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TORONTO

Lord Kitchener

The Great, Silent Soldier

LORD KITCHENER, who came so near visiting Canada without doing so—whereas two years ago Lord Roberts was here for several days and lately Gen. French—has been as much in the public eye as Col. Roosevelt. But like Lord Roberts and unlike Col. Roosevelt, the "K. of K." does not advertise. Following is an appreciative pen picture of Britain's greatest soldier in a recent issue of *M. A. P.*:

Home again after eight years of service for King and Empire, service in the farthest corners of the world; back in London for a few weeks before proceeding to a new command—is Field Marshal Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, O.M., our greatest soldier since the Duke of Wellington.

On June 24th he will keep his sixtieth birthday. When he stepped from his train at Waterloo the other evening to receive the welcomes of his friends and the greetings of a people not unmindful of what he has done for them since he first won distinction at Toski, twenty years ago, he smiled his pleasure at his return.

He stands as straight as a dart. His bearing is the bearing of a man who has schooled himself through many patient years of endurance and obedience to the degree of leadership and command.

In appearance he has changed little since we bade him welcome home fresh from his triumphs of war and diplomacy in South Africa. His face has been burnt a duller red by Indian suns, but the tropics have not blunted or blurred the clear-cut features or the firm-drawn lines in which we all saw the hope of our victory, even after the holocaust of Colenso. The outline of the jaw and the folds of the throat are a trifle heavier; that is his only concession to his years.

Wonderful Eyes.

The steel-grey eyes pierce you with their indomitable power, with their look of frank courage and high authority. These are the eyes under which strong men have quailed in the hour of defeat; they are the eyes that have made this man master, of Africa first, of India afterwards, of himself always; that have made him feared and respected even where he was not loved.

"I like Kitchener," once said Delarey, himself a great soldier, when the Boer generals came as honoured guests to England, "his eyes are so honest."

A bachelor, it is sometimes said that he is a hard, stern man, and that he dislikes women. That is a half truth; he is not a misogynist, but he believes that women should be kept in their proper place, and he does not think that soldiers should have wives.

Deeds Before Words.

Lord Kitchener has no very great opinion of newspapers as vehicles of self-expression (he prefers deeds to words), and he has more than once timed some great coup of his to follow a curious breakdown of telegraphic communication. He has dodged interviewers, or has sent them a curt message to the effect that "Lord Kitchener has no statement to make."

He is self-reliant, and he does not advertise. He knows his worth, and he is indifferent to popular opinion.

Men who have served with him know that he is tireless, and that he has no patience with men whose code is not his code.

He filled the interval between passing out of Woolwich and being gazetted to his regiment by serving with the French army against the Germans. The Duke of Cambridge re-

called him, and asked him what he meant by it.

"Well, sir," he explained, "I understood that I should not be wanted for some time, and I could not be idle. I thought I might learn something."

It was characteristic of the man, who, many years afterwards, paid a surprise visit to Cape Town, and sent every officer he could find hurrying to the front by the first available train.

No Idler's Game

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir,—In your issue of May 14th, you have a paragraph referring to the attempt to introduce cricket as an established game in Canada. I neither know nor care anything about this, but one remark strikes me as being characteristically unfair and unwarranted. It is that in England, where cricket flourishes, there is a class who do not work, the inference being that the Englishman plays cricket because he does not work, or that the Englishman who does play cricket is the man who doesn't work. One gets tired of reading the slurs of Canadian newspaper men upon the character of the Englishman. Why on earth don't they educate themselves in the things they so cocksurely write about? I want to tell you plainly, that scores of thousands of English working-men, who have toiled hard all through the week, play cricket for a few hours on Saturday afternoon throughout the summer. They are no loafers, but honest, hard-working men. And the game of cricket they indulge in is calculated to do them no harm.

Yours truly,

F. J. ARMITAGE,

Mt. Allison University.

Sackville, N.B., May 18th, 1910.

The Sentry of the Sedge Flats

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in to close quarters. He received a second blow which laid open his face; but it was a short stroke, with not enough force behind it to repulse him. Ignoring it, he closed, fixed his teeth in the bird's neck, and flung his lithe length over the back, where it would be out of reach of the buffeting wings.

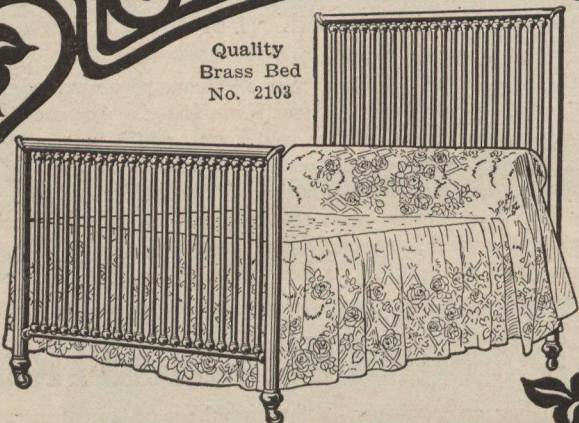
The battle was over; for the mink's teeth were long and strong. They cut deep, straight into the life; and, undisturbed by the windy flapping of the great helpless wings, the victor lay drinking the lifeblood he craved.

A BLACK whirling shadow sailed over the scene; but it passed a little behind the mink's tail and was not noticed. It paused, seeming to hover over a patch of lily leaves. A moment more, and it vanished. There was a hiss, and the great duck hawk, the same one the heron had driven off earlier in the day, dropped out of the zenith. The mink had just time to raise his snarling and dripping muzzle in angry surprise when the hawk's talons closed upon him. One set fastened into his throat, cutting straight through windpipe and jugular; the other set gripped and pierced his tender loins.

The next moment he was jerked from the body of his prey and carried—head, legs and tail limply hanging—away far over the green wastes of the sedge to the great hawk's aery, in the heart of the cedar swamp beyond the purple uplands.

Some ten minutes later a splendid butterfly, all glowing orange and maroon, came and settled on the back of the dead heron and waved its radiant wings in the tranquil light.

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