UNCLE SAM'S CHEEKY REQUEST

That the U. S. S. Yantic Be Permitted to Pass Through Our Canals—Dr. Ryerson, M.L.A., Takes a Manly Stand—What is Canada Doing?

Editor World: The announcement in the press that it is the desire or intention of the United States Government to demand permission for the passage of the U.S.S. Yantic through our canals to Lake Erie is one calculated to arrest public attention and enquiry. The matter is so important that I take the liberty of asking for space to state a few facts which may help in the consideration of this extraordinary proposal.

Confederated Canada is now some 30 years old. She has been holding up her head and bravely struggling to a place among the nations. She might naturally have expected sympathy and neighborly encouragement from the great North American Republic, peopled mainly by descendants of British emigrants and speaking the English language. But instead of this fraternal treatment we have received every discouragement and discourtesy at the hands of the United States. In 1812 they waged an unjust war upon us after the alleged cause had been removed. In 1866 they passively and tacitly permitted bands of armed ruffians to invade our territory and cause death to many of our citizens. Without cause or reason they arbitrarily abrogated the reciprocity treaties of 1854 and 1871. They, in 1893, demanded privileges in Behring Sea to which an international tribunal decreed that they had no just claim and they are now seeking to evade that decree. They have harassed our commerce with McKinley and Dingley bills and prohibitive tariffs and now ask us to do them the favor to allow them to strengthen themselves on the upper lakes by passing a war ship through our canals. They say that this war ship is required for instructional purposes for their naval militia. Why are they increasing their naval forces on the lakes? Does it bode us well? We have spent $78,000,000 on our canals. Was this burden put upon the Canadian people to facilitate the access of U.S. war ships to the upper lakes, where they might injure us in time of war or was it to facilitate Canadian trade? Under the treaty of 1871 the American commissioners were pledged to "urge" upon the Federal Government to permit the full use of American canals to Canadians. The "urging" has not been successful. Perhaps it was not very earnest.

The strength of the naval militia in the United States is now considerable and especially in the States bordering upon the great lakes. Fifteen have organized their naval militia, amounting in all to 4000 officers and men. Of the border states, New York, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois are in a condition of preparedness. They have one cruiser on the upper lakes and if the Yantic passes up they will have reached the limit allowed by treaty. Why this activity? History shows that greater advantages may often be gained in time of peace than in time of war. Our neighbors are taking time by the forelock. If the perpetual tail-twisting goes on may not one day the fun be carried too far? Does not history teach us how great an advantage it is to control the lakes? Our successes in 1812 were well nigh rendered fruitless by the defeat of the fleet on Lake Erie. While we command the lakes a hostile force cannot be maintained in Western Ontario, because it is liable to be cut off from its base of supplies. It is essential to our safety that the control of the lakes shall be maintained by us.

Why, then, should we allow a hostile power to strengthen itself by using canals built at our expense? I trust that the Government of Canada, backed by an united public sentiment, will refuse the extraordinary proposition of the United States. But what are we doing in the way of preparation? Where is our naval militia? The Militia Act gives power to enlist men for this service, yet nothing has been done. If, unhappily, war should come, and who will say with the explosive elements at work in the United States it will never come, we would be taken at a great disadvantage. The Government should seriously consider the advisability of reorganizing our naval brigades. Plenty of athletic young men can be had among our lake sailors, longshoremen, yachtsmen, boating club men and others to organize magnificent and effective corps. The subject of lake and coast defence is a very important one and demands serious public consideration.

G. Sterling Ryerson.

Toronto, Oct. 13, 1897.

PHALEN DEFENDS LUETGERT.

He Scores the Chicago Police and Says They Have Prosecuted the Case by Means of Trained Witnesses.

Chicago, Oct. 13.—The usual mad rush for Judge Tuthill's court room followed immediately after the doors of the criminal court building were opened to-day. Attorney Phalen opened the argument to the jury on behalf of the defence. He will be followed by ex-Judge Vincent, who will close the case for Luetgert in a speech lasting nearly two days.

