Chops and Tomato Sauce

Story of a Costly Post Card and of a Suit for Breach of Promise That Reminds One of The Celebrated Case of Bardell vs. Pickwick.

Marie Belair was admittedly a very fine woman, but altho she had adopted the stage as her profession, neither press nor public declared her to be a fine actress. As a piece of furniture with which to dress the stage she was a decided acquisition to any company, but of histrionic ability upon the boards she had none. In private life, however, she was admitted to be a consummate actress—except by the Johnny who was for the time being the victim of her charms. Marie had "honorable intentions" towards any of her numerous admirers, and if, as her jealous rivals asserted, her conduct was "strictly otherwise," the young lady was clever enough to escape being mixed up in any grave scandal. According to her code of morality, it was not necessary to leave all ill deeds undone so long as one could keep ill deeds unknown. And in this respect she was cleverer or more fortunate than some of her sisters of the footlights.

Marie Belair had what Kitty Silverton calls "a roomy heart." Sometimes it held several lodgers, and was never without at least one tenant. Marie enjoyed the good things of life, she could not do without them, so when one of the lodgers grew—as he was apt to grow through Marie's extravagance—poor, he was incontinently given notice to quit, and his place in Marie's commodious heart was quickly occupied by a fresh tenant. Sooner or later Marie's tenants received their dismissal, much to their dismay, for it must be admitted that Marie was a very fascinating and charming actress, and succeeded in utterly enslaving her admirers, who loved her, even after perceiving the phenomenal selfishness of her heartless nature.

But even the undaunted Achilles has a vulnerable heel, and Marie Belair had one little sanctum, not open to the public, in her roomy heart. Frank Devar was the favored lodger who dwelt in this apartment.

Frank Devar was a wealthy young man who had lived the usual life of a man about town. Marie's beauty attracted him, and, of course, her mercenary nature was attracted by his money at first, but by degrees he was promoted above all the others, and placed in the sanctum sanctorum of the actress' affections. Such love as she had to give to anyone besides herself she gave to Frank Devar. If he had asked her to marry him she would have gladly consented. She even came to believe that if he became suddenly poor she would still be willing to become his wife.

But Frank Devar, altho to all appearances infatuated with the handsome actress, did not lose his head to the extent of thinking for an instant of marriage with Miss Belair. Altho he was wealthy and dressed in the latest Johnny type, Frank Devar was no fool. The frivolous life he lived was pleasant to him, and he enjoyed it to the full, but he was level-headed enough to know that a time would come when he would lead a different, better and more reputable life, when he would settle down into a staid citizen. He would, in all probability, marry, and—he did not think that Marie Belair would develop into the kind of domesticated wife that a reformed rake usually looks forward to possessing as a reward for having given up the sowing of his wild oats. And so the frivolity continued, and, to Marie's great chagrin, Frank Devar made no sign of having serious or matrimonial intentions.

Then the reform came in the shape of Alice Debonair, a pretty and modest girl moving in good society, and knowing nothing of that half-world in which young fellows like Frank Devar spent so much of their time. Alice was as good as she was pretty, and when Frank Devar first saw her he said to himself:

"Now, that is the sort of woman that a fellow wants for a wife!"

He met her frequently in society, and soon found himself drifting into genuine love. His old associations became distasteful to him, and he determined that he would gradually cut himself away from his old surroundings.

"Frank Devar is cooling off," thought Marie Belair; "I'll take my oath that there's another woman in the case. If so I'll find her out and put my mark upon her."

Marie soon found out the truth, and also discovered that Alice Debonair lived in a different world from herself, and was removed from any fear of a vixen's vengeance. The actress, finding her lover slipping away from her, made one last desperate attempt to regain her fascination over him. She wrote him a beseeching letter, asking the reason for his absence. It was a strong appeal, but it failed in its effect. There was a postscript to it, in which the actress asked passionately, almost despairingly:

"Do you mean that I am to consider that all is over between us? Please send an answer by the bearer."

He received the letter at his club whilst he was playing billiards. He was annoyed, and determined to settle matters off-hand.

