

**Lugard's Race.**

**How British Proconsul Secured Nigeria For the Empire.**

It was a terrible march, a sort of tropical edition, upon a minute scale, of the retreat from Moscow, with the enemy hanging even upon both flanks, that Sir Frederick Lugard made in his celebrated race to see the King of the Borgus and secure Nigeria for Britain. In one attack he was struck on the head by a poisoned arrow. He would not rest, but trust on saving his life by taking every antidote. He got the better of his wound, and reached Borgu five days ahead of the nearest expeditions. But it was out of the frying pan into the fire.

There was that tradition of the Borgus to live up to; this bold imprudent white man must die. Kiama, the king, did not want openly to kill him, for he was astute enough to realize that that might be attended with ill consequences from this white man's powerful distant friends. So he plotted with his medicine men and chiefs as to the best manner in which to put him out of the way. Lugard devised what was in progress, and told the king that he knew, saying: "I risked this, and have placed myself entirely in your hands. It is for you to do your worst, as for the time being you have the advantage, but please don't imagine that you are deceiving me."

It astonished the king, that this lone Englishman should stare death in this way.

"You have trusted to me," he said, "and you shall not trust in vain. I will be your true friend. But, now let me give you a serious warning: Never again trust a Borgus man as you have trusted me!" He signed the treaties; he remained Sir Frederick's firm friend, and as long as the latter continued in Africa, sent him regular yam and some tokens of affection and good-will. And so the five French expeditions trickled in, one after another, to find their rival peacefully re-organizing, and the business all done. He had raced and beaten them fairly and the result of the victory is reflected today in the enormous territory which now smiles in prosperity under the Union Jack.

It was in 1899, upon the transfer of the Royal Niger Company to the crown that Sir Frederick became High Commissioner for Northern Nigeria. When by the way, did that name originate? It was brilliant young lady, Miss Flora Shaw, who, in the words of Cecil Rhodes, "did the colonial news for The Times, who christened the country; she gave it the pretty name of Nigeria, and she is helping now to govern it, south and north, for the Flora Shaw of yesterday is the Lady Lugard of today.

Sir Frederick had only a staff of eight men when he began the enormous task of governing this world in miniature, but he raised and trained native troops, organized and administered, and actually had troops to lend for the Ashanti war.

His great aim was the suppression of slavery. He found that many of the tribes counted not merely their possessions but their actual money in slaves. Slaves stood for pounds and shillings and cowries represented pence. So terrible were the results that in one area where less than fifty years before there had been a population of fifty millions there were now only twelve millions.—London Ideas.

**The Artis's Model.**

**The Profession is a Hard One and Remunerative Small.**

In a hundred studios in the byways of Chelsea a common scene is to be witnessed almost every morning. The artist is usually looking over the daily paper, immediately after breakfast. The time might be about ten o'clock. Along the echoing passages one hears shuffling foot steps. The cause of them mounts the necessary steps, slowly and bears down upon an artist's door. There is a faint double knock and a pause.

The painter flings his paper aside and throws open the door. It reveals to him, perhaps, a fair child; perhaps a genteelly-dressed woman, in faded finery; perhaps a down-at-heels man of middle age.

"Do you want a model?" is the query the visitor puts. The artist promptly answers, "No"—the probability being he has engaged a sitter for the work that day. The child usually takes "No" for an answer, although I distinctly remember one little model, with a severe cold, inclined to present his credentials—"Be and Billy, we've dib sittin' as adgels (angels) for Bister Macdauber, and we've very good adgels too," was his recommendation of himself and another small boy.

The female model will insistently give a list of the artists to whom she has been sitting, with the suggestion that she is conferring a favor by leaving the studios of the leading R. A.'s for a second-rate painter just out of his student days. The men are some-

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**On Second Thought.**

—BY JAY E. HOUSE.

If there were no little men they would be nobody to sing bass in the male quartette.

Who originated the theory that the banjo is a musical instrument?

It is easy to pick out the man from the small town. He is the one who wears rubbers.

When a man is in desperate need of money he robs a safe or steals a mail bag. But the women are more polite. They decide to hold a bazaar.

One reason a woman can't sharpen a lead pencil is because she tries to do it with the scissors.

A widower may never marry again. But he begins looking them over on the way back from the cemetery.

If a scheme will actually pay more than six per cent on the investment the promoters will have it financed long before they get to you.

In the matter of providing poor meat with an alibi, no method seems so satisfactory as that of converting it into hamburger steak.

Men are given medals and loving cups for exhibitions of heroism, but a woman must content herself with a plain gold ring for the third finger of her left hand.

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times still more amazing. Diving into their pockets, they pull out bundles of faded photographs of Royal Academy pictures. "That's me, as the Duke of Wellington," the model man suggests, pointing at a figure in a celebrated painting, or as a variation of the subject the visitor may, add, "I am in Mr. Baumber's drawing in this week's Punch," or "I'm the (cabman in Belcher's drawing in last week's Sketch." All of which may be quite true and is very likely.

For consider, when you go to the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, or the Tate, and see the work of the modern English school, that the romantic figures woven out of the artist's fancy have very often their living representations, going about in shabby clothing, looking for casual sittings in Chelsea studios. The glorious knights in armor, the stately cavaliers, the monks of sombre pictures, the dashing bloods of Georgian times, the queenly heroines of subject pictures, the wondrous figures which represent poetic ideals, the wan and wistful faces which appear in tragic groupings, where modern English art is exhibited, have very often counterparts in the commonplace ranks of the artists' models, while a close student of contemporary black and white work, behind the scenes in studio-land, can lay his hand on dozens of personalities who have inspired this happy joke or that faithful illustration of author's text in the popular illustrations of the hour.

Some artists draw very literally from the model and the finished work is very nearly a portrait in paint, while work, is often a liberal reflection of the obscure personalities of the people who sit in studios.

Amongst the rank and file one finds an ex-professional runner, much in demand for his lithe figure and muscular legs; an actor with a university education; an old chorister from the Royal Italian Opera, whose face and beard have been the centre of interest in at least three great pictures; a number of women who break the work of sitting with intervals in the choruses of musical comedy and pantomime, and a number of quaint male characters whose earlier careers would be helpless to attempt to classify. Generally speaking, models, particularly males, have always some marked individuality, and a few of the more striking types are apt to think their share in successful pictures is more important than the artist's.

**The Hermit.**



"Oh, gentle hermit of the glen," I asked, "why have you flown afar from the abodes of men, to dwell here all alone? Hast sored on humankind in a neighbourhood, and all that culture means, so much that you must seek the woods, and fill yourself with greens?" The sad-eyed hermit deftly threw his whiskers over his arm, and heaved a sigh and took a chew, and viewed with some alarm. "I follow well considered plans, by living in this wood; for here there are no also rans, no statesmen great and good. I list all day to singing birds, and hear the bobcat's yowl; here no one fills the air with words, no wild spellbinders howl. There are no issues to confuse, no Pledges to redeem; a man just sits around and chews, and life's a pleasant dream. There are no tiresome windy dubs, to talk of "peepul's rights"; there are no Ananias Clubs, no crazed convention fights. No selfish statesmen paw the air, for 'principles,' they yaw—for principles, and all they care is just to reach the top. Your politics is such a fake, so threadbare, stale and punk! So I'll remain, in feu and brake, with 'possum, owl and skunk." Thus spake the hermit, and he fit a stogie moldy-blue. "You're wise," I said; "if you'll permit, I'll just stay here with you."

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