"If this case had been submitted to the jury when the State closed its evidence, I believe a verdict of not guilty would have resulted at once," declared Attorney Phalen. "The evidence of the prosecution came from intimadated witnesses, who perjured themselves," he asserted, with emphasis. "These witnesses were brought in by the police and drilled in what they were to swear to. They came into this court to swear away the life of an innocent man. During the progress of this trial we had a good illustration of the perjury in this case when Emma Schnapke, after giving her evidence, left the stand and admitted to her friends that she had deliberately lied. The case fairly drips with the vile rottenness of police methods. The chain of circumstances about which Mr. McEwen had said so much is composed of distorted and fragmentary bits of perjured evidence so wholly contradictory and unreliable that no jury composed of sensible men can for a moment give it credence."

Prisoner's Boys in Court.

An incident of the session was the appearance in court of Luetgert's two little sons. The lads had not been in court for several weeks. They climbed up on their father's knees, and he fondled them while Attorney Phelen orated.

Assistant States Attorney McEwen approached Judge Tuthill and quietly objected to the children being conspicuously exhibited before the jury. Judge Tuthill ordered that they be sent to seats removed from the one occupied by their father.

In a loud tone of voice ex-Judge Vincent objected to the removal of the children.

"Oh! Your object is plain enough, and I will not permit it," retorted Judge Tuthill.

"I note an exception to the remarks of the court," said ex-Judge Vincent.

"Very well; go on, Mr. Phalen," ordered the court. But Luetgert's children were removed, and will not be allowed to play upon the sympathy of the jury.

Appointments to the Senate.

Editor World: I believe that Mr. Laurier at one time favored the system of adhering to the old electoral divisions in the appointment of Senators, but I have not heard the opinion of the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the appointment of representatives to the Upper House in that respect. In the old Parliament of Canada the late Hon. Mr. Scott represented the division in the Upper House, now represented in the Dominion Senate by the Hon. Samuel Merner. There are constituencies in Ontario which have not as yet been represented in the Dominion Senate, and this may be the fault of the member in the Commons or of the electors themselves in not pressing their claims on the Government.

I do not think that the electors of Watloo, Conservative or Liberal, would object to another Senator being appointed in this county, especially when an appointment could be made of one in every respect eligible to fill a seat in the Cabinet. However, I add below an extract from a letter of the late Sir John Macdonald, dated at Les Rochers, St. Patrick, Rivière du Loup, 17th July, 1890. Sir John says: . . . "Ontario has only 24 Senators under the Constitutional Act, and there are 92 constituencies. Each one of these considers that it has a right to be represented in rotation in the Upper House, and the Government is obliged to keep that in view in making any new appointments." . . .

Waterloo.

Galt, Oct. 8, 1897.

Celebration of Trafalgar Day.

Editor World: The death of England's greatest admiral in the hour of victory on Oct. 21, 1805, assured to the British people that command of the sea which has rendered our great Colonial Empire possible, and upon the continuance of which our existence as an Empire depends.

We commemorate not a victory over a beaten foe, but the determination of the British people, nearly a century ago, to resist military despotism to the last gasp. The same spirit animates the British people the world over to-day.

We are a maritime people and ours an oceanic Empire, and it is fitting that we should celebrate our greatest naval victory in a becoming manner.

The Navy League therefore invites all citizens to accompany a deputation which will wait upon the Mayor of Toronto at the City Hall, Monday, 18th inst., at noon, to request His Worship to direct the hoisting of flags on schools and public buildings in Toronto on Trafalgar Day, the 21st inst.

The Navy League also invites the citizens generally to commemorate the occasion by the display of flags or other appropriate emblems. H. J. Wickham, Hon. Sec.

THE BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

Gussie Mantel, Eight Years Old, Tackled a Burglar and Screamed, and the Rascal Was Secured.

New York, Oct. 12.—Gussie Mantel, the 8-year-old niece of Louis Steltzer of 86 Allen-street, jumped out of bed early yesterday and grappled with a burglar who had entered her room. She managed to cling to him long enough to prevent him from making his escape from the building. She occupied the bed with her baby brother and was awakened shortly after 8 o'clock by hearing the door opened leading from the hall. She saw the burglar go to a closet and steal a suit of clothes belonging to her uncle.

"Mister, what are you doing here?" she asked of the burglar.

"Shut up, or I will choke you," replied the man. As he started to leave the room she ran after him, grabbed him by the legs and began to scream. He tried to kick her away from him, but she got a firm grip on his trousers. He dragged her down a whole flight of stairs, where he managed to release himself. He then ran down three more flights to the hall leading to the street. Here he was met by Louis Steltzer, the child's uncle, who had been aroused by her screams. Steltzer held him until the little girl came running down and explained the cause of the trouble. The burglar was handed over to a policeman and held for trial.

