

EVENTS

Published Weekly.

13
Vol. 7, No. 9.

OTTAWA, AUGUST 27, 1904.

Whole No. 284.

The Federal Cabinet.

THE daily papers are discussing a rumor that Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, K.C., Toronto, has been, or is to be offered a portfolio in the Federal Cabinet. If there is anything in this report it can only mean one thing, and that is the offer of the portfolio of Justice. The man who is responsible for the report is bound to explain to Mr. Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, as to what he is going to do with him. The Globe correspondent did not, it is true, say or even insinuate, that Mr. Aylesworth would take the place now held by Mr. Fitzpatrick, but in our view he said the same thing when he wrote that Mr. Aylesworth would be offered a seat in the Cabinet, because there is only one seat in the Cabinet possible for Mr. Aylesworth, and that is the portfolio of Justice.

Mr. Aylesworth is a man about whom "Don" of Saturday Night said a true thing. That was that when Mr. Aylesworth returned from England, where his action in the Alaskan boundary had stirred the national pulse of Canada, and when in his own person he represented that national sentiment which, though dormant now, undoubtedly exists in Canada.

he could have been given a reception the like of which, perhaps, had never before been witnessed in this country. He could have landed at Quebec, and there, at Montreal, at Ottawa, and at Toronto, he could have been the central figure of demonstrations that would have lived in history, and which would have been in spirit and essence Canada first and any other country in the world second. But, as "Don" truly observed, Mr. Aylesworth was a bigger man. He had not the vanity of Lord Dundonald. He returned to Canada quietly, and at the banquet in Toronto, which he had accepted before leaving England, he chose to appeal to the cautious, sober judgment of the Canadian people, rather than to their passions or their national aspirations. In doing that Mr. Aylesworth performed a service to the empire probably greater than any service performed by any other single individual during the present generation.

Thoughtful men know what Mr. Aylesworth could have done. He could have set the heather on fire in real earnest. At the moment he could have kindled a conflagration the result of which no man

could have foretold. The central idea would have been a spirit of resentment against England for giving away Canadian territory for the sake of friendship with the United States. The sacrifice of Canada by the Mother Country, for the sake of friendship with a foreign people, that is what Mr. Aylesworth had protested against in the presence of the Lord Chief Justice of England. Mr. Aylesworth could have inflamed the people of Canada on that occasion, and raised a storm which perhaps never would have been lulled until something had happened, and that something would have disturbed Downing Street. Mr. Aylesworth being a patriotic Canadian and being a man far above the average, did not seek popular demonstrations nor the cheers of the crowd. He calmly advised quiet submission to the verdict, and the people who would have blazed had he given the signal, took his cool advice and quieted down. There is no doubt in the world of these facts. The people were in a mood to be roused. They wanted to say some pretty strong things, and if rewards are measured by service, England would make Mr. Aylesworth a duke. We are confident, however, that Mr. Aylesworth would not accept a dukedom. He has refused a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of Canada, a prize which many lawyers would give a great deal to gain. Possibly he would take the portfolio of Justice. It is a very important office. The Minister of Justice holds the scales of life and death in all cases where a man is sent to the gallows. He has charge of legislation, and in cases of the exercise of the King's clemency, he is the sole adviser of the Governor-General. It is something, therefore, which Mr. Aylesworth could take, and if the position were vacant, possibly he might, but we will conclude as we began by observing that the position is not vacant, and for discussing it we perhaps owe an apology to Mr. Fitzpatrick.

"The Minister of Justice is in charge of the organization for Quebec district, and it is not possible that Mr. Fitzpatrick will retire from the cabinet before the general election. Whether he retires afterwards or not we do not know. It is a matter within his own discretion. If he does retire he will leave a good record as Minister of Justice, and if he remains, he will continue to be a source of strength to Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the district of Quebec.

Mr. Aylesworth on his return to Toronto told the representatives of the press that he had received no communication on the subject from the only competent person, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He added that he did not believe there would be any cabinet changes. In discussing the subject Mr. Aylesworth felt free to say that the indiscriminate abuse of public men was sufficient to keep men from accepting office. This is a rebuke to a large portion of our Canadian press and to a portion of our public men. Abuse seems to be the stock in trade of some people who dabble in politics. The personal character of the majority of the federal cabinet is above reproach and yet they are often represented as a body of men with no morals, no scruples, and with a black and blackening record. The Laurier administration has been rather a stable one; it was formed in June 1896, and, with the exception of the retirement of Sir Oliver Mowat from the portfolio of Justice, in 1897, there was no change up till the year 1906, when Sir Henry Joly was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. No further change took place for fifteen months, when Sir Louis Davies was made a judge, in October, 1901. There were more changes between 1901 and 1903 than in the previous five years. During these five years, however, it will probably be found that Sir Wilfrid Laurier made a record in keeping almost intact his first cabinet formed in June, 1896.

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Protest Against it.

