

but thirty years of age. She is of medium height and symmetrical figure, wearing always a singular happy expression of face, which was one of gentle beauty. She was dressed in a simple travelling costume and wore a blue veil on her bonnet which was not lowered.

"Among the witnesses to the ceremony were the mother of the bride, Mrs. Crawford; Mr. Crawford, jun.; her brother and his wife; General Bragg and Judge Bragg; Mr. J. Tillinghast, manager of the New York Central of Buffalo; and Mr. Augustus Schell, the well known lawyer of New York.

"After the ceremony had been consummated, the happy couple received the congratulations of the American families and others staying at the hotel, which the Commodore acknowledged most cordially, he looking proud, she radiant, and both happy. The adieux over, and the morning express east being ready to start, the party repaired to the G. W. R. Station and entered the Commodore's special car, bound direct to New York City. As the train moved off a series of twenty-one detonating signals were given in honour of their departure.

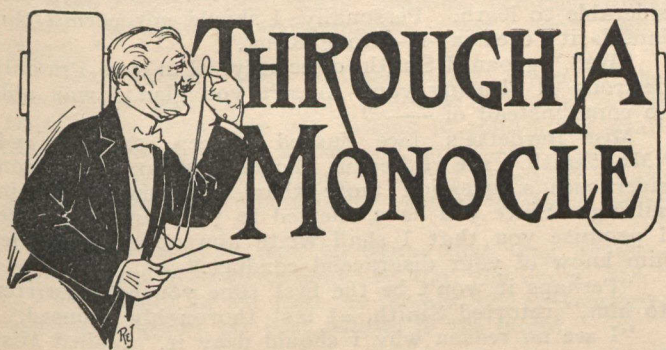
"Talk of railway rings and stock corners; bulls and bears; hedging and hypothecating; selling short, operations for a fall; Wall street doings and the Gold Room. Mere nothing all these compared to the great-

est speculation of life, that of Matrimony, which the gallant old Commodore has for the third time ventured upon. Let us hope that he will enjoy, for many years to come, an ample 'margin,' never prove himself a domestic 'bear,' and avoid all dangerous 'corners!'"

Such is the sprightly Free Press account, which is quite equal to the modern social column. But from 1869 to 1906, no one has heard Rev. William Briggs mention the amount of his fee—save to remark that the interest alone exceeded any other fee that Hymen has brought him.

Two fair descendants of the romantic Commodore have recently attracted public attention. On October 14th of last year, Miss Fredericka Vanderbilt Webb, great-grand-daughter of the founder of the Vanderbilt fortunes, became the wife of Mr. Ralph Pulitzer, son of the proprietor of New York "World," thus "gilding the refined gold" of yellow journalism. Another great-grand-daughter, Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, has lately separated, so rumour declares, from her aristocratic husband and is to be known no longer as the chatelaine of historic "Blenheim."

J. G.



WHY "through a monocle"? For one thing because it is an achievement. Did you ever notice a man managing a monocle? You see him screw it into his eye and you marvel that it stays there. Yet he can do it every time. By practice, he has become an adept at it; and he does not always look like a man who can do difficult things easily. So you fish a penny out of your pocket and try it surreptitiously, when you find that—with all your superior intelligence—you cannot do it. Thus it is seen that the man with the monocle is cleverer than you imagined. Then, by a sort of reversed wink, he can drop it like a ray of light into his lap. That, too, looks clever. If you tried it, you would expect it to bounce on your cheek and roll on the floor. With a quick motion, he deftly screws it in again, and gazes at you opaquely—superciliously—enquiringly—crushingly. But there is one thing which, with all his cleverness and superiority, he cannot do. He cannot by any possibility see through it. When he wants to see he must wink it into his lap. Or he must depend upon his unharricaded eye. He can look you down—he can look you through—he can visually knock you over and flatten you out. But he cannot look at you. So this being a cleverer thing than the clever man with a monocle can achieve—this seeing "through a monocle"—I thought it worth the trying.

One of the first figures who is to be seen "through a monocle" in Canada these days is Monsieur Henri Bourassa. If there is any period when a stare across the landscape will not detect the lively, picturesque figure of Monsieur Henri, rapidly going somewhere—anywhere—so long as it is not into a valley, the fault must not be laid at the door of Monsieur Henri himself. There is nothing clandestine about Henri. He is always willing to be detected. You may remember that "Little Billee"—Trilby's "Little Billee"—could "feel the north" when he was on good terms with his sweetheart. Monsieur Henri can, in the same magical and mysterious and unerring way, feel the "spot-light." He knows exactly where the artist in the gallery is about to throw the calcium circle, and that is where he is making for when we catch sight of him through the monocle hurrying across the scenery. It is this positive genius of his for getting into the lime-light at the right moment which has led some people to see in him the Man who will

take Quebec away from Laurier. He is so often discovered, when the curtain goes up, at the head of the people, that we might begin to think that they were following him. But then we might think, too, that the circus procession was following the small boys who strut in front of the band.

Now do not for a moment imagine that I do not like Henri Bourassa. I do like him. I liked him when it was he and Dr. Goldwin Smith against All Canada on the Boer War; and that is more than a lot of people can say who are now trying to make themselves think that he is a second edition of Moses leading "the chosen people"—themselves being the judges about the choiceness—out of the Wilderness. He has courage, ability, a well-stored mind, the eloquence of a popular tribune. He is as refreshing as a sea breeze after all the deadly-dull, smoke-laden and foul-smelling atmosphere of partizan fogginess which one usually breathes at Ottawa. It is a great comfort to see a man who dare stand up in the House of Commons and call his soul his own—even if he does his calling in such a way as to lead some people to think that he has thereby imperilled his soul's immortal welfare. Then he is a fighting independent. We have any number of arm-chair independents in this country of ours, who may possibly vote on election day if they happen to be passing the polling booth when the populace are not too numerous. But Henri Bourassa is an independent who is not afraid of "the populace." He will get up mass meetings and bring out candidates and go through election campaigns. In two words, he is an independent whom the party men fear.

But he is a "cub" publicist as yet. With a boy's enthusiasm, he has a boy's absorption in the moment—and in the visible. He cannot see much farther than his voice will carry. Grandma Globe looked him over the other day and announced that he would never be a leader, which shows that our venerable friend reads her prophecies in her dear old heart. But it is too soon to prophesy on this point. He is growing visibly every year; and he may be a man yet before his Grandmother. He has quite visibly out-grown some of his provincialism within the life of the present Parliament. But he still lacks that wide vision which makes a national leader—that acceptance of all the facts in the nation—that sympathetic understanding of all the elements in the community which Sir John Macdonald had and which Sir Wilfrid Laurier has. Without this, he certainly never can be a leader, but men have come and men have gone who have broken the shackles of a narrow environment and have grown from the attorneys of a section to be the interpreters of a people.

