

## THE BOOKS ON CANADA

Review of the Publications Relating to This Country in 1900.

## SEVEN PAGES OF BRIEF TITLES.

As Was Edited by the Professor of History (Prof. Wrong) of Toronto University, and Published by That Institution of Learning—Canada's Relations to the Empire—Other Sections of the Review.

The fifth volume of "The Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada," published by the University of Toronto, and edited by the professor of history (Professor Wrong) and the librarian of the university (Mr. H. H. Langton), has just appeared, and embodies a review of all the publications of 1900 relating to Canada. It is sumptuously printed. Annually for five years a volume such as this has been issued. It seemed at first hardly possible that each year a book of more than two hundred pages could be filled, with review of the publications relating to Canada appearing in a single year. Yet here it is. Nearly seven pages are taken up with the brief titles alone of these publications.

The contents are divided conveniently into groups, of which "Canada's Relations to the Empire" stands first. Nothing very important under this head appeared in 1900, if we except the able book on "Commercial Federation and Colonial Trade Policy," written by Professor Davidson of the University of New Brunswick. He proposes, in lieu of preferential trade, that subsidies should be paid in order to cheapen transportation within the Empire. This would amount to a practical preference, and would do good all round. Anything more than this is unlikely, he thinks, to be effected.

The second section in "The Review" is "The History of Canada," and a large number of works appeared in 1900. There are some learned reviews on the Cabot question. The great edition of the "Jesuit Relations," just completed, calls for a long article. A new and scholarly life of Champlain, by M. Gravier, has appeared, and some attention is paid to works on the diplomatic relations between Great Britain and the United States affecting Canada. A good many inaccuracies and omissions in the articles on Canadians in the "Dictionary of National Biography" are pointed out.

In the third section, "Provincial and Local History," the French shore question as it affects Newfoundland is reviewed, the "Cath Island" being treated as really a part of Canada. The Nova Scotia Government has published a new volume of archives throwing more light upon the Acadian question. Judge Routhier has written an interesting history of the City of Quebec, and Mr. John Ross Robertson's "Landmarks of Toronto" is noted. The Northwest and British Columbia are much in evidence. Mr. Beckwith's "Willson's and Dr. Bryson's Histories of the Hudson Bay Company" being the most important works in the year. Mr. Baillie-Grohman gives an amusing account of sport and life in British Columbia.

In the fourth section, "Geography, Economics and Statistics," numerous works on the Klondike are noticed. This review is the best guide to the enormous literature upon this subject. In an earlier volume Dr. G. M. Dawson, the late Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, described the Klondike literature up to the time of writing. The publications of 1900 have not lost the former sensational character. The Klondike miners are, it appears, admirers of Shakespeare. "Nearly everywhere Shakespeare seems to be the favorite author." A gulch that had a full set of Shakespeare considered itself in for rather a cosy winter, and there were regular Shakespeare clubs, where each miner took a certain character to read.

The reviewer of the Statistical Year-book of Canada, edited by Mr. George Johnson, rebukes what he calls its tone of narrow patriotism. The progress of mining in Canada and the work of the Geological Survey are described, and we have a record of travel in Canada, extending from Labrador to the Pacific Coast. Perhaps the most breezy book reviewed is "Buffalo Jones' Forty Years' of Adventure," "Archaeology, Ethnology and Folk-lore," and "Education" complete the volume. Many publications relating to the Indians in Canada appeared during the year. In connection with education, readers are pleased to see a sketch of the career and a complete bibliography of Sir Daniel Wilson.

On the whole, the contents of the review are most varied and interesting. Nowhere else is there to be found such a repertoire of information regarding works on Canada. Professor Wrong and his collaborators criticize frankly. The tone is fair, however, and frank criticism is so rare in this country as to deserve a special word of praise.

**Whelps of the Lion.**  
Of all the colonies New Zealand sent the largest proportion of its strong youth to fight on the African soil. While Canada has sent one in every 1,228 of its population, and Australia one in every 880, New Zealand has sent one in every 335.

**Changed Her Views.**  
Dolly—So Bessie is to be married, after all! She used to pretend to be a confirmed man hater; told me once she wouldn't wed a king!  
Flo—Did she, poor thing! Well, she's got to put up with a swell now—Ally Sloper.

**Letters Received by Londoners.**  
Each Londoner on an average receives two letters a week.

## NORTHWEST CANADA.

Interesting Lecture Before the Canadian Institute—Lord Strathcona and the Vanished Buffalo—The Gem of the Dominion.

