

A Day That is Dear to England

St. George's Day—Anniversary of the Birth and Death of Shakespeare and of the Death of William Wordsworth.

April 23 is a day which should be dear to all Englishmen for many reasons. Not only was it proclaimed in 1222 the festival of the patron saint of England, and as such was for many years the great national holiday of the people; but it was also in 1564 the birthday of England's greatest genius, the world-renowned Shakespeare, who, strange coincidence, died on the same day in the year 1616. Lastly, on St. George's Day 1850, died one of the greatest of England's poets, William Wordsworth; so that, whether we consider it as the time-honored feast of England's patron saint, or as sacred to the highest achievements of English intellect, must alike be rendered to St. George's Day, the palm of being, par excellence, the great national anniversary of England's greatness, as represented by the glories of mediaeval chivalry or the triumph of mind in the Anglo-Saxon race.

England's great patron saint has been much abused and misrepresented. Gibbon, the eminent, but not always accurate, historian, identifies him with an Arian Bishop of Cappadocia, who, proving himself utterly detestable, was killed by the populace in December, 361. The Arians, however, claimed him as a martyr; and Gibbon says: "These sectaries introduced his worship into the bosom of the Catholic Church. The odious stranger, disguising every circumstance of time and place, assumed the mask of a martyr, a saint and a Christian hero; and the infamous George of Cappadocia has been transformed into the renowned St. George of England, the patron of arms, of chivalry, and of the garter."

So far, Gibbon; but, fortunately, this fling of the unvarnished sceptical historian at England's patron saint is not true. St. George indeed might be, and probably was, a native of Cappadocia, a large tract of country in Asia Minor; but the heretic bishop who cathechized him, that a church in Southern Syria, previously a heathen temple, was dedicated in honor of a martyr, St. George, in 346, fifteen years before the death of the unworthy prelate put forward by Gibbon.

Who, then, was St. George? Ancient lives and martyrologies answer, a military tribune, or officer, under the Roman Empire, who was born in Cappadocia of noble Christian parents, and on the death of his father went with his mother into her native country, Palestine, where he inherited a considerable estate, and having embraced the profession of a soldier, became a distinguished officer under the Emperor Diocletian. When that ruler commenced the last great persecution of the Christians in A. D. 303, St. George is said to have laid aside his military career, and vigorously protested against the emperor's cruel edicts, for which he was cast into prison, and after much torture, at length beheaded. Some think him to have been the same illustrious young man who, Lactantius relates, tore down the emperor's edicts when they were first set up at Nicomedia shortly before Easter Day, and who suffered martyrdom in that city eight days later, his body being subsequently removed to near Joppa, in Palestine. However this may be, St. George speedily acquired great fame as a martyr throughout the east, there having stood formerly five or six churches dedicated to his memory in Constantinople, the oldest of which was always said to have been built by Constantine the Great, who was also the reputed founder of the Church of St. George, which stood over his tomb at Lydda, or Diospolis, in Palestine, and which, after having been destroyed by the Saracens, was rebuilt by the Crusaders, and still gives its title to a bishop. To this day, St. George is honored as patron, or tutelary saint, by several eastern countries, particularly the inhabitants of Georgia. The great feature of his life seems to have been the triumph of the Christian warrior over evil, which was depicted by mediaeval art under the now well-known representation of

St. George and the Dragon. It has been said that, in the transition from paganism to Christianity, the virtues and good deeds of the deities of the Pantheon were transferred to the Christian saints; those, for example, of Apollo to St. Sebastian; and those of Pallas Athene to St. Margaret. In like manner the Greek stories of Perseus and the sea-monster, or of Bellerophon and the Chimera, may have found their way into Christian literature in the shape of St. George and the Dragon. There is an absurd story, which was accepted by the writers of the middle ages, giving details of this conflict, but which bears all the marks of an after-invention to explain the allegorical and conventional representation of the "Great Martyr," as he had long been called in the Greek Church. Doubtless St. George was an idealized saint, and having regard to the way in which he was ever regarded as the patron of mediaeval chivalry, ought always to be represented as a Christian knight of the middle ages—not as a pagan horseman of antiquity, and more particularly, not as such a nude champion as appears on some of our modern coins.

