

THE GENIUS OF BURNS

Lord Rosebery at the Auld Brig of Ayr—An Interesting Address.

Lord Rosebery on July 29 formally reopened the Auld Brig of Ayr, and was subsequently presented with the freedom of the town. The bridge is an ancient structure, whose origin dates back to the Middle Ages. It spans the River Ayr, in the heart of the town, and has been immortalized by Burns.

After declaring the bridge reopened, Lord Rosebery received the freedom of the burgh. In reply, he said he felt that he was receiving the freedom in a vicarious sense, because he felt that behind him was always the august shade whom they had come to honor, the poet Robert Burns. It must be a source of lasting and poignant regret to the freemen of Ayr that they did not take the opportunity of enrolling Burns among the names of their honorary freemen, Dumfries, which held his body, did so, but it was in Ayrshire that he spent the best years of his life, and it was Ayrshire that had the nobler part of him.

Had it not been for the intervention of the blind poet, Blacklock, Burns would have gone to Jamaica as overseer of a plantation, and would never have lived in any other part of Scotland. What would have happened had he gone to Jamaica? Certainly they would have found one immortal book of verse, but nothing more. He did not believe that they would have heard much more of Burns. He might have come back wealthy, and strutted the Broomfield as a rum lord, or a sugar lord, or a tobacco lord, but he would have been a totally different Burns. His genius could hardly have survived the luxury of wealth. Poverty produces masterpieces, but wealth smooths them. (Cheers.) They would be able to count on their fingers all the masterpieces produced by rich people. They would find that almost all had been written under the pressure of poverty.

Proceeding, his lordship said he had pointed out to Burns worshippers two new features which they might explore—gratitude to the blind poet Blacklock, and the possible career of Burns in Jamaica.

Lord Rosebery then went on to deal with the genius of Burns, with his piety, his love, and his independence. It was in Ayrshire, he said, that Burns wrote "The Jolly Beggars" and "The Cottar's Saturday Night." He (Lord Rosebery) looked on the former as his greatest masterpiece, and on the latter as showing the poet's innate piety. It was a striking feature as regarded Burns' genius that "The Jolly Beggars" was written and tossed aside as unworthy of being printed. To Burns

it was merely an incident. As regarded his piety, which he thought commentators sometimes lost sight of, they had the supreme testimonial of "The Cottar's Saturday Night" to show what expression he could give to his soul.

For his love, that, of course, was a delicate subject. (Laughter.) The fact was Burns fell in love with every girl he met at that period of his life. He saw them through the eyes of his imagination, and in consequence he became enamored of them all. Lord Rosebery was inclined to think that if they saw them without that glamor and without that imagination they would be disappointed with the appearance of those ladies. (Laughter.) Burns' independence was a striking part of his character. He faced the world with an undaunted front. Partly from his youth and partly from his inexperience, he was afraid of nothing and of nobody, and he hated hypocrisy and cant of every kind.

GREAT NAVAL GUN FIRING

King Witnesses Skill of Dreadnought's Gunners—A Test in a Rough Sea.

It is to the credit of British seamanship that no disaster occurred on July 29 to the fleet. Shrouded in thick fog outside Torbay the reality of the danger to which the ships were exposed can be understood from the fact that in some cases collision was feared. The King Edward VII. lost one anchor and part of her cable, which she succeeded in recovering. There were also several narrow escapes of vessels running into each other. The greater part of the fleet was obliged to spend the night at anchor outside the bay, and most of the cadets who had come from Dartmouth to assist at the manoeuvres were obliged to stay on the ships to which they had been assigned.

The next morning there was no trace of fog, and in radiant sunshine the Dreadnought, with the King on board, steamed out to sea at 10 o'clock accompanied by the Bellerophon and followed by the Victoria and Albert. The object which his majesty, who was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, had in view was to see the skill acquired by the gunners of the Dreadnought in firing. For this purpose a target had been towed out by the Iris, and two cruisers, the mark ship and the umpire ship, went out with her. The target, made of lattice work covered with canvas, rises thirty feet above the water. Its bullseye measures sixteen feet by eight.

Were they absolutely certain today that their characters were as free from cant as Burns wished them to be? There were a thousand forms of cant which were a dry rot to their country. It was not his task that day to point them out. He might introduce division where he only wished to leave a united Ayr behind him. (Laughter.)