The London Times of April 3 contains the following report of a paper on "Northwest Canada," by Rev. John Macdougall of Morley, Alberta, before the Royal Colonial Institute: Lord Strathcona presided, and, in introducing Mr. Macdougall, said there was no one who knew more about Northwest Canada than that gentleman did, for his father was one of the first missionaries to the Indians, and the lecturer himself had for more than thirty years been doing excellent work there, not only as a clergyman, but as a teacher. Looking back to his own experience of forty years, he could recall the time when the Northwest was indeed a wilderness, for at that time, instead of comfortable farms now to be found everywhere, there were practically none except a few at the Hudson Bay Company's posts, while the country for enormous distances was black with buffalo, of which none now remained.

In the course of his paper Mr. Macdougall said that while the Great Dominion of Canada as a whole might be said to be one of the brightest gems in the diadem of the British Empire, Northwest Canada might be called the gem of the Dominion. It represented a block of territory 1,000 miles square, or 640,000,000 acres, and was possibly the largest consecutive acreage of arable land in the world. Not only was the soil prolific under cultivation, but even without cultivation the whole area had been richly endowed by nature as one of the greatest pasture lands in the world, while everywhere the moisture was sufficient. The settlement that had gone on during the last quarter of a century had been but the beginning of the exploiting of tremendous possibilities, which continued dormant because of the lack of population. Contiguous to and underlying these great agricultural and pastoral advantages were immense coal fields, possibly the largest as yet discovered in the world. Gold was found in the sands of the streams, and gold, silver and copper were in the quartz ledges of the mountains. Though the area of the prospecting and discovery of these mineral deposits was so great that as yet comparatively little had been done. Almost everywhere, too, was abundance of water power. It might also be regarded as an excellent field for the tourist, inasmuch as the scenery within the foothills and the mountains was surpassingly grand. Another important consideration was that all this rich country was in touch with the home markets through British routes.

## COL. HUGHES IN ACTION.

What He Did at the Battle of Faber's Pit—Commended Officially.

Lieut.-General Sir Charles Warren, in his report of the battle of Faber's Pit, Grigalund West, on May 30, 1900, says: "Section 16, Lieut.-Col. Hughes, who was at the main farmhouse with the scouts, on hearing the firing, and seeing the horses stampede, got together a few of his men and rushed into the kraal, opening a brisk fire on the ridge where the Boers were in the diamond washings, until they were obliged to cease fire by the Yeomanry advancing out in front of them. At the same time, Captain Parkin and a troop of 25th Yeomanry, took possession of the south end of the same kraal, and acted under the orders of Col. Hughes. By holding this kraal, they prevented the rebels getting hold of it from the direction of the cemetery. At this time the rebels began to run away from the south side of the garden, and were in doing so exposed to our fire, but Col. Hughes, supposing them to be our own men, ordered Capt. Parkin and party to cease fire, and they thus escaped. Col. Hughes then decided to outflank the enemy, and with some of the Yeomanry and some good shots of various corps, he moved on the enemy up beyond the direction of the cemetery, thus getting in line with Col. Crowley, and bringing his right shoulder up he took Venter's men on their flank, and drove them away." In section 23, Lieut.-Col. Hughes, A. G. Intelligence Officer, Major Ogilvie, "E" Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, and Capt. Mackie, Warren's Scouts, are named as being particularly worthy of mention for the excellent services they performed in their respective spheres during the day.

General Warren's report has been strongly supported by Lord Roberts himself, in his despatches to the Secretary of State for War.

## He Barred Newcastle.

When Edward VII. as Prince of Wales visited America in 1890, Canada went wild over him, and in Detroit and Chicago the crowds were so dense that the party could scarcely reach their hotel. So many were the receptions, dinners and other social functions, in which the Prince participated that he finally broke down through sheer fatigue and over-excitement. The Duke of Newcastle, who was the Prince's companion, decided, therefore, to stop off on their way to St. Louis at Dwight Station, a quiet village famous for its shooting. The Prince brought down a bag of 14 brace of quail and four rabbits. But the pleasure of the day was marred by the following incident:

As the royal party approached a farmhouse an unmistakably British settler appeared at the door and invited every one except the Duke of Newcastle to enter.

"Not you, Newcastle!" he shouted. "I have been a tenant of yours and have sworn that you shall never set a foot on my land."  
Accordingly the party passed on, and the farmer, though revenged on his old landlord, had to forego the honor of entertaining royalty under his roof.

