



"And a Happy New Year!" 1906 is due on Monday and we might well spend a few moments this Saturday evening discussing the possible new leaf that should be turned to our best benefit.

Speaking nationally—for nothing more local than the whole of Canada is large enough for our exalted minds—we are put to our defence at once by some recent happenings at Quebec.

Sarah Bernhardt, you remember, in a characteristic interview at her hotel, accused our country of a direct recession in the gentler arts, and a forward progress only of the grosser life.

The students of our venerable city of fortifications protested in an equally characteristic manner, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, most characteristic of all, spread oil on the troubled waters, re-obtained a kiss (fingers merely, the pruders from Sarah. So far so good.

But here comes the Pall Mall Gazette reminding us of what we had not forgotten, that our own Sir Gilbert Parker has brought similar charges to those of Bernhardt against our national growth.

"The material progress has been immense," he said, "but I see nothing of finer sense perceptible," and more to that effect.

And the Gazette wonders why Sir Gilbert received no ovation (the Gazette's pun) of rotten eggs.

Let us first set this matter straight. The French-Canadian student, as one remembers him, "en gros en detail," is artistic, poetic, sensitive, emotional, and a hero worshipper.

In a crude way we are doing well enough. Albani is ours and Parker; Margaret Anglin, Julia Arthurs, Maxim Elliott and others should satisfy Bernhardt that we are not retrograding in dramatic art.

worst yet. Did anyone ask you if we were married?" asked he into green. "Yes, sah, several folks did," replied George.

"Well, what did you tell them?" "I told 'em, sah," replied the honest negro, "you yunn't married at all."

"STRIKE OUT, CANUCK! The old grim lion's whelp you are. And yours to carry wide and far. The old grim will that gains its start—Strike out, Canuck, strike out!"

You have your untold miles to take, Your sleeping fires and mines to wake, Your million-homed new lands to make—Strike out, Canuck, strike out!"

You flaunt no momentary lures—All-time this silent North endures!—So, since a new world now is yours, Strike out, Canuck, strike out!"

—Arthur Stringer in the Toronto Globe.

"Don't take it so hard, Mr. Playman," said the young woman, mockingly. "There are other girls, you know. There's Lili Gumpkins, Sallie Pilbourn, Kate Jaggers, and Fan Billwink. Any one of them would make a better wife for you than I would."

"Well, he evidently knows his business," said De Auber. "What do you mean?" Brushley—"That picture is enough to drive people to drink."—Chicago Daily News.

"Has that girl next door to you still got her parlor melodeon?" "No, she exchanged it for a cornet, I'm glad to say." "But, gracious, if she plays the cornet that's worse, isn't it?"

"No, it's only half as bad. She can't play while she's playing the cornet," Philadelphia Press.

# In The Hug of the Bear



Being the Experiences of Messrs Finlay & Grant, of Victoria, as Prisoners of War in Russia. Written for the Times from his notes by R. Finlay.

PART IV. Instead of having to work back to the depot, over that cobbles stone road, the next morning, the authorities, when ready to send us further on our journey decided to include on our adventure a short drive across the plains.

They put at our disposal regular army transport wagons driven by Russian horsemen, and with the usual fixed bayonet guard of honor we made the trip to the depot over a different route from the one traversed the night before.

I had participated in some pretty rough journeys previous to this one, but I think that morning drive will live the longest in my memory. It was a

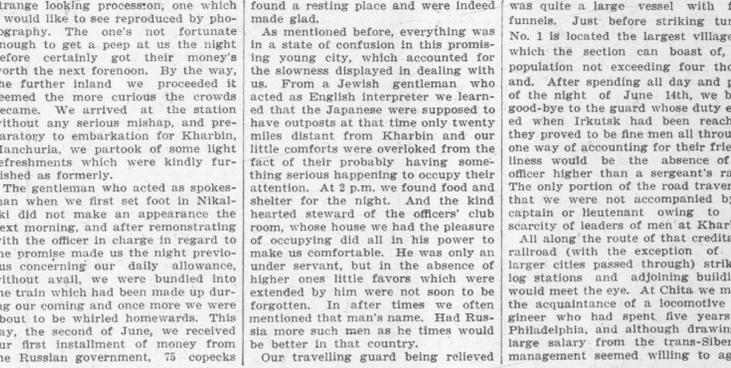
us. We did not embark at the depot as most passengers would have done, and probably as an extra precaution we were made to alight from the cars at a place prearranged. The restraining influence put forth by the officials to prevent the usual gathering of curious ones seemed unavailing, consequently we experienced many discomforts whilst the authorities were debating between themselves as to how we should be disposed of temporarily.

