

went the cry and far off out in the Straits we could see the big liner and her attendant welcoming consort rounding the point. In the procession the "Aki" was first and the "Thistle" an "also ran." So when the black and yellow trans-Pacific Nippon Yusen Kaisha boat neared the pier her engines stopped, one bow anchor to help her to turn was partly lowered, and with stately naval etiquette she awaited her welcome. The "Thistle" drew alongside and then we heard for the first last and only time that day the hearty "Banzai's" of the men who so sincerely, if unostentatiously worship a fellow-countryman who has done something.

As the "Aki's" bow headed into the pier the saluting battery of 18-pounders at Work Point, the Esquimalt Dockyards and naval station, poured out their noisy welcome. The big black side of the ship passed slowly along the crowded wharf, the Guard stood at attention and every eye was turned to the upper deck, where, standing in a long line, in a cleared space from all passengers, was the doughty little fighter Kuroki and his staff. He and the Commandant of the 2nd Division Imperial Guards, Mumezawa, were fourth and second in the line respectively. Lieut.-Gen. Kigoshe stood first and Col. Ola third. A compact wind and sun tanned fighter, habited in a plain, neat uniform of khaki, with one solitary silver star as a decoration, this was the noted Kuroki. Silently he watched the assembled crowd below; silently the crowd gave him a welcome with their eyes, for never a hand clap nor a cheer nor the native banzai came from that long black line. For a full five minutes he and his staff intently watched the crowd. Meanwhile, on the next deck, his adjutant, a most comely looking officer, exchanged greetings and instructions with the spokesman for the Victoria Japanese hosts. Never did courtly Frenchmen give a more perfect salute than this handsome son of a favoured land. Really we are clumsy by comparison. Kuroki and his suite withdrew and the Lieut.-Governor and staff, the various committees of welcome ascended the gang plank. Addresses were presented and then the Lieut.-Governor, closely followed by the hero of the occasion, Kuroki himself, descended to the wharf to inspect the guard. Still not a loud note of welcome had been uttered. With slight gracious bow the Baron inclined his head from side to side, answering each smile or salute from civilian or soldier. Now one could see that though he is short of stature he is well put together, a man that should wear well. The Canadian Governor and the Japanese General passed through the opened line of red coats, entered the big open door of the wharfhonse, a polite burst of hand-clapping greeted them, they entered the Governor's carriage and left one crowd only to enter another assembled in front of the Parliament Buildings. It is about five p.m. by now. Our car had beaten the slower procession and we secured an excellent position on the steps of the really handsome pile of buildings.

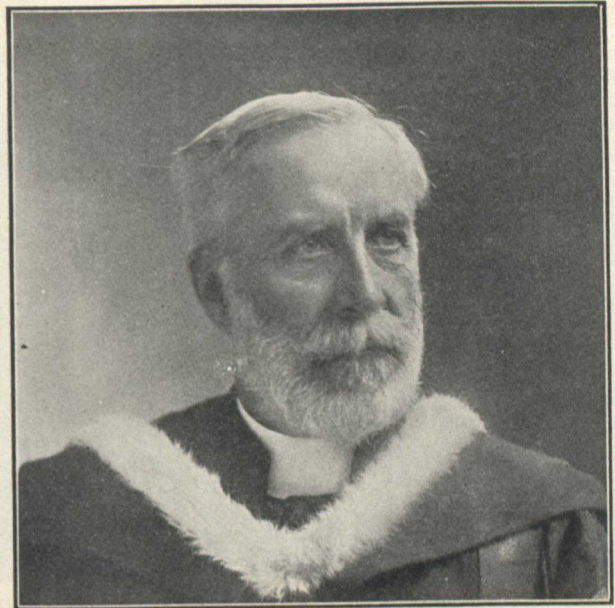
Greeted, presented with flowers, recipient of addresses, the little pleasant-looking man, who some way reminds me of General Grant, remained the same quiet, exclusive riddle the Westerner cannot read. Polite to the last sweeping bow, gracious to the extent of a subdued smile, this clever Japanese held us all back by his calm exterior. Why we would have been hoarse by now cheering if it had been an American or a British officer of his high rank. While the more formidable examination of the Parliament buildings was proceeding we had time to notice that on the outskirts of the crowd that pressed dangerously close to the horse heels stood the women of Kuroki's race. Afar off, where by no chance could they get a glimpse of those honoured features, they impatiently awaited the departure of the procession then demurely toddled home. They always remind me of overgrown gentle children.

