A DAYTON, OHIO, FLOOD SCENE



Rescuing helpless women and children. A rowboat from the Dayton Y. M. C. A., manned by volunteers, with a load of persons who had been flood-bound on the roof of their residence in Syacmore street for 40 hours. Di. Schram who led the rescuers, at the stern of the boat

Memories of Forster, Lamb, Browning, Carlyle

[From T. P.s Weekly, London, Eng.]

one loomed larger than John Forster once said to the former: "Did you everyone, wrote about most of them, Browning, with an expression of penalty Yet Mr. Renton's "John Forster and His Friendship" (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net), will swing the pendulum in the right direction. Talking of Lamb, after he had just iniscence in an admirable book is placed "sister Mary," at one of her Mr. Renton's personal memory periodical paroxysms of mad frenzy, Carlyle: "I was passing eastwards early one morning, about 8 o'clock, as a mental patient at Walden House, along the new Chelsea Embankment, Edmonton, he says: "I implore you to close by the Albert bridge at the foot come and see me to keep me from of Oakley street, not very long after drinking too much, as I did yester- the death of John Forster in 1876. day." Poor Lamb! may he not be for- Leaning with folded arms on the par- ly "The great, great sea of God Al- Academy, represents Dante. given for the lapse? Who would dare apet, and apparently in deep meditamighty's goodness, and we are all rethrow a stone at this good, brave soul for giving way in a dark moment, loose cloak, with, wrapped round his sir! returning to the sea—the great with no man at his side to stay his shoulders, a large black and green illimitable sea!" With that, he abhand or to speak the one word of Scotch plaid. If I remember rightly ruptly turned away and moved across friendly sympathy which would draw his shortish trousers were of the the roadway towards Cheyne Row, of Macduff, with instructions to create Londn. We do not like humor in our back the curtain and let in the light? "Lord of Misrule."

His affectionate regard for Forster is still further shown in another note "Dear boy," he writes. "When I am more composed I shall hope to see you and Proctor here." There is a world of yearning in such words as these. And yet, poor Lamb, the hero, had his lighter moments." When in the vein, the natural man in him revelled in quip and jest; when, a veritable Lord of Misrule, he laughed and laughed with both his hands to his sides-until sadness gained its throne again, and all was dark and hopeless even as before. He asks Forster for boxorders for the Olympic Theatre. leved the playhouse, as Forster did. The failure of his farce, "Mr. H.", in no wise damped his dramatic ardor. In spite of his wit and love of the humorous, his taste inclined, evidently towards tragedy. A truly friendly soul, he took no interest in the disputes and misunderstandings of his neighbors or acquaintances. "I never," he said on one occasion to Forster "trouble myself_about other people'. quarrels. I do not always understand

Browning and His Critic. It was on the last day of 1835 that and Forster took place at the "Blue Posts" Coach Office, in Holborn. Maccready was entertaining a party of friends at his house at Elstree. It was arranged that all the guests should journey down from London in company. With the rest went Forster and Robert Browning, as yet strangers to loose talking and thinking about the each other. Forster, on being intro-

Was Troubled With His Heart.

When the heart begins to beat irrecularly, palpitates and throbs, skips beats, and sometimes seems to almost top, it causes great anxiety and alarm. Many people are kept in a state of norbid fear of death, become weak, worn and miserable, and are unable to attend o either social or business duties, through his unnatural action of the heart.

To all such sufferers Milburn's Heart

panent relief. Mr. Alfred Male, Eloida, Ont., I two or three years. I thought sometwo or three years. I thought some-lines that I would die. I went to the doctor, and he said he could not do any-hing for me. I had to give up work. My wife persuaded me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. The first box lieved me, so I kept on until I had taken en boxes, and they cured me. I would be without them on any account, as hey are worth their weight in gold. I dvise my friends and neighbours who are troubled with heart or nerve trouble

to try them. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cepts a box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all feelers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto Ont.

With the exception of Dickens, no duced to Browning by Macready, an the London of his day. He knew see a little notice I wrote in the Examiner?" "Did you write that?" said "Did you write that?" said reputations and - paid the eager earnestness. From that moment the bond so created between them lasted until an unhappy difference

cleve them apart. A Memory of Carlyle.

Perhaps the most interesting rem-

CHARACTER STUDY OF

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON

A GREAT ACTOR AND

[By A. G. Gardiner, Editor Daily News, London, Eng.

