

Grandson of General Shrapnel

Who is an Artist in Victoria, B. C.

By BELLE DOBIE

WHEN an inexperienced girl meets a man of forty with a bald head she generally looks upon him as being old. This was the impression the writer had the day she took her first painting lesson from Edward Scrope Shrapnel, A.R.C.A., 1578 Clive Drive, Oak Bay, Victoria, B.C., formerly of the teaching staff of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. A few weeks ago, hearing that my teacher was still in the land of the living, I had a keen desire to meet



E. S. Shrapnel, A.R.C.A.

him once more, so started out to look for him.

After numerous directions from the man on the tram-car, and several pedestrians as well, I found the artist and his family comfortably housed on Clive Drive, a very romantic spot, such as an artist would choose. I did not find a man "ninety and feeble," but one just seventy-two and bright as a dollar. Needless to say, the afternoon was spent in college reminiscence, with reference made to the practical joker of that time, Angie Beaudry, of Quebec, who one day amused the class

by painting a sunflower on the professor's bald head. This he took much pleasure in recalling.

Strange to say, as I approached the home, I noticed the professor and a photographer busy getting a picture from a large portrait, which was that of his father, Major H. N. S. Shrapnel, to be reproduced later with that of his grandfather, General Shrapnel, inventor of the shrapnel shell so much in use to-day in warfare. These two pictures, with those of the artist, and his son, A. P. Shrapnel, of the 88th Fusiliers, Victoria, appeared the following Sunday in a Victoria paper, illustrating an article on the "descendants of the deadly shrapnel shell." I must not forget to mention that the artist who painted the general's picture was Mulready, a well-known portrait painter.

After an hour's chat with the artist and his wife tea was served in "old style" manner. Their home is a very hospitable one, so much so, that the visitor is reluctant to leave. Their daughter, Mrs. Davie, wife of the late Dr. Davie, of Victoria, and a son, Mr. A. P. Shrapnel, expects to leave shortly for the front. Mrs. Davie has offered her services as a nurse with the hospital staff then going forward with its equipment from British Columbia. Miss Gladys Shrapnel, the youngest member of the family, now in Victoria, was six years in Brussels studying under Caesar Thompson with the violin. She has many friends there, and naturally is anxious about them.

Mr. E. M. Shrapnel left Whitby twenty-four years ago to live in Victoria. He was founder of the Vancouver Art Association. In those days he made weekly trips to Vancouver to teach his pupils. He is known far and wide in Canada, having taught hundreds of boys and girls to study nature by means of drawing and painting. All those who chance to read this will be more than pleased to hear of their former teacher and friend who still does splendid work for the interior of the Government Buildings, Victoria, B.C., and looks to-day as if he were good for another twenty years, time is so kind to him. This is a family Canada might justly feel proud of—the family of Shrapnel, the word originating from the name, almost a household one to-day throughout the world.

SYLVIA'S SECRET

(Concluded from page 14.)

two days later; it was held in secret, and all the members of it were sworn to secrecy; what took place at it never reached the Press, and its extraordinary and intensely dramatic finale—something about which had to be published—was covered up by a statement that, in a way, but only in a way, was correct.

For on being confronted with damaging evidences of his guilt, and understanding thoroughly that the game he had played so long and so successfully was up, Hollander, to the astonishment of all who heard him, not only admitted that he was a German secret agent, but positively gloried in it.

"Germany is my fatherland, not England," he said. "England I have always hated; Germany have I always loved! No wish is dearer to my heart," he went on, impetuously, "than to see Germany supreme in the world, and England at its feet. For that I have worked and planned and plotted. And Germany shall yet be supreme; it is its evident destiny; the day of England is passing, its sun is setting while that of Germany rises higher and higher day by day."

"We cannot listen to this," said the President of the court martial, gravely. "However you may seek to justify your guilt in your own eyes,

it does not concern us. You admit you have acted the part of a traitor!"

"All is fair in love and war," retorted Hollander, passionately. "And I have but served the country that has my heart's allegiance in the manner which was open to me."

"Enough," said the President; "enough!"

HE consulted his colleagues, and then asked Hollander a question after glancing at a sheet of paper.

"What have you to say about Sylvia Chase?"

"Nothing."

"She was, like yourself, a secret agent of Germany; her name appears on this list." He glanced again at the sheet of paper, which was the payroll that Colonel Chambers had shown to the Minister for War, and which was the most incriminating of the documents brought against Hollander. "She was found murdered some weeks ago in a first-class carriage on the North London line. It is said that it was you who killed her; is that the case?"

Hollander was silent.

"It is the case?" asked the President.

"I did kill her," said Hollander, in the same passionate tones he had em-



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