



Vol. VII: 7th Year of Publication.]

OTTAWA, ONT., CANADA, JANUARY 15, 1894.

\$1.00 A Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

### DEATH OF A NOTED ENGLISHMAN.

SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER PASSES AWAY.

A Sketch of His Useful Career—Incidents in His Life.

London, Dec. 30.—Sir Samuel White Baker, the distinguished African explorer, died at his residence at Newton Abbott, Devonshire.

Samuel White Baker was born in London, June 3, 1821, and was educated at a private school in Germany. In 1847 he established an agricultural settlement and sanatorium at New Era Ellia, in the mountains of Ceylon. At great personal cost, he, together with his brother, conveyed emigrants from England and the best breeds of cattle and sheep to found the mountain colony. The impulse given by this adventure secured the assistance of the Colonial Office, and with the increasing prosperity of Ceylon, New Era Ellia has become a resort of considerable importance, the most recent development being the cultivation of the cinchona plant. In 1854 Mr. Baker retired from Ceylon and in 1855 proceeded to the Crimea, and was subsequently engaged in Turkey in the organization of the first railway. In 1861 he commenced at his own cost an enterprise for the discovery of the Nile sources, in the hope of leading the Government expedition which had started from Zanzibar for the same object. He was accompanied throughout this arduous journey by his wife. For nearly a year he explored the regions of the Abyssinia whence comes the Blue Nile, and in June, 1862, he descended to Khartoum, at the junction of the Blue and White Nile, where he organized a party of ninety-six persons to explore the course of the latter river. This party reached Gondokoro in Feb., 1863, where they met Captains Speke and Grant, who had succeeded in reaching Lake Victoria Nyanza, which they believed to be the primary source of the Nile. Mr. Baker having resolved to supplement their explorations, started from Gondokoro by land in March, 1863, without any interpreter or guide, in defiance of the slave hunters, who attempted to bar his progress. On March 18, 1864, he discovered a great fresh-water lake, which he named Albert Nyanza. After navigating the lake to the exit of the Nile, he set out on his homeward journey in April, 1864, but did not reach Gondokoro until March 23, 1865. The Royal Geographical Society awarded to him its Victoria gold medal and on his return to England in 1866 he was created M.A. of the University of Cambridge, and received the honors of knighthood. In September, 1869, he undertook the command of an expedition to Central Africa under the auspices of the Khedive. He undertook to subdue the African wilderness and annex it to the civilized world and to destroy the slave trade and to establish regular commerce in its place; to open up to civilization those vast African lands which are the equatorial reservoirs of the Nile, and to add to the Kingdom of the Pharaohs the whole of the countries which border on the Nile. Sir Samuel, having first received from the Sultan the order of the Medjidieh and the rank of pasha and major-general, left Cairo with the party on Dec. 2, 1869. Lady Baker, as in former journeys accompanied him. She returned in 1873. Sir Samuel was a prolific writer, many of his works treating of his ex-

periences. Sir Samuel was a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London and an honorary member of the Geographical Societies of Paris, Berlin, Italy and America. He received the Grand Medaille d'Or of the Societe de Geographie de Paris. He was a deputy lieutenant of Gloucestershire and justice of the peace of Devon. He had the order of the Grand Cordon Medjidieh and the second and third classes in addition to the second class of the Osmanli.



MR. GEO. COX, MAYOR OF OTTAWA.

The mayor elect, Mr. George Cox, was born in 1834, soon after his parents arrived in this country, his father being a native of Bedford, England, and his mother from Wales. He was educated principally at the High School in Montreal. He learned the business of engraving and lithography from the late George Matthews, and came to Ottawa in December, 1856, when he started his present business, which has been conducted very successfully. He is a gentleman well acquainted by travel, having toured considerably through the Dominion, the United States, Great Britain and France. He has served ten years in the city council, during which time he acted as chairman of the board of health, water works and property committees. He is a Conservative in politics, and an adherent of the Methodist church.

### FROM THE LAND OF SINIM.

The most interesting episode in connection with the little war in Mashonaland so far has been the offer from an Australian militia regiment to take a share in it. The suggestion has been declined because the aid of the gallant Victorians is not wanted in South Africa, as things are turning out. But it was a fine and patriotic offer, and let us be grateful, writes the *St. James's Gazette*, to the colony and the citizen-soldiers of Bendigo for it. New South Wales sent her troops to help us in the Sudan; Victoria would send them, if necessary, to Mashonaland; both, we may be sure, would be ready to take a hand in the game if the Empire was seriously menaced in India or elsewhere. Even Radicalism may take comfort at this manifestation of the old British Adam in these younger Britons of the South:—

And now when first the shadow falls,  
On England, and the touch of Fate,  
You leave your ocean-girded walls,  
You answer ere your Mother calls,  
And meet her foemen in the gate.

An average of 26,000 letters are, it is stated, posted daily in England without addresses.

### HOW TOM GRADY CLEARED THE GUN.

A TRUE STORY OF THE KING'S OWN, OR 4TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.

We have read of deeds of daring done for dear Old England's sake, Of the glorious death of Nelson, of the pluck of gallant Drake; Of Wellington and duty, we have often talked before. And the Schoolboy knows the story of Cerunna and of Moore; Still ring from Heights of Abraham, Wolfe's dying words: "They fly!" Words just as fresh to-day as then. Such memories never die. Then the names of Olive and Campbell, of Havelock, Lawrence, Neill. Remind us but of victories won by British pluck and steel.

