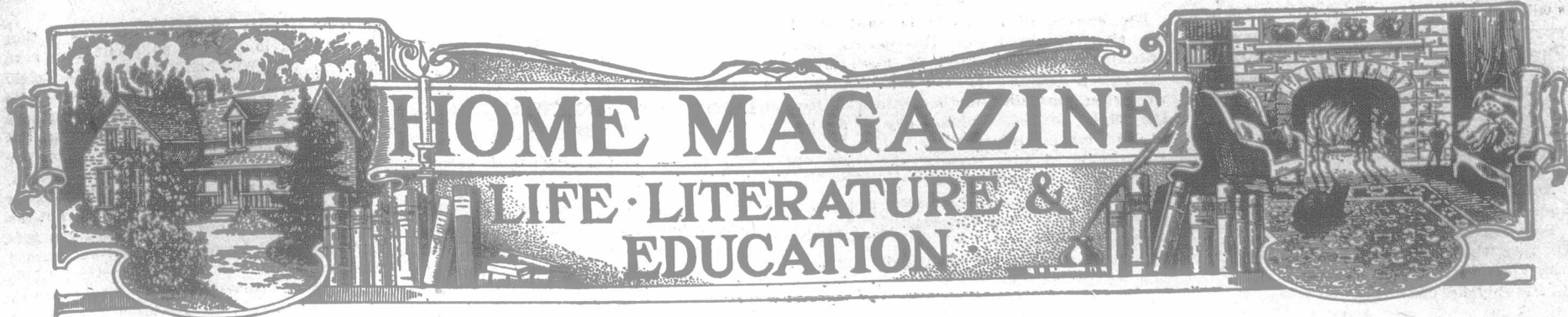




Death of an Illustrious Canadian.

Robert Barr, the novelist, died at his home in Surrey, England, on October 21st. Although he was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and had lived for several years in England, Mr. Barr was practically a Canadian. When he was but five years of age his parents came to this country, and settled first in Middlesex Co., Ont., removing later to Windsor. The novelist attended Normal School at Toronto, and subsequently became principal of a school in Windsor, but in 1876 gave up teaching to join the staff of the Detroit Free Press. In 1882 he went to England, where, with Jerome K. Jerome, he founded the successful "Idle" magazine, but devoted a great deal of his time to writing works of fiction. Among these were the well-known "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Victims," "The Strong Arm," "Strangleigh's Millions," "Cardillac," and "The Sword Maker." Mr. Barr had reached the seventy-second year of his age.

"In the Amazon Jungle." (Concluded.)

Mr. Lange writes enthusiastically of the beauty of the scenery, both by night and by day, up the Itacoahy, the endless forests of tropical luxuriance, the still water, the flashes of distant lightning illuminating all.

After going on thus for many days in the little river-steamer, crowded to suffocation with rubber-workers, the Javary rubber region was reached, and the first stop ashore, memorable for a dinner of roast tapir, was made. . . . On again, with a final disembarkation at Floresta, the largest rubber estate in this district, owned by Colonel da Silva. Mr. Lange has nothing but praise for the hospitality of these Brazilians, whose ever courteous salutation to the visitor is, "This house is at your disposal."

From the house of Colonel da Silva, Mr. Lange went out at various times to see the rubber-gatherers at their work of gashing the trees and collecting the milk in tins in a fashion somewhat similar to that in which maple sap is collected in this country. Afterwards the milk is coagulated by heat in the huts, into the crude balls of rubber which are to be shipped.

Here he got his first experience of the actual forest, which becomes almost a reality to us as we read his vivid descriptions of tree and foliage, concluding, "But there is little charm about it. . . . There is no invitation to repose, no stimulus to quiet enjoyment, for the myriad life of the Amazon's jungle forest never rests. There is always some sound or some movement which is bound to stir in one the instinct of self-preservation. You have to be constantly alive to the danger of disagreeable annoyance from the pests that abound, or of actual bodily harm from animals of the reptilian order. . . . The few sounds of birds and animals are, generally, of a pensive and mysterious character, and they intensify the feeling of solitude rather than impart to it a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes in the midst of the noon-day stillness a sudden yell or scream will startle one, coming from some minor fruit-eating animal set upon by a carnivorous beast or serpent. Morning and evening the forest resounds with the fearful roar of the howling monkeys, and it is hard even for the stoutest heart to maintain its buoyancy of spirit. The sense of inhospitable wilderness, which the jungle inspires, is increased tenfold by this monstrous uproar. Often in the still

hours of night a sudden crash will be heard, as some great branch or a dead tree falls to the ground. There are, besides, many sounds which are impossible to account for, and which the natives are as much at a loss to explain as myself. Sometimes a strange sound is heard, like a clang of an iron bar against a hard, hollow tree; or a piercing cry rends the air. These are not repeated, and the succeeding stillness only tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they produce on the mind."

We have quoted at length from Mr. Lange's description of the forest, because it is the one outstanding characteristic of the country, the one feature which presses upon the mind and burns itself into the memory, which figures in one's dreams of the Amazon ever after. It is the great Fact in the lives which the rubber-workers must live.

Passing over Mr. Lange's accounts of "sport" with gun and rod, of creatures never seen elsewhere, of "sting-rays," and the huge 200-lb. pirarucu fish so largely used there for food, of malignant diseases which carried off 82 per cent. of the population of Floresta during the month of September, let us accompany him to the last chapter of his journey,—"The Fatal March Through the Forest."