From the day when the General, after worship at the Imperial Sanctuary, embarked on the "Aki Maru," and with the single star of the Pawlonia Order glittering on his modest uniform, bowed farewell to the crowds of Yokohama, through the banquets and receptions at Seattle, where a gold medal calling him the "Hero of the Japanese War" (I can imagine the Baron grimacing at this) will be presented, amid all the ceremonious elaborations of the great Jamestown Exposition where he goes to so ably represent the Army of Japan, I doubt if there will be a moment dearer or a welcome nearer to his heart than when the band on the long pier of the outer harbour struck up the familiar native air, the Japanese National Hymn, "Kimi ga yo," which translated into our less poetic tongue means, "May your Imperial Majesty reign for ten thousand years, for ten thousand times ten thousand, until these pebbles become rocks, until these rocks are all moss-grown."

An Honoured Veteran

IT is nearly forty-one years since the regiments of Toronto and Hamilton were called out to play their part in repelling the Fenian Invasion. The stirring events of '66 were recently recalled when in the presence of the Queen's Own Rifles, Chancellor Burwash of Victoria University was presented with the '66 medal at the Toronto Armouries by his old friend and companion in arms, Colonel J. M. Gibson of Hamilton. About seven hundred rank and file were on parade on May 8th under the command of Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt. The Queen's Own were drawn up in hollow square, with the band in the centre, where there also paraded about sixty of the veterans of 1866, under the temporary command of Peter Marshall.

Colonel Gibson, addressing the regiment, recalled how he, when a law student at Osgoode Hall, was summoned to join his regiment. Accompanying the Q. O. R. and the 13th were two young clergymen, one of whom was now Chancellor of Victoria University, who had been detailed to act as chaplains to the forces. Chancellor Burwash did not apply to the Militia Department for any recognition, although he had been in the midst of the fight. Colonel Gibson had made the application on his behalf with the result that the decoration was to be given the honoured Chancellor. Dr. Burwash has been so long associated with educational institutions and theological scholarship that the recalling of his connection



Dr. Nathaniel Burwash.

with the stormy June of 1866 comes with the force of surprise to the younger generation of students. But all will agree that the honour is well-deserved.

Speaking of Audiences

MR. BART. KENNEDY contributes to the "Daily Mail" (England) an interesting article on audiences from a lecturer's point of view and makes certain suggestive comparisons. "An American audience is, as a rule, what one might term a polite audience. If you are uninteresting they refrain from throwing things at you. They just get up and walk out. But in my view this attitude is not the most favourable for bringing out the best that lies in an artist. For it is difficult to rouse such an audience to enthusiasm.

"I, personally, prefer a working-class audience spiced with a dash of the hooligan element. Such an audience will keep you up to concert pitch. If you are delivering a lecture before it, you are apt to be enlivened up by pithy, stimulating remarks. To these, of course, you can retort and bring down the house. Your retort need not be of the neatest, for my experience is that the majority of the audience is usually on the side of the unfortunate person who is trying to entertain them. And they will applaud the retort, however clumsy it may be. The moral is that you must always make some kind of a reply to a jocose remark. Not to do so is fatal. It pains me to have to say it, but I think a London suburban audience is the worst going. It possesses no enthusiasm.

"An Irish audience is the best in the world—if it takes a fancy to you!"