The world was taught how heroes die when the *Birkenhead* went down; And on those Balacava slopes, of Light Brigade renown, That ride into the jaws of death filled Europe with amazement: Subject for painter's canvas—fit theme for poet's praise! Now, comrades, I'll tell ye a story; 'tis not of a victory won, But the deed of a lowly private, yet a deed right nobly done; How, face to face with death, he stood unaided and alone, And we claim him as a comrade, for he was one of the old King's Own.

'Twas a bleak October morning, and the British forces lay entrenched round grim Sebastopol, with the Russians held at bay. Cold, hunger, fever, wounds, and death had thinned that gallant band; Yet once again, 'mid frost and snow, those gunners take their stand. From the early grey of morning, till the day fades into night, For weary months those gunners had stood steadfast in the fight. With fusillade of shot and shell the fortress answered back, As the thunder of our batteries rolled along the left attack.

But of all those guns that volley forth along the British line, None speak so sharp, or speak so true, as gallant Number Nine. Oft had the foe man marked this gun; its frequent battery smoke: This morn a Russian chieftain to his willing gunners spoke: "Bring your guns to bear together on that hornet over there; That British bulldog barks too loud, bring four or five to bear." So Number Nine stands silent now, and answereth not at all. Helpless, with choked embrasure and broken battery wall; All torn and rent with Russian shell, the pride of the left attack is useless now in the British line and sends no answer back.

Yet now one notes its silence; a chief there in command, And, turning to the gunners, says, "Come lads, who'll bear a hand? Who'll clear the gun!" he cries aloud; but the bravest hold their breath: Full well they know those words imply a task of life or death. "Who'll clear the gun, I say?" he cries a second time; Then one stands forth, no gunner he, but a private of the line.

So, silent, face to face with death, he mounts the battery slope; He springs up single-handed with those Russian guns to cope. With his own stout heart and willing hand a pickaxe and the spade— A breach in the shapeless battery wall he very soon hath made. Now he grasps his spade in a firmer grip, and his pick deals a heavier blow. For every moment his last may be—he works under fire from the foe. Five minutes more—and the battery stands all shapely, firm, and sound. And he leaps back safe, whilst Number Nine hurls forth her hindered round. "Right nobly done," cries Lushington, as the hero's hand he wrings. "Your name, and corps?" "I'm Grady, sir—Tom Grady, Fourth o' King's!"

By many a Christmas fireside bright this tale was told, I wren; It was told in the cot of the lowly, it was told to England's Queen. Aye! told to the Queen he served so well; and it was not told in vain, For she pinned on his breast that priceless gift—the Cross which bears her name.

I've read the Regiment's story, its leaves turned o'er and o'er; But Tom's is the bravest deed I find in the records of our corps; So, when ye hear folks talk of heroes, or a deed of daring done, Tell this, your Regiment's Story—How Tom Grady cleared the gun. Tit-Bits.

### ALL SAILS SET.

VICTORY BOUND FOR OPEN SEA.

St. Catharines, Ont., January 10th.—Young Victory, No. 173, held another successful meeting on the 1st instant. The usual routine business was carried on with marked neatness. The President, Bro. Kemping, must have been warmed with the thought that it was the anniversary of his wedding day, but it matters not with our W. P. His pleasant smile help to lead his co-workers on with the good work we have started in the club. We are glad our books are clear of sickness so far, which must show that we are in a better climate, and enjoy a purer air, than our brethren of our mother lodges, Old Albion and Kent. Under the order of business, proposition of candidates, the following gentlemen were proposed: Messrs. Wm. Goodcliff, E. Barker, W. Brichon, E. Lister, A. Siener, R. Siener, A. Clay, T. D. Simmons, W. Bennett, J. W. Potter, W. Church, Chas. Hill, H. Phippe and John Roberts. Mr. A. W. Bate, son of the well known brewer, was marched amidst and learned the watchword of the S. O. E. We have added another good tar to the old battleship; in a short time we shall have enough to sail the Victory out of the bay, into the open seas, fully prepared to meet all comers. As the S. G. S., Bro. Carter, says, the very name of our lodge is sufficient to put to flight a dozen Frenchmen, and carry us on victorious. A yearly balance sheet has been drawn out which shows that this lodge is going on well, and after paying all our expenses in fitting up the lodge, which cost us over \$260, we have yet a good sum in the bank. We hope to have a much better showing at our birthday, February 6th, when our commander-in-chief, Bro. Kemping, will sound seven bells for starboard watch.

Our arms shall suffer no check, Our banner shall carry the sway, Let there be but one heart in us; Our commander will lead us the way. 'Twas the flag that Nelson died for, The flag that Wellington bore, The flag our boys carry so faithful, And honour it ever more.

Vancouver, B.C., Jan. 9.—(Special.)—Australian papers which arrived by the Warrimoo to-day give full accounts of the great distress in Australia amongst the unemployed. Murders, suicides, and burglaries are happening with shocking frequency. Co-operative settlements are being formed, aided by the Government, who are granting tracts of land in the different colonies. Monster processions parade the streets with the banners bearing the inscription "Work, not charity," etc. The ministers of all denominations are joining in the big cities to raise funds for the poor. Labour men are organizing throughout the country, and are nominating candidates for the coming elections.

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