"Nuisance to have to leave the game," he muttered to his opponent. "Got a piece of paper on which I can scribble two words?"

"Postcard do?"

"Admirably," was the reply. "Thanks—a pictorial one, eh? Capital likeness of Julius Knight. Lend me your fountain pen."

There and then he wrote a curt reply to her request to know if all was to be henceforth considered over between them. The answer ran:

"Certainly. I mean it in all seriousness.—Frank Devar."

This was handed to the messenger, and Frank Devar at once destroyed Marie's passionate letter.

The intelligence, published in the daily papers, that Mr. Frank Devar had been united in the bonds of holy matrimony to Miss Alice Debonair came upon the actress like a blow. She had been really in love with the wealthy young man, and, her moral code not being of the straightest, she would have been very glad to retain his "friendship" altho he was a married man. But the young Benedick took no chances, and gave the world in which Miss Belair moved a wide berth.

The fact was that the young man had really reformed in his method of living and that reform had all the appearance of being a lasting one. The new world of domestic happiness which had opened upon him satisfied all his longings, and there was not a happier couple in Australia than Mr. and Mrs. Devar.

Miss Belair in the meantime entered all the fury of a woman scorned. Her love turned to bitter hate, and she cast about for some means of revenge—some method that would punish the man in pocket and give pain to her fortunate rival.

"If he had only written me love letters," she sighed; "but I haven't a scrap of his writing. He never wrote to me but once, and then it was on a paltry postcard. Perhaps—who knows?" She ransacked a drawer, and drew out the card with the portrait of Julius Knight as the prince in "Resurrection." She looked at the writing an instant, and then exclaimed: "Great Scot! I have him now."

Frank Devar was not at all distressed when Marie Belair commenced action against him for breach of promise of marriage. Fortunately he had told his wife something of his past life, and she had forgiven him for having flirted with the actress.

"There was never any suggestion of marriage between us," he said to Alice, "and she cannot have a scrap of evidence. The only time I ever wrote to her was on a postcard, telling her in effect that henceforth we should be strangers. It was in reply to a letter from her. So we need have no fear as to the result of the case."

But Frank Devar did not know how effectively black may be made to appear white in a court of law.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, in summing up, "this case appears to me to be one of the clearest that has ever come before me. You have in evidence that the plaintiff and defendant were for a long time upon friendly and affectionate terms. Very little correspondence passed between them, and only one brief document has been put in evidence, but it is an important one, and it is in explicit terms. It is a postcard addressed to the plaintiff. It contains a photograph of a gentleman, a play actor, I believe, named Julius Knight. As you will perceive, there is a printed line across the card with these words: 'Resurrection. I want to make you my wife!' Below this printed line appears, admittedly, in the defendant's handwriting, 'Certainly. I mean it in all seriousness.—Frank Devar.' Here, gentlemen, to my mind, is a clear-cut and distinct proposal of marriage.

"The defence sets up that the print is no part of the communication, but that is an absurd contention. The most important documents in life are partly printed. A cheque or bill of exchange is partly printed, but it would be absurd for the signatory to attempt to evade his responsibility on that ground. A man is responsible for print or for writing to which he deliberately signs his name. I have taken the trouble to ascertain the circumstances under which the words appear in the play. It seems that they were in the nature of an atonement of the seducer to his victim, a prince to a peasant girl. Without suggesting immorality, the circumstances of this case were not unlike that of Dimitry and Katusha. The defendant is young, well-born and wealthy, the trusting plaintiff is an actress, a member of a race that many regard as proscribed, a race of strollers and vagabonds."

At this stage Marie wept into her handkerchief, and the mother that she had hired from the theatre for the occasion sobbed hysterically.

"A friendship, innocent, no doubt," continued his honor, "sprang up between the two, and it is apparent that the defendant led the plaintiff to believe that his intentions were honorable. But another female appears upon the scene, and the defendant's feelings undergo a change. His heart happens to have been wax to receive, but not marble to retain. Under the heat of new affection the wax falls into the melting mood, and the image of the plaintiff becomes—er—oil, or liquid fat. Confident in the absence of correspondence, and, no doubt, deeming the reputation of a play actress of little value, he deserts the plaintiff, refuses to carry out his promise, and marries the other female. But in his libidinous haste, he has overlooked the postcard. Litera scripta manet; he speaks by the card, and the card remains to be produced in evidence against him and to confound him.