STOLEN CHILD FOUND.

Two Rascals Drugged and Carried Her Off From Paris—Recovered in Chicago.

New York, Oct. 13.—Acting Captain McClusky of the Detective Bureau has discovered the whereabouts in Chicago of Louise Ripp, 16 years old, of Corbeil, near Paris, who was abducted in March last. Henri Pailluaseau, who was arrested on his arrival in Havre, was one of the men who abducted Miss Ripp.

Pailluaseau is wanted here for the robbery of jewelry belonging to Miss Day, owner of the yacht Scythian. The girl went to Paris to the Mardi Gras festival. Pailluaseau and one Edouard drugged her and conveyed her to England and then to this city. Louise fell ill while here, and was sent to Saratoga to recuperate. When she recovered she was taken to Chicago by Edouard and placed in a house there.

From College Corridors.

The members of the University Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. tendered a reception in their hall on Tuesday night to the students of the first year in arts. The reception was held under the patronage of Mesdames Loudon, Cameron, McCurdy and Fraser. Mr. Craw, president of the association, was in the chair, and a good program was rendered. Addresses were delivered by President Loudon, Prof. McCurdy and Messrs. Robb, Hobbs, Williams and the chairman. The audience was favored with vocal selections by Miss. Huyck and Messrs. Merritt and Knox. Instrumental selections were given by Misses Roseleldt and Hayes. Refreshments were served by the members of the Y.W.C.A.

The formal opening of the dental term was held Wednesday in the college. The members of the faculty and the students were present in academic attire. After a few introductory remarks by Dr. Wilmott, the inaugural address was delivered by Inspector Hughes.

Mr. G. A. Ross of Pharmacy, who has been ill during the past fortnight, has resumed his attendies.

The first issue of Varsity for the year will be made to-day.

Messrs. J. W. Baird and W. J. Richardson have entered the Ph.D. course at the University.

Dr. Wilmott, principal of the Dental College, is making arrangements for a course of lectures, to be given at the Dental College monthly. The lectures will be on topics of culture and inspiration.

Trafalgar Day

The Navy League in Canada are moving to have Trafalgar Day celebrated annually by a display of flags on the schools and public buildings. A deputation will wait on the Mayor on Monday next to suggest this idea to His Worship. On Trafalgar Day itself, the 21st inst. Mr. H. J. Wickham, secretary of the league, will deliver an illuminated address on the "Life of Nelson" at Association Hall.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., write: "Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parmalee's Pills than any other pill we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint." Mr. Charles A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: "Parmalee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these pills have cured her." ed

A Russian Umpire.

Washington, Oct. 13.—M. Maertens of the Russian Foreign Office has been selected as umpire in the International Court of Arbitration, which is to pass upon the British-Venezuelan boundary.

A CANADIAN LANDSCAPIST.

No more delightful and restful experience has been mine than the sudden change from the roar and rush and din of New York to the quiet and peace and beauty of the country along the Grand River Valley, in Waterloo County, Canada. I found myself the other Sunday morning walking along the white and dusty roads from Preston to the pretty little village of Doon, five miles distant, under the fresh October sky, which was divinely blue, in an atmosphere clear and pure from the recent frosts, and beneath trees in all the glory of their autumnal tints. As I drank in the delicious air of the young morning, which literally "turned the unaccustomed head like Chianti wine," and feasted my eyes upon the richly-contrasting colors of the splendid trees, I understood for the first time why Mr. Homer Watson has so persistently made his home here, why he has refused the lionizing which surely would have been his had he yielded to the fascination of city life, here or abroad, and why he has preferred Nature, that greatest of all teachers, to the true artist, to the more easily-acquired and more artificial and superficial teachings of the schools. Mr. Watson has not only loved this country, which is like unto the land of Naphtali of old, "satisfied with favor"; he has sent out on his canvases to Canada and the Old Land its most lovely spots, that all might know its beauty, its great trees, its river pools, where the cattle stand to cool their feet in the long, hot, hazy afternoons, its quaint old mills and farmhouses nestling on the hillsides, its winding river and friendly streams; by the magic of his brush he has shown how goodly is this Canada of ours, how grand it stands, how fair its prospects.

