

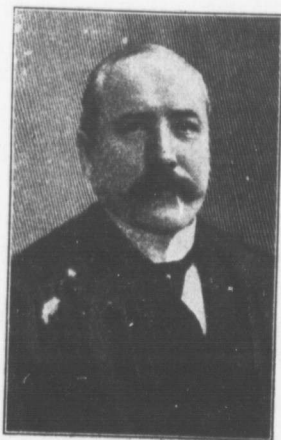
PRICE FIVE CENTS

MAY 7, 1904

# EVENTS

PUBLISHED  
WEEKLY

The Railway  
Discussion  
in  
Parliament  
—  
Aids to Order  
in the  
House of  
Commons



Opening of the  
Louisiana  
Exposition at  
St. Louis  
—  
Half-tone Illus-  
trations and  
"Current"  
Cartoons

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# EVENTS

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19  
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OTTAWA, MAY 7, 1904.

Whole No. 268.



**I**N the discussion on the "customs" estimates, Mr. Fowler, who had a tilt with Mr. William Paterson, the Minister of Customs, recalled the question "Who Struck Billy Paterson". It is a curious thing that Mr. Paterson himself asked the question on the floor of the same House just 23 years before. In the debate on what was called the gerrymander of 1882 Mr. Paterson rose to speak in the closing hours It was five o'clock in the morning. Sir John Macdonald had gone down to the barber shop and Mr. Paterson asked Sir Hector Langevin if he would consent to adjourn. Sir Hector opened his eyes long enough to look across the House and shake his head in the negative. The Redistribution Bill added Onondaga township and Paris town from North Brant and took away Burford and Oakland townships and added them to South Oxford. Mr. Paterson's majority at the previous election had been about two hundred. It

was calculated, therefore, that the gerrymander would knock Billy Paterson out so that gentleman said.—"Mr. Speaker, the question has often been asked, who struck Billy Paterson, and so far as I know it has never been satisfactorily answered, but, sir, (pointing his finger at Sir John Macdonald who had just returned to the Chamber) the answer is furnished by this measure. It was the Right Honorable gentleman who is closing a long and distinguished career in a discreditable manner for, sir, he struck below the belt." This quotation is given from memory but if Mr. Fowler will turn to the Hansard of 1882 he will find that it is almost verbatim. It might be added that Mr. Paterson fought such a fight under the handicap at the succeeding election that he retained his seat by a majority of 176.

Mr. Barker raised the question on Friday whether the clause in the G.T.P. bill

allowing the company to lease and operate a portion of the line between Winnipeg and, say, North Bay would have the effect of permitting the company to escape the payment of interest for an extra seven years. Mr. Fitzpatrick said that the government would by completing the whole line east of Winnipeg at the same time avert any difficulty. He did not think that Mr. Barker's contention was correct but he desired time to consider the legal definition of the clause.

trunk line would be a feeder for Ontario. He accused the government of playing one section of the country off against another.

Section 5 of the new agreement removes the restriction of \$30,000 a mile on the cost of the Mountain Section of the road and agrees to guarantee bonds so as to yield proceeds equal to seventy-five per cent of the cost, but not exceeding \$13,000 a mile in respect of the Prairie Section. Mr. Barker placed the three-quarters share to be



HIS MASTER'S VOICE.—McConnell in Saturday Night.

Mr. Bennett was anxious to know at what point east of Winnipeg the spur from the main line would deflect to Port Arthur. He complained of lack of information and consumed considerable time in commenting on this. His argument, however, was that this spur to Port Arthur would be made ready early and be used by the Grand Trunk to bring its traffic by the waterway eastward to its own existing system. He did not believe in the simultaneous construction of the whole of the main line. He quoted Premier Ross as saying that the

contributed by the government for the Mountain Section at \$42,000 a mile over 500 miles of road. This increases the obligation by \$6,000,000. Mr. Fielding admitted this provided the estimate of \$56,000 cost per mile was correct.

An interesting discussion ensued between Mr. Barker and the Finance Minister as to the probable obligations of the country under the revised agreement. Mr. Fielding promised to state these later on. Mr. Barker told him that to do so he would have

to wander in the realms of speculation as to the price of bonds, the cost of construction, and so forth. He twitted the Finance Minister with his estimate of \$13,000,000 last session as the cost of the obligations assumed by the country.

Defending his assertion as to the cost of the Mountain Section of the G. T. P. Ry. Mr. Barker quoted Mr. Hays as placing it at \$50,000 plus the cost of carrying the work during construction, \$6,000 a mile. Dealing with the liability created he insisted that we guarantee the principal of \$21,000,000 and the interest on seventy-five per cent of the cost for 50 years. He asked the question whether it would not have been better to have aided the Grand Trunk's first scheme to build from North Bay to Winnipeg and utilize their eastern system, with conditions protecting our own ports. Then the money now designated for a line eastward to Moncton might have been expended on the improvement of our waterways. Mr. Barker has evidently given more attention to the whole scheme than any other private member in the House.