At the last session of Congress a resolution was adopted requesting the President to take steps to reopen with Great Britain, the question of pelagic sealing in Behring Sea. For some reason or other the United States government has been moved by interested parties to endeavour to re-open this question, which was settled in 1893 by the tribunal which met at Paris. The decision at that time was, like most international decisions between two great powers, reached at the expense of the Canadian sealers.

What is known as pelagic sealing, is the interception of the seals on their way to and from the breeding grounds which lie to the north and are known as the Prybloff Islands. After the breeding season the seals leave the islands and swim southward to a point somewhere opposite the State of California. Shortly afterwards, they start on the return trip and, by a curious instinct, head again for the Prybloff Islands.

The Company which has the lease of the islands and which profits by the fur, objects to this procession, southward and then northward being interrupted by the industrious fishermen who go out and endeavour to earn a livelihood in this way.

They at first advocated the idea strenuously that Behring Sea was a closed sea;

they also contended that the seals belonged to them from the moment they left the Prybloff Islands till the moment they returned. This was a very nice theory of course, and permitted the American company to get all the seals on the islands and kill them with a club. They did succeed in having the use of firearms prohibited, and also secured a zone around the Prybloff Islands within which the fishermen could not go even during the open season.

There were various other regulations adopted in the interest of the United States; but somehow or other the United States is now anxious to re-open the question, with the expectation, we presume, of securing greater privileges.

What we desire to point out is that as things are going an international tribunal is pretty sure to decide from a political standpoint and for political reasons, and the chances, we fear, would be greatly in favor of Canadians being further deprived of their right to pursue seals in the ocean.

For this reason the Canadian government should watch the matter closely and endeavor to learn what answer the British Government will make to the request of the President, and if it is at all in favor of allowing the question to be re-opened, the authorities at Ottawa should oppose such a decision.

EVENTS

Published Weekly.

ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor.

VOL. 6. AUGUST 27, 1904. No. 9

RUMORS have been coming in from Dawson of a split in the Liberal campaign there. It persisted in a split usually means the loss of the seat to the party suffering from the split. Dawson, while enjoying a world-wide reputation as the seat of a rich gold mining camp, is in all such matters a small community. So far as we can ascertain, the split originated in the transfer of the government patronage from the Yukon Sun to the Yukon World. The Sun, as alleged, is controlled by a man named O'Brien, who is an old Liberal in the district. Why the Commissioner, Mr. Congdon, should have offended Mr. O'Brien and transferred the patronage from the Sun to the World, is a question which, perhaps, only Mr. Congdon himself can answer. Mr. O'Brien is backed up by Mr. "Duff" Patullo. Mr. Congdon has also incurred the hostility of an irresponsible individual named Falconer, who came up from Victoria and was made a special constable at Dawson, and also of Mr. Beddoe. Just why a roustabout like Falconer should be a political factor is one of those things which no fellow can understand. The Sun and the O'Brien-Patullo clique are opposing Congdon as a representative of the government. We do not think they are opposing the government, but it behoves the government at Ottawa to ascertain what all the trouble is about, and fix it up before the elections come off.

SOME people, writes Dr. Goldwin Smith, will go on worrying the French-Canadian about his loyalty till they really make him disaffected. He is not giving the slightest sign of discontent under British institutions or of want of reasonably cordial feeling towards his fellow-citizens of another race. His best repre-

sentative, Mr Bourassa, came to Toronto spoke frankly to us, and gave not the slightest offence, but on the contrary, met with general approbation. It would not be very reasonable to expect that a Frenchman by race, whose popular flag is the tricolor, should keep both hands on the Union Jack, leaving himself without a hand for the spade and the hoe, or that he would be willing to spend his scanty earnings in the furtherance of objects of purely British ambition. It might not even be very reasonable to expect that a Frenchman by race should be very ready to take arms up against France. The factories of New England swarm with French Canadians, not a few of whom bring back their earnings, no doubt with kindly recollections, to their own country. Can these people be expected to arm against the Americans as a hostile nation?

DR. GOLDWIN SMITH sizes up the situation in England as follows:—Again the Balfour government is beaten in a bye-election, this time in Scotland. Manifestly it is holding power against the national will. But it has evidently no thought of resignation or dissolution. By declining to hold a colonial conference, it shelves its Imperialist policy for the time being no doubt convinced that while colonial compliments abound, colonial willingness to reduce duties on British goods does not, and also that there is little likelihood of a very satisfactory response to its call for colonial contributions to Imperial armaments. The support of the liquor trade, which is secured by its licensing bill, is powerful but brings with it a recoil. What is to be feared is that the political schemer who has the government in his hands may attempt to save it by taking advantage of a dispute with Russia or some other diplomatic complication to embroil the nation and again awaken the passions to which with fatal success he before appealed.

THE Toronto Globe says that no more typical Canadian than the Ontario Minister of Agriculture could find his way across the Atlantic. If Mr. Dryden is a

typical Canadian, a small, cool, and thoughtful people.