A HIGH-SOULED MAN

that this was his early morning habit for the moment his identity with Thomas Carlyle did not occur to me. When fairly abreast of him, he suddenly turned round and faced me. I knew him. There was ever omething awe-inspiring in the intentness of Carlyle's gaze. His eyes seemed to burn into your very soul. It was so now. 'I stood like an idiot open-mouthed.

A Leading Question. I should as soon have thought of ssaulting as of addressing him Happily, I was spared anything of the kind, for the old man, reserved as ne was to the point of morosenesssurliness, his enemies called hearsely flung a query at me. tide was out. I may mention, the river

Where goes it?" The very manner of his saying it sharpened my wits, and I gathered, of course, that he referred to the stream, or what there was of it. Smilingly I replied that it returned to the sea.

being at its lowest. "Where goes it"

mood he said softly, but impressivesame plaid, while his headgear was a with that curious slow shuffle habitsoft, circular, large-brimmed, wide- ual with him, and I saw him no more

avake hat. Although I was aware as a poet, even as a politician. Irving's world in short was on one side of the footlights; Forbes Robertson's is on the other. He is a moralist before he is an actor, a spiritual influence more than an artistic satisfaction. The Artist.

And yet the stage has rarely seen a

whether of temperament or equipment. One may be forgiven in the case of an actor for dwelling on his physical traits, for they are a considerable source of the impression he creates. In the case of Forbes Robertson they are profoundly important. His presence brings with it a certain air of distinction and refinement. It suggests a world of chivalrous passion and remantic ideals. The face is at once serene and sensitive, the brow high and significant—not one of those "large meaningless foreheads" of which Turgenieff speaks—the eyes grave, with that slight inequality of focus which suggests the dreamer, the nose bold it in "Henry VIII.," for example. But was only an accident that made him an actor. He had played Macbeth as a seriousness, joined to a modesty which an impression of numbers by rushing politicians or seriousness in our wildly from wing to wing, a device actors, and Mr. Forbes Robertson's

Maude, his interest was not in acting Irving, witnesses. Hamlet.

To his arresting presence Mr. which was as wonderful as, I am sure. Forbes Robertson joins a golden voice, it was true. I hope he will tell it of rare range and flexibility, and with some day in print "pour encourager ies dimensions of a dream. There will ing hurriedly over plowed fields." pass into maudlin sentiment on the son followed with a memory of his come other falconers' voices, but not There was an air of mystery and dethe other. It is the perfect instru- with such tenderness and restraint ment of a temperament both sensitive that I could not help feeling as and reflective. This combination of listened that in him the world had feeling and thought in just balance is lost a preacher of quite unusual power. the quality that gives him his unique place on the stage. It is the quality This quality of seriousness, which that makes his "Hamlet" the most had perhaps put him a little out of convincing presentation of that part, touch with the London taste, has cerertainly in our time, possibly in the tainly helped to make him the most history of the English stage. The ob- popular actor in America. "I am go the character outside the range of the to him one day as a way of intimating merely emotional actor who can render that he was going to America. And, ts phases, but cannot give it the unity indeed, in the professional that springs from a fundamental con- America is his country. With all its ception which makes all the parts in- shrillness and crudeness, the American telligible. Kean himself failed con- people still has a passion for ideals. spicuously in this supreme test. Flashes It is not afraid of the moral maxim of lightning are not enough to Illum- It loves to hear from its public men inate so subtle and complex a spiritual those great commonplaces—the truths landscape. Forbes Robertson triumphs of existence, as Stevenson reminded because he has both Hamlet's quick us-which are no longer good form in sensibilities and Hamlet's philosophy. our more blase world. The American Lamb denied philosophy to Hamlet. He saw in him only a power of excitement, Mr. Roosevelt opened his campaign by as painfully vivid and as transient as conducting a vast political campaign the lightnings. "His sorrow is as way- in the singing of "Onward, Christian ward as his mirth; he lives in a world Soldiers." In that country, with its of imagination; his projects have little hunger for moral purposes and of the solid and consecutive architec- visions. Mr. Forbes Robertson-who ture of the earth; his castles are of has been a constant visitor to America. the clouds and he sees shapes form- since he first played there with Mary ing into pomp and beauty, and re- Anderson a quarter of a century agojoices, or melting away and grieves, has carried on what is only comparwhere the general eye sees nothing but able to a religious revival. "The Passthe measureless rolling of vapors." ing of the Third Floor Back" has shingled roof, was the home of Poe Forbes Robertson's Hamlet is deeper ceased to be a play. It has become a from 1845 to 1849. and truer than this. He is responsive school of thought, a moral cult, a new "The cultured" when they come to the stage do they ily the foremost representative of that say: "Away with the unclean thing." to the outward show of things, and to evangel.