Mr. Wade on Monday reverted to the discussion of last week in which his name was mentioned. Mr. Borden had stated that Mr. Wade said that the alterations in the contract would not cost the country any more. He read what he had said, to the effect that if the cost of the Mountain section was over \$30,000 a mile the country would contribute more. If less then less. He thought the cost would be about \$40,000. No one could tell. The cost to the country would depend on the selling price of the bonds seven years hence. He believed they will sell at par and he had as good a right to his opinion as any other member.

We now have the standard of the Grand Trunk Pacific Ry. defined by authority. In reply to the criticism of Mr. Osler that you cannot construct a new line of the standard of the old Grand Trunk Sir William Mulock said "you may buy an excellent

quality of port wine but it would take time to mellow it". The standard of the Grand Trunk Pacific may now be called a port wine standard.

The Minister of Justice made an important statement on Monday night in reply to the leader of the Opposition with reference to the mortgage. The amended agreement removes the possibility of a foreclosure. He said the government guarantees the first mortgage bonds and the Grand Trunk the second mortgage bonds; therefore the government decided not to foreclose in case of default and thus place the Grand Trunk practically in the same position as the government. Mr. Fitzpatrick contended however, that the Grand Trunk would never allow the control of the Prairie Section to pass out of their hands. The Prairie Section is bound up with the Mountain Section. If the Mountain Section goes the Prairie Section goes. The Minister of Justice then proceeded to confess judgment by saying that the government policy was to assume that this is going to be a paying enterprise—faith in the future of the country, and so forth. This is a most admirable sentiment but we may fairly assume that Mr. Fitzpatrick never before drew a mortgage on the basis of sentiment.

If Mr. Osler, the member for West Toronto, had been in his seat on Monday he would have had an interesting quarter of an hour over the Regina, Long Lake, and Saskatchewan Railway of which he was the promoter and is one of the chief directors. It seems that the road, which connects Regina with Prince Albert, is not being operated and when it is operated it is the worst operated road on the continent. Public aid of the most extravagant kind was given to this road and if the railway commission discharges its functions some improvement ought to be made. The Minister of Railways read a telegram from the Mayor of Prince Albert asking that some action be taken to effect a remedy but in our view it is not now the government but the commission which ought to deal with such cases. The government has something else to do, although the Min-

ister of Railways, Mr. Emmerson promised to enquire into the matter and see what could be done.

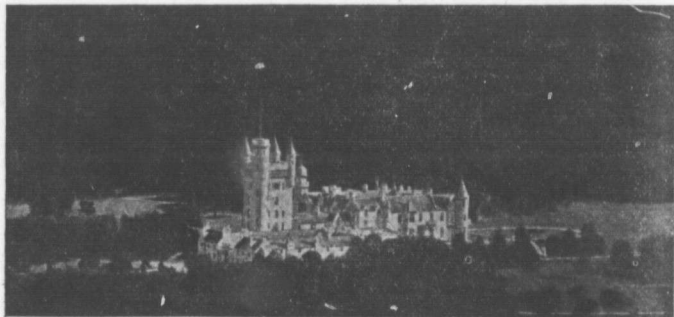
The Toronto World in an editorial article entitled "The Stream of Immigration" makes the following observation:—

If only a portion of the immigrants who are now crowding in begin to act as advertising agents among their friends in the home lands in the way the earlier settlers have done they will but be setting other endless chains and swelling the name and fame of Canada to the ends of the earth.

Of late years the Opposition have shown an appreciation of the necessity for an increased immigration vote and it is creditable to their good judgment and patriotism that they have not made any very strong objections to giving the government more money for what is conceded by all thinking men to be the most important service in the national administration.

His Honor the Speaker drew attention from the Chair to the disquieting noise of conversation in the Chamber during sittings of the House, aggravated as it is by conversations in the galleries. There are many other causes of disturbance. The fact that each member has a desk is at the bottom of a great deal of it. Many of the members conduct correspondence and dispose of accounts at their desks. They snap their fingers for pages, send them out to

make change and to take letters, and in doing this business have to give instructions and, in general, add to the hubbub. A great many members have a habit of reading newspapers in the Chamber, a thing prohibited in the British House. The rattle of twenty men turning the pages of a twelve-page newspaper would very greatly disturb the hearing of any one in the vicinity. All this noise comes up to the press gallery and greatly hinders the work of reflecting in the press the proceedings of the House. Sometimes a small group of members will gather in a knot and carry on conversation punctured with laughter for a whole hour, and it is really difficult to understand why these four or five members do not go outside to an adjoining room where their noise would not tend to interrupt proceedings. We believe, however, that the business of the House has grown to such an extent that the time has come to seriously consider the abolition of desks. It would make members impatient of any remark not pertinent to the subject before the Chair. It would eliminate from the problem those who are transacting business and, generally, make the members anxious to keep to the point, get through with the work and adjourn. Old members would not vote for such a change and it would require the determination of the government to persuade the majority of the House to adopt this view, but we believe it would be worth while.





