

WHICH ONE WILL DROP OUT?

Tuesday Night's Game Between
London and Stratford
Will Settle It.

Hockey Games at Woodstock, Paris,
Hamilton and Montreal—Other
Sporting Matters.

HOCKEY.

WILL LONDON DROP OUT?
HARDLY.

Tuesday night's game in Stratford will decide whether London or Stratford will drop out of the race for intermediate honors. Wednesday's game was a close one, but there should be a much better exhibition of hockey on Tuesday, as both teams will be in better shape. That Stratford had its strongest team on Wednesday is shown by the fact that the seven which defeated Waterloo in the senior championship series was made up of five of them who played as intermediates in London. The local management have arranged for a special train to leave London at 7 p.m. sharp and return to London about 11:30. There is no doubt that a big crowd will accompany the boys. Tickets may be obtained from E. De la Hooke, Brown's shoe store, W. F. Boughner, W. Brophy, or any member of the executive.

A meeting of the juniors of the London Hockey Club will be held at the Tecumseh House at 8 p.m. this evening, when certificates will be issued to intending players. All junior players requested to attend.

AT OTTAWA.

The Shamrocks defeated the Ottawas Saturday by 5 goals to 4.

AT HAMILTON.

The first game in the Central Ontario Hockey Association to be seen here this season was played Saturday night between the Woodstock team and the Victorias, of Hamilton. The game was won by Woodstock, 27 to 1.

AT LINDSAY.

The first game in the Junior Ontario Hockey Association was played at Lindsay Saturday night, which the Coburg club won by 7 to 2.

AT PARIS.

The championship series of the Central Ontario Hockey Association opened here Saturday night with a game between Brantford and Paris, resulting in favor of the home team, 10 goals to 2.

AT MONTREAL.

The Victorias, the champions of hockey, were defeated by Montreal in the first match of the season on the Arena ice on Saturday night. Score, 8 to 5 in Montreal's favor.

Montreal's intermediate team defeated the Shamrocks' second team, Montreal 8, Shamrocks 1.

AT IRROQUOIS.

The first league match of the season, senior series, of the I. A. C. was played here Saturday between Iroquois and Cornwall, the former winning by 4 goals to 1.

ESTIMO.

Tim Hurst, match-maker and referee of the Genesee Athletic Club, of Utica, is in New York in behalf of his club, to offer a purse of \$500,000 for the Jeffries-Corbett fight on March 15.

Tommy Ryan, of Syracuse, has deposited \$1,000 with Lou Houseman, of Chicago, as a forfeit for a match with anybody in the world, at 155 pounds. Kid McCoy preferred the offer, says he will not train Jeffries for his match with Corbett.

Spickie Sullivan, of Ireland, and George McCadden, of Chicago, met Saturday night at the Broadway A. C. to decide which had the right to the lightweight championship with Erne, and his close cousin, Jack O'Brien. After 25 rounds, Erne won by a unanimous decision.

Clarence Forbes and Morris Rauchs, two Chicago bantams, fought six fast rounds to a draw Saturday. Dave Barry, of Toronto, got the decision over Kid Klack, of Chicago, at the end of six rounds.

TURF.

AT NEW ORLEANS.
New Orleans, Jan. 8.—Summaries of Saturday's races:

First race, selling, 1 mile—Rottendam 1, Lexington 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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The annual catch of shad in the Delaware River, from Trenton to the bay, is worth over \$600,000 at the nets. The herring catch in the same water amounts to \$100,000.

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BULLER'S PRIVATE LIFE

A Charming Glimpse of the
British General.

As He Is Known to His Family
and Friends.

How He Came Near Settling in
Canada.

A Brilliant Character Study by Ed-
mund Gosse—The Softer Side of
Buller's Nature.