AT a Board of 18th, where seated with a chair, a respect to the nation declare detrimental that it should after inflicts for car-

ASTRUC Bobcat stomach the said:—The Toronto last engineered. Take could do the political ring the Pre careful arra towards a cl good bit of march to the bugle band band at another out of the horses from military Lorrush through hanging around worked up l

THE Mar' a resolute ment in favor panies equal Railway. There has been why one expects more rights, may term it, this country, understand.

T is evident in the Canada and less popu-

typical Canadian, then the Canadians are a small, cold-blooded, selfish set of people. We think the Globe libels the Canadian people.

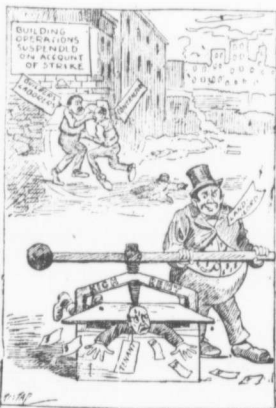
At a convocation of the Maritime Boards of Trade, held at Moncton, Aug. 18th, where nineteen Boards were represented with Senator Josiah Wood in the chair, a resolution was adopted with respect to the "dumping clause." The motion declared that the dumping clause was detrimental to the interests of trade, and that it should not be put in operation until after information was secured and details for carrying it into effect perfected.

A STRONG Conservative paper, the Bobcaygeon Independent, could not stomach the Dundonald demonstration. It said:—The Dundonald demonstration in Toronto last week, was very cleverly engineered. The parties who worked up the fete could draw big money from either of the political factions in the States for running the Presidential burrah. There was careful arrangement of detail, all working towards a climax, that displayed a mighty good bit of organizing. The triumphant march to the station was a fine bit. A bugle band waiting at one corner, a drum band at another, and Scotch pipers springing out of the side scenes, then taking the horses from the carriage, and drawing the military Lord by hand. The smash and rush through the station entrance, and hanging around the train. It was a well worked up bit of mob madness.

THE Mar'time board of trade has passed a resolution memorializing the government in favor of giving all express companies equal rights on the Intercolonial Railway. This rather reveals the fact that there has been discrimination, and just why one express company should have any more rights, or privileges, or whatever you may term it, on a government railway in this country, is more than most of us can understand.

It is evident that the British preference in the Canadian tariff is becoming less and less popular as time goes on. At a re-

cent meeting of the Maritime Board of Trade a resolution was adopted unanimously declaring that all goods imported through foreign ports, which of course means United States ports, should not have the benefit of the preference, and the Dominion government was asked to apply the rebate only to goods coming direct to Canadian ports, so that our ports and the transportation companies maybe helped by the business of the country. This kind of resolution, while on the surface plausible enough, always raises the fundamental question, for whom was the tariff made? If the tariff, for instance, is made for the people of Canada then it should be administered for the benefit of the people of Canada, and if that portion in Toronto find it expedient, or imperative, to import certain goods through the port of New York, why should they be fined for not importing through St. John or Halifax, when importation through either of these ports, in certain cases, would be fatal to the bu-



WHERE THE PINCH COMES.

The fight between capital and labor affords the landlord an opportunity to give the screw another turn—Toronto Telegram

business of the men in Toronto? There must be sanity in the administration of the customs law, and in the framing of a tariff, as in all other things.

SOME papers are commenting on the marvellous change that has come over the political complexion of the Senate within the past few years. It is recalled that about seven or eight years ago the Liberal party had about seven members in the Senate out of the whole membership of eighty-one. Today the Liberal party has a working majority of about seventeen. The Senate was constituted in 1867. The members appointed from the different provinces were naturally men of standing and capacity, and men of some age. We presume that most of the men appointed in 1867 would be beyond the age of fifty years. A lapse of thirty years would put many members of the Senate either eighty years, or between that and ninety, naturally, therefore, the mortality would begin to set in pretty severely somewhere about 1897, which was exactly thirty years from the date of the appointments. Sir Wilfrid Laurier came in in 1897, and, therefore, the seats began to fall vacant about the same period, and every year increased the chances of members of the Senate dropping out through old age or infirmity. Frail, feeble men, living a sedentary life are liable to last a long time, but at a certain period a slight chill, an accident, or any small thing might carry them off. Men at the age of eighty must be extremely careful, if they are to preserve their lives for many years beyond that, and some of the members of the Senate had in their day lived a strenuous life. Nature always redeems her notes at maturity. Debts contracted early in life must be paid, and very often we witness the payment and have no knowledge or memory of the day when the debt was contracted. There are at present vacancies in the Senate from the provinces of Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. If there is a vacancy in Nova Scotia it is caused by the refusal of Mr. Rufus Currie of Windsor, to accept the appointment. We have before referred to the extraordinary action of Mr. Currie in refusing to be

made a Senator, and of the still more extraordinary fact that Mr. Currie had already been made a Senator. Apparently he did not want it. Nevertheless, the general-in-council conferred the appointment on him, and when his excellency's pleasure was in due course conveyed Mr. Currie, Mr. Currie replied that he did not appreciate his excellency's pleasure and refused to receive the appointment.