## Special Convocation of Parliament.

THE veneration for age is undoubtedly one of the primitive instincts of mankind. This is revealed in history in all countries, at all times. It was never more strikingly demonstrated in Canada than on



SENATOR WARK

the afternoon of April 28 when there was practically a convocation of parliament to pay deep respect to the completion of Sen-

ator Wark's one hundredth year. When the venerable senator entered at the main door of the Senate chamber, leaning on the arms of Senator Scott and Senator Bowell, the entire assembly including the first Minister of the Crown, the Chief Counsellor of His Majesty the King in this country, rose to their feet and amid applause the old man was escorted to the seat of the presiding officer at the other end of the chamber. There he was presented with an address from the Senate which was read by His Honor the Speaker. To this the old man made reply rising to his feet to do so. He was asked to remain seated but he declined and delivered on his feet a short speech. In these remarks he stated his profound conviction that an over-ruling Providence directed the affairs of this world and in particular the affairs of the British Empire, for which he predicted a great future provided a policy of peace was carried out. The Hon. David Wark is of Scotch descent, but was born in Londonderry, Ireland, Feb. 19, 1804. He came to New Brunswick in 1825. He has always been a Liberal and a free trader in politics and believes that free trade among the different portions of the Empire would do more than anything else to bind us together closer. Along with the address read by Mr. Speaker Power there was presented to Senator Wark an oil portrait of himself.

## EVENTS

*Published Weekly.*

ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor.

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VOL. 5.      MAY 7, 1904.      No. 19

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**T**HE position of President of the Ottawa Liberal Association ought to be one of the most important of that kind in the Dominion. It has been worthily filled from time to time and, particularly, by Mr. A.

noisy, but good-humored and harmonious political meeting. The new President is Mr. Jas. White who has been, Mr. Chrysler told the meeting, an active Liberal in Ottawa for the past thirty years, and although Mr. Chrysler was the unsuccessful candidate for the office he afterwards congratulated the Association on electing Mr. White in an address which had a splendid note in it. He promised to cordially co-operate with Mr. White in promoting the interests of Liberal candidates and the Liberal party in the city. Mr. White inaugurated his presidency on Wednesday evening of thi



MR. JAS. WHITE

Newly elected President Ottawa Liberal Association.

W. Fraser who relinquished the office a week or two ago with a clean sheet and a splendid record. There was a close contest for the position this year at a meeting which was the type of a crowded,

week by inviting the members to a smoking concert. The gathering was most successful and a great deal of enthusiasm evoked by addresses from members of the government and of the House of Commons.

**T**HE Brantford Expositor which is edited by Mr. T. H. Preston, M.P.P., in its issue of the 26th says:—The time is manifestly not considered to have arrived when the legislature of Ontario can dispense with the subsidizing of railroads in the newer parts of the province. Not taking into account the "Soo" guarantee, which was not in the strict sense of the term a railway aid measure, there were three subsidy bills before the Legislature during the session just closed. One of these involves a guarantee of \$5,000,000 to the Canadian Northern for the construction of a line from the city of Toronto to Sudbury, thus affording another great and badly-needed connecting link between Ontario and the great west, and paving the way for another transcontinental line. The application for aid was supported by the city of Toronto and by many of the other municipalities throughout the province, and its prime importance is readily recognized. It is not surprising, therefore, that more than a dozen Opposition members voted with the government in favor of the proposal, and that Mr. Whitney based his objection on the fact that the portion of the road running through old Ontario was not exempted from the grant. This, however, is manifestly a quibble, as it will be readily seen that a guarantee must logically apply to the entire enterprise and not to particular parts. The other roads subsidized are a small line connecting Lake of Bays and Huntsville, and the Grand Trunk company for a line from Thunder Bay to a point of connection with its transcontinental road.

**A**CCORDING to the Victoria, B. C. Times "the Orient is taking on new life." The Orient is certainly taking life at the present time.

**T**HE fire insurance companies of Ontario are demonstrating that they form the most open and defiant combine in the Dominion of Canada. If legislatures were not so busy talking and squabbling over petty matters they might with advantage to the public direct their attention to the very heavy tax which the insurance com-

panies levy on the business community and which they have in some cities almost doubled within the past twelve months. The companies allege that municipal conditions force them to put up the rates and it seems to us that the legislature of Ontario represented by the government might take some steps, such for instance as the issue of a Royal Commission to investigate these conditions and make such representations as would lead to an agreement on the part of the municipalities to conform to the best possible conditions. The insurance companies would be glad to lower their rates. The companies, we are sure, are ready to do business at the lowest possible rates and as they are selling an article on which there is no tariff duty their rates will probably synchronize with the local conditions.

