John Fannin, Naturalist

An Appreciation by Annie Grahame.

Out of the past there comes to me ringing fresh and clear as in the days of yore the sound of childish laughter mingling with a deeper roar, a mellow, soulful roar, the stirring laughter of a man who loves children and music and birds and animals—the laughter-provoking laugh of Jack Fannin. I remember—ah, now that death has taken him away how well I remember—the quaint, old cottage at Hastings, by the blue, tranquil waters of Burrard Inlet. There was only one sanctuary in Hastings and only one divinity; and that shrine was Jack Fannin's little shoe shop, and himself the jovial lord of our tomboy pleasures. There, upon his' cobbler's leather-seated box, I see him bending over some boot or shoe, a semicircle of laughing, chattering girls and boys before him, and he laughing as only he could laugh—the deep-chested ha! ha! ha! from the heart-depths of as chivalrous a soul as ever lived. We would pester him for scraps of leather to make shoes for our dolls, and he never refused to grant the plea. He would cut and carve pieces of fancy leather for us and laugh and laugh again, watching us trying to trim them into semblance of foot-gear. Sometimes he would sing a verse, sometimes tell us a story, always with a merry ending. In Jack's little sitting-room, off the shop, stood a little organ, and all round the room were stuffed birds and animals, silent witnesses alike to his tastes and to his skill in taxidermy. In a corner stood his gun, a great comfort to us young people, and we firmly believed in bears and goblins of the woodland dells and Jack was very fond of telling fairy tales. Sometimes we would set off up the lonely road that wound past Hastings and away through the forests to Westminster, bent on blackberrying. Jack would always step to the door and call after us: "Take care of the bears, children. Let me know if you see any bears!" Well he knew, of course, though not we, that there were no bears near Hastings. But we soon felt the force of his parental injunction when Hastings faded from view and the spreading limbs of the forest trees arcaded the road, making a delightful green gloom all around. Soon every nerve was tingling with expectancy and dread. A sound in the underbrush! Off we scampered back to Jack and dashed breathlessly into his shop screaming: "Jack, Jack, bring the gun, there's a bear!" With becoming gravity he would take the gun from its resting place, throw it across his shoulder and march up the road at the head of our procession. "I'll soon fix him," he would say with a strange quiver in his voice like suppressed laughter. When we would come to the spot he would carefully examine all the corners with many a mock start of surprise, as if the bear were there, so that he might make us scamper off down the road, to be brought back again, shamefaced by his joyous peals of laughter. "Oh, it was only a woodpecker or blue jay," he would say, laughing at us again, and back we would march with him to the little shop. One of us would throw open the organ and play a childish piece and immediately Jack would rest aside his awl and, last, get down his cornet and accompany the organist—he was an excellent cornet player. He was also a member of an orchestra in New Westminster. But of all our gleeful sports none excelled our crab-spearing and crab-bakes, at which Jack was always present. What a picture it was! The glowing fire on the green and chattering girls and boys seated around it, all eagerly awaiting the feast. Mr. Fannin—how strange it seems to call him "Mr." and not "Jack," as we all did in those dear days that are no more, and that shall come again no more—always presided at those feasts, showing us how to extract the greatest amount of nourishment from the shells. We all sat round in a row, the happiest, merriest crew in all broad British Columbia, and the life and spirit of the gathering was Jack Fannin. If ever he heard that some of us children had gone out sailing, his anxiety and uneasiness were great. Not until we were safely landed back again and gathered around his ever-open doors was he at ease. His was the skilful, tender hand that bound up the cut fingers of the children; his was the soothing voice that turned the sobs of childish grief into laughter and brought the smiles through the tears of juvenile sorrow like the sun-burst of April through the rain. "Beware," says Lavater, "of him who likes not children, music and bread." How true. There was a man who loved children and music and to whom his bread was sweet, because it was earned by cheerful toil. And those merry tramps through the woods with Jack as old Megg's shingle mill away in the forest, who can forget them? Our belief in the power of our escort was unbounded. We really feared no bear or other terror of the forest as long as we had Jack Fannin's coat sleeve to cling to and could hear his voice forever chaffing and laughing at us. "Oh, there's a bear, there's a bear, Jack!" one would screech as a twig snapped in the underbrush, and the whole party would run back and seize Jack by the arm. And Jack would stand there, I see him now, making the wildwood ring again with peal and peal of the heartiest laughter I ever heard. Jack was not above raising a false alarm himself occasionally, and he would laugh at our scare until the tears ran down his cheeks. I never think of Mr. Fannin, I who knew him from my childhood, without involuntarily coupling with the mental image in my memory Tennyson's lines:

"How'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Mr. Fannin had in no mean degree the story-teller's true gift, and he could recount his experiences with that strange, fascinating grace which belongs only to the born weaver of tales and holds old and young to the end. I remember that he once wrote a little set of verses in my autograph album when we children were returning to Westminster after the summer holidays. Even as a child I was struck with the charm of the ideas so happily expressed. In the rolling of the years that have passed since those happy days of childhood that book has gone the way of many another cherished relic. So far as I can recollect the lines ran somewhat thus:

Ah, fair, ah, sweet ones, you come, you go,
As swallows find the Southland track;
But glad I gaze ahead and know
That you'll return to bother Jack!