They are less wise than Luther who light school, which reduces the drama but under all he feels the burden and son should pay America the complication, remote alike from the lime-but under all he feels the burden and son should pay America the complication. the mystery of this unintelligible world ment of making his final farewell to which which will. It is in this eternal aspect of been most responsive to his elevated

High Seriousness. he plays in; he shapes it to his own with "skyey-tinetured grain." No matter how mean the texture that has come from the playwright, it catches spacious world and a chivalrous time cello home, are to be preserved, and it that cannot be cured at The we do? Manager—Do? Ring up the range of Mr. Forbes Rabertson, a note of preserved, and it of impending horror, of unimaginable things. One felt that the whole cosmos was involved in his fate, that the very elements were mixed up with the companies of the actor's.

To be reserved, and it of home, are to be preserved, and a note of preserved, and a note of preserved and a note of preserved

and shapely, the lips delicate and close the impression which Forbes Robertson pressed, the chin—the weakest feature has always conveyed to me from those -firm, but inadequate to the scale of far-off days when I first heard him he face. It is a face immortalized in play Claudio in Irving's "Much Ado" "Right, sir, right!" he snapped out. Rossetti's great picture, "Love Kiss- is that of an actor who sees the world Then relapsing into his meditative ing Beatrice," in which Forbes Robert-beyond the stage, and would fain make mood he said softly, but impressive-son, then an art student at the Royal the stage an instrument by which to

Perhaps it is this quality of high child with his brothers and sister, one cannot stoop to the cheaper forms of of whom, it is said, acted the part of advertisement, that has deprived him the army of Macbeth, another the army of the full recognition of his genius in that worked admirably until they col- intensity of conviction on the suffrage lided, and the poverty of the battlefield question is only typical of the general was revealed. But at Charterhouse, gravity of his mind. It is no accident where he was a contemporary of Cyril that the great success of his career, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," but in art, which he adopted as his should have been achieved in a play career. But one day, forty years ago, which is almost frankly a sermon. It W. G. Wills was complaining to Forbes was because it, was a sermon that he Robertson's father, the art critic, of was so profoundly attracted by it; it the inadequacy of one of the younger was because he was essentially a blayers in his "Mary Stuart." "Why spiritual preacher that he was able to ot try Johnston?" asked the elder invest it with so moving a quality. I Robertson. The suggestion was acted remember, just when it was being pron, and Forbes Robertson became an duced, meeting him and Mr. Jerome ctor, never, however, wholly desert- one Sunday afternoon at the house of ing his first calling in which he the late W. T. Stead, and there we chieved considerable success as his talked of the problem of the better well-known picture of the church self. I found both the author and the scene in "Much Ado," painted for actor full of this means of regenerating humanity. Mr. Jerome told us an episode of his own with a horse dealer quality of sympathy that does not autres." And then Mr. Forbes Robert-

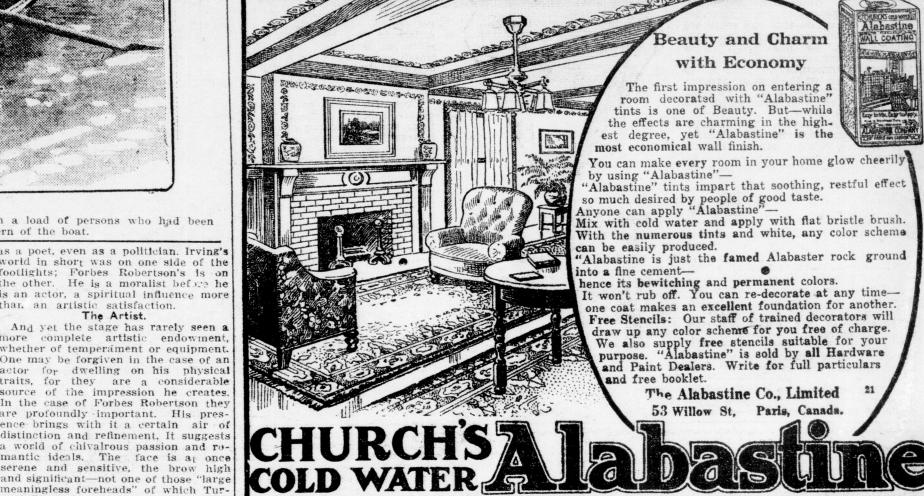
His American Success. This quality of seriousness, which psychology of the Dane places ing out to your country," said a friend

