

Whose deaths it indicated in subsequent appearances, history does not record. Sensible people will regard its appearance in the year of the death of King Edward VII as a mere coincidence.

THAT very clever weekly, the London *Bystander*, had a picture last week showing Mr. Roosevelt talking to a lady in Vienna and underneath it this inscription:

"You see, Countess, I'm up a gum-tree in your city. There's nobody to give me the glad ear, and there's no one to snub. D'you take me, Countess?"

This is good-humoured, and it certainly hits off the situation. Mr. Roosevelt is rather over-doing it and the people have begun to laugh. He has been so petted and spoiled by the press of his own country that he has come to imagine himself an international figure of tremendous importance. He is too big a man to be bothered with such "calithumpian" displays as he has recently indulged in. He has too much personality to dissipate it in frivolous demonstrations.

THE St. John *Telegraph* is authority for the statement that last year seven thousand persons passed through that city by rail to become permanent residents of the United States. This year, the average already reaches twenty per day. This is a rather serious state of affairs which should be taken up by the provincial and federal authorities. Neither authority alone can efficiently deal with the problem. The provinces are not in a position to pay the cost of transporting these people to the Canadian West, if that were considered advisable. The federal authorities have always refused to take any interest in the movement of population from one province to another. Because of these two chairs, the migrating maritime citizen falls down between them—and lands in the United States.

We criticise the British authorities for their neglect in not directing British emigration to the colonies. But what better are we? We allow our citizens to stream into the United States without making the slightest effort to direct them to the newer parts of Canada. Some of them would go anyway, but if our governments were active some would remain at home and some would go to other provinces.

After all, we do not know much about the real problems of the country. We are building Canada as the British built their colonies—haphazard and happy-go-lucky.

KING EDWARD AT THE PLAY

BY the coincidence of a name it was at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, that the first public announcement was made in Canada of the death of King Edward. Mr. Forbes Robertson made the announcement at the end of the second act of his play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," intimating that on account of His Majesty's death the theatre would be closed for the remaining performances of the week—which happens to be the end of the season's run. Had the King died an hour or two earlier there would have been no performance that evening. But hundreds of people were on the way to the theatres and a few already in their seats when the newspaper specials announced the King's death. Indeed, for a few minutes the greatest English actor was of a mind to cancel the performance; and it was with difficulty that he went through the play.

"Had it been a new play, I doubt whether I should have got through at all," he said in his dressing-room at the Royal Alexandra. "But I have played this so often that it has become very easy."

There's a peculiar note of sincerity in Forbes Robertson's perfect gentility behind the scenes. No doubt he felt very keenly the sudden death of the King.

"I knew His Majesty so well," he said, flicking the ash of a cigarette.

"When did you last play before the King?" he was asked.

"Two years ago—yes, it was this very play, I remember, at the Lyceum."

"And you have often played before the King?"

"At Sandringham—many times; by special appointment. Of course His Majesty often came to my regular performances in London. He seldom gave notice of when he was to come. Usually the word got back to us just before the play that the Duke of Fife was in the royal box. That was almost the invariable signal that on the next night the King would be present. I think His Majesty tried the plays on the Duke," with a glimmer of real Robertson humour.

"Oh, yes? What sort of plays did the King like most?"

"Well, almost anything good. He liked good clean comedy or farce comedy quite as well as he liked the serious drama. He had a most catholic taste. Pretty girls and diaphanous draperies sometimes pleased him. The King was never a prude. He loved clean, healthy naturalism on the stage. Mere musical comedy never attracted him. The least suspicion of anything vulgar or the slightest bit off colour displeased him deeply. I should say he had a very wholesome, broad-minded appreciation of the drama.

"One thing he never would tolerate," continued Mr. Robertson. "Pardon me—won't you have a cigarette? They're quite mild. Yes," with a dreamy whiff of smoke, observing that he had yet ten minutes before his cue, "I remember a little play by Captain Marshall, who used to be at Pietermaritzburg and wrote there 'The Royal Family,' a very clever thing, the success of which, by the way, led him to go to London and make a business of play-writing. This little play which the King heard, made rather a burlesque of monarchy. The king in the play was one of those testy, officious sovereigns with considerable pomp and strut; always 'God bless my soul! now what shall we have for breakfast this morning?' or some such thing. King Edward was very much irritated over the play and expressed himself very openly about it."

With considerable animation the actor recalled the many pleasant performances given at Sandringham, the country seat and the real home of King Edward, as Osborne Castle in the Isle of Wight was the country seat of Queen Victoria. Here the Royal Family were born and here the King and Queen had the happiest moments of their lives; not the least of which were the little one-act plays given at half-past eleven, when the entire household, servants, butlers and all assembled to hear what pleased the King and Queen. And it was these private performances at Sandringham which left the most abiding impression on Forbes Robertson's mind.

The actor recalled also the plays he had been accustomed to give before Queen Victoria at Balmoral—though he has never played at Windsor. The late Queen was exceedingly fond of a good comedy. Mr. Robertson well remembers the strange, deep laughter that once startled the actors from the back of the hall—as though it were some man's voice; but it was merely the old Queen, mother of King Edward, from whom he got much of his hilarity.

One occasion especially Mr. Robertson recalled when the ex-Empress of France was visiting the Queen at Balmoral, and sat as her guest at the play. At the close of the play the old Queen three times motioned the ex-Empress to precede her out of the hall; three times the Empress curtsied and declined the honour — till compelled to accept it. Afterwards the Empress said to the actor:

"Mr. Robertson, you will quite understand how well I have enjoyed your performance when I say that not since just before the Franco-German War have I seen a play of any sort."

CRICKET IN CANADA

THE annual spring effort to cultivate cricket in Canada is under way. It will probably last till the warm weather coaxes the cultivators away to the shade of the grand stand, there to watch baseball or lacrosse matches. For cricket in some respects resembles billiards. And who was the great man who said: "A fair knowledge of billiards is a mark of a good education; an expert knowledge tells of a mis-spent youth."

Cricket is a scientific game—so scientific, in fact, that a man who becomes an expert must practically be born with a bat in his hand. He must spend his boyhood, most of his youth and a large part of the balance of his time practising the game. He must be prepared at all times to spend three or four days over a match. In fact, he must be in a position to do little else.

In England, where cricket flourishes, there is a class who do not work. In Canada there is a similar class, but as the humourist has remarked, it is in gaol. And the gaol yards are not big enough for cricket creases. Neither does an 'enlightened' government provide bats and balls.

To sum it all up, the adult is immune from the cricket germ and though the preparatory colleges of Canada have done their best to emulate the big English schools and make cricket their principal summer sport, they have found that it appeals only to those pupils who enter the lower forms. Those who have entered the colleges for the last couple of years simply to finish off do not take kindly to the game. In fact most of them absolutely refuse to play it.

Thus cricket has little or no foundation in Canada. It depends for its players largely on men who have moved in from across the ocean. As a consequence it is played intermittently on poor creases and does not approach that perfection which excites the admiration and emulation of the masses.