"In estimating the amount of damages which you will award, you will take into consideration, gentlemen of the jury, the damage done to the plaintiff's natural feelings as a private individual, as well as to her reputation as a play actress. In the latter aspect, as she has told you in the box, the publicity of the circumstances of this case will diminish her attractiveness in the eyes of the bald-heads and the Johnnies—terms, I understand, applied to certain habitues of the playhouses. In private feelings you will also consider. She must have suffered greatly in mind, and her mother also appears to have experienced acute anguish—"

Here Marie's temporary parent sobbed more hysterically than ever, and was winding up with a prolonged howl, until Marie kicked her on the ankle and whispered her to "cut the cackle."

"Gentlemen of the jury, the women of this country must be protected from the rackshels and mohawks, the wealthy young men who go about luring the young, the innocent, the beautiful and the pure—" (Marie's maternal locum tenens started a fresh howl) "to their destruction. The wrongdoer must be punished. Unfortunately the laws of our land do not regard breach of promise as a criminal action, and we can only punish the breacher in his breeches pockets. The case appears to be one which calls for substantial damages."

Without leaving the box the jury returned a verdict for the full amount claimed—$10,000.

"Whew!" cried Frank Devar; "pretty stiff! I don't mind the amount so much but the whole thing is such a swindle. If $10,000 is the postage, I'm done with pictorial postcards for the future!"

A Historic Romance in Stone

M. J. G. in Toronto Daily Star.

There are few things in England more charming to behold than the view of Warwick Castle upon a summer's day. The summer day for Warwick lingers long. In May, when the hedgerows are in bloom, in June, when the laburnums are glorious in gardens; in August, when the haze of the passing season is over all; in October, when the chill air is beginning to thin our the foliage—there is no month between the early and the later time that is not summer at Warwick.

Best of all, perhaps, is the view from the bridge below the castle walls. It is not a crowded place. The rector's wife, maybe, placidly driving a basket carriage a bicylist literally enjoying a ride on a road like a billiard table; some children sitting in a punt; and, above you the towers and turrets and walls, the gleaming windows above the glimmering stream, and the historic memories of a thousand years.

To the visitor whose imagination is prepared by a little knowledge, there is something awe-inspiring in the winding way through the cleft walls of rock clothed with ferns and wild flowers. It is a fitting road to lead you to the courtyard, with its noble trees, its half-filled moat, its flowering shrubs, and above you there are the towers that are said to be of Caesar's time, and that have witnessed so many pageants of English story.

From the top of one of these towers, whose stone steps are worn by the feet of many thousands in centuries past you may see four counties of England. The three spires of Coventry are in sight. The sleepy town slumbers below you. The winds blow bravely over a scene of surpassing beauty. And the history of a nation rolls itself out before you like a scroll. Your fancy is made captive. You cannot treat lightly the beauty and sentiment of Warwick.

Inside, you are in the presence of the past. The place is full of memories—"Armor rusting on the walls, on the blood of Clifford calls." The portraits are rare and historic. The rooms are noble and richly filled—so noble that the mounted man-at-arms in the saloon seems not out of place as an ornament. And among the pictures the beautiful face of the Countess of Warwick outshines all her predecessors. The others are dead, and you know it; this is alive in its gracious beauty, and commands the admiration of the pilgrim—O Dea certe!

Two sumptuous volumes have been dedicated by the Countess of Warwick to her historic home. It was worthy of the effort. The Earls of Warwick fill our history with their fame. "We meet them," says the authoress, "in our foreign wars; at Crecy and Poitiers and Agincourt and in Queen Elizabeth's expedition to Havre. They have been even more conspicuous in our civil wars; the wars of Stephen and Edward II., the wars of the Roses, the rising of Lady Jane Grey, and the war of the Parliament against Charles I. They have been the hosts of kings, and also their executioners. They have dictated the policy of their country, and they have perished miserably on the scaffold."