THERE are various rumors found in the columns of the enterprising gossip-mongers concerning cabinet changes at Ottawa. Elsewhere we deal with the rumors respecting Mr. Aylesworth. Speculation is busy as to whether Mr. Sutherland will turn to the portfolio of public works, or if he does not, whether Mr. Hyman will take it. It is quite possible for Mr. Aylesworth to enter the cabinet without portfolio. In any case his coming in would greatly strengthen the Liberals in Ontario. If Mr. Sutherland finds his health as strong enough to resume his duties in the department of public works, general regard will be felt, as he is popular in all parts of the country, and conducted the public business not only with ability, but without breaking those ties of friendship which he had formed during a long public career. Sir Wilfrid Laurier would feel Mr. Sutherland's permanent severance as a personal loss, but if that is inevitable, as we think it is not, Mr. Hyman would make a worthy successor, and a very able minister of a heavy department. If there are to be cabinet changes it is likely that the Hon. N. A. Belcourt of Ottawa will loom up as a representative of Eastern Ontario. It is always a question in these cases whether a man prominent in professional or business life has any financial inducement in accepting office. The three names mentioned are examples. Mr. Hyman is doing a very large business, no doubt a comfortable profit. The salary of the cabinet minister would have no attraction for him. Mr. Aylesworth and Mr. Belcourt are both professional men. The attraction in the case of either of these gentlemen would not be monetary. In fact what attracts good men to public office is either

leisure, or a bent for that kind of career, or ambition. It is always possible, therefore, to anticipate either a wealthy or a very busy man accepting a portfolio in the federal cabinet.

THE Toronto World is going slightly "batty" over the question of municipal ownership.

WELLINGTON and the southern portion generally of the North Island of New Zealand experienced the most severe shock of earthquake recently that has been felt there for forty years. We are told that the buildings creaked and rocked, chimneys fell and windows were broken. The Wellington Public Library cracked so much that it became unsafe and has had to be closed. Considerable damage was done to goods in shops, and it is said that the general loss is very great. But there were no serious injuries or deaths. Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are almost the only natural disadvantages of New Zealand. The North Island suffered severely from an earthquake in 1855, which permanently raised the level of a large tract of land to the east of Wellington and caused a fissure in the earth which extended for about ninety miles. On that occasion the town of Wellington was far more damaged than it appears to have been by this earthquake.

MR F. B. WADE, K.C., M.P. has been appointed chairman of the Commission which is to construct the trunk line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, that is that section of the line from Winnipeg to Moncton. As this is a very important position, the general opinion seems to be that the choice of Mr. Wade is a good one. He is not only a lawyer with a good reputation but he knows considerable about railways, as he has been interested in some of the Nova Scotia railways for many years. The new Chairman is 52 years of age, a native of Nova Scotia, of English parentage. He was elected to the House of Commons in 1900. We present, this week, a portrait of Mr. Wade on the cover.

A PRIVATE letter received by a western representative of a large institution, states that he has been all over the western country and that there will be a wheat crop averaging 16 bushels to the acre. Last year it was only 14 bushels. A phenomenal yield of 25 bushels to the acre may come once in a cycle of time, but 17 bushels is more nearly a fair average crop in Manitoba, so that if there is 16 this year it will not be very much below a fair average. Judging by this and other private letters received we would say that there is not going to be a bumper crop in the west but it will be better than last year and fairly good.

AT the annual meeting of the British Empire League a few weeks ago the annual report contained the following:— "The Council have to express their great regret that it has been found absolutely impossible to make any progress with regard either to the reduction of postal rates on newspapers and periodicals sent from this country to Canada, which are virtually swamped and undersold in the market by United States publications, or to obtain the privilege of penny postage to Australia, without the Commonwealth being required to reciprocate." The report goes on to lay the blame on Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

THE residents of one of the summer resorts near Ottawa are complaining of the noise made by the railway trains which pass through the place. This is an old grievance of hundreds of places and now that we have a Railway Commission something should be done to stop the unnecessary noise which the railway crews inflict on the suffering public. Right here in Ottawa the value of property has been largely decreased in the vicinity of the shunting yards owing to the fact that people are unable to sleep in their houses during the summer nights on account of the infernal noise that is kept up all night. The screeching of whistles and ringing of loud bells are certainly unnecessary in the Company's own yards during the night. It has been held in the United States by ex-

parts that the nuisance of the noise from railways is unnecessary, and if the Railway Commission of Canada would investigate the matter and make some sort of regulations to diminish it, it cannot abolish the nuisance, that fact alone would vindicate the wisdom of creating the Commission in the opinion of a large section of the public.