**W**E have had a good deal of talk about Liberal pledges that were not redeemed by the Ottawa government, and it is, therefore, rather singular that the leading members of the government have never been reproached by the Opposition in the matter of Canadian representation at Washington. The leaders of the government were all pledged as a matter of policy to securing some sort of a diplomatic or commercial agent at Washington to look after the interests of Canada. It was suggested that a Canadian might be attached to the British Embassy and thus while continuing the work through the regular diplomatic channel of the British Minister business relating to Canada could be expedited and directed. But from the day they took office the leaders of the Laurier administration have calmly refused to carry out the policy which they when in opposition declared to be one highly desirable in the best interests of the country. The government may deny having broken other pledges but they will not be bold enough to disavow this pledge and we know that no attempt has been made to live up to it.

**T**HERE is embodied in the railway scheme, says the Toronto Mail and Empire, "an absolute reversal of every sound

Liberal principle." Without pausing to inquire the reason of this sudden solicitation for Liberal principles we might express the opinion that there is no question of principle involved in the railway scheme. The construction of a railway is purely a matter of expediency and finances. The various questions which have arisen round the great question of the political equality of men, civil rights and religious liberty, are no more touched by a transcontinental railway scheme than is the North Pole.

**B**ECAUSE a member of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's tariff committee who is engaged in the tobacco trade anticipated

the increase in the tobacco duties and made an investment from which he will derive large profits it was insinuated in the House of Commons by Mr. McKenna that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had imparted the information in advance. When pressed to make a charge he disclaimed any idea of accusing Mr. Austen Chamberlain of such improper conduct. Parliament representing honorable men should not tolerate insinuations against the character of public men or, indeed, the character of any person. A man who employs inuendo is generally a sneak.



Between the devil and the deep sea.—From the South African Review.

## Fanny Burney and Her Times.

**T**HE new series of English Men of Letters issued by Macmillan and Co. coupled with a re-issue of the original series attract attention. The old series revived a delightful acquaintance with Keats, Gray Hawthorne, Shelley, Scott, Swift, and others of olden times. In the new series we are introduced to such writers as Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Browning, Jane Austen, Moore, George Eliot and Fanny Burney.

In Fanny Burney's (Madame D'Arblay) Austin Dobson gives us a delightful insight into the life and career of a woman who enjoyed the friendship and acquaintance of Samuel Johnson, Mrs. Thrale and the Queen Square circle.

Fanny Burney's chief claim to remembrance and to gratitude rests upon her Diary, and especially upon those pages of it which preserve alive forever the domestic circle of George III. But the period which produced these pages was the most unhappy of her own life, and her escape from her Court appointment was as the escape of a bird from its cage. Her many friends and relations, too, were delighted to have her back. Among strangers her shyness and self-consciousness must, throughout most of her life, have made her uneasy; but where she felt at home it is clear that she was excellent company. Her sister, Mrs. Phillips, describing in a lively letter that Fanny herself might have signed, the bombastic reading of a French tragedy by its author, says that she would not have been able to keep her countenance if Fanny had been there and as we look at the portrait published for the first time in Miss Hill's volume and greatly preferable to that so often printed elsewhere we can see how easily that demure mouth would break into a smile, that quiet eye into a twinkle.

Mrs. Phillips lived with her husband,

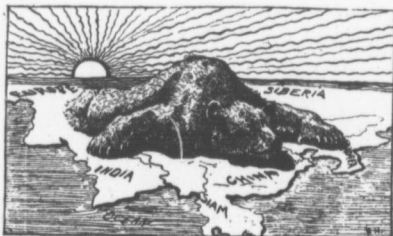
Captain Phillips, in a cottage at Mickleham, and on the hill above Iley Norbury Park, inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Lock, valued friends both of the Phillips household and of Fanny Burney, in whose letters Mrs. Locks named Frederica after her grandfather Frederick the Great, appears as Fredy. Not far from Norbury Hall stands Juniper Hall, which gives its name to Miss Hill's charming volume, and in Juniper Hall a party of emigres established themselves during the Reign of Terror, and were made welcome in the most friendly fashion by the warm-hearted Norbury-Mickleham circle.

Here for a time dwelt Madame de Stael, and Madame de la Chatre, whose husband so unfortunately came over to join her, twenty-four hours after she had left for France. Madame de Broglie made a brief stay in a neighbouring cottage; Messieurs de Montmorency and de Jaucourt were sojourners at Juniper Hall, and so were Tallyrand and Lally-Tollendal. But the most permanent residents were; M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay, a pair of bosom friends. The former, who was supposed to be an illegitimate nephew of Louis XV., had been closely attached to the French Royal family; the latter had been Adjutant-General to Lafayette. Of this little group, so strangely gathered into the Surrey valley and so soon to be dispersed, Miss Hill's copiously illustrated pages give a very delicately touched-in picture.