The waves roll in upon the shore,
The long kelp floats amidst its wrack;
The winter winds howl round my door:
"They'll come with summer to bother Jack."

The editorial suggestion in the Colonist that some suitable memorial should be erected to the memory of this good, old pioneer, a man who merited comparison in many ways with John Burroughs, the venerable American naturalist, is one that should be carried out. Lives like John Fannin's remind us that the simple annals of the poor contain many pages bright with the record of traits which perhaps have a higher value for humanity than even the feats that win great financial rewards. To all who knew the late Mr. Fannin as we, children of the pioneers, knew him, it seems only right and proper that some lasting tribute to his memory should be set up. I hope for the credit of my native province that it will be.

I do not know whether the late Mr. Fannin made much formal profession of religion, but as I remember this old friend I feel how appropriate to him are the poet's words:

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

THE LATE JOHN FANNIN.

TOURIST ASSOCIATION, ATTENTION.

If the authorities at our seaside towns are anxious to attract the holiday-makers, they must give the latter something else than fresh air, for homemade fresh air is not better than the Continental article. The band-stand on the treeless parade, the continual walking up and down the "sea-wall" in crowds, and the occasional luncheon and dinner at the monster hotel, are not sufficient features to constitute a "change."—The Graphic.

MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS

She was an actress, he a marquis. They neither loved nor knew each other. The theatre was the scene of her triumphs, while his triumphs were over.

She was a star in its zenith; every evening the people raved over her at the Theatre Lyrique. His sun had set; no one greeted him when he passed, for his name, although one of the proudest borne by the nobility of France, could not be read in his face, a face which had grown pale and emaciated by care and privations; and although his escutcheon contained a golden hand set in a red square, his coat was threadbare and the wind played at will through the holes of his velvet bodice as well as those in his shoes.

Her naked shoulders were bedecked with diamonds at night; fortunes were squandered for her—he had lost his own for others.

But in spite of all that she only remained Demoiselle Duchene of the Theatre Lyrique, while he was still the Marquis of Saint-Fleury, and had he only possessed the clothes befitting his rank, those doors of the Boulevard St. Germain which would forever remain closed to Demoiselle Duchene, in spite of her youth and beauty, would have flung wide to allow the representative of so illustrious a name to enter.

She had already experienced this oftener than she liked.

FOR SHE WAS AMBITIOUS. Her common-place name was a thorn in the flesh to the enchanted bird, which dreamed of nesting high on syrie cliffs.

While the singer lived in luxury, the nobleman almost starved; and when the woman heard of the sad plight of the poor marquis, a most singular plan evolved in her mind. She cared not so much about regilding this ancient crest, but rather wished to make it her own.

She communicated with him by means of a letter. Admired and courted on all sides, she desired to exchange her plebian name without weighing herself down with a husband; and he, bereft of everything, yes, almost of the necessaries of life, submitted to the humiliation of accepting money and in return giving his name to the young woman.

It did not take them long to arrive at an understanding the wanton transaction was made, the particulars being drawn up by the lady.

Article I. The Marquis of Saint-Fleury will appear in the church of Saint Roche, on Wednesday, the 28th inst., to be married to me. Having neither the time nor the inclination to bother about acquiring the necessary documents, I shall therefore send him fifty louis d'ors to settle the matter.

The marquis answered: The proposition is accepted. Everything will be ready by the 28th inst., but I regret to inform Mademoiselle Duchene that I will need twenty extra louis d'ors as I shall have to invest in a new coat and hat in order to appear at the function suitably.

Article II. The marquis will bring a friend with him. I shall do the same. The marquis will give me his hand and lead me to the altar, where the ceremony is to be performed.

The marquis answered: Accepted. Although it is humiliating to me that I am not to call for you at your house. Regarding the bringing of a friend, it is with regret that I must refuse to comply with this request, all my friends having turned from me. Should you insist, shall bring my shoemaker, with me, as he is the only person who has remained faithful to me.

Article III. Immediately after the ceremony the marquis will receive £500, this being the quarterly allowance of £1,200, to be paid to him annually until his death by my attorney.

The marquis answered laconically: We meet in the street or elsewhere, we shall pretend not to know each other.

This stipulation of the contract was signed most cheerfully signed by the marquis.

"Accepted and agreed to with all my heart."

A week later the marriage took place, all conditions being scrupulously observed. The contracting parties

SCARCELY LOOKED AT EACH OTHER

before the altar, as they mutually despised each other quite cordially and were ashamed of their actions.