THE Ontario election trials are attracting particular attention because it seems that the fate of the Government is dependent upon the result. Particulars have been filed in the North Perth and Muskoka cases. The elected member in North Perth is a Liberal, and in Muskoka a Conservative. Both petitions are set for trial on Sept. 6. The usual charges of corruption are made in each case. Each party charges the other with the distribution of a large campaign fund, and each candidate is charged personally with a breach of the law, which, if proved, would disqualify him. There is another petition filed against the return of Mr. Dunlop in North Renfrew, and particulars for this case are now being procured. Here again it is said that Mr. Dunlop can be personally disqualified as well as unseated and there is talk of running him for the House of Commons against Mr. Mackie. He would find this a very different proposition than running for the local against Mr. Hale.

ATERRIBLE tornado swept across the State of Minnesota at the rate of about 100 miles an hour, on the night of August 20th, killing a dozen of people, fatally injuring a number of others, and inflicting damage to property estimated at over two million dollars in St. Paul, half a million dollars in Minneapolis, and an enormous amount in different portions of the State, an estimate of which cannot yet be made. The disaster overtook the city of St. Paul shortly after nine o'clock in the evening. Buildings were unroofed, bars of

steel and iron were twisted like straws, telegraph and telephone poles, as well as trees went down like grain before a hail storm. We refer to this in order to point out that cyclones, or tornados, or whatever they may be called, are indigenas to the western United States, and do not visit the Canadian Northwest. This should be an important factor to intending immigrants in choosing their place of settlement on this continent.



Unveiling the statue to Cecil Rhodes at Buluwayo, July 7.

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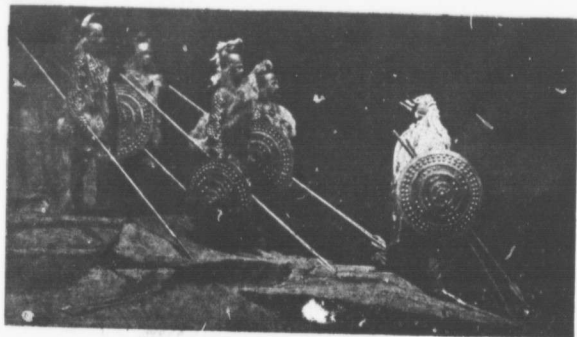
SOME associations and some municipalities are doing their level best to drive men out of the country. The Lord's Day Alliance is endeavoring to close the drug stores on Sunday; but not being able to go that far, are trying to limit the hours during which drug stores may be open, from 6 to 9 p.m. It will be rather difficult to convince the citizen whose wife is very ill at 3 p.m. and who desires to fill a prescription, that there is more virtue in the hours between 6 and 9 p.m. than in those between 3 and 6 p.m. The whole thing is absurd. The medical wants of people must be administered to at all hours, but the Lord's Day Alliance would proclaim its extreme virtue and religious zeal even at the expense of the lives of fellow citizens.

This is a strong thing to say, but it is the logical conclusion from the efforts to close the drug stores on Sunday simply because it is said that sometimes some of these stores sell candy or cigars. There are communities in New York state just as good as communities in Ontario, com-

posed practically of the same people, where soft drinks, confectionery and cigars are openly sold all day Sunday.

In Kingston the Lord's Day Alliance is seeking to stop the running of street cars on Sunday. Everyone knows that in cities like Toronto and Ottawa, where street cars have been running on Sunday for some years, this virtuous indignation has entirely disappeared and even members of the Lord's Day Alliance find it convenient, and no sin, to ride several miles on the electric cars on Sunday.

In the case of corporations we had the city of Toronto recently trying to prevent the supply of water to the residence of Mr. William Mackenzie for the reason that he lived outside the limits of the corporation, ignoring the fact that he was a large taxpayer in the city, employing thousands of men, and was an important factor in the prosperity and rebuilding of the city. This country is now getting big enough to need big men in office and the picayune actions of a certain number should be frowned down by the community.



A group of Vikings from Ibsen's play at the Imperial Theatre.

Motoring in Ottawa.

MOTORING has become a popular pastime in Ottawa and we reproduce on this page a photograph of one of the best known motor cars, that of Col. Hurdman's. The picture was taken during the recent

the figure between them is that of Lord Aylmer, acting General Officer Commanding. Col. Hodgins, D. C. C., sits behind him and to his right is Col. Macdonald. Col. Hurdman's car has made many a fa-



militia camp at Rockcliffe. The Minister of Militia, Sir Frederick Borden is the most prominent figure of the group, holding a cane in his left hand. Col. Hurdman sits immediately to his right, and

others run to Aylmer and other points in the vicinity of Ottawa, sometimes, it is said, with phenomenal speed but of course these stories are not authorized by the Colonel although he admits that his car is rather a good one to go.

The United Free Church and the House of Lords.

