



THE TRIUMPH OF PHYSIQUE.

(Written before the Peary announcement.)

AND has our old friend, the North Pole, been dragged from his hiding place at last? If it has—and when I write doubters are grumbling under their breath—then modern Quixotism has pretty well run its course. There are few other empty honours hanging on the conspicuous corners of the world for which it may set out in search. There is the South Pole, of course; but the discovery of it must be a good deal like publishing a sequel to a successful novel. And sequels are seldom popular successes. The North Pole has been the Pole of romance, of adventure, of world-wide interest. Ever since the sources of the Nile were found, there has been nothing to compete with it in the popular imagination. The great names of Arctic exploration have been carven in the ice at its base. No man can now do as great a deed in discovery as that which has fallen to the lot of Dr. Cook unless he obtains a message from Mars.

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THIS will be a great year in history. Not only has the North Pole been brought into camp; but this is the year when flying-machines made their first spectacular appearance as exhibits at an international "meet." Then this is the year when man first flew over the English Channel, leaving little else to do of a dramatic sort until some day a daring aviator flies over the Atlantic Ocean. In this connection, I have a personal desire, and that is to live until I myself can embark on board a flying ship on the coast of North America and fly through the grey sky of the North Atlantic until we can descend like a great bird on the wide emptiness of Salisbury Plain. If a Canadian could start from one of the new cities of this new nation in the latest invention in locomotion and alight under the shadow of the Druid monument of Stonehenge, he would have crossed more than the ocean and passed farther than from one hemisphere to the other. He would have winged his way back over the centuries and passed from the last word of science to one of the first whisperings of superstition.

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IT is marvellous how rapidly we are overtaking our dreams in this age. Jules Verne was thought a wild dreamer but a very few years ago. I can remember with what delight my youthful eyes gave me the contents of a profusely illustrated copy of his "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," which an uncle of mine then possessed. At that time, to journey on the sea appeared to me to be a great adventure; and it never occurred to me that journeying under it would become a commonplace of human experience before I had even reached the retrospective age. Yet to-day we read constantly of the manoeuvres and successes—and the tragedies—of the submarines; and the only reason why we have no Captain Nemo driving his mysterious ship under the blue waters of the seven seas, is that no one any longer cares to do it. Then Jules Verne dreamed a dream of a man who circled the world in eighty days. School boys now do it in something like half the time. Another dream he gave forth was of a voyage to the moon in a huge cannon ball. Well, who knows? With the North Pole discovered and the air conquered, what will there be for our Don Quixotes to do but venture off into space?

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WHEN Waterloo was fought, a Rothschild is said to have ridden from the field of battle on a good horse and taken a prepared sailing sloop from the Belgian coast to Britain, and so reached London twenty-four hours before the news of Wellington's victory arrived. And that was less than a hundred years ago. To-day we would have known in Canada of the charge of the Old Guard and its fatal ending probably three or four hours before it occurred, taking the time from our clocks. News beats the slow-paced sun all hollow for us. Wellington could now write an ordinary letter and mail it in Brussels, and it

would beat Rothschilds to London easily. A railway "special" and a flying machine across the Channel would carry the news to Dover inside of three hours. A "wireless" apparatus on a hill behind the British position would send details of the battle as they occurred into the British War Office. But then, of course, no such battle as Waterloo could be fought to-day. Two armies lying as near to each other as the French and the British did, would annihilate each other in an incredibly short time.

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DR. COOK says that he reached the Pole by living like an Eskimo. That is about the only way to endure the extremes of climate—live like the people who know no other. The British cannot live and rear their children in India; but Oxford graduates of the Hindoo race can and do. The slow processes of the centuries have evolved a people who cannot live so well anywhere else. The pluck which Dr. Cook has shown is undeniable. His determination and stick-to-it-iveness are beyond praise. But his victory has been largely a triumph of superb health and magnificent endurance. The soul of a hero in a frail body could never have done it; nor would the intellect of a savant have been of any help. There is a parallelism between Dr. Cook's achievement and the glorious victories of Tom Longboat. The physical man did it. A Harvard scientist has already compared the deed to the winning of a foot-race, so my idea is not original. We will now see whether Dr. Cook, living like an Eskimo and penetrating the Arctic fortress alone, has been able to bring back as much real knowledge of the Far North as the better equipped Nansen and Peary who have not gone so far.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

"RULE BRITANNIA!"



In a remarkable speech at the banquet given in his honour by the National Club of Toronto, on September 2nd, Admiral Lord Beresford said: "When another nation is increasing its defensive powers beyond the proportion demanded by its coast line and mercantile marine, it is time for us to keep our eyes skinned."

This cartoon from the *Illustrated London News* shows how Great Britain, by her annual expenditure of £32,319,000, aims to protect her coast and mercantile marine at a cost of £2.17 per ton, when, according to Lord Beresford, only four weeks' food is in store in Great Britain at any one time.