But when the Marquis ede Saint-Fleury stepped into her coach after leaving the church, she carried her head still higher than Ninon Duchene had ever done, while the marquis walked to his simple abode, bowed down by the weight of the action he had just performed, an action dictated only by the most urgent necessity.

Several years after this event the revolution swept over France with such might as to cause all social institutions to totter and to crumble. Everything, such as classes, fortunes, ranks, and names were shaken up as forcibly as if they had been mere seeds in the hands of a farmer. On these ruins a new world arose, formed by a gigantic outburst of ideas, of genius, of crimes and virtue, of meanity and heroic courage. One lived, so to speak, on the threshold of death, and dying became the highest, most beautiful act of life. By the autocratic ruling of crazed assemblages, people were conducted to the guillotine by the score, all equally suspicious and equally innocent. The faith which had upneld and consoled former generations debased, had, in fact, become mockery, while royalty was beheaded, great names were cast into oblivion and the nobility was done away with entirely.

And the bird-like sail of Ninon Duchene, who dreamed she was perched on a high rock, was soon again to be caught by the storm and thrown into a prison of Cannes. Doubtlessly the Citoyenne Duchene would have been permitted to warble her larklike songs in peace, but it was a different matter with the Marquise de Saint-Fleury; she was condemned to the punishment which befell all the nobility—all those called "ci-devant."

One day—it was in the Thermidor of 1794—she was requested to appear in the Court of the Conciergerie. Her name was among those on the list which had been presented to the Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser. This proved to be her pass for the guilotine.

When she entered this place, which meant the anti-chamber of death,

SHE TREMBLED ALL OVER

so that she tottered more than she walked. Two guards had to support her. This woman, who had not known how to live rightly, was preparing to die as badly. She denied the fine, high name which she had been so eager to acquire, and with which she had been wont to boast, shrieking out her plebeian origin. But nobody believed her, since her carriages, her linen, her writing paper, all bore the emblem of a crown, and the mob which formed a living wall in the rear of the Court, that pitiless mob which generally applauded heroism and as cruelly mocked at weakness, hissed at the woman who was haggling for her life with the judges.

She was young, she was beautiful, and she clung to life like to nothing else. Hope, which comes to all the unfortunate, had not left her in prison. With eager eyes and hatted breath she peered into the crowd, so wild and repugnant to her. No relative, no friend, no protector in sight, ready to face the judges and tell them that larks must not be beheaded, that such as she can only sing and frolic, but do not know aught of death.

High up into a hundred of those sentenced unto death stood in the courtyard, hustled together, and whenever a name was read by the public accuser, the bearer would quietly and proudly march to the cart, hang a simple farewell by look or word; for did not liberty, the liberty beyond the bloody gates, await them over yonder? But there was one who rebelled; she was not ready yet to leave this mundane sphere.

SUDDENLY SHE GREW PALE

unto the lips; a name, her name, that of the Marquise de Saint-Fleury, was called out in the loud sharp voice of the terrible man. She remained silent—her throat parched with fear—and the name rang out clearly. But already another voice had responded. It came from among the spectators, perched on the high wall outside the prison, and proudly answered—"Here!" The judges surprised, looked up in the direction from which the voice had issued, and a guard exclaimed—"Be quiet up there, you wag!"

The judges frowned, and resumed their gravity, repeated—

"Marquise de Saint-Fleury!"

And a second time the voice from above was heard in loud, clear tones, speaking somewhat impatiently—"Here, I say!"

Confusion ensued. Threats were uttered against the disturber who dared to interrupt such important proceedings.

"Bring him here," commanded the judges.

In a moment more two heavy hands were laid on the stranger's shoulders, who willingly followed the guard. A slight commotion ensued, as the former entered the court, for the crowd voted him either a lunatic or one not much better off, to thus foolishly risk his life by voluntarily entering this place, which meant sure death to him.

"What right had you to disturb the proceedings?" was the question sternly put to him.

"Citoyens, you called my name. I answered. I am the Marquis de Saint-Fleury!"

"You? You are crazy."

"I beg your pardon, citoyens! I haven't lost my head yet, but no doubt you will attend to that!" And he bowed mockingly to the judges.

A GRIM AS LAUGH FOLLOWED THIS SALLY.

The man who thus presumed to joke about death was of middle age, apparently, and although poorly clad, had that indescribable something in his appearance and manner which betokened the gentleman. He spoke with singular politeness; his hands and feet were remarkably small for a man.

He drew some papers of identification from his pockets and handed them to the judges with unmistakable gratification. The latter examined them rapidly, and recognizing their validity, hiarshly accosted the man:—

"What brings you here?" Why do you thrust yourself upon us? It was not your name we had upon the list, but that of the ci-devant marquise."