In conclusion, Lord Rosebery said Burns never seemed dead to him. Of all dead men he was the most living to him—indeed, much more living than many men who were alive. He knew no man who had impressed his individuality and vitality so strongly on his fellow creatures as this man who was born 150 years ago, whose blood still coursed warm and strong through the veins of Scotland. His spirit was abroad in all their country, and through their country it had passed out to the world. He therefore trusted in the long days to come when almost with terror that there was once a risk of the bridge being dashed out to the world. He therefore trusted that their responsibility to and connection with Burns was indissoluble and eternal. (Cheers.)

This was the object, driven hither and thither by the waves, at which the Dreadnought, going at full speed, had to aim with her 12-inch guns. Over a space of nearly five miles, separating ship and target, hurtled the great projectiles, each weighing 850 pounds, rushing through the air at the rate of 2,700 feet a second. The perfection to which the gunners had been brought in the navy is such that 50 per cent of hits were registered. The sun shone, the summer wind blew lightly, and the King and the Queen were shown with what precision, rapidity, and in how great numbers modern science enabled men to slay their fellows.

The King expressed keen satisfaction at the marksmanship displayed. The target was hit 21 times out of 40. It must be remembered that the firing was directed under battle conditions, and not at a fixed target, when such records as nine hits out of ten can and have been made.

On the shore we could hear the dull roar of cannon, but the ships were visible far out at sea. Soon after one o'clock a long low dun cloud formed on the horizon. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, it swept nearer, and became larger and more definite until it assumed the shape of the hulls of ships. It was the fleet returning, veiled in the smoke of its funnels. Out of the cloud came eight lines of eight ships, each line two cables from the next, and each ship two cables from that preceding or following it. Looking down from the towering height of Daddy Hole it seemed at first as if some skillful stage picture were being unfolded in the distance below, but as the vessels moving in perfect order

came near, the sight became awful and majestic. On came the eight columnals. Leading the line of Dreadnought cruisers was the Dreadnought herself, flying the Royal Standard. The King had brought the fleet, which was last night in peril, safely back.

ANOTHER LONG LIFE RECEIPT.

John H. Morris, the 90-year-old river farmer of Morrisville, Pa., tells how to live to a ripe old age. Mr. Morris, who is well known to hundreds of residents of the country, has been a constant user of tobacco since he was 10 years old. Now, however, he confines himself to his clay pipe, although he formerly was a tobacco chewer of no small proportion. In his young days Morris was regarded as a sickly child, and required the attention of a physician quite frequently, but he has reached the ripe old age of 90 years, and is sturdy and nimble. He has a long flowing white beard, and says he keeps his joints in good working order by bathing himself in olive oil, a thing he has done for years. The frequent bathing of his feet is also given as one of the reasons he has witnessed the advent and departure of so many years. A favorite method of Mr. Morris for cleansing his feet is to wade in the water. This he does in summer and winter, and not infrequently when the ice is so thick that it is necessary for him first to break it. He is a great lover of buttermilk, and in season eats generously of asparagus. Whiskey is something that Mr. Morris has never had any use for. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE HABIT OF SAVING.

Whatever objections, real or fancied, there may be to the postal savings bank scheme, now enacted into law, whoever may reap the greatest benefit from the deposits—the Government, selfish private interests or the depositors themselves—the simple fact remains that the new institution will tend to promote thrift among men, women, boys and girls of limited means.

The habit of saving, once formed, becomes ineradicable. It is as hard to get rid of as the habit of smoking. It preserves self-respect. It is a great economic, intellectual and even moral anchor for the individual and for society. There is no reason why the habit of saving should degenerate into a miserly, niggardly, mean habit.

Iago is never cited as an authority on ethics, but he had a clear and level head. And when he implored Roderigo, the Venetian gentleman, to forget his futile and unrequited passion for Desdemona and to "put money in thy purse," to "fill thy purse with money," to "make all the money thou canst," he was giving him the best possible advice under the circumstances. If Iago had been a member of the present congress, he would surely have voted for President Taft's saving plan. —Boston Globe.