The Romans came and found the Britons there; the Saxons came when the Romans went, and they piled their powers of destruction. When Warwickshire became part of the Kingdom of Mercia there were Earls of Warwick; and there are Earls of Warwick still. One of them took Henry VI. prisoner at St. Alban's; his daughter married the Duke of Clarence; another daughter married the son of Henry VI. Another became Lord Protector after Somerset. The titles of Salisbury and Northumberland mingle with the title of Warwick in the history of the family.

The grandfather of the legendary Arthur was in Warwick in the fifth century. A knight of Arthur's "Round Table" was Earl of Warwick. These are unhistoric traditions; but the town is certainly of the fifth century—a fine starting point for history and legend.

Guy of Warwick begins the legendary lore which we may accept. His adventures abroad were set for a task by Phyllis, his lady-love; and over Europe he took his victorious way, from tournament to tournament. He relieved the city of Byzantium, and slew the Sultan with his own hand. He slew also Boars and Dragons with out number after the pleasant fashion of the time. Then he married Phyllis of Warwick; and her father, dying left him his castle and made him his heir. But this discontented hero wanted more adventures. He made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. When he returned he was too exalted to rejoin his wife, but retired to a cave in a cliff, and the cave is there to this day to testify it.

Lady Warwick adds the natural womanly comment on the story that Guy's conduct was "thoroughly wrong headed and ridiculous according to our modern notions," as of course it was. But modern notions had not then taken hold of exalted pilgrims and knights errant. In our days the story would probably have ended in the law courts. Phyllis would probably have applied for a divorce.

The Beauchamp chapel in St. Mary's church is one of the most beautiful objects of its kind in England. The pilgrim pays it a visit without fail. You knock solemnly at the door which leads downward to the chapel, and solemnly it is opened. There are the tombs and effigies of the crusading dead. Part of the armor of the Black Prince is there. The tomb of Thomas de Beauchamp and his countess is in the choir of St. Mary's gloriously carved, with six and thirty statuettes of the families of Beauchamp and Mortimer.

Family after family passes into the noble lineage of Warwick. The house of Beauchamp follows the Saxon lords. The house of Neville and Plantagenet comes next. Then follows the house of Dudley, and all the history of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth. Next comes the house of Rich and the history of England during the times of Sir Philip Sidney and the Spanish Armada, and the early history of the American plantations. Next comes the house of Greville and James I., and the family continues in this line to this day.

And all this history passes before you in these noble volumes, as it passes before you in the fields and among the trees and gardens and historic ruins and towers, as you wander among them at Warwick on a happy summer day.

M. J. G.

Peter the Great's Will.

Furnishes the Key of Russia's Aggressive Foreign Policy.

The following is a copy of Peter the Great's will. It is interesting at the present time, because it is the key to Russian policy. It bore the heading "Copy of the plan of European domination, left by Peter the Great to his successor to the throne of Russia and deposited in the archives of the palace of Peterhof, near St. Petersburg;" and in the highly piestistic preamble, written in the name of the "Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity," Peter urged that, according to his views, which he believes to be those of Providence, the Russian people are called to the general domination of Europe. The European nations, he argues, have, for the most part, arrived at a condition of senility, and must be easily and indubitably conquered by a young and new people, when this shall have attained its full strength and greatness. To this end, he bequeaths to Russia the following instructions, which he recommends to their constant attention, as Moses recommended the tables of the law to the Jews.

TEXT OF THE WILL.

1. The Russians must be kept in a continual state of war, in order to retain the soldiery in warlike disposition. No repose, except to ameliorate the finances, to recruit the army and to wait for moments propitious for attack. Thus make peace serve for war, and war for peace, in the interest of the aggrandizement and increasing prosperity of Russia.

2. By all possible means we must draw towards us, out of the best instructed nations of Europe, generals in time of war and learned men in time of peace in order to make the Russian nation profit by the advantages of other countries without losing any of her own.