To reach Mr. Watson's home I crossed an old bridge, on the left of which lies the rippling mill dam, with its fringe of silver poplars, dashed here and there with the deep, rich crimson of the creepers, which have wound about them in their rapid summer growth. On the right is the grey old mill, and beyond, the low gravel-strewn bed of the river, which just now is very narrow and shallow, owing to the long drought. Hills, thickly clad with climbing trees, in gorgeous masses of color, the gold of the elm, the sombre, shadowy green of the pine, the vivid crimson of the sumachs, the lighter green of the cedars, the bronze of the oaks, and the myriad brilliant tints of the maple, rise on every hand to the blue of heaven, and glimpses of farm lands, golden with stubble or fair and green with the fall wheat, all divided off with grotesque grey tree stumps, are met at every turn of the head. Directly in front of Mr. Watson's snug little cottage is a magnificent butternut tree, yellowing to its winter's sleep, and hidden behind this and many lesser trees is the home which Mr. Watson has loved so faithfully these many years.

Personally Mr. Watson is charming. Of medium height, he is well built, is fair of skin, has plentiful auburn hair and wide open blue eyes, and wears a moustache and pointed beard. He was clad in tweed knickers and short coat, and with his cloth cap well pulled over his eyes, he was a very pleasing figure as he came forward in cordial greeting, stowing away as he approached his big pipe in his coat pocket. Like most men of real merit he has an unaffected horror of the interviewer or personal paragrapher.

"Why," said he, "anyone should wish to prepare an article about my work, when I deem it just begun, I fail to understand." But a man cannot attain to fame without paying certain penalties; the penalty of being a painter or poet of note, or a literary celebrity, consists in being an object of curiosity to the public which admires his works. It is this very admiration which breeds a desire to know the man, his life, his personality, his environment, his ideals, not altogether in a vulgarly curious way, but to help it in a larger measure to understand the mind and heart of the artist, and through these, his work.

Unlike most of our painters, Mr. Watson is almost entirely self-taught, and the excellence of his productions to-day is wholly owing to the indefatigable work with which he has supplemented his genius. The artistic temperament is a heritage of the Watson family, the father of our painter having been a bit of a musician, given to musical composition, and with a strong liking for decorative art, while Miss Watson, the painter's sister, is well known in the department of ceramic art, and is also a landscape painter of no mean order. But Mr. Homer Watson is undoubtedly the genius of this interesting family. Very early in life his tastes developed, and, curiously enough, his first attempts seem all to have inclined to figure painting. His black and white drawings and sketches of this early period are extremely interesting, because of the wide difference in choice of subjects between his early attempts and his splendid individual work of to-day. In all these early studies, which, after much persuasion on my part, Mr. Watson consented to show me, there is the same love of figures; every one of them shows the human form, in groups or single figures. One of these youthful attempts, out of which Mr. Watson extracted much merriment, was a study for a large picture—a very ambitious and imaginative conception of Ulysses and his mariners being lured to a group of fearsome rocks and cliffs by the singing sirens. "There was nothing too ambitious for me to attempt in those days," said the painter, laughingly. "Trees and farmhouses and cattle were too commonplace for me then!"

But a change came over our boyish painter; he began to open his eyes to the world of nature about him, and in the hundreds of careful studies which he began and continued for years to make, it is not difficult to trace his development. Having no teacher to direct him in his work or to preserve him from wasting time and energy in wrong directions, he literally began at the beginning, and from that time till the present he has fought inch by inch alone for everything in art that is his to-day. But let no one think that this undirected groping after light and form and color has been waste time; it laid the foundation of the rarely sincere and beautiful work with which Mr. Watson is delighting the artistic world to-day, and its influence is seen in the admirable technique which is supremely his among Canadian painters. His first and last teacher in all his difficulties has been nature; he has studied her in all the changeful and beautiful forms she assumes in this quiet valley. Every tree is an old friend with whose peculiar lines and form and color he has been familiar since his childhood; every variation of sky from dawn to dark; from storm to calm; has been noted and fixed upon his canvases; every change of season, with its varied developments of form and color, has been carefully studied, and we have seen what a fascination the storm riding darkly over the hills and up the valley has for this painter of nature.

"Yes," said Mr. Watson, in answer to my question, "I can get in the rakish abandon of our cultivated lands that material which the more prim and tidy appearance of European countries does not furnish. There the land tells the story of man's care and work, while nature is relegated to the background. Here the landscape tells more of the elements; nature has her say and she speaks vigorously of her doings."

"But do you not find it necessary to go to the great centres occasionally for the study of technique and color?"