The story is not without its climax, for here Fanny Burney and M. d'Arblay met for the first time in the early part of 1793, and in Mickleham Church they were married, in the last days of July of the same year. M. d'Arblay is always spoken of by every person who has left any account of him, with the greatest regard, esteem and affection; but into the mind of the critical

read of a suspicion insinuates 'itself' that he was, somehow rather an ineffective person. That he was amiable, intelligent and high-minded, that he made his wife extremely happy, and that he was of an engaging disposition, eager, and hopeful, is clear enough. But when we read of his gardening, so energetic and full of errors, the green blades so carefully weeded out of the asparagus bed and the hedges pruned with a sword; and of his sudden running out, late at night, on the impulse of the moment, to wash a little dog in a cold pond, there rises before us the image of a delightful person whose society adds to the charm of existence, but who probably never would have been able to earn a living for his wife and child. But the marriage, which to Dr. Burney's, paternal eye offered "nothing in prospect but poverty and distress," led to poverty, indeed, but never to distress. The bride set to work and wrote Camilla, and with the proceeds the pair built a cottage in the beloved neighborhood of Norbury. There the little family of three dwelt, apparently in the utmost content on an income that seems to have been well under two hundred a year. The husband and wife, both accustomed to Court life, the one a nobleman and a soldier, the other the most successful novelist of her day, were precursors of that modern "cult of the cottage" which draws so many brainworkers away from London. With them the experiment was thoroughly successful, as far as personal happiness was

concerned. But if the admirers of Evelina and Cecilia had hoped to see those novels succeeded by others they were disappointed. Camilla had no younger sisters. The truth is that Miss Burney had never acquired the habit of steady literary work, and now it was too late. At home in her father's house the claims of society, of family life and of dress—the elaborate dress of that day which she manufactured in great part for herself—had eaten into her time. But it is not easy to be a domestic, home-dressmaking daughter and also an industrious author. Fanny was an affectionate, conversational, sociable creature, and literature took the second place—perhaps the third. By and by her relatives, seeing no more books produced, began to be uneasy about her future, and thought it a fine thing when Fauny got a post at Court and resigned all liberty and almost all human intercourse in return for two hundred a year. When she regained her freedom at the end of five years the verve of youth was no longer hers; her pen had lost much of its skill, and she herself probably much of her inclination. The little lady of "Camilla Cottage" was a happy woman, whose enjoyment of life was spiced by her keen perception of the ludicrous; she was also in many ways an admirable woman, but she had ceased to be a delightful writer. Fanny Burney it is, and not Madame d'Arblay, who belongs to English literature.



Tired of fighting—Ulk, Berlin.

## World's Fair Opened.

WHAT is called a press parliament is to be held in connection with the World's Fair at St. Louis during the week beginning May 15. This is expected to be the largest congress of newspaper men ever held in the history of the world. The press associations of Canada will contribute a couple of hundred. The question is being asked by northern people as to the weather in St. Louis. The exposition authorities are sending out information taken from the records of the United States Weather Bureau. The normal temperature during the month of May at St. Louis for the past thirty-three years has been 66 degrees, in June 75, July 79, August 77, Sept 70, Oct. 53, Nov. 44. The Exposition was opened April 30 by the President of the United States turning a gold key in the White House at Washington which released a thousand flags on the Exposition grounds at St. Louis. It will not close until Dec. 1. Some of the special attractions at the Fair are as follows: Queen Victoria's jubilee presents, a full sized model United States warship, airship tournament, \$200,000 in prizes, Indian exhibit covering forty acres, primitive Mexican copper mine camp, Philippine exhibit, mining gulch twelve acres in extent, rose garden ten acres in area, half an acre of tobacco exhibit, one acre of rare flowers and plants, immense organ with 10,000 pipes, wireless telegraphy, manufacture of nitrogen from the air, native Alaskan building, Atnu hunters and fishers—Japan aborigines, ancient Mexican city of Mitia reproduced, Stadium with a seating capacity of 27,000, an operating lapidary and assay office, Edison's personal exhibit of inventions, international angling tournament, athletic contest of all races, gladiatorial combats of ancient Rome, ice plant with a capacity of 300 tons daily, working display of

big war guns, art pottery works in operation, a quarter of a million dollars in prizes for live stock, \$150,000 devoted to athletic prizes. They are even advertising a fire engine once pumped by George Washington, and they are going to reproduce the blowing up of the Maine in Havana Harbor. They are strong in Oriental attractions, such as Rajah festival with elephants, and a temple with 500 Buddah idols. What was known as the Midway in Chicago is called "the Pike" at St. Louis where Cairo, Chinese village, French village, the creation, the hereafter, and many other things are to be seen. They are advertising a couple of hundred "odd things on the Pike." Some correspondent is writing from St. Louis running down the hotel accommodation and writing up the prices, which he says will be excessive, but this does not correspond with the official statement that the hotel proprietors have guaranteed the Exposition management in writing that they will not raise their rates during the season. The addresses of all lodging and boarding houses are furnished by a free information service maintained by the Exposition management, and the rates and classes of accommodation are published in pamphlet form.