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

Sir Charles Hardinge, the new viceroy of India, has taken the name of Lord Penhurst, on his elevation to the peerage, from his country place at Penhurst, near Tonbridge, in Kent. Much has been written of Sir Charles' cleverness as a diplomat, of his absolute freedom from political partisanship, which is a matter of such importance in a permanent servant of the state, of his broad statesmanship, and of his exceptional knowledge of court etiquette and ceremonial. But nowhere have I seen any mention made of his qualities as a sportsman. Yet sportsmanship is important in India, where no one can hope to achieve success in any high office, who is not a sportsman. Charles Hardinge, or rather as I should call him now, Lord Penhurst, is a particularly adept and enthusiastic polo player, extremely fond of hunting, an excellent shot, and, of course, skilful in court tennis and in the royal game of golf. A statesman who can lead in all these sports acquires a far greater prestige and influence among the semi-independent princes and petty native rulers of India, than the administrator who is content to endeavor to rule from his desk. In fact, the most successful viceroys and governors of India have always been those who excelled in sport.

Lord Penhurst has appointed as his private secretary J. Houseman, an old master of Winchester College, and one of the many brilliant men who have graduated from Balliol, Oxford. He was private secretary to two successive governors of Bombay, partly Lord Northcote and Lord Lamington, spending seven years in that capacity, and greatly distinguished himself by his pluck and administrative ability as a special commissioner of the Government during the plague, revealing for his services as such the order of the Indian empire. Before becoming private secretary to Lord Northcote, he was for several years a magistrate in India, and his knowledge, therefore, of the Anglo-Indian administration of India, and of native life in that great dependency, is quite exceptional.

The private secretary of the viceroy is one of the most important factors in the administration of England's great Oriental empire. In fact, so great is his influence and power, that he had often been described as the deputy viceroy. A new feature has arisen in connection with the fight now raging between the House of Lords in England, and it may yet prove an important factor in bringing about peace. As many American visitors to the palace of Westminster are aware, the House of Commons rejoices in a particularly excellent restaurant, which costs them about \$20,000 a year, voted for the purpose. The maintenance of the restaurant of the House of Lords is also dependent upon a vote of the House of Commons, and this has been reduced to the ridiculously low and totally inadequate figure of \$1,750. In addition to this, the kitchen of the House of Lords' restaurant fails to fulfill any of the necessary requirements, while the dining-room of the House of Lords is abominable, being virtually in the cellars.

land's great Oriental empire. In fact, so great is his influence and power, that he had often been described as the deputy viceroy.

The House of Commons declines to listen to the protests of the Upper House, on the plea that the members of the latter seldom have night sittings, and usually adjourn before 8 o'clock. This is, however, not altogether correct. For, while it is true that the Lords generally adjourn before eight, there are many nights in the season when the debates extend throughout the entire evening, and when the restaurant finds itself entirely incapable of keeping up with the sudden demands for dinner by several hundred hungry Lords. Indeed, during the present Parliamentary year, the Lords have had more night sessions than ever before in their existence, owing to their desire to show to the public that they were not so indifferent to their legislative obligations as has been alleged by those in favor of their abolition.

There is no better way of bringing people to terms than by hunger, or of rendering them conciliatory, than by means of their stomach, and it is quite possible that if the House of Commons agrees to vote as much money for the satisfaction of the appetites of the Peers as that which they devote to their own kitchens, the gilded chamber may be induced to abandon its opposition, and to consent to a compromise, if not to an actual surrender to the demands of the Lower House.

Nearly every year the festivities of the regatta week at Cowes are marred by some tragedy, which this year has been furnished by Lord Wallace's daughter, the Hon. Mrs. William E. Farrington. Afflicted with sleeplessness, and reluctant to resort to chloral, or any other drug taken internally, she was in the habit of wooing Morpheus by means of inhaling a few whiffs of chloroform from a glass. This is an extremely dangerous practice. For with increasing drowsiness, one is apt to lose the will power to replace the glass or the bottle on the table beside the bed. That is just what happened to Mrs. Farrington. She was holding the glass to her nostrils and inhaling, when she lost consciousness, inhaled too much, and succumbed.

She was the widow of young Squire William Edmund Farrington, who died last year, after only a few weeks of marriage. Several months later his widow, just 24 years of age, gave posthumous birth to a girl instead of a boy, and thus for the first time in nearly 600 years, broke a line of direct male descent. For John de Farrington, who was Lord of Leyland in 1313, until the death of young Squire William Edmund Farrington last year, the manors of Leyland and of Warden Hall, in Lancashire had descended from father to son throughout 20 generations. When Mrs. Farrington gave birth to a girl instead of a boy last fall, the estates went to a Col. Farrington of Wigan, the head of a younger branch of the family.