In the North American Review for January, Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes a brilliant character study of Sir Redvers Buller, in which he has had the cooperation of Lady Buller. We give a brief summary as follows:

There is no longer man in the British Empire today than the illustrious soldier, to whom has been given the charge of our forces in South Africa. Strength is popular among us, and strength is looked at by the majority of men as the necessary accompaniment of power. Around the name of Sir Redvers Buller, accordingly, a persistent legend has arisen, encouraged by certain superficial qualities of his own, which represent him as a martinet, "rough and ready," like Major Lord Bagstock, a mere iron instrument of warfare, from whom it would be extravagant to expect any of the agreeable virtues. To read the complimentary descriptions of him in numerous newspapers, one would imagine him to be something between a bull and a battering-ram; a silent, saturnine, blood-thirsty man, one of his admirers calls him. A second remark that "one never thinks of Buller apart from his profession," a third, ardently appreciating his genius, sighs that "it is a pity that he does not succeed in attracting as much affection as he does respect and admiration." To one who has the privilege of knowing Sir Redvers Buller in a strictly non-official capacity, there is something preposterous in these exaggerations of his decisive manner, his forthrightness, his abrupt and blunt address. One is tempted to combat this blood-and-iron legend, and to portray the man as he seems to his friends.

Those who can "never think of Buller apart from his profession," and who are aware that, with the exception of Lord Wolseley, not one of our GREAT LIVING SOLDIERS has so much to interest him outside his military work as Sir Redvers Buller has. Most of our leading generals cannot be thought of, detached from their army. But if Lord Wolseley had never become a soldier he might very well today have been Regius Professor of History at Oxford or Cambridge; while Sir Redvers Buller would certainly have been a very active county magistrate, and possibly minister of agriculture in a unionist cabinet. After 1881, when he was disgusted with the action of Mr. Gladstone, Buller could hardly be dissuaded from throwing up his commission. No friend who used with him the argument that if he did so, his occupation would be gone, he replied: "No; I have other things to look to when I cease to be a soldier. You forget how many interests I have." This is a side of his character which is little known, and it is to this that I desire to draw attention.

In the first place, then, those who regard Sir Redvers Buller as a sort of mechanical engine of war, with no thought in his head but of fighting, should be told that this typical soldier springs from an entirely untypical family. He is the Squire of Downes, and, as his ancestors have been in a long line, the head of a large and Devonshire clan of landed gentlemen, identified for centuries with western country farming and sport. His father, Mr. James Wentworth Buller, was a prominent figure in his day, a universally respected in the County of Devonshire, which he long represented in parliament, and in which he spent his whole life in the midst of his tenants. Mr. Buller was a distinguished sportsman of Oxford, no sportsman, devoted to literature and art, but, above all, to his civic duties as a country gentleman and magistrate. He married the daughter of Lord Henry Howard, and, Buller shared his cultivated tastes, read the same books as he, diffused over the same circle of kindred influence and refinement. This couple, who lived at Downes in a sort of patriarchal state, were the parents of fourteen children, eight sons and six daughters, Sir Redvers being the second son.

From this couple sprang in the next generation a family of strong, energetic, farm-loving sons, of whom Sir Redvers was the only soldier. With him the army instinct is not hereditary, but quite individual. He was born to be a leader of fighting men, as others were born to be poets or statesmen. Moreover, until, in 1876, his eldest brother died, he had the salutary position of a cadet in the family. Conscious of immense force and ambition, he was obliged by circumstances to look around for the best mode of developing his powers. Had he been the eldest son of Mr. J. W. Buller, it is extremely unlikely that he would have found his business in war at all. It is important to point out that, while the personal element in his genius is, of course, predominant today—while, that is to say, it would be an affectation to speak of him as anything but a soldier—the soldier—the element of his old life in Devonshire still remains at the base of Sir Redvers Buller's experience and shapes the non-official part of his character. To show in what way they will be the object of these pages. I wish to emphasize that this "silent, saturnine, bloodthirsty" soldier of the Jingo legend is really

A GENIAL COUNTY GENTLEMAN and a man of refined intellectual culture. In the South African war the Zulus had various names for Sir Redvers Buller; they called him "the Steam Engine," because he was always running out of unexpected places; and "the Brother of the Devil," because he led to so much bereavement in their families. These names are good enough for Zulus, and perhaps for a large portion of the English public, but they cannot satisfy Sir Redvers' personal friends.