"Yes. In this last visit I have cleared up many things I had struggled here alone to find the light in. However great a teacher nature may be, she tells us nothing of the processes by which the great things of art are accomplished. In the art centres of the world, we find that the way the thing is done is most thought of; in fact it is a question of art, and they look for style, an individual style, or treatment, founded on what has been formed by a consensus of cultivated opinion to be the best traditions of art."

That Mr. Watson has benefited much by his visit to the old lands is plainly seen in his later pictures. I spent a charmed hour in his studio, prowling about with the privilege of an interviewer, investigating all his sketch books, with their careful studies of trees and cattle, but most of all in delighted study of his more recent canvases. In nothing has he made such progress as in his color, which, though frequently sober in tone, has now that luminous quality which is characteristic of the old masters. Long ago it seemed to many that this was the one thing lacking in Mr. Watson's work to place him easily in the front rank of landscape painters; his drawing is good, his composition admirable, he is not too much given up to detail, and now that he has acquired such beauty and depth of color, combined with that glowing, luminous effect, and harmony of tone, which is so rarely seen here, Canada may well be proud of her son; of producing a master in the arts, who is recognized, not only within her own borders, but by the best critics in London. Toronto sees little of Watson's work, for the simple reason that most of it is now only exhibited in Montreal, where his work is highly appreciated, and in London, Eng. Here Goupil, the famous dealer, has charge of his canvases, and more of his work is exhibited in the famous New Gallery. At present Mr. Watson is engaged in a large picture for the New Gallery, but he hopes to have some canvases for the Academy, which will be held in Toronto in the spring.

One of Mr. Watson's pictures which charmed me has a foreground of magnificent beeches. Between the great trunks in the far distance are the roofs and spire of the village rising darkly against a divinely blue, cloud-flecked sky; the beauty and richness, and depth of color are simply unsurpassed; the suggestion of long distance and the atmospheric effect are wonderful, while the whole canvas has that rich effect as of enamel which one notes in the old masters' work.

Mr. Watson has been called by the critics, the Constable of Canada, and this is undoubtedly very high praise; but his work is so admirable, so individual and so full of rare promise, that it is by no means extravagant to predict for him a place among the great landscape painters of the world, such as is held by Corot, Millet, Turner, Rousseau and others whose names are words to conjure with in the world of art.

Katherine Leslie.

THIS IS NOT NEW.

Piano Swindler Beat Farmer Fordham Out of $450 by an Old Trick.

Ingersoll, Oct. 13.—A piano swindle is the newest fake being worked in country districts. A few days ago an agent appeared on the farm of one Fordham, in Euphemia township, and asked to place a piano in the house, agreeing to give Fordham's daughter music lessons for the privilege of being allowed to take other pupils there. As he got better acquainted with Fordham they entered into an agreement whereby the farmer was to sell three pianos and take the one in the house as his own. Of course the agreement was made in writing. Then the agent went away, and in a few days a man appeared with a note for $450, signed by Fordham, and the latter had to pay it.

Yellow Fever's Work.

Dr. Bryce has word from the South that so far 10 per cent. of those attacked by Yellow Jack have died.

Nobody is Safe from It.

Mr. Jas. Barry, 28 Hunter Street E., Hamilton, Ont., says: "For the past five years I have had Bright's disease of the kidneys in its worst form. My kidneys were in such a frightful condition that they discharged blood.

"I was unable to work, and most of the time could not sleep. I became so excited and suffered such fearful pains in my back, that I was unable to do the least thing. I was in the hospital, where I was treated by several physicians, and I also took many kinds of medicine, but without relief until I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Spackman's drug store last January.

"Since taking them I have been getting better rapidly. I can now work without inconvenience. They restored my strength, removed the pains from my back, made my kidneys healthy and strong, so that they are able to perform their work easily and well, thereby carrying off all the poisonous secretions which before used to mingle with my blood, and became diffused through my entire system.

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Cutting and Splitting 50 Cents Extra.

P. BURNS & CO.

Phone 131. 38 King-street E.

NOTICE!

Leave your order for Transfer of Baggage at Verral order and checking office,

2 KING ST. EAST.

Baggage checked at residence to destination. 246

CHARCOAL! CHARCOAL! CHARCOAL!

Buy it from your grocer or hardware store.

If he happens to be such a back number as not to have it in stock, 'phone us at 114.

HAMILTON & CO.,
79 and 81 George St.