

The Kaid and Others

**K**AID MACLEAN is again at liberty, the British Government having considered him worth \$100,000, although the Kaid had no actual claim on British protection, having been the head of the Moroccan army for many years. Raisuli, the bandit, played a treacherous game and is all the richer for his tricks but Mahomet himself will need to come to the robber's aid if Sir Harry Maclean ever gets near the picturesque rascal. A Highlander does not forget and every day of the Kaid's captivity was twenty-four hours of discomfort, if not of torment. Fleas and a fiddle were among the tortures of the prison, while the food was of a filthiness gruesome to imagine. Nor was a bath among the necessities allowed the distinguished captive. It is all very well to mention romance but the gushing young person who talks to the ransomed Scot about the delightful time he must have had with that weird Raisuli will be likely to hear painful truths concerning the ways of bandits.

IT is a mournful fact that "unto him that hath, it shall be given." Mr. George Ade, a native of Indiana, went to Chicago where he became a newspaper writer and finally degenerated into a funny-column man, writing such fables in slang as made even loose-languaged Westerners take notice of the author's unlicensed vocabulary. Then came a book with the fables between respectable board covers and the fortune of Mr. Ade was no longer merely the dream of an aspiring journalist. Of course there were more fables and equally of course there were plays—*Peggy from Paris*, *The Sultan of Sulu* and other exotics of which the most comforting is *The County Chairman*. Dollars and doughnuts have simply flowed into the lap of this simple child of Indiana who has taken a trip in the Orient and otherwise improved his plastic mind. Not content with fabulous royalties and dramatic harvests, Mr. Ade has taken a plunge into politics and when last heard from had just been elected as a delegate to the National Republican Convention from the Tenth District of Indiana.

ABOUT a dozen years ago a novel was published with the arresting title, *Dodo*. It was highly frivolous, decidedly amusing and the work of Mr. E. F. Benson, son of the then Archbishop of Canterbury. The heroine, a heartless and distracting creature, was identified with Miss Margaret Tennant who afterwards became the wife of Mr. H. H. Asquith, the British statesman who is now mentioned freely for the premiership. Should Mr. Asquith become the leader of the Government, feminine influence in politics will become decidedly marked as the gentleman's wife is fonder of budgets than of bridge and will probably become the power behind the premier. Mr. Balfour is a bachelor and his sister who acted hostess during his troubled term was more interested in literature and art than in politics. The death of Lady Campbell-Bannerman has left the British Premier's household lonely and has doubtless hastened the collapse of Sir Henry himself. Social interest consequently centres in the brilliant and piquant figure of the lady who was once the genius of the organisation known as "The Souls."

MRS. ASQUITH'S sister, Dorothy, became the wife of the great traveller, Sir Henry M. Stanley, who died about four years ago. It is interesting to recall in the British political disturbance consequent on