All eyes were now turned upon the pale woman, who stood apart with downcast eyes, as if ashamed of her cowardice. What would the marquis do? Was he about to annihilate her in revenge for the humiliation to which she had subjected him on that memorable and only former occasion on which they had met, or had he come to sacrifice himself in her place? At the first glance she had recognized the man whose misfortune she had once taken advantage of without any qualms of conscience.

"Is this your wife?"

Looking at her with a keen glance, the marquis turned to the judges and said:—

"I beg your pardon, citoyens, but I have lived alone all my life."

This reply was given in so simple and straightforward a manner, that no one doubted it for an instant; nay, more than this, its veracity was confirmed by one of the guards, who, recognizing our friend, hastened to explain that it was the truth the Citoyen Saint-Fleury, who happened to live next door to him, quite alone, and who, though poor, shared with those poorer than himself. The guard was interrupted. This counted for nothing, they told him, for why did he thus expose himself in such a reckless manner? The woman was undeniably beautiful, and many believed that he disclaimed her in order to save her life, for such sacrifices were

EVERYDAY OCCURRENCES

at that time.

He was confronted with the accused woman. "Do you mean to tell us, Citoyen Fleury, that you do not know this woman?"

The marquis looked at her, and seeing both her beauty and her fear, for she was trembling visably, bowed gallantly, and in recollection of his promise replied:—"Madam, I regret the fact, but I have not the honor of knowing you."

Then turning to the judges, he continued:—

"Citoyens, she is the Citoyenne Ninon Duchene, of the Theatre Lyrique. * * Is it possible that you are now decapitating ear larks?"

She lifted her head, newly buoyed by hope, and for the first time in her life she took a good look at the marquis. The face of this man, who was voluntarily courting death that she might enjoy life, was at this moment beautiful, reflecting the noble soul within.

The judges sneered. "Tell your fairy tales to the marines! This woman is not the celebrated Duchene!"

"Why not allow the citoyenne to sing?" calmly proposed the marquis. "Her voice will testify for her better than any words!"

"Yes, let her sing, let her sing!" was the universal clamour.

Ninon Duchene did not have to be coaxed long. Her courage returned as soon as she was allowed to fight with her own weapons. She was confident of victory on this field, for had she not always been the favorite of the public? She closed her eyes for a moment, forgot the luckless place about her, and began singing as she had never sung before, with her life at stake.

She sank a simple Breton ditty, putting her whole heart and soul into the song in which a mother mourns for her lost sailor boy.

Her success was wonderful. A short lull ensued in the revolutionary storm, for the song came home to all; for were they not all, like the poor sailor lad, at sea—at sea on the turbulent waves of passion, and had they not all either a mother or a sister, or some dear one, mourning for the absent son or brother.

One of the judges applauded, and the crowd immediately followed suit in a burst of that beautiful enthusiasm so characteristic of that nation.

Ninon looked around, heaving

A DEEP SIGH OF SATISFACTION.

The only person who remained indifferent, showing no sign of appreciation, was the Marquis de Saint-Fleury. "He probably despises me for singing for my life," Ninon said to herself, blushing with shame.

"Citoyenne Duchene, we were deceived; your name was suspicious, hence our mistake!" decided one of the judges; when another voice interposed in derision—"Of course everyone knows that these ladies of the stage are fond of assuming high-falutin' names!"

"Release her!" commanded the judges.

Ninon Duchene was saved.

An impudent guardsman approached her with a gallant familiarity, whispering into her ear. The sham marquise was no longer an object of respect to him; she was nothing more now than a woman his equal, and one no doubt to be easily conquered. But Ninon's whole soul revolted. After her sojourn on the border-land of death, she would have none of this infamous life.

The marquis had scornfully turned his back on her, ready to deliver himself up.

"Why this delay, citoyens?" he queried. "I am the last of my race, and wish to go the way my sovereign went."

After his uneventful life and inglorious marriage, this voluntary death, it seemed to him, would somewhat redeem the honor of his noble family. He felt a freer man than he had been in leading a dependent life. This woman, bah!—so beautiful and yet so cowardly.

She must have read his thoughts. Her face crimsoned with shame.

"Well, my pretty Ninon, will thou not come with me?" The guardsman put his arm around her, familiarly, but she thrust him aside with a jesture of contempt and ran to the man who had saved her, and who was going to sacrifice himself in her place, after having taught her a lesson in true nobility.

"Marquis, I release you from your promise!" He looked at her in astonishment, pretending not to understand her.

"Citoyenne you are free; what more do you wish? Be still."

She blushed painfully, comprehending the deep scorn with which he treated her, and became possessed of the ardent desire to win the esteem of this man, who now despised her. Her face shone with

A MALEFACTOR PAYS LAST PENALTY

Execution of Confessed Killer of Five Persons Who Objected to Delay.

New York, June 27.—Frank Henry Burness, one of the most remarkable prisoners that ever occupied the death house at Sing Sing prison, went to his death in the electric chair today with a smile on his face. He walked from his cell, and, seating himself in the chair, assisted the men in adjusting the straps which were to bind him. Four electric shocks were given before he was pronounced dead.