3. On all occasions we must take part in the affairs and in the discussions of any kind in Europe, above all with those of Germany, which, situated nearer to us, is of more direct interest.

4. Poland must be divided by our keeping up there disorder and perpetual jealousies; the powerful must be influenced and bribed, so that upon the elections of the kings we must create for ourselves their partisans, troops and have them here until they have found an opportunity of rewarding there forever. Should the neighboring powers raise difficulties we must satisfy them temporarily by parcelling out the country, until we can retake what we have yielded.

5. We must take from Sweden as much as we can, and cause ourselves to be attacked by her, in order that we may have a pretence for subjugating her. With this view, we must separate her from Denmark and Denmark from Sweden and keep up carefully their rivalry.

6. The wives of Russian princes are always to be chosen amongst German princesses to multiply family alliances, to lighten the interests and thus to bind Germany to our cause by increasing their own influence.

MUST SEEK BRITISH ALLIANCE.

7. We must principally seek the alliance of England for commerce, because it is the power most in want of us for its navy, and which can be the most useful in the development of our. We must exchange our timber and other productions for her gold and establish continuous relations amongst her traders and seamen and ours, which will form those of this country to navigation and commerce.

8. We must incessantly extend ourselves towards the north along the Baltic sea, and towards the south along the Black sea.

9. We must advance as far as possible towards Constantinople and the East Indies. Whoever shall reign there will be the true master of the world. Therefore we must excite continual wars, sometimes with Turkey, sometimes with Persia; create dockyards on the Black sea; take possession, little by little, of that sea, as well as of the Baltic, which is a point doubly necessary for the success of the project; we must hasten the downfall of Persia; penetrate as far as the Persian gulf; re-establish, if possible, the ancient commerce of the Levant through Syria, and advance as far as the Indies, which are the emporium of the world. When once there, we can do without the gold of England.

11. We must interest the house of Austria in the expulsion of the Turk from Europe, and neutralize her jealousy, after the conquest of Constantinople, either by exciting a war between her and the old states of Europe, or by giving up to her a part of the conquest to retake it from her afterwards.

12. We must gather around us all the disunited or schismatic Greeks who are spread in Hungary, in Turkey and in the south of Poland; we must make ourselves their centre, their support, and thus found, by anticipation, a universal predominance, a sort of royalty or sacerdotal supremacy. There will be so many friends in the midst of each of our enemies.

UNIVERSAL MONARCHY.

13. Sweden having been dismembered, Persia overcome, Poland subjugated, Turkey conquered, our armies united, the Baltic and Black sea guarded by our ships, we must then separately and very secretly offer to the court of Versailles, then to that of Vienna, to share with them the universal monarchy. If one of the two accede to the proposal (which is not likely if we feather their ambitions and conceit) then we must make use of that for destroying the other. We must then annihilate in its turn that which remains, by beginning with it a struggle which cannot be problematical, because as Russia will already then possess as a property the east and a great part of Europe.

14. If, which is not likely, both refuse the proposals of Russia, we must excite the one against the other, and compel them to mutual exhaustion. Then seizing the decisive moment, Russia will launch upon Germany her troops assembled beforehand, whilst two considerable fleets, one from the Sea of Azov, the other from the Port of Archangel, will come out under the convoy of the armed fleets of the Black sea and the Baltic. Advancing upon the Mediterranean and the ocean they will inundate France upon the one side, whilst Germany will be attacked on the other, and if these two countries be vanquished the rest of Europe will easily and without delay bend under the yoke. Thus can and must Europe be subdued.

DO NOT WAIT UNTIL YOU NEED IT.

The season is again at hand when diarrhoea and dysentery are prevalent. Do not wait until some of your family is taken with a violent attack, but be prepared. A bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand when needed has saved many a life. Procure it at once. For sale by all druggists.

We ought to measure our actual lot and to fulfil it; to be with all our strength that which our lot requires and allows. What is beyond it is no calling of ours.

A thinker of a past century has described Humanity as "a man who lives and learns forever." Individuals die but the amount of truth they have thought, and the good they have done, does not perish there.