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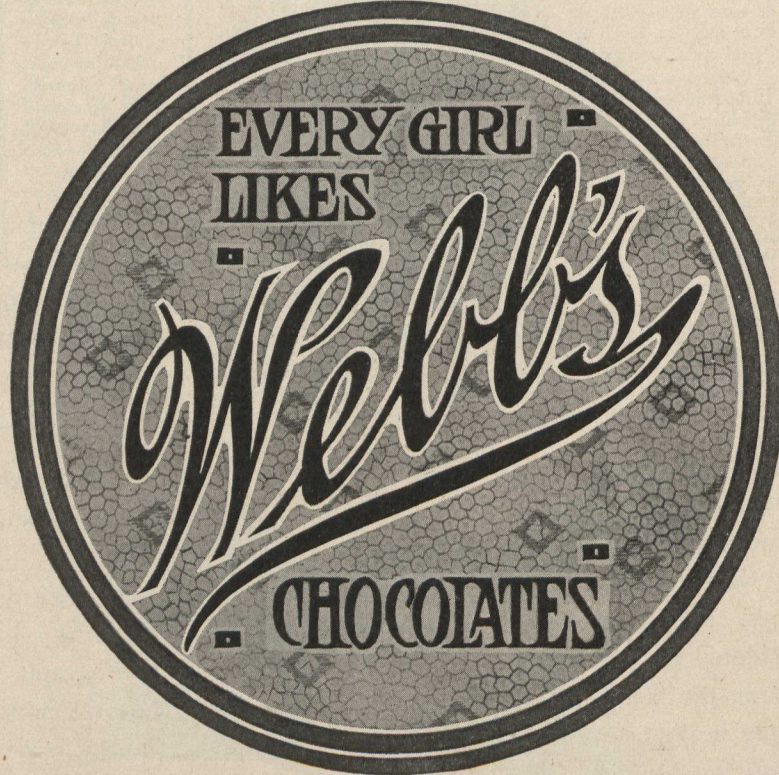
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woman's demand for votes, the part played by Lady Stanley when her late husband contested Lambeth in the Conservative interest. The wife of the candidate entered with spirit into the campaign and addressed public meetings on behalf of her famous husband. On a certain lively occasion, the audience was so unmannerly as to jeer openly at the lady and make remarks unfavourable to "Sir 'Enery." Finally Lady Stanley burst into a flood of tears, declaring that her husband was much too good to represent such creatures. The audience highly enjoyed the episode and refused their sympathy in the fair canvasser's woe. Sir Henry was defeated and an English weekly published a cartoon, "In Darkest Lambeth," where the great explorer was represented as wandering in a forest, where the face of Mr. Gladstone stared from every tree.

THE announcement that the Prince of Wales will visit Quebec at the tercentenary celebration next July has caused general satisfaction. The Royal visit to the Ancient Capital in 1901 was somewhat marred by the withdrawal of certain festivities in consequence of the United States' mourning for the tragic death of President McKinley. In the story told by Mr. E. F. Knight, the special correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, the arrival of the Royal party at Quebec on September 16th, 1901, is picturesquely described. As the *Ophir* and her escorting cruisers came in sight of the port, the four British men-of-war that were lying at anchor there—the *Crescent*, *Psyche*, *Proserpine* and *Pallas*—fired the royal salute. "Down went the anchors, the ships' bands played the National Anthem, and with naval smartness the *Ophir* and the four cruisers were dressed, the long lines of waving flags being quickly run up to extend rainbow fashion from bow to stern and from mast to mast. . . . But of a sudden something occurred to chill joyousness and to fill all hearts with horror and indignation. We saw the flag of the United States being hoisted on the *Ophir*. Its ascent stopped at half-mast high, and, remembering the signal the *Indefatigable* had sent to us, we knew that the President had succumbed to his injuries. And now on every man-of-war the Stars and Stripes was hoisted to half-mast, in token of sorrow and sympathy."

CONCERNING another promised visitor to Canada, M.A.P. remarks: "The Earl of Ranfurly, who is going on a visit to Canada, has been described as 'one of those men who can plough a field one day and act as Lord-in-waiting to his Sovereign the next.' He has had a wide experience of colonial life, and was formerly Governor of New Zealand. While he was out there he made himself so popular that his term of office was prolonged by the unanimous wish of the people; and he behaved so kindly to the Maoris that their chiefs elected him to be one of themselves. Lord Ranfurly is a great authority on the flora and fauna of New Zealand, and, thanks to him, the National History Museum at South Kensington has been enriched with many beautiful specimens of antipodean birds.

"Lord Ranfurly began life in the navy, on board the *Britannia*, but, owing to a somewhat severe illness, he gave up the idea of a naval career, and went to Harrow and subsequently to Cambridge. In 1875 he succeeded his brother in the title, and some years later became a Lord-in-waiting to the late Queen Victoria. It is not generally known that his lordship is a descendant of William Penn, the famous Quaker and founder of Pennsylvania."