Those who only know Sir Redvers Buller in his capacity as a soldier must form an incomplete conception of him. He is a very different person in Devonshire and in Pall Mall. On his Downes estate there is not a blade of grass that he has not watched, not a cottage that he has not planned, not a laborer whom he has not known from a boy. What Sir Redvers really enjoys most, next to starting off upon a campaign at short notice, is the life of a country squire. As a lad he was always in the open air, neglecting his books a good deal, but learning stead-

ily and eagerly in the classes of the local buissonnere. He spent his early days at Downes among the farm-laborers, with the woodman, the smith, and the carpenter, and before he went to Eton he had managed to pick up a knowledge of many technical things, connected with these occupations, so thorough that it has remained with him ever since. Mixed with this and in complete harmony with it was a passion for hunting, always in those days of a rough and provincial kind. But it was with the Tremlett hour that Sir Redvers' life became more settled. He had been in the saddle since he was a boy, and he had learned to ride with a gun-wagon at it. When the maneuver seemed hopeless, Sir Redvers got down and showed how the thing was to be done. The men "Oh!" replied the general, "it is only a knack. I learned it watching the woodmen in the Devonshire lanes when I was a boy."

Of which we never hear anything in London, would be enough to exhaust the energy of some ambitious men. He is untiring in his efforts to improve his land, and does not disdain to be the chief officer of the little and ancient of its local charities. When he is extremely busy as adjutant-general of the British army, he always made time to go down west to important matters, and in consequence he is regarded with great respect and affection in Crediton, while his popularity is unbounded. It is based on his reputation for sympathy and justice, on his long experience of his straightforwardness, on his honesty, on his ability to perform, and they realize that he is one of themselves, that he thoroughly understands them. Crediton is almost entirely a village, and Sir Redvers, a mild old man, loiterer, the church-porch the other day was asked if the squire was a favorite. "A favorite here? Well, all I can tell you is that in Crediton were to say a word in Crediton against me, they would rise like one man, and knock him down."

All this dates further back than Sir Redvers' connection with the army. He was sent to Eton as a boarder, rough school in Devonshire, where he sometimes says, he "was grounded, at the butt end of a whip, in the Bible, but there he gained little else than a love for learning. And then, followed Eton, where he was happy, but with his own pursuits, and where he specially distinguished himself neither in games nor lessons. It was school, and toward the end of his school life, he determined quite independently to go into the army. But just before joining his regiment he was very nearly put to an end to everything. He was up in a tree in the Devonshire woods, looking, when he cut his right leg so severely that the Devonshire doctor declared it must be amputated or else he would die. Redvers Buller stoutly replied that he would

NATHAN DIE WITH TWO LEGS than live with one, and he was eventually cured. It has, however, slightly hampered him, and he has made him a little less agile than he would otherwise be. With this exception, Sir Redvers Buller has (so far) lived a charmed life; with all his reckless daring, so many most dangerous campaigns, he has never been seriously wounded.

His eminence as a soldier and the entrancing nature of his military responsibilities have never killed or even hampered his civilian life. He has been a country gentleman in Sir Redvers Buller has (so far) lived a charmed life; with all his reckless daring, so many most dangerous campaigns, he has never been seriously wounded. His eminence as a soldier and the entrancing nature of his military responsibilities have never killed or even hampered his civilian life. He has been a country gentleman in Sir Redvers Buller has (so far) lived a charmed life; with all his reckless daring, so many most dangerous campaigns, he has never been seriously wounded. His eminence as a soldier and the entrancing nature of his military responsibilities have never killed or even hampered his civilian life. He has been a country gentleman in Sir Redvers Buller has (so far) lived a charmed life; with all his reckless daring, so many most dangerous campaigns, he has never been seriously wounded.