The railways will sell daily ten to fifteen day excursion tickets during the continuance of the Exposition. The rate will be one West bound fare plus \$2. The railroads at St. Louis have perfected a shuttle train service between Union Station and the World's Fair grounds that will carry 30,000 people an hour in each direction. By means of the block system trains of ten cars each will run one minute apart with safety. In addition to this shuttle train service through passenger trains will be handled. The street car companies will operate seven double tracks from the city to handle 5,000

passengers an hour. The transportation facilities have received the attention of special railway experts for months past and have been perfected at great cost. Twenty-seven railways run into St. Louis, where the Union Station, said to be the finest in the world was built at a cost of \$6,500,000 and has 32 tracks under the vast vaulted roof. It is stated by a writer in the May Review of Reviews that the steam and street railways have spent \$20,000,000 in the system they have established. This statement, if true, shows the colossal character of the Exposition and the sanguine hopes entertained by the management. The Fair occupies 1,240 acres, as compared with 633 which were occupied by the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and 336 at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

The World's Fair at St. Louis was projected to commemorate what is known as the Louisiana Purchase, and it will, therefore be known in history as the Louisiana Purchase Exposition of 1904. The Louisiana Purchase was the acquiring by the United States from Napoleon I of France of all the land west of the Mississippi, north of Texas and, loosely speaking, east of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. This vast area out of which have been carved the Indian Territory and Oklahoma, and the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, the Dakotas, Montana and part of Idaho was bought for the absurd sum of \$15,000,000. Napoleon was hard pressed in Europe at the time, there seemed to be possibilities that the opposition to him might be car-

ried to the point of attacking the French possessions on this continent west of the Mississippi, and, finally, on grounds of immediate expediency and as a result of skilful American diplomacy, the First Consul offered to sell this whole priceless territory for 60,000,000 francs. It seems almost incredible now that the knowledge of the land west of the Mississippi was at that time so utterly vague that there was strong opposition to Jefferson's plan, and that the price was looked upon by many solid men as exorbitant and the whole scheme chimerical. The treaty was at last signed and the purchase effected on April 30, 1803. This purchase which gave to the future United States over one million square miles of territory and the full possession of the Mississippi, was the crowning event of Jefferson's administration.





# The Searchlight of the Siege.

A Story of the Boer War. By E. Douglas Shields

## CHAPTER I

**A**LICE CARSTAIRS threw round her shoulders a light scarf as she crossed the brightly lit hall and went out to the dark stoop. A spirit of restlessness was in her, the reason for which she only dimly guessed. After trying the hammock, and then a lounge chair, she went from the stoep into the still darker garden, where the perfume of violets and gardenias, mingled with the smell, almost more delightful in a tropical country, the smell of the newly watered things and the wet earth.

Leaning over the gate she faced the park and further on in the distance, where the electric lights shone blue, the compounds.

"What a noise the Kaffirs are making!" she said to herself, as the din of tom-toms and penny whistles reached her. "Poor things, it keeps their spirits up, I suppose."

"Will he come, I wonder?" said a voice in the background of her mind. "Let us see," she answered, as if to humor it, rather than because she wished to know. Plucking a tall pale cosmos flower she pulled its petals. "He comes, he comes"—but even as she asked the oracle the answer came. From out the further darkness there came a tall figure which, with its peculiar swinging gait, could belong to no other than Dennis Wolfe.

"Is this Miss Carstairs?" he asked, holding out his hand in happy certainty.

"It is herself," she replied, with the Irish tongue she cultivated to tease him,

and bowing she made as if to open the gate.

"How are you?" he said, still holding out his hand in the quiet insistent way that Alice found aggravating or captivating, as her mood was. At present she found it aggravating.

"As well as can be expected," she answered, putting a cool hand into his.

"Harry and father have joined the Town Guard."

"So have I," said Dennis, who had come to tell her this, hoping to win from her some small sign of anxiety on his account.

"And you are on the same fort as they?" she asked eagerly and cheerfully.

"Yes," said Dennis, feeling crestfallen.

"That is a good thing. Mother will be glad, too. Do you know," and a nervous little laugh broke from the girl, "I am sure she will think them safer because you are there."

"I may be able to bring you news of them sometimes when they can't get off," answered Dennis quietly. He had not submitted to what was a combination of the rack and a quick change entertainment for the past six months without having learned self-control. He always made excuses for the incomprehensibility of the girl by saying that somehow and in some way he was too stupid to understand he was to blame. Whereas the whole truth lay in the fact that he had fallen hopelessly in love with a woman of the type slow to awake to love of the passionate kind, yet of the type to whom only a passionate love made marriage possible.