SCOTLAND suddenly finds itself in a graver ecclesiastical crisis than it has known since 1848, the memorable year of what is termed the disruption, and the crisis is as pathetic as it is grave. The body that till four years ago was known as the Free Church of Scotland had served nobly the cause of religion at home and abroad. It had been born amid the usual sneers. Men said that the ministers loved their assured stipends and their comfortable manse too well to obey what they vaunted as their consciences. A philosopher exhorted the impassioned divines and their heedless supporters not to be "martyrs by mistake." A leading Minister of the Crown believed the informant who told him that the ministers would not go out, and was surprised to find that the men he had expected to be cowards turned out to be heroes whose act made one of the coolest and most capable Scotsmen of the day exclaim "I am proud of my country." And if ever any church proved worthy of her heroic birth the Free Church of Scotland did. "Wisdom was justified of her children." The religious zeal of the country was more than doubled; a new church and manse were built in every parish; new missions were established in India and elsewhere, the educational agencies of the country were enormously increased, new colleges were founded, one being so equipped as to propose to become a new University. And the Church was a learned as well as a zealous body, produced scholars of distinction and a clergy that could be described as, on the average, the best educated in Christendom. It stood for a peculiarly active type of evangelical religion—a type that was in Scotland distinctively national and historical, and neither

Highland nor Lowland. And as a Church it had made for unity amid the much divided and pugnacious Presbyterians of the North. One of its first acts in this direction was to reconcile to its larger being the body which Dr. Thomas McCril so long and so honourably represented. Later it had incorporated the church which claimed to embody the ideal of Richard Cameron, and which had done so much to enrich Scottish character, even while laboriously striving to help its people, apart from the national civil life. The last of its good deeds in this direction was done in 1900, when by union with the United Presbyterian Church a long step was taken towards healing the divisions of the past; and for this, the last of its good deeds, it has been doomed to suffer at the hands of the highest judicial authority, a wound which would have proved fatal had the body been less robust and lived amid less robust people.

The remarkable feature in the situation is the serenity with which the United Free Church has received the judicial decision of the House of Lords. The circular the authorities have issued is as remarkable for its grace and courtesy as for its strength. It contains no word that can offend the most fastidious believer in legal infallibility, but it is quite clear as to the duty of obeying conscience at whatever cost. The colleges which were built up were remarkable alike as seats of light and learning. In them had taught men with the massive mind of Principal Cunningham, the rich learning and genial spirit of Rabbi Dunnan, the fine enthusiasm for Semitic knowledge and poetic insight of A. B. Davidson, the vivacity and encyclopaedic science of Robertson Smith, the elaborate and

courteous scholarship of Patrick Fairbairn, the delicacy and geniality of thought of Henry Drummond, the critical sagacity and intellectual force of A. B. Bruce, and in them teach to-day men as well known and as influential as these in the region of theological thought and religious learning. To see these men abolished and their places attempted to be taken by men like the Moderator of the Free Church may be justified by a decision of impos-

sible law, but it is too contrary to statesmanship and even to common sense to be tolerable in a country so devoted to education and religion as Scotland. The Church that suffers does not suffer alone; the nation suffers with it; and the Scottish people have had hitherto too much feeling for the reality of things to respect a legality which is a glaring outrage upon good and moral feeling.



THE TSAR.



THE TSARINSA.

A Matter of Robbers.

An Arizona Story by Roger Pocock.

I GOT to begin by unfolding the remark that Holy Cross is the biggest house in Arizona—which it derives its name from being a sort of mongrel proposition, cross betwixt a palace and a fort. The house was built by a Mexican, by name El Senor Don Luis Barrios. Afterwards he sold it to Lord Balsannon, a tenderfoot and a British colonel, but a dead shot, and therefore respected on the stock range.

Now, this Balsannon person hired me—which my name is Chalkeye Davies—to superintend his cow works, educate him in cows, and teach him the natural history of us cowboys; the same being unexpected and prickly. My Patrone used to trust me complete, being mostly engaged himself in studying the local breeds of whiskey at Tombstone city, and bucking up against for bank, the poker game and other crooked layouts. He sowed liberal, and the dealers reaped.

One day he came from Tombstone and tracked me to my round-up camp at Laguna, where I had twenty Mexicans branding and cutting the spring crop of calves. The Patrone found us all at supper, so that while we ate he told me the local gossip; how the Tombstone Stranglers had gathered in three bad men and stretched their necks by way of encouraging virtue; how Low-Lived Joe had shot up another Mexican, and how Mr. Ryan, the richest man in Arizona, was putting in big developments on the Jim Crow Mine. Then he passed me a big rim-firecigar of the special breed I like, which is pretty nearly strong enough to buck.

"Er,—Chalkeye," said he, "give your men all the sleep you can. At midnight you'll pull out for Wolf Gap, and at streak of dawn gather the whole of our horses. Run them as hard as you can to Holy Cross and throw them into the house."

"Indians?" says I.

"No, horse rustlers. They've heard of our half-bred ponies, and Sheriff Bryant warned me. We mustn't let these poor robbers fall into er—temptation, don't you know. So mount a guard at the house, and see that the men have plenty of ammunition."