However, with our usual good luck, which was manifest from the time we escaped a meeting with Admiral Kamimura's fleet, we at last

classes. His wife, who was at the depot to see him off was trying to persuade him to act reasonably. Then an officer of the law took him in charge, and had it not been for the earnest entreaties of his helpmeet on his behalf he would probably have fared badly.

We must not pass the famous Lake Baikal without making mention of the forty odd tunnels which were lately been constructed around the southern part of that secluded inland sea.

From an outside point of view I think considerable difficulty will be experienced during the wet season. The steamers which were formerly used to convey passengers and freight across were still to be seen, but apparently not in use to any extent. One, I remember,



strange looking procession, one which I would like to see reproduced by photography. The one's not fortunate enough to get a peep at us the night before certainly got their money's worth the next forenoon. By the way, the further inland we proceeded it seemed the more curious the crowds became.

"Your enemies are saying that you have made your name a by-word," said the censorious friend. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, serenely, "I fancy I have arrived at a point where my name is at the bottom of a cheque will buy about anything I want."—Washington Star.

"Jorkins—"I do not suppose that there is a man living that could successfully forge my name to a cheque and get it cashed." "Morkins—"Is your signature such a peculiar one?" "Jorkins—"No; I haven't any money in bank."—Judge.

"It's really distressing to think," said the wealthy Mr. Farrasy, "that many very common and ingenious people are admitted to heaven." "Well," replied Mr. Cutting, "that needn't worry you."—Philadelphia Press.

found a resting place and were indeed made glad. As mentioned before, everything was in a state of confusion in this promising young city, which accounted for the slowness displayed in dealing with us.

From a Jewish gentleman who acted as English interpreter we learned that the Japanese were supposed to have outposts at that time only twenty miles distant from Kharbin, and our little comforts were overlooked from the fact of their probably having something serious happening to occupy their attention.

The gentleman who acted as spokesman when we first set foot in Nihilski did not make an appearance the next morning, and after remonstrating with the officer in charge in regard to the promise made us the night previous concerning our daily allowance, without avail, we were bundled into the train which had been made up during our coming and once more we were about to be whirled homewards.

This day, the second of June, we received our first installment of money from the Russian government, 75 copecks

was quite a large vessel with four funnels. Just before striking tunnel No. 1 is located the largest village of which the section can boast of, the population not exceeding four thousand.

After spending all day and part of the night of June 14th, we bade good-bye to the guard whose duty ended when Irkutsk had been reached; they proved to be fine men all through; one way of accounting for their friendliness would be the absence of an officer higher than a sergeant's rank.

The only portion of the road traversed that we were not accompanied by a captain or lieutenant owing to the scarcity of leaders of men at Kharbin. All along the route of that creditable railroad (with the exception of the larger cities passed through) striking log stations and adjoining buildings would meet the eye.

At Chita we made the acquaintance of a locomotive engineer who had spent five years in Philadelphia, and although drawing a large salary from the trans-Siberian management seemed willing to again

move away from the scene of so much disorder. Considerable gold is being regularly shipped, as are quantities of fish which are caught in the river which divides the cities of East and West Chita. A species of sturgeon is frequently landed weighing up in the hundreds of pounds, and considered very palatable.

Bidding farewell to East and West Chita, and after passing through the cities of Oub, Kainsk, Omsk, Samara, Petropalovsk, and others, meeting daily with hundreds of carloads of soldiers, infantry, cavalry, artillery, etc., we at last arrived at the city of Penza, where we learned that our destination was to be the garrison town of Med-

ved, the place of detention for all Japanese prisoners during the war.

"We spent one night at this terminus and the next morning, after having a shave and hair cut, which cost one rouble each (ordinarily twenty copeks), we again boarded the train for Medved, via Moscow, under a new guard, the officer of which proved the most overbearing of any it was our fortune to be associated with during our sojourn.

By this time we had learned a few words of the Russian language and could easily comprehend the meaning of remarks made on different occasions by the officer whose duty it was to deliver us safely at Medved. He did not hesitate to denounce the British but had a favorable word for the Japanese. Good reason for it!