The crime for which Burness was executed was the killing of Capt. Geo. B. Townsend of the schooner Charles Buckley last November, but he also confessed to having murdered no less than four persons. Townsend was killed during a dispute over wages amounting to about $20, which Burness claimed was due him. After his arrest Burness freely admitted having killed Townsend and voluntarily told of other murders he had done. When convicted of the latest crime and brought up for sentence, he announced that he was willing to waive the six weeks that the law requires to elapse between the time of sentence and the execution. Despite his objections the case was carried to the Court of Appeals and the long delay resulted. The sentence was affirmed, however, and the week beginning at midnight today was set for carrying it into effect. When informed that the end was to come at last Burness expressed himself as pleased that there would be no more delays. "I deserve to die," Burness told the prison officials who brought the news to him, "and the sooner they put an end to my troubles the better. I've got an uncontrollable temper, and if released would only commit more violent crimes. I'd kill a man for five cents as quick as for anything else. It's better that I should die, and it can't come any too soon to suit me."

Burness was born in Butler, Pa., 44 years ago, and had followed the sea nearly all his life.

What struck everybody most at Lady Willcocks' reception at Secunderabad was the excellent performance of the pipers of the 84th Punjabis. It would have done credit to our best-known Highland regiments, and showed once how pipe music has caught on among the native hill troops.—Army and Navy Gazette.

Antonin Dvorak's Musical Genius

By Staccato in London Leader.

The death of Dvorak makes a large gap in the very small ranks of composers of the first magnitude. It must be taken for granted that he had his proper place in those ranks, though this honor will be denied to him by some, because he cannot truthfully be said of him that he invented any new form or enlarged the scope of any existing kind of music. But he enriched nearly every branch of musical art with works of genuine and sincere beauty which bear the unmistakable imprint of his personality.

Times have changed much since the days when Dvorak first attracted the attention of the larger public outside his native Bohemia. It was the fashion to divide music into—German and not German—and everything that was not German was looked on as probably half civilized and certainly inferior. It was Liszt and Brahms who, by opening the world to the music of Hungary, did much to show the absurdity of such division, at about the same time as the music of Russia was winning a place for itself among the respectable things of art. Dvorak, with his "Klange aus Mahren," closely followed by his "Slavonic Dances," did for his native Bohemia what had been done for other Slavonic countries. The work had been begun before him by Smetana, but the nupil became famous before his master.

A HARD STRUGGLE.

It was the "Klange aus Mahren" which attracted the attention of Brahms, and secured for Dvorak, at that time a humble violin player in the orchestra of the National Theatre of Prague, a chance of recognition and a prospect of worldly comfort. At that time he had already composed a great deal, but little of his work had seen the light. And thus, as the writer in Grove's Dictionary points out, it seemed to the musical world of Europe to have suddenly come to maturity.

But in truth the struggle had been a hard one. The son of a butcher at Nelahozeves or Muhlhausen, near Kralup, he had been destined for his father's business, and his first efforts had been made under the most discouraging conditions. It is said that his first orchestral work—a Polka composed for the edification of his family—resulted in the most excruciating discords because he did not, at the time, know hos to write for the transposing instruments. That this should have happened to him who was almost a fanatical worshipper of euphony, indeed almost looks like one of life's little ironies. One may compare it with the dictum of the great professor that little Joseph Joachim would never make a violinist.

HIS MASTERPIECE.

The only work of Dvorak widely known at the time in question—as it was a choral Hymnus which had been performed at Prague; but he had already composed operas, symphonies, charming music, numberless songs, and above all, his "Stabat Mater," which posterity will probably call his greatest work. Its singular beauty and elevation of feeling seems to be among those things which belong to all time. It is not in any sense Bohemian, but breathes the very spirit of the great epoch of Italian music; and it shows the complete mastery of all musical source. His two other important sacred works are the "Requiem," composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1894, and the "St. Ludmilla," composed for the Leeds Festival of 1886. It is not one of his most successful works for he had striven too hard to reproduce the Mendelssohnian and Handelian methods of thought and expression to which—not altogether unreasonably—he believed the British public to be wedded. He had great versatility and adaptability; but he was not like Saint-Saens, who can sit down and write in any style without seeming to lose flexibility or individuality.

There is a pathetic interest attaching to "St. Ludmilla," for it was the last work which he conducted one week or two ago at the National Festival at Prague.

The "Requiem" is not on the same spiritual level as the "Stabat Mater," but it is full of beauties of melody and happy touches of orchestration. But it is inclined to be a little over-sweet. The point of view is more than that of the average man, and it suggests no new thoughts to the hearer. The same criticism applies more or less to "The Spectre's Bride," also a work written for an English Festival. This, too, is full of charm and beauty, and orchestral devices which were startlingly fresh and new at the time of their birth. But it is a musical embodiment of the pictorial rather than the spiritual side of the legend.