"Yessir."

"A friend of mine has turned this gang loose on my stock. There's been crooked work."

"Ryan work?"

"Haw—yes. What makes you think of Ryan?"

"Well, I dunno, Boss; but it seems to me this Ryan has made bad medicine agin you before. It was plumb kind and polite of him to send glandered horses to drink at yo' water holes, and hire Apache Indians to murder you, not to mention other little plays I heard of since. He's got wealth enough to charter this outfit of robbers; he's mean as snakes; he's sworn to wipe you out. What's the matter with me goin' to the Jim Crow Mine and shooting this yere Ryan by way of precaution?"

"Indeed eh! You'll do no such thing—I ha'v—fact is I promised Lady Balsannon not to shoot Mr. Ryan."

He reared up to leave me, and grabbed my paw. "Well, Chalkeye," says he, "I

think I must be off to see that my wife is not alarmed by this new game of Ryan's. You'll find me at the House."

II.

By noon next day I brought our herd of ponies to Holy Cross and watered them at the dam, which held some two or three acres of water just under the western wall of the hacienda. A few old trees sheltered the pool, one of which had lately been struck down by lightning. So it happened that in turning the herd up from the water my riders got a little mare snarled in the alien branches, in which she broke her leg and had to be shot. I gave order to have her body hauled away at sundown, then drove the herd into the stable court, mounted a guard on the north-west bastion and sent a servant with my compliments to the Patrone, and went to my quarters mighty wishful to catch my lost sleeps.

I had not slept an hour when the sentry fired and a man from the guard house came running. I jumped into my boots, grabbed my gun, and bolted to the gates, where Balshannon joined me at the spy-hole.

"Who's coming?" he asked.

"A white man, Patrone, and a boy on the lead run."

I swung the gates wide open, and we stood watching the riders, a middle-aged stockman and a young cowboy, burning the rail from the north. As they came swinging up the approach, I reckon their horses smelt a whiff of blood from that dead mare beside the water hole. Horses go crazy at the smell of blood, and though the man held straight on at a plunging run to the gate, the boy lacked strength to control his mare. When she swerved, he spurred, then she reared and began to buck. The saddle went adrift and the youngster went over with it, caught by the stirrup, unable to get clear. When the mare felt him dragging, more terrified than ever, she lashed out and would sure have kicked him to glory but for Balshannon. My boss was a quick shooter and deadly accurate, so that the first bullet caught the mare full between the eyes, and dropped her dead in her tracks. I raised the long yell for my

men as we rushed to get the boy from under her body.

It seemed to me at the time that the elder man never reined, but made a clear spring from his galloping horse to the ground, reaching the mare with a single jump before she had time to drop. Grabbing her head he swung his full weight, and threw her falling body clear of the boy. When we reached the spot he was kneeling beside him in the sand.

"Stunned," he said, "that's all. Sir," he looked up at the Patrone, and I saw that tears were starting from his eyes. "Sir, you've saved my son's life with that shot. I reckon," his voice broke with a sob; "you've made me yo' friend."

"Nothing broken, I hope," said Balshannon.

"No, seh. The stirrup seems to have twisted his foot."

I sent some men for a ground sheet in which the boy could be carried without pain.

Balshannon sent for brandy.

Still kneeling beside his son the stranger looked up into the Patrone's face.

"You are Lord Balshannon," he asked.

"At your service, my good fellow—well?"

"Do any of yo' greaser speak our language?"

"I fancy not."

"Then I have to tell you seh, that I am Captain McCalmont, and my outfit is the Robbers' Roost gang of outlaws." He was bending down over his son.

"I asked no question, my friend," said Balshannon. "We never question agest."

"You make me ashamed seh. I came with a passel of lies to prospect around with a view to doing you dirt."

Balshannon chuckled, and I saw by the glint in his eye that he was enjoying this rober.

"You'll dine with me?" said he.

Captain McCalmont looked up sharp to see what game the Patrone was playing.

"You will notice, Captain," said my boss "that my house is like a deadfall trap. Indeed—ah, yes—only one door, eh?"

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For answer the robber unbuckled his belt and let it fall to the ground.

"Take my gun," he said; "do you suppose I daren't trust you seh?"

A servant had brought the brandy and McCalmont rubbed a little on his son's face, then poured a few drops between his teeth. Presently the lad stirred, moaning a little.

"Let's take him to the house," said I.

"No, Mistah Chalkeye Davies," answered the robber, "not until this gentleman knows who he's asking to dinner. Here Curly," he whispered, "wake up, bo!"

The lad opened his eyes, clear blue like the sky, and smiled at his father.

"Air you safe, dad?" he whispered.

"Sure safe."

Curly closed his eyes and lay peaceful. The hold-up was squatting back on his heels, looking out across the desert.