So much for the natural activities of the man who "can scarcely be thought of apart from his profession as a soldier. I proceed, with some diffidence, to describe some of his civilian life. In the first place, although Sir Redvers Buller is pre-eminently a man of action, one notes in him the instinctive respect for the life of thought and study which sits so gracefully on the great soldier. This attitude of deference to the intellectual life is, I doubt not, a heritage from the traditions of the individual character of his family. He was held in high respect. It is obvious that he himself has never had leisure for any very close or consecutive reading. But I have observed that he has the knack of doing the heart of anything that he does read, and in an amazingly short space of time. He is certainly a good instinctive judge of literature, and if he has not had opportunity to cultivate his judgment with a very wide selection, where his mind does alight is almost always on the purest and richest writers. For poetry he has, perhaps, no particular taste. When he was a boy he must have learned the "Esays" of Elia, by heart, for he retains pages of these. But in prose Sir Redvers' tastes are definite. Two English classics travel about with him in miniature editions; he never goes to bed without Bacon's "Essays" and the "Esays of Elia."

An interesting feature of Sir Redvers Buller's attitude to literature is his special interest in the expression of the individual character by the author. One would suppose that he would read entirely for the matter, but I have been surprised to notice that it always seems to be the manner that attracts him. Among the moderns he has, I think, three prime favorites, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold and George Meredith, and in each he is particularly observant of the style.

THE PENCHANT OF SIR REDVERS for Ruskin is so marked as to be quite a feature of his mental life. He was induced to read Ruskin's "Modern Painters" when he was very young, and he preserved a lively enthusiasm for this author. The only trace of anything like bibliomania to be met with in Sir

Redvers Buller's library is the care with which he has brought together a rather large collection of the early editions of Ruskin. He is not a great reader, and I have heard him say that he always begins at the end. He is not, as one might suppose, attracted by hairbreadth adventures and a boisterous plot, but he prefers delicate ingenious style. He has even the scientific weakness for sentiment in a story.

At Downes there exists a fine library, originally collected by a Buller of a kindred and fifty years ago, and continued by successive squire, particularly Mr. J. W. Buller. In this library Sir Redvers has from youth taken a peculiar interest, and has added to it all its modern ornaments. When he can find time, he is to be discovered inspecting and rearranging the volumes, and searching for gaps which are to be promptly filled. The annex, in which all the recent books have been constructed by himself out of a dining-room, and while he was making this part of his library he placed all the shelves and arranged the books with his own hands. As I have said, his own tastes lie in the direction of the higher class of belles-lettres, but there were left to Downes the scientific and philosophical books of a younger brother, a bequest which greatly added to the value of the collection. This brother, who never recovered from being half-eaten by a tiger in India, was a man of very remarkable intellectual powers. There can be no question that Sir Redvers possesses, in the highest degree, the love of books, although his life has been too full of action to permit him to indulge it.

The fine arts have always attracted Sir Redvers Buller. He was an early lover of the Barlow School, and has been a frequent visitor to the gallery several occasions. He soon picks up the elements of any order of connoisseurship, and has, at one time or another, been a collector himself. In this kind of occupation, certain qualities make themselves emphatically felt. Sir Redvers would not be the great general that he is, if he were not exquisitely trained to observe. He detects the least flaw in the work of the painter, and he has to learn to see. But the faculty of close and keen observation must have been native with him. Those who think of him only as "the stern, grim soldier" may be diverted to know that on social occasions his eye misses nothing, and he disdains not to describe, if necessary, the details of a woman's dress. I have observed him to be particularly sensitive to color. This faculty is but one manifestation of a mind the genius of which lies in great part in its order of arrangement, its absolute sureness of movement. He is very fond of urging on young men the cultivation of the eye, which he thinks can be deliberately studied and mastered even when there is no natural gift for it. This may, however, be doubted. In all Sir Redvers' personal tastes, I think that a leaning to the great style may be traced. In literature he prefers the masters of language; in music his predilections are classical; among modern artists, while he values the conversa-

[Continued on page 7.]

Weak and Puny Children

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