Remarkable Men of the Day

"Bimbashi" Girouard, Farmer Fisher, Lord Dundonald

I.—"BIMBASHI" GIROUARD.

Said Lord Kitchener, who has an eye for men, of Sir Percy Girouard, whose departure from the Transvaal appears to be imminent:

"He has been my principal adviser in the numerous and intricate questions pertaining to railway administration in South Africa. He is an officer of brilliant ability, and I wish him all success as head of a great civil department—Commissioner of Railways."

The man to whom "K. of K." paid this striking tribute is an engineer, the most brilliant railway specialist the service has produced.

Born in Montreal in 1867, he combines in himself the best qualities of the two races which have made the Dominion. His father, a judge, is a French Canadian; his mother is an Englishwoman.

He entered the army in 1888, and after putting in five years as railway traffic manager at Woolwich, was sent out to assist in the construction of the line Lord Kitchener required for his Sudan campaigns. "Bimbashi" Girouard soon made a reputation. It was his railway that ensured Kitchener's triumph at Khartum.

When Lord Kitchener became chief of Lord Robert's staff in South Africa, among the first things he did was to send for this brilliant engineer, who was made Director of Railways and Lines of Communication. Throughout the war Girouard was indefatigable, thorough, strenuous, ever in evidence. If soldiers had to be transferred from one part of the theatre of war to another, he got them there somehow, travelling himself with the military trains day and night to see that the work was done. Once more he proved, and proved abundantly, that he was a man of the highest ability, who could be implicitly relied on in any emergency. For his services in South Africa he received a lieutenant-colonelcy and the K. C. M. G. It was rapid but deserved promotion for the young Canadian officer.

After the conclusion of the war he became Commissioner of Railways in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, where he has been carrying out a splendid programme of railway development.

But his administration has not given satisfaction to all parties, and the Intercolonial Council of South Africa on Tuesday came to the conclusion that the management left much to be desired. Sir Percy Girouard has placed himself in the hands of Lord Milner, who, while extolling the former's services, said that the railways now required a financier rather than an engineer.

II.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST FARMER.

Canada confidently looks forward to being at no distant date the granary of the Empire, and even now the man who is her Minister of Agriculture may be described with scarcely an exaggeration as the greatest farmer of the world.

This is especially the case with regard to the present Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. Sydney Fisher, whose name is prominently before the public in connection with Lord Dundonald and the Dominion Militia.

He is a practical farmer himself on a considerable scale, his fine property, Alva Farm, which is situated in the Eastern Townships in the province of Quebec, being one of the best in the Dominion. On this farm he shows what scientific farming is. But as Minister of Agriculture he has a unique opportunity. The Dominion Government maintains in several parts of Canada large experimental farms for the purpose of exploiting the latest ideas with respect to agriculture. New methods and theories, ranging over the whole area of farming operations, are carefully considered, tried and adopted, if successful, while the results arrived at are given the widest publicity. How important all this is to a nation of farmers like the Canadians is easily understood.

It is a fortunate thing for Canada, now developing enormously on her agricultural side in Manitoba and the Northwest, that Mr. Fisher is not only a thoroughly competent farmer himself, but also that he brings to his work a highly trained intelligence and an inspiring enthusiasm.

Though he is an excellent farmer, it will not do to think of him as a "horny-handed son of the soil." He is a man who has been educated at McGill University, Montreal, and Trinity College, Cambridge. His father, a Scotsman, was a well-known Montreal physician.

His superb mental equipment and decided ability led him to take large, statesmanlike views. His vigorous policy has brought about something like a revolution in Canadian agriculture, chiefly by the extension of the principle of co-operative farming, the great success of which is notably shown in dairy farming. He has also traveled far and wide with a view to the opening up of new markets, or the development of those already existing. He has founded several flourishing organizations for the furtherance of agriculture.

He is in the prime of life. His political career began in 1880, and in the famous electoral campaign of 1896, which resulted in the overthrow of the Conservative party, Mr. Fisher took a very prominent part, and in the Laurier cabinet was included as Minister of Agriculture, with the unanimous approval of all Canada.