makes it the refuge of incompetence the human conflict that the appeal of appeal. That farewell is a shadow and the fresh and beautiful simplicity Hamlet touches the supreme note of across the future. It should, as Mr covered for us in their Shakesperean Robertson is a thinker as well as an farewell dinner to him in London, be to this mistaken view than a course to the distribution of Forbes Robertson. It would reveal revivals. But his studied effects are the stage at its highest, and it is by not designed to mystify—they are the instrument less of an emotional than of an intellectual purpose. For just the stage at its hould be judged. career of a great actor; it will take from the stage a high-souled man. Wo shall not look upon his like again.

EEDGAR ALLEN POE.

The cottage in which Lincoln was from that contact a suggestion of a born, and Thomas Jefferson's Monti-

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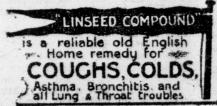
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HAD TO GIVE UP WORK.

one. But the people who place the Actor as Influence. tage under a ban today have not that and Nerve Pills will give prompt and pergood tunes." They say, "Let the devil on-and-be-natural" school,

nemory.

one who approaches it with rever-

ence and high purpose. There is much

avoid it as though it

have the stage: it belongs to him." Irving.

When the well-graced actor leaves drama. It was largely a theatrical he stage and the last plaudits die illusion, an illusion, that is, produced away and we turn to go, it is not the not by real emotion, but by profoundly layer alone to whom we bid farewell. considered effects, aided by perfect ex-The curtain has fallen like a guillotine ternal attributes, the tragic, doomed apon the pictured past, the vision has face, the sepulchural faded, the cloud-capped towers and strange, shuffling gait, as -in Sir Edgorgeous palaces have shrunk to the ward Russell's phrase of 'one walkfor us. The light will still shine upon tachment about him, a suggestion of the morning hills, but our sun is slop- unfathomable memories. Here was one ing to the west. The actor does not surely who had lived with ghosts, or eave the stage alone. We, too, are been with Dante into hell. You felt going into retirement. The illusion that he might take you inside. first meeting between Browning that was once a rapture has become a Eugene Aram took the boy. and tell you the secret of some hidden pool. It will be a noble memory in the Goldsmith said of Garrick that ase of Forbes Robertson. It will be

a memory of how great and elevating On the stage he was simple, natural a thing the stage may be in the hands affecting; It was only when he was off he was

Irving, whether on or off the stage, were invested vas always an actor, a noble actor, with some original and ineradicable His art had so absorbed his faculties The old Puritan who like the an- that it became the only reality. He is horite regarded the senses as the linked in the mind with the other suenemy of the soul had a logical objection to the drama. He distrusted all were very brothers in their art, equally aesthetic emotion and suppressed every wonderful in their mastery of sensuous appeal. He built himself a technique of mystery, in suggesting an cell without windows to the world- alien and unexplored realm of experiwith only a skylight through which he ence and emotion—a realm that never could contemplate eternity. He sup- was on sea or land. They differed pressed the stage, but he also sup- only in this, that the one was subpressed art and literature and music dued to what he worked in, the illuand all carnal things. He had a com- sion had become his existence;

Now, Mr. Forbes Robertson has none hilosophy. They admit that the senses of this superb legerdemain. There is may be the vehicle of precious things— not a trick in his repertory. There is that Millet's "Sower" is worth many a study, of course, study which study, of course, study which sermons, that the Ninth Symphony through his teacher, Samuel Phelps, may sunder the soul, that a fine novel links him up with the classic tradition may inspire to fine purpose. Only of English acting, and makes him easwould not let the devil have all the to the level of Dore, the "just-walk-

There could be no better corrective which the Granville Barkers have disctors than Mr. Forbes Robertson, as Irving was wholly an actor, there actors than Mr. Forpes Robertson, as a sense in which it might be said he plays in; he shapes it to his own fine mold. It becomes something gilded art. We may suppose that Charles actor at all. The idea may be con-Kean was one of them. "To see Kean," veyed, perhaps, in this way: it would Kean was one of them. "To see Kean," said Coleridge, "was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning." other relation than that of the stage. Irving, too, touched a note outside the range of Mr. Forbes Rabertson, a note of any vocation except the actor's.