Growth of the St. George Cult. Owing to frequent visits to his tomb in Palestine by pilgrims, the name and fame of St. George was much spread over the west. St. Gregory of Tours mentions him as highly celebrated in France in the sixth century; and he became at an early date the patron of Genoa. In Great Britain his story was apparently first introduced into the Church of Scotland, whence, in the 9th century, it passed into England. For some time St. Edward the Confessor was regarded as our national patron saint, the English people revering him as the last of the royal line of Saxon kings. But St. George rose rapidly in

popular estimation during the Crusades, the Christian warriors declaring that they had seen visions of him leading their hosts, and the cry was taken up, "St. Edward and St. George for England." Richard I. adopted this cry, and altho three successive monarchs of England were named Edward, after the former saint, those monarchs themselves paid the greater honor to St. George. Edward III. placed under his protection the Order of the Garter, which he founded, and built St. George's Chapel, Windsor, for its special use in 1348. From that time onward St. George became our chief national saint; and the battle cry of "Seynt George for Merrie England" resounded at Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt. Even after the reformation the cult received a further impetus from the sovereigns of the House of Hanover, whose favorite name was George.

There are said to be 166 ancient churches in England dedicated in honor of St. George, besides some 25 of which perhaps a few, like that of Ramsgate, may in reality owe their name to the royal patronage of some one of those not very saintly "Four Georges," who received such severe castigation from the caustic pen of Thackeray. The heraldic ensign of St. George—argant, a cross gules—is referred to in the opening lines of Spenser's "Faerie Queen," "And on his breast a bloudie cross he bore, The dear remembrance of his dying Lord."

It is still blazoned on the Union flag of England, in combination with the saltires of St. Andrew, for Scotland, and St. Patrick, for Ireland.

Shakespeare. It is most fitting and at the same time remarkable circumstance that the greatest literary genius that England has ever produced should have been born, and also died, on St. George's Day. We have in that quaint old gabled house in Henley-street, Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare was born, a place of pilgrimage, to which every year thousands repair in veneration of the most truly catholic poet of the world. Without seeking the tomb of St. George, the Christian warrior and mediaeval patron saint of England, in distant Palestine, we have here the birthplace as well as in the grand Church of Holy Trinity, by the side of the Warwickshire Avon, the tomb of the greatest English representative of thought and poetry. Surely if, as has been recently suggested, we ought to have a Shakespeare Day, on which specially to commemorate the great poet of our land, there can be no more suitable day than the anniversary of his birth and death, St. George's Day, the day, too, that for so many centuries has been sacred to the best traditions of England in the past.

Wordsworth. In the quiet churchyard of Grasmere, close by the rippling stream of Rothay, and under the shadow of the old village church which connects the present with the past, is the plain tombstone which commemorates the death, also on St. George's Day, of William Wordsworth, probably next great Englishman in the realm of mind to the immortal Shakespeare himself. He is a representative man; and, as the unrivaled exponent of nature, in the simple and unadorned, yet eloquent, language of our mother tongue, deserves the lasting tribute of our memory and regard.

Thus, whether we keep St. George's Day in memory of Christian, warrior, national poet, or nature's child, we find much to lead us to regard this day as a veritable day of days in our calendar, on which we can all unite in celebrating the triumphs of the past amid the struggles and hopes of the present.

Swallows a Bath Sponge. W. E. Gorman, the well-known theatrical manager, is exploiting a new farcical comedy this season, "A Friend of the Family," on the merits of which he is very enthusiastic. He is also 'he proud possessor of a new English bull terrier, which he values all the way from \$100 to \$1000, according to the cuteness of the grapes—not scraps—it gets into, altho of the latter qualification he is very hopeful for the future. It is perhaps quite natural that he should think in the vernacular of the uncultured that his "Daisy" is "a peach," for two weeks ago, to his dismay, he saw rapidly disappearing down the gullet of the brute a peach stone the size of a stage diamond worn by a musical comedy show girl. This mania for swallowing sundry articles not usually included in the diet of well-bred bull terriers soon developed itself into positively alarming proportions, which has had its owner several times on the verge of nervous prostration. One morning last week before going to the theatre Mr. Gorman noticed with surprise that Daisy had grown in a day to proportions which bid fair to soon qualify her for the heavyweight class. Upon informing several of his most intimate friends they were naturally anxious to see this new phenomenon and repaired to his hotel. Imagine their surprise upon seeing nothing but a very ordinary looking diminutive pup. Not the least surprised was the owner himself, whose reputation for veracity was in imminent danger. After a thorough examination, in which the services of a veterinary were brought into requisition, it was discovered that the swallowing propensity of Daisy had turned toward a large bath sponge. The result was that upon eating or drinking the poor little brute would become inflated and the more it drank the more it wanted, owing to the absorbent qualities of the sponge.

Essay on Hotels. Hotels is places were you sine your name in a book and get ice water the first thing when you walk up next day;

in hotels there is a clerk that stands behind a desk and looks at you when you want a room and he tells you it will cost you so much a day and upwards. before you go it is always upwards bekaus you see lots of things around a hotel that you want, and they come high.

there is different kinds of hotels; there is the family hotels where all the ladies sit around in rocking chairs and talk about the lady in room 8 & how much munny the men git that live there. these hotels are nice for young married women becaus while there husbands are at work there is a nice warm place for them to say and rest there, naybors, & there is lots of company for them so that they can play whist and not git the prize and git mad.

other hotels are mostly for show people, bekaus there rates are reasonable & you pay in advance, at these h t l s you can see the show ladies in the day time and that way you learn that they are not so nice off the stage without there makeup but some of them are pretty nice anyway.