The Canadian Department of Agriculture includes in its range some matters not exactly of an agricultural nature, such as public health, patents, copyright, and census statistics, and Mr. Fisher has introduced several beneficial changes with regard to these subjects. One of the things he has done is to amend the Copyright Law of Canada with a view to the protection of English authors.

He is a strong temperance worker. He carried in 1888 a government measure providing for a popular vote on the question of total prohibition.

III.—LORD DUNDONALD.

Five minutes before Lord Dundonald swept his cavalry into Ladysmith, the British public knew nothing about him.

Truly it is a crippling thing to be born a lord. Had Lord Dundonald gone through his army life plain Mr. Cochrane, it would not have been left for him to wander out to South Africa at the beginning of the war as a half-pay unemployed colonel with an invention. He was appointed to command the Mounted Brigade of the Natal army because he was "on the spot"—a qualification he abundantly justified before the war was done. It is whispered that when the fighting was over Lord Dundonald packed away for the benefit of posterity several secret documents bearing upon the whole business. So it may be said that he knows more about the British public than the British public does about him.

When he got home from his two years' command of the Canadian Militia, no doubt his countrymen will be curious to see what sort of man this is. His exploits, not excepting the latest duel with Mr. Fisher, may prepare them for a fiery whirlwind of a fellow, accustomed to go where he wants to, and to say what he thinks. And to a certain extent they will not be disappointed. There is not much of the diplomat about Lord Dundonald, though his face has in it more than a touch of the dreamer and the student. There is a history don up at Oxford who, so far as facial resemblance goes, might be his alter ego. The Earl has the high prominent forehead of the thinker rather than of the man of action—his complexion is dark; there was a time when his moustaches (which he wears after the fashion of Mr. George Wyndham) were black.

But if there is anything in heredity, the key to Lord Dundonald's real character is to be found in the deeds and sorrows of that breezy admiral who was the best sailor England had after Nelson's death, and who spoke out his mind when he thought it right, even at the expense of his career. Grandfather and grandson, moreover, share the inventive genius. It is said that the British Admiralty possess a plan of reducing fortified places invented by the tenth earl. Certain in its effects, it is yet of so terrible a character that it cannot be used in civilized war.

The Court was entitled to fix a minimum rate of wage, and was asked by the union to do so. But in doing this the president of the Arbitration Court (one of the Puisne judges) laid down the principle that they should determine the lowest wage to be paid to the least competent workman in each branch of the industry, and named a "minimum wage" some 20 per cent. below that which the most competent hands had previously been receiving. The result of the award, which should have come into force on December 1 last, was ludicrous. The union was indignant at its terms; and, although it was they who had in the first place invoked the Court's interference, they at once sent a deputation to the company, asking them to ignore the status quo. While maintaining that the old conditions and terms of employment were entirely a matter of the past, the company offered a compromise to the extent of altering the rates of pay to the more competent men to a figure somewhat above the authorized minimum, though lower than had obtained heretofore, and the men's delegates have advised the acceptance of these terms. This case raises an interesting question, which no doubt will come before some court of law ere long—namely, whether when an industrial Arbitration Court's award is distasteful to one of the parties, an injunction can be obtained to compel that party to abide by the decision. It can hardly be supposed that a court of justice would in any way compel any individual man to resume work at the standardised rate of pay, for, apart entirely from his union, and from the matter in dispute, each man retains his right to leave his employment at an hour, day, or week's notice, as the case may be. Yet, adds Engineering, it is quite conceivable that if, after an appeal to an Arbitration Court, a trade union declared a general strike, or, without going thus far, allotted strike pay to men who left work as a protest, then an action for damages against the union might be successful, provided that the union was one of the actual parties between whom the Court was called upon to adjudicate.

FRENCH COURT GRANTS HELEN MORTON DIVORCE

Paris, Thursday, July 7.—The Duchess of Valencay, who was Helen Morton, daughter of Levi P. Morton, before her marriage, was today granted a divorce from the Duke of Valencay.

Notes on Manchuria.

Marvelous Wagon Trade of New Chwang With Interior Points.

