

bars a continuation of prosperity. Mr. Sears is with Mrs. Sears has been a host of visitors in the Nome district.

ty Tells of Mining operations in Alaska.

The winter, says S. A. Bell, Alaska, who is at hotel, there have been the Nome district, and there there is looked for them; although Nome a winter than a summer, says Mr. the owner of considerable district, there will workings carried out. Light Mining Company. Mr. Goose will be running. W. A. Black, of Seattle, have one hundred and fifty in place of sixty. J. Wilson, of No. 25, large gang on his sluice. Mr. creek, he says, is the and found and has produced No. 15 alone \$3,000. down he was struck, the creek there will. At Fort Davis and very he says there has been good pay found at low the sea level. There have been big panings re-look where as much as has been taken out. Only been a big strike being kept as quiet as high at the present time parties in Seattle buy or shipment into the district, where it is intended large way this summer. The houses of Seattle are for large supplies to Koyukuk. Mr. Keller has learned there would find in this country, through the old a big strike has been set below bedrock in dings at a depth of one thirty feet and several of are giving nearly the

he says, the men are d. There the wages are to \$2.50 per day net. know the outlook expect there this summer. The ova has been a hard one, not getting the work went in, and being put for jobs for less money. ing out as fast as they ough the winter there has rain in the Cordova dis- have been very dry. I have been undergoing ps. At Nome, Carson d, he says, the wage scale and further up it is Referring to the labor ranks, he says, there is there, whatever the re- The men are beaten and en shipped in to take the figure named. There many men as are needed ct, he says, they having in from all the sound ason this year is thought er output than for many

DID HONOR TO EMPIRE DAY

Given Instructions Meaning of the Event.

made yesterday of the celebration in the city the schools in the city had patriotic exercises of some exception of Victoria the teachers contented with touching on the day sing the flag was saluted, songs sung by the little children, and the exercises were ended.

North Ward.

North Ward school John principal, was present race, the latter of whom interesting address on the Empire Day and salute were massed in the assembly exercises were opened of "The Maple Leaf" Following this Mr. Brace to the pupils at method of saluting the flag, the careless habit which one a great number of putting on their coats and g places of entertainment theatre was playing "God." Finally the children, example, went through of saluting the flag, were led in the singing by, teacher of the Man-department in the North The proceedings conclusion by the singing the King.

South Park.

lands was the speaker at Day exercises held in con-South Park school in the He dealt with the subject and before breaking up under two verses of the recently written by Wel-owier, of this city.

ACCIDENT TO CHILD.

May 22.—The six-year-old of J. H. Carlisle, chief of, ran in front of a car this afternoon and was run light leg was cut off and otherwise frightfully in-

SIR EDWARD GREY

A CHARACTER STUDY.

By A. G. G. in the London Daily News.

If one asked to say whose word carried the most weight in Parliament to-day there could, I think, be only one answer. Whether in office or out of office, whether to friend or foe, Sir Edward Grey is intrinsically the weightiest speaker of his time. When he sits down in the House of Commons it is as though discussion has ceased. Other men speak from the heart; he speaks from the bench. He does not argue; he delivers a judgment. There is no appeal, and no one asks for an appeal.

I remember a curious instance of this note of final authority. It was during the time when Mr. Balfour was holding his ministry together by his arts of evasion and agility. The attack was hot and furious; the temper of the house high and passionate. It seemed that nothing could tear away the veil of falsity behind which Mr. Balfour concealed his evolutions. At night Sir Edward Grey arose. It was as though a visitor from another planet had invaded the House. He spoke briefly, quietly, without heat and without emotion. But it was as if the House had listened to a rebuke that was almost a sentence. Mr. Balfour was silenced. There seemed nothing to do but to go home.

If we seek for the source of this authority we are struck, first, by the relative poverty of his equipment. There are many brilliant men in the House of Commons; Sir Edward Grey is not one of them. The stuff of his speech is plain to the point of homeliness. His thought is ordinary, almost conventional. He never coins a phrase that sticks, nor does he use a rhetorical flourish in his buttonhole. He has none of the arts of popular ap-

pears, and finds in that food those large reserves of power that give his words, their peculiar weight and his action their stamp of authority.

There is a certain spaciousness and simplicity in his character that communicates a sense of abiding purpose to politics. He sees the landscape, and it is wide, from an elevation, and takes in its features in broad masses. His view of the forest is not obscured by the trees. There are richer minds in politics, more eager minds, more fertile minds; but there is no mind so secure and self-contained, so indifferent to external impulses, so firmly rooted in itself. His influence is not unlike that exercised by the late Duke of Devonshire. It is the influence of a character of absolute purity of motive and of unyielding independence of thought. It is the influence of one to whom the world can offer no bribe. There is nothing in his gift that he wants—neither power, nor praise, nor wealth. "His mind to him is kingdom," and in that kingdom he finds full content.