"He will bring us news of them," echoed Alice to herself, smiling. "Was there ever such a stupid man? And yet everyone says he is such a clever barrister. Does he not see that they will bring me news of him. . . . That will be good of you," she said aloud.

Something of the mixture of her feelings sounded in her voice.

"But you must not be too anxious about your people."

"O, I know," came the cheerful reply, "there is really no danger. I have more fear of rheumatism and pneumonia for the Town Guard than anything else."

"See that they have Karosses. There is nothing like a Kaross for keeping out the cold," he said.

Mr. Carstairs at that moment sailed on to the stoep.

"Alice, dear, I wish you would look at this—ah! how do you do, Mr. Wolfe?" greeting Dennis, who had risen to come towards her. "You are, the very person I want. I am putting this pugaree on Harry's hat. He says it must be ready this evening though I should think to-morrow would do. Now, Mr. Wolfe, is that all right?" and Mrs. Carstairs, quite understanding the situation, held up the broad-brimmed felt hat—part of the uniform of the Town Guard—with its red and white pugaree wound round it.

"This is all right," said Dennis, turning it round; "I'd keep it just like this, Mrs. Carstairs. And it has just occurred to me, I can take the hat to Harry, as he wished to have it to-night. I am afraid he would be coming now. By the way, there are a good many of us together now. Bruce is one of us—you know him?" turning to Alice, and adding hastily as he looked at his watch: "That bugle will soon be sounding, I am afraid. I must be off."

"Ah, yes, Harry told us that you had joined some days ago. Well, we can only hope and pray that the military authorities will see fit to leave the Dutch alone. They are not doing us much harm."

As Mrs. Carstairs was talking, Dennis gazed gratefully at Alice. "She had known before," he told himself "that was why she showed no surprise. What a fool I am

and what a sincere little soul she is!" But Alice felt guilty.

Feeling more cheerful, Dennis rose, and when saying good-bye gently steered Alice to the garden gate. As they strolled down the narrow path, they brushed against the gardenia bushes, waking the perfume of the flowers.

"Alice, when are you going to be grown up enough? It must be soon," he said, bending over her and speaking in a tone that thrilled her. But just because it thrilled her, half attracted, half repelled, she instinctively called up her protective weapons.

"I am grown up enough to say 'good-night' It is chilly, Mr. Wolfe."

"Very," he said. "Good-bye, Miss Carstairs."

"Mr. Wolfe," she called gently after him as he swung off, "did you hear anything about a sortie to-night?" and she could not keep her voice from trembling. "Mr. Wolfe, should there be one, you'll take care of father and Harry, won't you?"

"Of course I will, child," he said cheerily; but you can keep an easy mind as to them. This rumour is all nonsense."

Alice felt the pain in his voice at her not having said "Take care of yourself."

"O why did I not say it?" and her hands gripped the gate as she listened to the sound of his footsteps.

## CHAPTER II.

Several weeks later, during which time Dennis Wolfe resolutely avoided the house to which his thoughts were always turning, Mrs. Carstairs was awakened at midnight by a pale and distraught form in a long white dressing gown.

"Mother, mother—listen"

Moved by the tragedy in the girl's voice, the older woman at once sat up in her bed. In the silence of the night there filled the air a sound as of a huge moth fluttering.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Carstairs, looking round bewildered.

"Men marching," whispered Alice.

The sound—penetrating, all-pervading, quiet yet insistent—grew and grew until it beat upon the temples in relentless

waves, and became the hushed and steady tramp of men upon an earthen road.

"Dreadful" exclaimed Alice, burying her face in her hands, only to raise it again quickly as the sirens at the mine heads, generally used to summon the men to work, began the signal of an attack on the town. At first from only one mine, the fiery cross of sound, with its ominous one, two, three—pause; one, two, three—pause; spread from mine to mine until the women stared at each other aghast at the awful sound.

The town awoke and the listeners exclaimed at intervals.

"A cart; someone going to join his fort."

"A horseman galloping."

There was little rest that night. The rattle of the artillery, as it dashed along came later and caused fresh alarms.

Early next morning, after a troubled sleep, Alice dressed, passed noiselessly through the still house, and went out into Du Yoits Pan Road to gather news.

"What is that," she exclaimed, pulling her hat over her eyes, and gazing down the broad street at a cavalcade in the distance. "What is that?" she repeated, going up to a Hottentot who stood looking, his hand shading his eyes. "It looks like de ambulance wagon, missis," he said, touching his hat. "De red cross is on de tent and flag, missis."

"How slowly it comes!" exclaimed Alice, and the reason flashed into her heart.

She ran along the road, other people hastening also. But the flap was down both in front and behind to keep out the dust and Alice seeing a tentless wagon behind hurried on to it.