Having arrived at Moscow and knowing ere this that our dream of home was not to materialize, we made the best of it, and were not sorry, under the conditions, where a place of rest was being driving near. We arrived at the station of Shimsk at 8 p.m., and forthwith proceeded to march to Medved, fifteen versts (or ten miles) distant.

Our railroad journey was so bad for the time being that we entered the small town of Medved at 1.30 a.m., and were received kindly indeed by the Japanese officers who were already installed as prisoners of war.

GEORGIEUS REX KING OF SMILES. Neil Munro Thus Apostrophizes the Only George Ham.

Mr. Geo. Ham, an ex-alderman, of twenty years ago, has just captured the hearts of the people of Greenock, in Scotland. So says the Greenock Telegraph and Clyde Shipping Gazette. The paper alludes to him as Captain Ham, of the Canadian Pacific railway.

On the very day of his arrival in Greenock, George was taken to a banquet, where a presentation was made to Mr. George Wallace, in the presence of members of parliament, distinguished military officers and others.

The paper notes a speech by George, at this gathering, which it describes as a "racy, crisp speech, which kept the company in the best of humor." The speech itself is headed "How Laughter Came to Canada," and thus proceeds: "George H. Ham, whose genes and gifts are celebrated in verses given below, is a Canadian. He struck Greenock as a stranger, but we dare swear there are to-day more than a hundred citizens who know they know him, and would be glad to see his merry face again.

By a fortunate chance Mr. Ham was brought by Capt. D. McPherson, commodore of the Greenock Yacht Club, and Mr. Neil Munro, to the meeting held to give the send-off to Mr. George Wallace. When it became known that Mr. Ham was a Canadian, and one with an unrivalled knowledge of the country; and when it was remembered that the guest of the evening was shortly to go to the Land of the Maple, the provost, by a happy inspiration, called on Mr. Ham (they had dropped the "captain" by this time), to say a few words of heartening to the new colonist. To speak and to be humorous seem to be the same thing to Mr. Ham, for even common-places took, on a new air, so quaintly fresh, they clothes. The large audience chuckled their ribs loose, and so alluring were some of the delights of Canadian life painted that Mr. Ham, as he looks out on the morning of St. Andrew's Day in Montreal house, may find a crowd with a Greenock accent, thirsty but expectant, waiting to be given the day of their lives, as per promise. When Mr. Neil Munro and a party of journalists from this side were over two years ago on the invitation of the Canadian government, to examine into the conditions and prospects of the country, luckily for them they were given over into the charge of Mr. George Ham, who acted as guide, friend and the hundred other things."

Mr. Neil Munro's verses as read on George Ham are as follows: The Lord one day in a happy mood Made Canada—mount and plain and wood, The sounding cataract and the lake, On whose blue borders the poplars shake. "Tis good!" said the Lord, and took His rest. But soon in His wilderness felt oppressed. Best He the wood, then with bird and beast, With thunder of hooves He filled the west. Set the Red Man forth in a generous trail. "Be glad!" He commanded, without avail. For the Indian sulked in a dread surmise, And something was wanting in God's eyes. At a breath the buffalo ceased to be, The fire died down in the brave's tepee, White men ploughed over the prairie flowers, Smiling not even in leisure hours, For their minds were on foolish futilities set, And God saw something was wanting yet! Long thought the Lord, and one bright day He made Him a man of His spit and clay, And set him forth in the sun to dry, In a place where waters went rippling by, Said the Lord: "Be brazier wherever you are, Stand forth, George Ham, of the C. P. R. So wherever the C. P. R. lines run, From Montreal to the setting sun, If there be folk who are tired and sad, They will welcome George, the perennial lad. Georgieus Rex—true King of Smiles, Who carries laughter ten thousand miles. —Neil Munro.

## Jetsam, Jokes and Jingles.

SHAKSPERE ON PRESS MUZZLING. (With the customary apologies.) Dramatis personae: Marcus Brutus, a senator, and Caius Cassius, correspondent for the Rome Republic. Scene: A street near the Capitol.

BRUTUS—Good even, Cassius. Why are you breathless? and why stare you so? CASSIUS—Are you not moved, when all the sway of earth Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Brutus, Have you not heard? Imperial Caesar, Hath barred the minions of the press from daily Counsel with the great; cut out our part in Execution of any noble enterprise; forbidden speech With such as you. 'E'en as I speak to you he, Incensed, may send us to destruction.