In that kingdom, too, it is nature and not men which is his constant companion. He is wholly indifferent to society, and leaves the social and festive functions of his office to others while he escapes to the quiet of that country cottage where, before his tragic bereavement, he lived with his wife in the simple life he loves and where now he is happy in the companionship of natural things. His passion for nature is, indeed, the keynote of his character. A colleague of his in the cabinet told me an incident illustrating this rich and wholesome enthusiasm. The session of a certain year had been an unconscionable time a-dying, and Sir Edward, yearning for the country, had been held an unwilling captive to the dusty ways of Westminster. At last he escaped, took the train to Northumberland, and reached his home at Faldoon in the late evening. And full of joy of his recovered liberty he ascended to the roof of his house and spent the night as he does to-day.

The silence that is in the starry sky,

THE MINISTER WHO FEELS THE PULSE OF EUROPE

By A. G. G. in the London Daily News.

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SIR EDWARD GREY.

The peace that is among the lonely until the dawn came up over the North Sea that beats hard by against the rockbound coast. It follows almost naturally that his one literary enthusiasm is for the study of the "Constitution of the House of Commons." "Into the light of things" where nature is the teacher. "I spent last night with Grey," said a friend of his to me, "and we talked of nothing but Wordsworth." It is significant, too, that at dinner of a literary club on one occasion the three authors he referred to as those "light-hearted and happy" writers who give us recreation when we are tired and have lost resource in ourselves were Keats, Walton, Gilbert White, and Thomas Love Peacock. Show me a man's books and I will tell you his character.

He has the unshaking mind of the countryside. He never flashes out in any sudden flame of enthusiasm. He is slow to move; but he is slower still to speak. The ball has reached the mark before you hear his report. He is deaf alike to the prayers of friends and the menaces of foes. He goes his own way, takes his own time, declines to make any hurried promises in order to secure the pursuit of judgment. "They say. What say they? Let them say." When the thing is done he will speak—till then let the heathen furiously rage together. This calm, so trying to the eager mind, invests him with a certain kind of power that speech would dissipate. He is a hidden and implacable purpose. Sometimes that purpose when disclosed has the shock of dramatic surprise. For two years the friends of Macedonia had thundered at his gate in vain. He gave them no encouragement, was cold and apparently indifferent. Then one night, following a fierce onslaught by Mr. Masterman, which he waved aside without anger, almost with gentleness, he announced a policy which suddenly changed the whole situation, and revealed him taking a brave and high line in the power in the cause of a desolated people.

Less defensible was the muzzle he imposed on the House in the midst of the Denkhall shame. He represented the situation as too critical for discussion; but the truth, subsequently re-

vealed, leaves one at a loss to understand that demand for silence from one whose tendency is to understate the facts. For it is clear that there was never any real peril. But, indeed, the whole of that dark story, with Sir Edward's defence of the officials, followed by the sudden resignation of Lord Cromer and the belated release of the wronged villagers who had escaped the scaffold, is obscure and disquieting.

Not less typical of his attitude of reserve towards parliament was his silence as to the Russian agreement, which was never allowed to be discussed, and which with apparently studied scorn was published a few days after parliament had risen. Sir Edward Grey's view for foreign affairs, indeed, is that it is a close bureaucratic preserve into which he will allow no impatient trespasser. It is in the field of democracy. There is no right of way through his woods, and he is the keeper with a gun. This is a just view so far as the conduct of delicate negotiations is concerned, but it is not defensible when applied to the spirit of national policy. Even Prince Bulow in bureaucratic Germany seeks the endorsement of parliament, to which he explains his policy at least with seeming frankness. But in democratic England the foreign minister is silent as the Sphinx, looking out over the desert of parliament into infinity.

Others abide our question: thou art free.

We ask and ask: thou smil'st and art still.

Out-topping knowledge.

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WILLIAM H. TAFT

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

Toronto Mail and Empire.

That William Howard Taft will be the next president of the United States is probable; indeed his chances for fitting that office compare with the chances of any other person who can be named as three to one. Therefore, his personality becomes of general interest, and facts concerning his career have some claim to be considered of historical importance. At the moment, a host of sycophants on the Republican side of politics are beelavering him with praise, and it is not difficult to find eulogies of Taft which begin with the infant prodigy in the cradle, and trace every step, down to the present day. It is necessary, for a just understanding of the man, to largely discount what is said about him from now until next November. He is not the colossal figure the Republicans are busily carving nor is he the mere figurehead the Democrats paint.