AN "UNINTELLECTUAL."

It is this characteristic which has led some critics to call him an "unintellectual" musician. In one sense that epithet is, of course, absurd, as applied to any composer, because the man who can compose even a bad piece of music must have some intellect; but in the sense that Dvorak's music does not stimulate thought—as in their widely different ways Brahms and Wagner do—and seems to have no special relation to the culture of the day—as Mozart and Beethoven undoubtedly had—the epithet may be applied to him. But if so, he is in good company, for the inventor of the division of composers into "intellectual" and "unintellectual" considers Schubert the chief of the unintellectuals.

He had, indeed, much in common with Schubert—the apparently inexhaustible flow of melody, the passionate love of beauty for its own sake, the occasional lack of concentration and tendency to deviate into episodes, and, lastly, in the music of neither can one find traces that the intellectual movements of the hour affected them.

LAST DAYS.

The last epoch of Dvorak's career began in 1892, when he went to accept the post of president of the newly-founded New York Conservatoire. While there he conceived the idea of attempting to form a National School of American Music, founded on the tunes of the Negroes. The result of this is found in the ever-welcome Symphony "From the New World," and the almost equally well-known Negro Quartets and Quintets. They are delightful works, but whether they will help to achieve the objects Dvorak had at heart time only can show.

Still later Dvorak attempted to fall into line with the most modern developments, and wrote a series of Symphonic Poems in which he attempted to tell fairy tales in music. His native charm of melody and skill in orchestration did not forsake him, but he did not realize the nature of the problem. He apparently forgot Liszt's dictum that in a good Symphonic Poem the musical and poetical elements must be nicely balanced, and neither must be neglected; and here Dvorak thought too little of the music.

He was by nature an "absolute" musician, and his fame will rest on the beauty of his musical ideas, his skill in craftsmanship, and his fresh and sincere expression of the Czechist temperament in music, which is neither silence in its elation as that of the Magyar, nor so gloomy in its dejection as that of the Russian. His music has not the irresistible artistic logic nor the massive architectonic power of the great Germans; but it has many of the qualities which make for vitality—and, above all, he was always true to himself.

IMPENDING CHANGES IN DISTRIBUTION OF PETROLEUM.

At various times efforts have been made to shake the monopoly of the Standard Oil Company, so far, however without success. Recent combinations did fair to bring about more important results, as they are able to offer a far more powerful opposition to the Standard Oil Company than any previous competitors. The new grip comprises a number of financially strong undertakings and petroleum fields in many different parts of the world, such as Dutch India, Russia (the Rothschild group), Texas, etc., the springs and refineries belonging to a number of good-sized companies, foremost amongst which is the Shell Transport, with a capital of £3,000,000. The "Koninklijke Nederlandsche Petroleum Maatsch" (the Royal Netherlands Petroleum Company) has a capital of 11,500,000 florins; and the Moera Enim Company of 8,000,000 florins, etc. Several conditions are apparently in favor of the new combine, amongst others the reported shortness of supply of raw material for the Standard Oil Company; and in Germany, for instance, a distinct feeling in favor of the new concern, German finance favoring Roumanian petroleum, and the government itself being supposed to sympathise with an anti-Standard Oil Company movement. European governments do not seem to favor the large American company. It was the Roumanian government which upset the Standard Oil Company's plans in that country, and as it was the Dutch Colonial Secretary who interfered when the Standard Oil Company had virtually come to terms with the large Moera Enim Company in Sumatra.—Engineering.

Made Swindling A Fine Art

Extraordinary Career of an Impostor Who Had Great Genius.

How He Obtained Huge Sums From His Credulous Victims.

It is noteworthy that for several years past the police in various European capitals have been seeking a man who has swindled various people out of thousands of pounds on the pretext that he was possessed of the plans of German fortresses, for which the French Government were prepared to pay him huge sums of money.

This mysterious individual was described as the "Prince of Swindlers." He has lived in the most expensive hotels upon the money obtained from his victims and his society was much sought after owing to his charming manners.

"Morgan," "Ferguson" and "Baron von Schelia" are a few of the names under which he is alleged to have made the acquaintance of many people in fashionable hotels and to have swindled them out of sums of money varying in amount from a few hundred pounds to thousands.

His method of obtaining money was ingenious and bold, but it was in details according to circumstances. It was, in fact, a brilliant elaboration of the confidence trick. Posing under one of his aliases, he would call upon persons who believed in him that he was in communication with a German officer, who was prepared to sell him the plans of the fortifications of Metz or Strasburg, or both. In order that for these documents a Marquis, acting for the French Minister of War, was prepared to pay a very large sum of money—sometimes as much as £320,000. He would induce his victim to secretly meet the "Marquis," who would offer large sums for the plans, but not so much as the "Baron" desired and negotiations would have to be entered into. Hotels were watched, but the "Baron" was living in affluence abroad and Scotland Yard could do nothing.