## THOU'RT NOT AFAR.

Thou'rt not afar! thy face is still before me  
With all its light—its loveliness divine;  
The south winds blow thy dark, deep tresses o'er me  
And still the gray eyes shine!  
Thou'rt not afar! No distance, dear, can sever  
Hearts that in hearts all faithfully abide.  
Love that is love forever and forever  
No oceans can divide!  
Thou'rt not afar! But oh, to feel the living  
Clasp of thy hand! to kiss the tears away  
From those dear eyes—the tender and forgiving—  
And hear the dear lips say:  
"I love you!"—as in moments long departed!  
Yet this is still my solace and my trust:  
There shall be rest, dear, for the broken hearted,  
Beyond God's daisied dust.  
—Frank L. Stanton.

## Little Vidette of Lombardy.

In the year 1859 during the war for the liberation of Lombardy a few days before the battle of Solferino and San Martino, won by the French and the Italians, united against the Austrians on a beautiful morning in the month of June a little troop of cavalry of Saluzza was moving slowly through a solitary path, toward the enemy, reconnoitering the country as they went. The troop was commanded by an officer and a sergeant, and all spied into the distance before them with eager eyes, silent, expecting every moment to see the white uniforms of the advance post of the enemy shimmering through the trees. They came to a hut surrounded by ash trees, in front of which was a boy about twelve years old, standing alone removing the bark from a small branch with a knife. From the window of the house floated a large tri-colored flag, but no one was inside. Having hoisted the flag, all had run away fearing the Austrians. As soon as the boy saw the cavalry men, he threw away his stick and took off his hat. He was a fine-looking lad with a brave face, large blue eyes, and a pair of blonde hair. He was in his shirt sleeves and his shirt was unfastened, showing his bare chest.

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer, stopping his horse. "Why did you not run away with your family?"

"I have no family," answered the boy. "I am a foundling. I work a little for every one, and I remained here to see the war."

"Have you seen the Austrians pass?"

"Not for the last three days."

"Section 16, Lieut.-Col. Hughes, who was at the main farmhouse with the scouts, on hearing the firing, and seeing the horses stampede, got together a few of his men and rushed into the kraal, opening a brisk fire on the ridge where the Boers were in the diamond washings, until they were obliged to cease fire by the Yeomanry advancing out in front of them. At the same time, Captain Parkin and a troop of 25th Yeomanry, took possession of the south end of the same kraal, and acted under the orders of Col. Hughes. By holding this kraal, they prevented the rebels getting hold of it from the direction of the cemetery. At this time the rebels began to run away from the south side of the garden, and were in doing so exposed to our fire, but Col. Hughes, supposing them to be our own men, ordered Capt. Parkin and party to cease fire, and they thus escaped. Col. Hughes then decided to outflank the enemy, and with some of the Yeomanry and some good shots of various corps, he moved on the enemy up beyond the direction of the cemetery, thus getting in line with Col. Crowley, and bringing his right shoulder up he took Venter's men on their flank, and drove them away."

"Can you climb to the top of that tree?"

"I can do that in a minute."

"And could you tell me what you see down below from the top, whether there are any Austrian soldiers, clouds of dust, guns glimmering, or any horses on that side?"

"What do you want me to pay you for this service?"

"What do I want?" said the boy, smiling; "nothing, of course. If the Austrians asked me, I would not do it at all, but for my own people—I am a Lombard!"

"Well, then, climb up."

"Wait just a moment for me to take off my shoes."

He took off his shoes, tightened the strap around his trousers, threw his hat on the grass, and clasped the trunk of the ash tree.

"But, look out!" exclaimed the officer, making a gesture as if to hold him back, as though seized with a sudden fear. The boy turned around to look at him with his fine blue eyes, as if to question him.

"Never mind," said the officer; "go up."

The boy went up like a cat.

"Look in front of you," cried the officer to the soldiers.

In a few moments the boy was at the top of the tree, with his legs around the trunk among the leaves, but with his breast uncovered, and the sun shining on his blonde head made it look like gold. The officer could hardly see him, he looked so small from the ground.

"Look straight in the distance," cried the officer.

The boy in order to see better took his right hand from the tree and put it over his forehead.

"What do you see?" asked the officer.

The boy bent his head forward, and, making a spearing tube of his hand, answered: "Two men on horseback on the white road."

"What distance from here?"

"Half a mile."

"Do they move?"

"They are standing still."

"What else do you see," after a moment's silence. "Look to your right."

Then he said: "Among the trees

near the cemetery there is something which glitters like bayonets."

"Do you see any people?"

"No, they must be hidden under the wheat."

At that moment the sharp whizz of a bullet passed high through the air and died away, far off, behind the house.

"Come down, boy," cried the officer, "they have seen you. I do not want anything more, come down."

"I am not afraid," answered the boy.

"Come down," repeated the officer. "What else do you see at the left?"

"At the left?"

