Latham, a Plymouth County attorney of a quarter of a century ago, has found its way to the Boston Herald:

For many years Squire Latham was a resident of Bridgewater, and it was while he was living there that the incident occurred which is related below. It illustrates his habitual coolness and whimsical temper.

He was awakened one night by his wife, who told him she thought there were burglars in the house. The squire put on his dressing gown and went downstairs. In the back hall he found a rough-looking man trying to open a door that led into the back yard.

The burglar had unlocked the door, and was pulling it with all his might.

"It don't open that way, you idiot!" shouted the squire, taking in the man's predicament instantly. "It slides back!"

Ought to Be Ashamed.

Invalid (weakly)—Three hundred and fifty, eh? Isn't the bill rather high?

Doctor—That's my regular charge.

Invalid—Well, I don't blame you for getting all you can, doctor, but I hate to see a fellow jump on a man when he's down.—Detroit Tribune.

The future tense of the verb "to love" is "to get married"—says a school girl.

It's a good thing some people are not as good as they pretend to be.

JOLLY JOKER

Landlord—We have been forced to raise your rent. Tenant—Oh, thanks. I couldn't do it myself.—Exchange.

"Did you visit Paris on your trip abroad?" "Almost." "Almost? What do you mean by that?" "Well, you see, I had my wife with me."—Life.

First Capitalist—What would you do if you lost your money? Second Capitalist—Start a magazine and expose the methods by which I used to make it.—Judge.

Mistah Johnsing—Can't yo' gib me no hope, Liza? Miss Jackson—Once an' fo' all, Mistah Johnsing, I tells yo' I won't be no man's cullud supplement.—Puck.

"You say his death was due to carelessness?" "Yep," answered Three-Finger Sam. "What kind of carelessness?" "Got caught stealin' cattle."—Washington Star.

Father (of large family)—My dear, isn't it about time you were thinking of getting married? Daughter—Heavens! I haven't thought of anything else for years.—Illustrated Bits.

"I never thought," said the conceited lecturer, "that my voice would fill that hall." "No," replied the candid man, "I thought at one time it wou'd empty it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"You can't have genius without eccentricity." "That may be so, but I've noticed that it's possible to have a good deal of eccentricity without much genius."—Chicago Record-Herald.

If, in the heat of a family quarrel, the angry wife makes a move to pick up a flatiron, by no means is this to be taken as implying a desire to smooth things over.—New Yorker.

"Miss Biggins is very self-conscious, is she not?" "Yes. When some one made a remark about a wolf in sheep's clothing she took it as a reflection on her Persian lamb coat."—Exchange.

Little Pet (on her knees, before retiring)—Mamma, may I pray for rain? Mamma—Y-e-s, if you want to; but why? Little Pet—Susie Stuckupp didn't invite me to her picnic.—New York Weekly.

Her Brother—Sister stuck up for you last night all right. Pop said you were a fool. Her Suitor—What did she say? Her Brother—Sister said that he shouldn't judge a man by his looks.—New York Mail.

Gasaway—Of all the tiresome talkers I think barbers— Henpeck—'Sh! Maria will hear you. Gasaway—Why-er I didn't know your wife was interested in barbers. Henpeck—She cuts my hair.—Philadelphia Press.

"What a beautiful new public building," exclaimed the visitor; "and it's almost completed, isn't it?" "No," replied the citizen; "it looks like it is completed, but they haven't exceeded the appropriation yet."—Indianapolis Star.

"That brother of yours, Lucy," said the man of the house, "seems to be a pretty tough character." "'Deed, he is, suh," replied the colored maid; "he jes' natchelly seems to be de white sheep ob our fambly, sho' nuff."—Philadelphia Press.

The Visitor—What a delightfully snug little flat you have! The Renter—Isn't it? When we open the door we're in the middle of the room, and when the sunshine comes in we have to move some of the furniture out.—Chicago Tribune.

"The average man out of work always insists that he'd have been all right if he'd only had a 'good show in the last place.'" "Unless he happens to be an actor. Then it's 'If I'd only had a good place in the last show.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Will somebody please chase the cow down this way?" said the funny boarder, who wanted some milk for his coffee. "Here, Jane," said the landlady, ironically, "take the cow down where the calf is bawling."—Kansas City Journal.