A Distinguished Father.

One thing is pretty clear, and that is that William H. Taft is not to be placed in the upstart class. The Tafts were people of prominence long before he was born; his father was President Grant's Secretary of War, and later attorney-general. He was Minister to Austria, and as late as 1885 was American ambassador to Austria. It is probable that the only other American instance of cabinet timber appearing in two successive generations is that of President Garfield, whose son is now a prominent figure in the Roosevelt administration. William Taft's father, Alonzo was a man of distinction in his day, and the recipient of some of the highest academic honors it was in the power of Yale University to bestow.

No Log Cabin Background.

Not in the career of William Taft, therefore, must we look for the background of log cabin that seems so necessary as a setting for a Presidential poseur. William Taft did not have to split rails and teach school in order that he might buy law books. This is a disadvantage to a candidate; but at this point the father's career is dragged into the biography, and sympathy with the eager spirit of the new Liberalism, he is not essentially at variance with it. The Whig temperament is in him restraint of thought. His views are often more advanced than his habit of stating them. But his love of the rod of the fisherman is greater than his love of the rod of Empire, and, like Daniel, he would hold that "it is better to keep a flock of sheep upon the hillside than meddle with the government of men." One day it may be, he will shake the dust of Westminster from his feet for ever and then we shall know the man to look for him. For he himself, I remember, pictured that happy time with delighted anticipation when replying on one occasion to a toast proposed by Mr. Churchill, "It is a time of peace and leisure that we shall spend with old friends in a library. There is a garden outside the library, and, of course, a suitable river—not flowing too fast, nor at the same time too slow, which is a worse fault. That will be the happiest time of all. In those days, shall have no thought of politics except to read the report of the brilliant speeches which Mr. Churchill will still be making in the House of Commons. Just think, those of you who are engaged in political occupations, what our libraries are now compared with what they will be when we get to the quantities of clippings, the drawers full of opponents' speeches kept in the hope of being able to produce a quotation at an inconvenient moment; pamphlets and newspapers by the hundredweight; blue books and Hansards by the ton. I think of the splendid time I shall have making a bonfire of them all. How I will stir the fire, and how I will munch my rosbuds with the ashes!"

It is a pleasant picture. We may fitly leave him munching his rosbuds or going out with his rod to that delightful river which flows neither too fast nor too slow. A copy of the "Come Along" peeps from one pocket, and "White's Selborne" from another, and around him is the great book of nature that never wearies. Perhaps in that serene solitude one very come to him as Maximilian came to Doctian, who had resigned the Imperial purple, asking him to resume the reins of government. "He rejected the temptation," says Gibbon, "with a smile of pity, and observed that if he could show Maximilian the cabbage which he had planted with his own hand at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power." I think I see Sir Edward showing his visitor his basket of trout and pointing to his rosbuds and the whispering woods as his answer to the appeal to return to the dusty stir of politics.—A. G. G.

REASONS FOR DRINKING.

At a meeting in London of the Society for the Study of Inebriety, Dr. Stanley B. Atkinson, in opening his discussion, mentioned that one of the principal objects of drinking was to produce temporary insensibility to the mental condition affecting the drinker. Some people were said to crave for drink, when the truth was that what they craved for was the mental state which drink produced. Thos. Holmes, the well-known police court magis-

trate, said that although he had come into contact with men and women drinkers for many years he had found only one reason why they drank unduly, and that was because they liked to speak of the case with which habits grew people. Mr. Holmes mentioned the case of a man who had picked up hairpins in the streets of London, and stored no less than 600,000.

SPY ARRESTED ON FRENCH FRONTIER.

The police of Petit Croix, a small village on the Franco-German frontier, have arrested a German subject on a charge of espionage. The man had been shadowed from Belfort, and was caught as he was about to cross the frontier on foot. He was found to be in possession of maps and plans of the defence of Belfort.

NEWS OF THE MOTHER LAND

Value of London. W. Wagstaff, who has been a member of the London city guardians for forty-three years, was entertained to dinner a few days ago at the Waldorf Hotel and presented with an address and a piece of plate as chairman of the assessment committee.

Speaking his thanks, he said the wealth of the city was something passing almost the imagination. Though the East London and West London Union was incorporated with the city guardians in 1889, and though they had only jurisdiction over an area covered by five square miles, the annual rateable value had risen from £2,120,400 until it stood to-day at £2,736,995—an increase of £616,595, or a capitalised value of 140 millions. A matter of fact the capitalised value of property in the city to-day was 250 millions sterling, and he ventured to say that no other area in the world could claim such a record.

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