The Farringtons, although unrich, are extremely proud of their blood, as they have every right to be. Ranking high among the county families of Lancashire, they belong in every sense of the word to the aristocracy of England. One of them was killed at the battle of Crecy. Another, Sir Henry Farrington, was one of Henry VIII's commissioners for the appropriation of the monasteries and of the property of the religious orders. Still another fought for King Charles against Oliver Cromwell. In fact, their name figures extensively in the annals of English history, and always with two small "fs."

The way that the use of those double initial consonants arose is, that in olden times, that is to say, in the early days of printing, the capital F, and the capital L, were made by means of duplicating small fs and small ls. But of course the adoption of the present capital F, and of the present capital L, as printed, rendered superfluous the use of the double letter. Many families, such as, for instance, the ffrenches of Castle ffrench, the ffokes, and the ffines, retain, for old association sake, the former spelling of their name. Some, instead of using two double consonants, are satisfied with nothing else than two capitals, and in the English army list there will be found two or three English officers who write their name as LLoyd, which is, to say the least, an abbreviation.

Almost at the same hour that Mrs. Farrington (who was prior to her marriage the Hon. Margaret Blake), met with her death through chloroform at Cowes, her cousin, Miss Eleanor Blake, met with a still more tragic fate, in the flames which burned to the ground Menlough Castle, her ancestral home in Galway. She was an invalid, and was therefore unable to save herself in the same manner as several other of the inmates of the castle, who managed to climb down from their windows, by the ladders which the castle's grand old stronghold was thickly covered. Her parents, Sir Valentine and Lady Blake, septuagenarians both of them, were absent from home at the time, being engaged in visiting Dublin, and indeed Miss Blake was quite alone in the place, with a score of servants, two of whom were likewise burned to death.

The castle itself, flanked by towers at either end, and most picturesque, situated on the shores of Lough Corrib, a few miles from Galway, was completely gutted, all the treasures and heirlooms which it contained being lost. In fact, nothing but the outer walls remain. Menlough Castle had been the home of the Blakes ever since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, having come to them in the middle of the sixteenth century, through marriage.

Sir Valentine is the fourteenth baronet of his line, the baronetcy having been bestowed by King James I. upon Sir Valentine Blake, who was mayor of Galway in 1611, and again in 1630. Francis Blake, the son of Sir Valentine Blake, the third baronet, was patented, and one of the lords proprietors of Carolina, and his son Francis surrendered his parent rights in Carolina to the crown, in 1727. The Blakes of Galway have been identified for hundreds of years with the history of Ireland, and particularly with its sporting and social life; so much so, that the mere mention of the name of Blake is sufficient to suggest Galway. It is a most popular name among Irishmen, especially among those who love hunting and horse racing, and under the circumstances there will be many people on the other side of the Atlantic who will be grieved to learn of the disappearance of the ancestral home of the Blakes, Menlough Castle, and of the bereavement of old Sir Valentine Blake, the chief of the family, through the loss of his daughter in the flames.

HIS INTEREST.
1st. Louis Pasteur discovered it.
Mrs. Newbywed—You are not a bit interested in my new dress.
Mr. Newbywed—Indeed, I am! How many hooks has it?

Be sure and take a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with you when starting on your trip this summer. It cannot be obtained on board the trains or steamers. Changes of water and climate often cause sudden attacks of diarrhoea, and it is best to be prepared. Sold by all dealers.

Sir Wilfrid in Saskatchewan--Scenes on His Tour



SIR WILFRID LAURIER IN THE WEST.

"It is the duty of the Government to legislate for all classes alike—and the interests of farmers, manufacturers, artisans, producers and consumers cannot be dissociated one from the other."—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking at Lanigan, Sask.



PREMIER LAURIER'S TOUR OF THE WEST.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking to the new Canadians at Weyburn, Sask.: "We welcome you all to this land, where all men are free and equal before the law. We are prepared to share with you our country and our blessings with you. All we ask is that you become Canadians, and loyal subjects to his Majesty King George V."



THE PREMIER'S TOUR OF THE WEST—THE RECEPTION AT SASKATOON, SASK.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S TOUR OF THE WEST—The Reception at the City Hall, Regina. Sir Wilfrid Meets the Citizens After the Address of Welcome.