"Yes, at the left."

The boy pushed his head to the left, and another whizz, sharper and lower than the first, cut through the air. The boy shook all over.

"Confound them!" he exclaimed, "they are aiming at me." The bullet had passed over his head, holding for a moment to the trunk and to the branches, and then falling down head first, with open arms.

"I will come down directly. The tree, however, will protect me, do not fear. To the left, you wish to know what I can see?"

"To the left," answered the officer; "but, come down."

"To the left," said the boy, turning his head that way, "where there is a chapel, it seems as though I can see—"

A third raging whizz was heard and almost at the same time the boy was seen coming down, holding for a moment to the trunk and to the branches, and then falling down head first, with open arms.

"Curse them!" cried the officer, running to him.

The boy struck the ground with his back and lay there stretched out, with his arms open; a stream of blood was flowing from his left side. The sergeant and two soldiers jumped from their horses, the officer bent down and opened his shirt; the bullet had entered his left lung. "He is dead," exclaimed the officer. "No, he lives," answered the sergeant. "Our poor, brave boy!" cried the officer.

"Courage! courage!" But while he was saying this and pressing his handkerchief over the wound, the boy rolled his eyes wearily, and let his hand fall back. He was dead.

The officer turned pale and looked at him drearily for a moment, then laid him with his head on the grass; and, for awhile he remained looking at him. Also the sergeant and the two soldiers stood motionless and gazed at him; the others were turned towards the enemy.

"Poor boy," sadly repeated the officer. "Poor and brave boy."

Then he approached the house and took from the window the tri-colored flag and stretched it out like a funeral pall over his body, leaving the head uncovered. The sergeant picked up the boy's shoes, cap, the little stick and the knife.

They stood in silence a moment, then the officer turned to the sergeant and said: "We will send the ambulance for him. He died like a soldier, and we will bury him like a soldier."

Having said this he threw a kiss to the dead and cried, "He is brave!" They all jumped to their saddles, the troop formed again and followed up its route; but a few hours later the little dead boy did receive the honors of war.

Towards sunset all the lines of the Italian advance post were marching toward the enemy over the same road which had been taken in the morning by the troop of cavalry.

The large battalion of bersaglieri, which a few days before had valiantly stained with blood the hill of San Martino, proceeded in two files. The news of the death of the boy had spread through the army before the soldiers had left their encampment. A stream ran along beside the path a few paces distant from the house. When the first officers of the battalion saw the little corpse stretched at the foot of the ash tree and covered with the tri-colored flag they saluted him with the sword, and one of them bent over the edge of the stream, which was bordered with flowers, plucked two flowers and threw them over him.

Then all the battalion, as they were passing, plucked flowers and threw them over the dead. In a few moments the boy was covered with flowers, and officers and soldiers all gave him a salute as they passed by. "Brave little Lombard!" "Good bye, boy!" "Honor to you, little hero!" "Hurrah!" "Glorious!" "Goodbye!" One officer threw a medal of valor on him; another kissed his forehead; the flowers continued to shower on his bare feet, upon his wounded chest, and upon the blonde head. And he slept there in the grass wrapped in his flag, with a white but almost smiling face, poor boy as if he felt the honor paid him, as though he were content to have given his life for his Lombardy.

## Very Considerate.

Mr. Suburban: What on earth are you trying to do, neighbor?

Mr. Neighbor—Merely taking down a little of the paling so that I can move my chicken coop over into your yard.

"Oh! My yard?"

"Yes, I like to be neighborly and considerate of other people's feelings, you know."

"But—"

"Yes, you shan't have any more cause to complain about my chickens scratching up your yard!"

"But you are moving your whole coop over on my property!"

"That's the idea. Quick as the chickens find their coop in your yard they'll fancy that you own them, and will spend the rest of their natural lives scratching in my yard, you know."

"Um!" said the head of the firm as he surveyed the applicant. "So you'd like a job as porter, eh? Well, we need a good, strong porter here; but you don't look quite heavy enough for the job, why did you leave the job you had before?"

"Well, you see," said the applicant, "I tickled the boss, and so they—"

"Excuse me; now that I come to think of it, we hired a man to fill this place day before yesterday."—Chicago Times-Herald.

## There Are Rumors

A GOIN' around town that it is sometimes colder in the summer time than in the winter time. Those days seems to prove it so. Then there are roomers again around town wearin' our Men's Nobby \$3 Goodyear Welted Shoes, and most of 'em say they fit and suit better'n any they ever wore. Now we want every roomer and every boarder in this neighborhood to come in and see what all these rumors are about, what we are continually advertising. We can make the acquaintance mutually profitable.

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