One morning Colonel issued the order that certain of his men were to venture out far beyond the explored territory to locate new caoutchouc trees. The men knew what this meant, but quietly they prepared for the inevitable, six of them. The chief of the party, Marques, again tried to dissuade Mr. Lange from going, but in vain.

For a time the traveling was along an old, but almost indistinguishable trail, marked by tambos or huts at which stops were made; then was reached

He was buried, and it was decided to divide the party, three attempting what might prove to be a shorter route, in order to bring help for the rest.

Staggering on, Mr. Lange, the Chief-Marques and Jerome, attempted to follow the trail, and on the second day of the return, met a naked Indian savage, armed with a blow-gun, bow and arrows, and a pouch of the wonderful wourahli poison which, when put on the arrow tip, causes the almost instantaneous death of the animal struck, while leaving it still fit for meat.

The Indian departed, but Mr. Lange was to see more of him before many days had passed.

Soon afterwards, Marques was found with a look of mortal anguish on his face. Silently he pointed to his foot on which appeared the marks of the fangs of one of the most poisonous serpents of the region. That little mark meant certain death, and although every crude measure at hand was taken, there was nothing to be done but sit and wait for the brave man's death. He, too, was buried, and sick and starving, for provisions were almost done, the two remaining again forced on. "The jungle no longer seemed beautiful or wonderful to me," says Mr. Lange, "but horrible—a place of terror and death."

Jerome had complained for some time of numbness in hands and feet. Now the unmistakable signs of beri-beri appeared, and before long he, too, was laid away in a shallow grave.

"I know that at times I raved wildly as I staggered on," continues the writer, "for occasionally I came to myself with strange phrases on my lips. When these lucid moments brought coherent thought, it was the jungle, the endless, all-embracing fearful jungle, that overwhelmed my mind. No shipwrecked sailor, driven to madness by long tossing on a raft

their great communal house, 150 feet in diameter, with a single roof supported by innumerable poles, under which the entire population of the tribe, 150 souls in all, dwelt. In a corner of this great primitive structure, he was gradually nursed back to life, though with what misgivings upon his part may be understood when it transpires that before long he was forced to look on at a cannibal feast. He had, indeed, been befriended by one of the cannibal tribes of the Amazon, but he had no reason to fear for his personal safety, for the Mangeromas eat only their enemies.

Interesting indeed is the chapter of his life among these people, but he could take no pictures of them, for, on that terrible journey through the forest, the camera, with all other impedimenta, had been thrown away.

Finally, he was taken back to the Floresta headquarters, and eventually found his way again to Remate de Males, where, after another attack of fever, he was carried aboard the river steamer that bore him once more towards civilization and "God's country."

In this review, necessarily, no space can be given for quoting in full the many adventures with which Mr. Lange met. For these, our readers who may chance to be interested, must go directly to Mr. Lange's book, which we can confidently recommend as one of the most interesting and instructive among recent books of travel.

The Celebration of Hallowe'en.

[An address given by Mr. W. B. McEwan, President of the Dunedin Burns Club, New Zealand.—From the Otago Witness.]

It must be confessed that even in Scotland these old rites and sports are rapidly dying out, and it may not be out of place, therefore, to make some reference to their origin and manner of celebration. Hallowe'en, or All Hallow's Eve, is the night before All Saints' Day, the night when ghosts, witches, warlocks, and fairies, are most likely to wander abroad, the night of all nights in the year when supernatural influences prevail; and the season of a variety of superstitions and other customs. The observation of Hallowe'en dates from pagan times, when the Druids held their great autumn festival, and gave thanks to the sun god for the harvest. One of the chief characteristics of their celebrations was the lighting of bonfires to frighten away the witches who assemble on this night to do "their deeds without a name." Red appears to be a color peculiarly obnoxious to witches.

Rowan tree and red thread
To gar the witches dance their dead—

to make them dance till they fall down and expire.

In the Homeland, nuts and apples play an important part in the ceremonies of the evening. In the North of England, Hallowe'en is known as Nutcrack Night. In Cornwall, in the South, it is known as "Allan Day," when it would be deemed a great misfortune to go to bed without the time-honored apple hid beneath the pillow. In Scotland, it is celebrated by the burning of nuts and the ducking for apples. Thus indicating the predominance of these articles in making up the entertainments of the evening.

Various writers, both in prose and poetry, have attempted to describe the ceremonies of Hallowe'en, but nowhere do you find them so aptly set forth as in the poem by Robert Burns. In it you have all the principal charms and



A sewing-machine from New York in a hut built in a tree, in the heart of the rubber-region.—From Lange's "In the Amazon Jungle."

the virgin forest in which every step of the way had to be hewn out with an axe and machete. It was impossible to sleep much because of ants and mosquitoes; the heat of the day, notwithstanding the impenetrable gloom, was fearful; there were encounters with jaguars; the poisonous exhalations of the swamps began to tell upon first one and then another of the party, among them the author, who became delirious for a time with fever.

At last Brabo, the youngest, died, just at the point of the return journey.

at sea, ever conceived such hatred and horror of his surroundings as that which now came for the fresh, perpetual, monotonous green of the interminable forest."

Half-unconscious at last, the solitary survivor fell forward through an opening of the trees. He was discovered by a little dog, whose barking brought to the spot some Indians belonging to a tribe of Mangeromas, the one to which the young Indian with the blow-gun belonged. For some reason they chose to receive him kindly, and carried him to