U. S. Consul Henry Miller

I believe there is no place in the world where the wagon or cart traffic is equal to that of Niu Shwang. The carts compete with the railroads in a haul of 400 miles or more. During the winter months, when the roads are firmly frozen, there are not less than 2,000 carts, each carrying two tons, per day coming to the port, each drawn by from four to seven mules or ponies. Some of these carts are from 30 to 40 days on the roads, in order to reach the market. It is under such conditions as these that the trade of Niu Chwang, amounting to nearly $20,000,000 per year, has grown. It is a mistake to attribute the growth of this trade to the building of the Russian railway. The railways are just beginning to have an influence toward improving the trade of the country, and the natives are only beginning to alter their methods to meet these new conditions. It is plain that the railways will add much to the development of the productiveness and trade of the country, but that remains for the future to show. The country has made this marvelous growth independent of the railways, and what it will do with them will depend upon the wisdom of the railway management.

Before 1902 practically all the foreign trade in Manchuria came through the port of Niu Chwang, and the Chinese annual customs returns gave the complete statement of imports and exports for all the country. This was altered to a considerable extent by imports and exports in 1902 through Dalny, Port Arthur and Vladivostock. In 1903 the situation changed still further, and foreign imports now enter through Niu Chwang, Dalny and Port Arthur, via Tientsin, Chin Wang Tao, and thence by rail over the Chinese railway recently completed to the River Liao at Shin Min Tuo; also by the Russian railway from Vladivostock and Siberia and Russia. Another important route has been opened into Manchuria from the sea up the Amur river and thence up the Sungari river by large river steamers to Kirin.

There are no records telling the origin of the goods imported. American goods reach here in many ways. Some come from Hong Kong and Canton, large quantities from Shanghai, and some from Japan, while much American cotton is manufactured into yarn and goods in Japan and then shipped to this place.

The year 1903 was the best that Manchuria has ever known as to its production. Crops were unusually good, and prices were also good. Both Manchuria and Mongolia are marvelously rich, and, under a good government, with transportation provided and its timber and mineral wealth developed and added to its agricultural resources, Manchuria will prove one of the greatest markets for United States goods, as well as a splendid field for the investment of United States capital. In 1894 and 1895 it was the field of war between China and Japan; in 1900 it was the district of the Boxer movements that were so destructive, and now again, in 1904, it is the theatre of war between Russia and Japan.

Notwithstanding all these wars, the country continues to grow in productiveness and commerce. Its people are largely industrious, frugal and capable, and need only an enterprising, substantial and honest government to insure them great prosperity.

Manchuria is not yet thickly populated, and farms are mostly in large tracts of 100 and 200 acres, and even more. The great commercial development and the settlement of the country by agricultural people from other parts of China.

Although the country is extremely rich in minerals, including coal, iron, copper, silver, gold and other kinds, these have only been worked in a small and crude way by the natives. When the mineral wealth is developed and worked by modern methods and given fitting its economic position Manchuria will prove to be one of the richest sections of Asia.

It has the happy combination of splendid variety and vast quantities of minerals, valuable forests, great cultural wealth, and an industrious, capable people, whose labor is perhaps, the best in the world for its cost. In addition, it has good waterways and easy grades and a country in which railway construction and operation is very economical. All of these advantages are combined with a healthy, invigorating climate, where crops never fail.

PERSONAL RISKS OF WAR.

Modern Firearms Decrease Percentage Men Lost.

The introduction of rifles of greater precision has lessened the percentage of men hit in proportion to the number of shots fired, because firing, as a rule, now begins at a far longer range, and the troops are taught to take advantage of cover.

In the Franco-German war one bullet in 400 was mortal, but in the Boer war the proportion was only one to 740. The total loss also is less. In 1870 the French losses were 20 per cent, but in the Boer war the English lost only 5 per cent, and the Boers 6½ per cent. At Waterloo the allies lost 22 per cent, and the French 24, the average losses in the great battles of the last century being put down at 15 per cent for the victors and 27 per cent for the vanquished. In the eighteenth century the losses were much higher.—London Sketch.

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