BRUTUS—Indeed, it is a strange-dispositioned time; But men may construe things after their fashion, Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. CASSIUS—But why, most noble Brutus, should such things be? Why all these things change from their ordinance, Their natures and performed faculties, To monstrous quality; why, then, thus order To make us instruments of fear and warning Unto some monstrous state? BRUTUS—I'll give one reason. 'Tis a common proof That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face; But when he once attains the utmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back, Looks in the clouds, scornful the base degrees By which he did ascend. So Caesar may, CASSIUS—Well, what's the moral, if such there be? BRUTUS—He whom you boast the most is often first To kick you in the snats. So long. (Exeunt.)

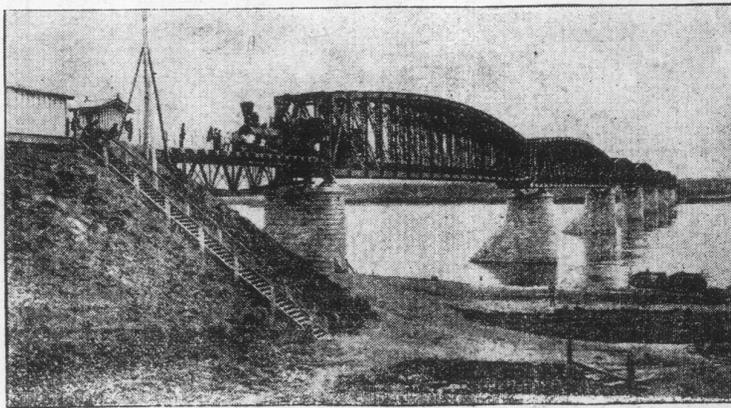
THE FAITHFUL NEGRO. A bride and groom from Vermont had been much troubled by the stares of the people in the hotels where they went. Arriving at a city hotel the groom called the colored head waiter. "Now, George," he said, "we have been bothered to death by people staring at us, because we are just married. Now, here's \$2, and remember, I trust you not to tell anyone that we are just married. Understand?"

"Yes, sah," said George. "I understand." The following morning when the couple went down to breakfast the staring was worse than ever. Chambermaids snickered, the clerks nudged each other, and everyone in the dining room stared. When the couple returned to their room it was only to see a head sticking out of nearly every door down the long hall. Very angry, the groom went to the desk and called for the waiter. "Look here, you old fool," he said to that personage, "didn't I give you \$2 to protect my wife and myself from this staring business?" "Yes, sah," said George. "Pon my soul, I didn't tell, sah." "Now about this staring? It is the

"I don't see no chance ter be thankful dis year." "How come?" "Well, de turkey roasts too high; en carryin' a ladder round in de middle er de night looks so suspicious."—Atlanta Constitution.

"My zoodness, what a fright he is! All his front teeth are gone." "Yes, He lost them playing football." "Oh, how perfectly grand! Introduce him to me, won't you, please?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"By George, I'm glad it's over! I've worked awfully hard during the last few years, getting my legal education." "Well, cheer up. It'll be a long time before you have any more work to do."—Cleveland Leader.



at this place, we again took passage for home, as was presumed. Traversing through rich farming lands, which in general were being crudely worked, we arrived at the city of Mandjur, on the boundary line of Manchuria and Siberia, and after a short stay over further continued our tiresome travelling toward the city of Irkutsk. This place is situated on the Irkut river, which empties into Lake Baikal, a very noticeable feature were the churches to be seen from our car windows. I counted thirteen gilt topped domes towering high above the other buildings. I also saw a man being arrested for misconduct, superinduced by an over sufficiency of vodka, the much sought after beverage of the working

such, about 2 1/2 cents, with which we were to furnish for ourselves the necessary daily food. Considering the conditions under which we were journeying, the trip from Nikoliski to Kharbin was made without our experiencing any real discomforts. Upon arrival at the latter place, which occupied about five days' railroading from our starting point, we underwent many humiliating moments owing to the crowded state of things generally in that city of confusion. On the outskirts miles of barracks had been erected to house the thousands of soldiers who were daily arriving to look after their country's interests in Manchuria. It seemed a difficult task to find even temporary quarters for

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