I would like a job as bell boy in a hotel, a bellboy can wear a nice uniform with brass buttons and when he brings ice water & things to the room he gets nickels and dimes and sumtimes 25 cents, & when he saves this up he can git a nice suit and a diamond and part his hair in the middle and git to be a clerk.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Quincy Adams Sawyer. "As pure as a flower, as rich as a field of golden grain, and as true to nature as a hollyhock on a country roadside," is what a leading daily recently said of the great New England play "Quincy Adams Sawyer," which will be seen at the Grand next month. It is because of its purity, its sweetness, and its fidelity to nature that this great rural drama, standing alone and individual in its class, has won unstinted admiration from the great army of playgoers quick to recognize and appreciate a piece of stage life that "holds the mirror up to nature." "Quincy Adams Sawyer" is the sort of play that appeals to all classes. City bred folk enjoy the characters, and pictures they have known in other years, the rural folk are pleased with having their own people set before them in the mimic world, and the happy mingling of comedy and pathos please both the devotees of humor as well as the lover of sentiment.

An exceptionally well selected company, splendid scenery and a careful regard of detail in stage effects go to make up a complete production.

Not the Brute.

The London Chronicle tells this story: "She was a dreadful wreck when they brought her into St. Bartholomew's Hospital last evening. The youthful surgeon worked away upon her face with sponges and plaster and cotton-wool, wondering aloud how she could have got into such a state. Clearly the woman had something to say—but she could not say it. When the surgeon had made a job of it, he gently lifted the woman over an arm, and asked: 'How did it happen?' She raised a fist to shake over his shoulder, and cried furiously, 'E done it! E done it!—im.' Turning his head, the surgeon could see the man, who had been standing just under the flaring gas jet, and watching the proceedings with the interest of a landed proprietor at a building operation. The brute' muttered the surgeon, as he shifted the woman to her feet. She turned on him. 'Brute!' she shrieked thru her bandage. 'You call 'im brute? And after he brought me all the way 'ere in his arms, Gawd bless 'im!'"

R. B. C.

SIX STARVING MEN

W. Holt White Tel's of a Strange Experience in London the Great.

It was half-past four o'clock, what time the shiny-hatted stockbroker, with athletic instincts, strides his well-cressed trousers along the Strand, westward, and all the city was beginning to assume its nightly air of going home for comfort after work well done.

Then it was that I passed by that dreary waste which generations yet unborn will some day know as Aldwych, and looking up beheld a giant notice-board erected by the Church Army, on which it was set forth that persons of benevolent intent might, by stepping up to the "work-tents," procure little books of tickets costing twopence each, which would procure for some needy man a meal, and afterwards a bed.

After buying a little book, I looked within the tent, and there were about a hundred men squatting on little stools and chopping chunks of wood into the shape of fire-lighters. I looked round and thought: Who in this city shall I find so woebegone, and starved that I shall have the audacity to approach them and offer them charity to the extent of twopence?

The First Hungry Man. I wondered vaguely if it were as awkward to beg twopence as to have twopence to give away to someone whom one did not know. But looking round I found the answer to my thoughts, for a few feet away there stood looking at me with a gaze that plainly said, "Dare I speak or not?" a young man with a rather pleasant face.

I took one of the little tickets out of my pocket and placed it in his hand. He read it, and the tears filled his eyes. Then, before I could say another word, I was learning all his story—how he was a doctor's son, and how, as an etcher, he had held a good berth in the Midlands. But he had quarreled with his people, and, desiring to leave home, had come up to London, there to make his fortune. But he had starved instead.

Murmuring a few words of sympathy I turned away and wondered where I should find the next recipient of my twopenny bounty. I found him ere I had gone half a dozen steps.

As he lurched along, the people moved aside with horror on their faces, and some turned to look at him. As he passed I held out to him the soup-ticket.

He grabbed it, looked at it, and a wolf-look crept into his forbidding eyes. Then he licked his horrid beard noisily, and with a grunt of thanks turned the corner and shuffled quickly up the passage to the "work-tents."

His Only Friend. With a little shudder I left the Strand and made my way down to the Embankment, where are supposed to gather all the hungriest men in London.

On the first bench I came to there sat a man, very seedy in appearance, but with a merry eye. Beside him a battered spaniel dozed uneasily. I sat me down on the bench and looked at the man with the roguish eye; and he looked at me.

"Don't happen to know, I suppose," he said, "of anyone who wants a card?"