"Lord Balshannon," said he, "I had a warning sent to Sheriff Bryant that I was coming down to lift all yo' hawsses. My wolves tracked Bryant's rider to Lordsburgh, where he wired to you. You came running, and had all yo' hawsses rounded up convenient for me in the stable yard o' this house. I thank you seh."

"My good man, I'll bet you an even thousand dollars," said the Patrone, "that you don't lift a hoof of my—haw—remunda."

"It's a sporting offer, and tempts me hard," answered the outlaw. "Oblige me by taking my gun from the ground here, and firing three shots in the air."

The Patrone took the gun, and at his third shot I saw a man ride out from behind the bastion on our right. McCalmont waved to him, and he came, pulling his hat down over his face as he rode, then halted in front of us, shy as a wolf.

"Young man," said McCalmont, "please repeat to these gentlemen here the whole of yo' awdehs fo' the day. Leave out the names of the men."

"You're giving us dead away!" said the rider, threatening McCalmont with his revolver. "You mean that?"

"I mean what I say."

"Ah!—excuse me, McCalmont," said the Patrone, "your—er—pistol I think."

"Thanks, seh." McCalmont accepted the gun.

"Repeat the awdehs," he said. "These gentlemen are our friends."

"Well, you knows best," came the surly voice behind the hat. "Three men to cover your approach to Holy Cross, and if there's trouble to shoot Balshannon and Chalkeye at sight. They're covered now. The wall of the stable court by the south-west bastion to be mined with dynamite, and touched off at 10 p.m. prompt. Ten riders to get in through the breach in the wall and drive out the bunch of horses. One man with an axe to split all the saddles in the harness room, then join the herders."

"Leave out," said McCalmont, "all detail for pointing, swinging, and driving the herd. Go on."

"At one minute to ten, before the wall is blown away, ten riders are to make a bluff at attacking the main gate, and keep on amusing the garrison until the men with the naphtha cans have fired the private house. Rendezvous for all hands at Laguna by midnight, where we catch remounts, and sleep until daybreak, with a night herd of two and one camp guard. At dawn we begin to gather cattle while the house wrangler and two men drive the remunda east. Rendezvous at Wolf Gap."

"And how about poor old Bryant's posse of men?" asked Balshannon.

"Sheriff Bryant" says the Captain "allows that he's to catch us in a fine trap five miles due west of Lordsburgh. And now" he called to the mounted robber "tell the boys that all awdehs are cancelled that I'm dining to night at Holy Crawss and that the boys will wait for me at the place fixed in case of accidents."

The man rode off, hostile and growling aloud while Balshannon stood watching to see which way he went.

"McCalmont" he said and I took note of just one small quiver in his voice "may I venture to ask one question? You seem to know the arrangement of my house—its military weakness. How did you learn that?"

The outlaw stood up facing him and took from the breast of his shirt a folded paper.

Balshannon and I spread it open and found a carefully drawn plan of Holy Cross. At the foot of the paper there was a memorandum signed "George Ryan." "I may tell you" said the robber" that if I succeeded in burning yo' home, stealing yo' hawsses, and running yo' cattle, Mr. George Ryan proposed to pay my wolves the sum of ten thousand dollars."

"Carry out your plans" said the Patron. I'd love to fight your wolves. I've got some dynamite, too. Think of what you lose."

"Lose nothing!" said the robber. "I'll collect fifty thousand dollars compensation from Ryan!" He stooped down and gathered his son in his arms. "And now, will you have us as guests in yo' home?"

Balshannon lifted his hat and made a little bow, much polite.

"My house," he answered in Spanish, "is yours, senior!"

Why the I. O. F. Grows.

THE Western Canadian published at Maniton, Man., in its issue of July 21st, has the following article: "It need only be said that the spirit in which the Rev. Mr. Gordon was dealt with is the same as that in which the Supreme Executive deals with all the members of the I O. F.

"The Independent Order of Foresters deserve credit for honesty in dealing with members of the Order.

"In October, 1903, the Rev. A. Gordon received \$200 as the first payment of his policy of \$2,000, he having, as he supposed passed his 70th year. Not being certain as to the exact date of his birth he got an older brother to look up records and make a declaration of date of birth for him. When this was done it was found he had really passed his 73rd birthday. The facts of the case were laid before the Supreme Chief Ranger, Dr. Oronhyatekha, and in a few days an additional cheque for \$600 was sent for Mr. Gordon's benefit, with a letter stating that as soon as he reaches his 74th birthday, a further cheque for \$200 will be sent him; so that by next October he will have received \$1,000, or half of his total policy. The Financial Secretary, Mr. Huston, has received a letter from Mr. Gordon in which he says.—

"Your letter was a great surprise to me. I had not dreamed of receiving the payments on my policy since I was seventy years of age. It is a great pleasure to have to do business with the Independent Order of Foresters. Their promptitude and honesty is most commendable. The prosperity of the Order is an illustration of the influence honesty and sound business principles have with the public."