"Don't you like your new minister?" "Well, he's very young and not a very good speaker. His delivery is very peculiar; I don't understand it at all." "Nobody could solve his delivery at college, either. He was the crack 'varsity pitcher, you know."—Exchange.

"I think, dear," said the bright girl, "you had better speak to father to-night." "Why to-night," particularly?" asked the timid lover. "Is he in a good humor this evening?" "Well, he's in the humor to give me to you. I arranged with milliner, dressmaker and dentist to send their bills to him this morning."—Philadelphia Press.

"You sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the lawyer. "What do you mean by that?" demanded the large red-faced woman. "I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband, has there?" "Him?" she ejaculated, turning to look at the meek little man sitting beside her; "I'd like to see him try to compulse me."—London Tit-Bits.

Makes a Sporting Offer.

Sporting Customer—A pound of cheese, please.

Grocer—Gorgonzola or Cheddar?

Sporting Customer—Oh, I don't care. Start 'em both across the counter and I'll take the winner.—Philadelphia Telegram.

The average household has two summer dreads—flies and guests.

Knew His Blackstone.

"I'll commit you, sir," said the judge to the noisy fellow in court. "You are a nuisance."

"You dare not, your honor," replied the noisy chap.

"Do you mean to defy me?" asked the judge.

"Not at all, your honor," calmly answered the disturber of the peaceful quietude, "but you say I am a nuisance—and you must be wise to the fact that it is unlawful to commit a nuisance."

Woman's Inconsistency.

"Ever notice it?" queried the man who begins in the middle when he asks a question.

"Did I ever notice what?" said a party of the other part.

"That the practical experience of an actress is usually far in advance of her advertised youthfulness?" exclaimed he of the prelude.

Just Like a Woman.

"I can't understand how you manage to find your way across the ocean," said the fair passenger.

"We rely on the compass," replied the captain of the ocean greyhound. "The needle, you see, always points north."

"Yes," she said, "but suppose you should want to go south?"

Now They Don't Speak.

Maude—Congratulate me, dear. Jack proposed last night and I accepted him.

Clara—Yes, he offered to bet me a pair of gloves you would.

Maude—What!

Clara—But I declined the wager. I told him it wasn't sportsmanlike to bet on a sure thing.

PORTLAND LETTER.

The Shows Worth Seeing When You Visit the City.

Portland, Ore., Aug. 30. — Amusements in Portland have been active all summer, largely in consequence of the 1905 Fair.

September looks as if it would be a gay month both for the thousands of visitors to the city and also the resident citizens.

Pain's fireworks at "The Oaks," a mile or two up the Willamette River from Portland, is a conspicuous feature of the first week in September. It is a wondrous spectacle, showing the eruption of Vesuvius and the "last days of Pompeii."

Wilton Lackaye comes to the Marquam for a week beginning Monday, September 4, with a fine company in "The Pit," a drama from Frank Norris's novel of the same name, which will be played three nights, and then give place to a revival of "Trilby" for the balance of the week. Mr. Lackaye was the original Svengali in the first production in America of "Trilby."

The Belasco Stock company is now increasing in popularity by its change of leading people. Lillian Lawrence and Frank Walling have succeeded Miss Moore and Eugene Ormonde, and the change is for the better if the increased attendance is a thermometer of popular approval. The plays superbly mounted and excellently played at the Belasco are: This week "Alice of Old Vincennes;" week beginning September 4, "Harriet's Honeymoon," Mary Mannering's star play of last year; week beginning September 12, "Judah;" week beginning September 19, "Captain Jinks." This stock company and theatre offer a splendid, satisfying show.

The Empire opens for the fall season September 3, presenting "Escaped From the Harem," by Charles A. Taylor, followed the next week by "The White Tigress of Japan." It is understood that this theatre will be given up this season to melodrama of the ultra-thrilling sort.

The Baker theatre, under the management of George A. Baker, (who also manages the Empire,) opened Sunday, August 27 with musical burlesque. The Fay Foster company crowded the opening week, and is succeeded Sunday, September 3, by "The Brigadiers." "The Kentucky Belles" opens the following week, namely, September 10. Thus, at the Baker there will be a thirty-eight week season of musical burlesque with a change of bill each week.

The ten-cent vaudeville houses are doing a smaller business—good bills at the Star and Grand. The Lyric still continues a stock company at ten cents admission.