As regards the arrest in the present case, Mr. Harris and his friend, Mr. Birkbeck, working in collusion with the Scotland Yard detectives, pretended to carry on the negotiations for Mr. Birkbeck to meet "Ferguson" and the "Marquis de Mandeville" at the Hotel Moderne, Orleans, to hand over a sum of money. All kept the appointment and so did the police.

The hotel was surrounded and a motor car was in readiness to be used for purposes of pursuit if necessary. The precautions were not taken without need, for "Ferguson" did succeed in escaping in a cab, and was not captured until he had reached the Secot railroad station—four miles away. He was about to go away by train when the police motor car dashed up to the station. He had 23,000 francs in his possession, but the "Marquis" who was to pay £320,000 for the bogus plans in Mr. Harris' possession, had no more than 17 francs in his pocket. On learning of the arrest Mr. Harris crossed to Paris to join Mr. Birkbeck in assisting the police in bringing "Ferguson" to justice.

Between two and three years ago "Baron von Schelia" ruined a London doctor by inducing him to part with £1,500—the whole of his fortune. Schelia, who then lived at a private hotel in Bayswater, where the doctor with his wife also resided, produced to him the "secret plans" of Metz, Strasburg and Breslau, and the drawings of a new German gun.

These, of course, were fictitious, but he pursuaded the doctor that he was to receive 2,000,000 francs for them from the French government, and promised him £6,000 as his share.

Another gentleman living in the same hotel was also victimized. The doctor was taken to Holland and introduced to the "Count de Reville," who agreed on behalf of the French government to pay 2,000,000 for the plans.

A final meeting was arranged to take place at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, but the doctor, having parted with all his money, waited in vain for the Count and Baron.—London Mail.

DEAD SEA STEAMERS.

In response to a petition from the inhabitants interested, the Sultan has decided to grant a service of steamboats on the Dead Sea. All the proceeds of the undertaking will go to his Majesty's private purse. There will be a land transport service from the interior of Palestine in connection with various ports on the Sea, and the vast quantities of wheat, barley, salt, wool and other products of these districts will now have a profitable outlet. A German company has already tapped this source of wealth by using mules and camels, but with the advent of the Dead Sea steamers a new era of prosperity is confidently expected.

WILL AMERICAN WHEAT SUPERSEDE RICE?

A strong point made by the flour-mill magnates of the Western States (a writer in the Booklovers' Magazine states) is that, when any considerable number of the millions of China shall have taken to flour, the entire wheat-growing area of the world will not be sufficient to supply the demand. "Even if all of Japan should become a flour-eating people," he said, "the whole available supply of the Pacific Coast would provide this commodity for only twenty per cent of the population of that kingdom." There is likelihood, too, that a greater portion of the inhabitants of Japan will acquire the habit of using flour. It was represented to the Mikado by his ablest advisers that, in modelling the Japanese army on the latest military standard of the modern powers, the important matter of diet has been overlooked. Not only had all modern nations a standing army, but the food of these formidable hosts consisted in great measure of wheat products. Rice-eating regiments, it was feared, might not be able successfully to contend with a foe whose sinews were built of wheat. Japan, to be up-to-date, must maintain not only a big, well-equipped and well-drilled military force, but its soldiers, like those of other civilized lands, must eat flour. So an imperial edict went forth recently; and now every soldier in the armies of Japan gets a daily ration of Oregon, Washington or California flour. The czars of the Emperor will mark the beginning of a very important chapter in commercial history, for this mandate on the part of the Mikado has already greatly stimulated the demand in the Kingdom for wheat products, the people being alert to keep abreast of whatever is decided to be progress along modern lines.

TWENTY DOLLAR TOADS.

Wex J., the humorist of the Portland Oregonian, writes: How much do you think a toad is worth? The writer of a monograph issued by the Department of Agriculture values a common or garden toad at $19.44, an amount based upon a simple calculation. Many families, says this authority, pay the children 1 cent for each cut-worm they destroy. Now in the course of a season of ninety days, says this statistician, a toad will gobble up 1944 worms. At one cent a piece the toad has saved popper $19.44, and the children are out that amount. This is a fascinating line of research, and it is pleasant to know that the Department of Agriculture is not entirely given over to the preparation of dry figures showing that the Nation, sending abroad more than it is paid for, has a favorable balance of trade. There is just one point that is not quite clear. Why doesn't the toad eat 56 more worms and make itself worth an even $20?

The prize of £2,000 offered by Signor Sonzogno, the well known music publisher of Milan, for the best one-act opera has been won by M. Gabriel Dupont, a French composer, with a work entitled "La Cabrera."

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Dominion News Note

Ontario Medical Association sires to Check Misrepresen tation By Quacks.