I said that I did not, and then, in that easy way in which people of his kind make confidences, he told me that six months before, the horse he had been driving had run away and smashed his van. For this he had been discharged, and since that time had been unable to get work.

"Me and the old dog," he said, "we starve most of the time, but we gets about and picks up a penny here and twopence there, and rubs along somehow. It's a bit of a handicap having the old girl with me, but I wouldn't part with her for much."

One of my remaining tickets exchanged company. He thanked me naively and then scratched his head. "Wonder," he said, "if they'll let the old dawg in as well. Anyways, I'll go and see."

And off he went.

"Are You Hungry?" A little further along I spied a draggled but yet jaunty youth leaning against a lamp-post. Between his lips there rested the unlit stump of a dirty cigarette.

I said, "Are you hungry?" The jaunty youth passed a filthy hand thoughtfully across his stomach. "Try me," he said.

So I handed him a ticket. "Much obliged," he answered, as he eyed it. "But I've just had my gin-and-bitters, and am feeling a bit peckish. So I'm off to Carlie's Hotel de Work-Tents." And with a concluding "Much obliged, guv'nor!" he moved away.

Half-way up Northumberland-avenue I found a queer old man leaning weakly against the wall. I stopped and asked him if he were ill. He looked at me in a dazed way and said: "It's only that I'm too old. I've been up and down stairs, up and down stairs, all day long, and they always say: 'You're too old.' And I've been a clerk now fifty years, man and boy."

I looked at his seedy but well-brushed top hat, his coat tightly buttoned across his chest, but green with age; his clean collar, and his down-at-heel boots. He evidently felt my eye upon him.

"Ah," he said, "but they can't say I don't look well. I have to sleep in dross-houses, but all the same I keep tidy. Vulcanite collar that; wash it every morning myself. And you can always borrow a brush."

"Might I offer you one of these?" I said gently, handing him a ticket. "That's really too good of you," he said; and there was real gratitude in his bearded old eyes. Then he added, with an appealing look: "Tell me, do you think I look so old?"

Having shaken the old gentleman by the hand, I passed up the street and stood at the corner, holding the remaining ticket in my hand. I was not over well-dressed, and this presumably accounts for what followed.

A burly navvy came up to me and touched me on the arm. Then he pointed to the ticket. "D'you want that? Gawd lumme, guv'nor, if you're that hungry, pawn yer waistcoat and give me the ticket. I ain't got nothing left to pawn."

Without a word I gave him my last remaining slip of paper, and the navvy wrung my hand. Then I turned homewards, and was not a little saddened to think that within the space of half an hour I should have found six men, in the wealthiest streets of London to whom twopennyworth of soup and bread was an imperative necessity.



Thomas W. Ross and Katharine Mulkins in Act II. of "Cheekers," at the Princess.

Frank Oliver His Rise

Left Part of His Name When He Went Made Man Who Delight to Honor

Brampton, April 29.—(S) On lot 11 of the sixth township of Chinguicousy, there stands in a stone farm dwelling a detached structure, wherein ch and nest. Fifty years ago, house, now one of a group on the farm, was the home of Bowsfield, and it was a home in those days, in the tidy surroundings, frugality and enterprise of the Bowsfields.

In the chicken-house, once a dwelling, was born, ago, Frank Oliver Bowsfield was his father, Lundy Bowsfield his mother.

Very few people, even of Peel, are aware that Oliver, minister of the ir Wilfred Laurier's cabinet, Oliver Bowsfield of 50 years is the case. Why Frank Oliver's name and endeavors identity when he went with the country involves some family history, and World proposes to do is the boyhood characteristics, minister of the interior, opinions of some of those him in the little log school, and with him in the learned verses from the sang the songs of the Su.

Frank Oliver's school much like other boys, e was more studious and play than most chaps of

was not a rugged boy, ted for the battle of life. Frank applied himself and determined to rise lows. He had ambition ding in the fields. He a edge rapidly and the proud parents enabled time to his books that the neighborhood had t "chores" about the far frail youth, and asthma greatly, but this handic vent him from drinkin Pierian spring and tal of all the sources of info able to country boys. "old 28." His teacher, now engaged in the inst in Brampton, says of hi a clever young man—a dent. He stood very h studies. His father was farmer and accustomed but he was not very management of Frank did not get the physio one of such mental act Dr. Hegrie of Brampt, Brodie of Grimsby we instructors at different Oliver's neighbor, Georg him better than anyon County. He says Frank big words in the dictio was older than his sh possessed a sturdy, h hood that made him p fellows. Frank abhor whiskey, and hated hyr a plain, blunt maner with him. The men who were boys with h fer to his manly trait, not surprised to know ister of the interior

ALLAN BOWSFIELD O Father of Hon. Frank ster of the Int

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