The Principal of London Sch Suicides While Suffering From Melancholia.

Another Mine Added to Ros land's Shippers—The Le-Roi.

Toronto, July 2.—The Ontario Med Association wants the Dominion gov ment to legislate to make it a misdeme to say in advertising a patent medi that the article will cure any spec which ingredients do not warrant. T also want legislation to require the for la on each package in order to prev imposition by selling poisonous and inj ous drugs, and also the strength of a hol in the medicines.

LIBERALS NOMINATED.

Newcastle, Ont., July 2.—Liberals the united counties of Durham have n inated Robert Beith, sitting member West Durham, as candidate at next g eral elections.

TEACHER'S SUICIDE.

London, July 2.—Principal R. M. Grah of Simcoe street school, and has been s fering from melancholia for some ti threw himself in front of a moving lo motive at St. Mary's junction yesterd afternoon and was ground to pieces. H was on his way with Dr. Tessdall a Mrs. Graham to a sanitarium at Guel and had changed cars at St. Mary's. was while doing this that Mr. Grah slipped from the presence of his wife a jumped off the station platform to t track.

TRAVELER HURT.

Winnipeg, July 2.—Mr. English, trav er for the Waterous Engraving Works, w brought into Brandon hospital from A cola suffering from serious injuries received in a chemical explosion.

ANOTHER SHIPPER.

Rossland, B. C., July 2.—The Cliff mi has rejoined the working list here aft being closed down for four years. It w employ ten men in preliminary work, i creasing rapidly as men can be utilize Arrangements have been made for shipme of four cars of ore to the Granby smelt as an experiment to determine the treatment rates, and similar consignments w probably go out to other smelters. Th cliff now is controlled by John R. Coc and E. L. Tate, both of Spokane, and w be under the charge of Robert Angus, la of the Le Roi company. The Iron Mas mine has shipped two cars of dump ore to Granby. If the results are satisfactor a considerable tonnage will be sent out an the mine opened up. Developing funds. A the mines closed down on Dominion Day and shipments are lower than usual in co sequence, the figures for the week endin tonight are as follows: Le Roi, 1,475; Centre Star 1,850; War Eagle 900; Le Ro 2,200; Le Roi smelled 2300; Spitzee 90; Koot visers, 120; Rossland Miner, 20; for ye 4,535; for the year to date, 135,412 tons.

THE LE ROI MINE.

Anthony J. McMillan, managing directo of the Le Roi company, left last night fo the east and may go to London for a week before returning to Rossland. He de parture he made a statement to the Ross land Miner, saying in part, as regards th future: "I may say, notwithstanding ru mors to the contrary, it is not our presen intention to close either the Le Roi min or the Northport smelter. Since I arrive here I have done everything possible t keep things moving along at both places and hope to continue this policy. The min is in good condition, and there is a very large amount of ore in sight. Much of the low grade ore we hope to concen trate and is now being carried out are successful. High grade ore and concen trates are to be smelted.

NELSON CELEBRATION.

Nelson, B. C., July 2.—The celebration closed today and the sports were even bet ter than yesterday. The leading attrac tion was on the lake front, where boat and launch races were held between local launches and boat crews. The citizens and visitors turned out in large numbers. There were 33 gasolene and steam launches which participated in the races. In the firemen's races the War Eagle team of Rossland won the set race in 24 3-5; the same team also won the hub and hub race, Nelson being close second. There were four entries, Trail and Phoenix also competing in both events. In the drilling contest completed this morning the Faulds brothers of Greenwood won first prize with 37 1-4 inches, Taylor and Hart of the Venus mines second, with 31 inches, and Arthur and Wein of Ymir won third money with 29 3-4 inches. The lacrosse game was won by Nelson defeating Revelstoke by a score of 4 to 2. Trail defeated Nelson at baseball by 7 to 0. The celebration was successful from the start.

WALTHOUR RECOVERING.

Atlanta, Ga., July 2.—Bobbie Walthour, the champion cyclist, who was severely injured in a race at the Stadium here Thursday night, is rapidly improving. His physician states his recovery is due to his sobriety and wonderful vitality. Walthour says he will be on the track again within a few weeks.

RACING STABLES BURN.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 2.—One of the stables at the Fort Erie, Ont., racing track, sheltering W. L. Hazelip's string of runners, was burned tonight. All the horses in the stable, about 20, escaped, though some run free in the country district. The loss on the stable is not large.

HOPE ABANDONED.

Paris, July 2.—The American embassy and consulate here have given up hope that Kent J. Loomis, who disappeared from the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II. about the time of her arrival at Plymouth, June 20, will be found alive. Letters to this effect have been forwarded to the state department. The letters recommend that a thorough official inquiry be made of the officers of the Kaiser Wilhelm II. when that vessel arrives at New York, as her stops at Cherbourg, Southampton and Plymouth are too brief to permit of