For a second she stopped, amazed, saying to herself in breathless pauses, "The men are laughing and smoking—surely they are not wounded! And there is Mr. Bruce one of them;" and she ran to the wagon, her large hat tilted back, her fair, soft hair blown by the wind.

"Mr. Bruce, are you wounded?" she asked, breathlessly, hardly noticing the other men in the straw-lined wagon.

"Just a scratch on my arm, Miss Carstairs."

Alice saw it was tied to his breast.

The face grew pale and sad, the eyes spoke, but not the tongue, as she walked beside the wagon, her ungloved hand on the wooden rail. Other people had joined the wagon, and were busily plying the men with questions. But to Alice they did not exist.

"And Mr. Wolfe?" The toneless words hardly reached Jim Bruce's ears.

"Poor Dennis," he said keeping his eyes on her face, "has not been so fortunate."

"O, Mr. Bruce!" she gasped, her face drawn, her blue eyes dark with suffering.

"He is only wounded, you know, but"

"Yes—where?" she whispered hoarsely.

"In the head, pretty badly;" and Jim Bruce sank back against the side of the wagon, as white as Alice.

"This arm is waking up," he muttered, faint with pain and he had no strength to lift his head to see how Alice fared.

She, her knees trembling, had only one instinct, to get home—to hide. When she reached her room she fell on to the bed in a shiver of agony.

"Could I only have looked into that wagon, only have lifted the sail and seen him. O, Dennis, you don't know how I love you, and I may never see you again!" In one white flash her love had been revealed to her. Nothing escaped its scathing light—her petulance, her impatience of the beginnings of the love that now engulfed her, the patience of the man and his strong gentleness. She lay in terror of a future without him.

That afternoon, some hours after his arm had been bandaged, Jim Bruce lay in his cool room in the Kimberley Hospital.

"Ah, nurse," he said, as a cool, quiet figure in grey and white appeared at the door in answer to his bell. "could you bring me a drink of water? By the way, how is Wolfe?" he added carelessly.

"Pretty well. He had a wonderful escape. It is a nasty cut; comes right down over the temple. The doctor is a little afraid of his eye. Lost a lot of blood, too"

"Which is his room?"

"No. 33 Doctor looked grave over him. But he does not seem to care what hap-

pens. Says it's all one to him; in fact, he wishes the bullet had finished him."

"Poor old Denny," said Bruce to himself "I shall have to 'een pian maak' in order to see, him, and she looks pretty sharp, too." He eyed the little resolute woman before him. "But I must tell him: it will do more to cure him than anything else."

When left alone he began to dress. "Let sleeping dogs lie is true of this arm, the brute. By Jove! how it wakes up!" After being forced to lie down through faintness, he rang his bell with a determined set of his mouth.

"Mr. Bruce," exclaimed in surprise a younger nurse whom Jim Bruce was thankful to see, "what are you doing?"

"Well, nurse," came in soft, insinuating tones, "you see, it's this way. My arm is all right, but I could not manage these sleeves. You will help, won't you? You see, nurse," seeing her hesitate, "I've never been a day ill before. I can't stay in bed. Let me up and I'll be as right as a trivet."

"But doctor—"

"Let me stay up till he comes, and then if he says so, I'll go to bed like a lamb," he interrupted. Bruce lay pale and exhausted after he was dressed. "I must tell him," he said to himself. "What that chap has gone through these weeks! Never looked near her. Can imagine him riding past her house last night without turning his head to see it. Went into the hottest places, the beggar! Didn't like the look in his face; though to be sure, none of us looked like angels of light."

Stealing out of his room, he slipped into 33 and hastened to where Dennis lay, his head and eyes bandaged.

"Dennis, old boy," said Bruce, rapidly, in low tones, "don't speak, but listen. Last night as we marched past her gate, you did not see the figure or hear the sob, but I did. And they had only one meaning."

"Father, Harry," murmured Dennis.

"Father, Harry be hanged!" said Bruce fiercely, and continued quietly; "This morning coming along in that ambulance wagon, you did not know much about it,

poor old chap, but Alice was in the street, following our wagon."

Here Jim saw Dennis grip the bed clothes "I told her her people were all right, but her eyes, man; you should have seen the hunger in them! They said 'How is the man I love? the one man in the world for me.' When I told—"

"Mr. Bruce, what does this mean? Doctor said you were both to be kept quiet," exclaimed the staff nurse.

"All right nurse," said Jim obediently, and went to his room. When his tea was brought a minute later, the nurse ran for some brandy.

"You go straight to bed now, Mr. Bruce. No more trapesing."

And Jim went to bed like a lamb, but with the temperature of a roaring lion.

\* \* \*

A week later Mrs. Carstairs and Alice called at the hospital to ask how their friends were.

Alice entered the darkened room unheard by the occupant, and looked at the long form of the man, the head bandaged, the lines of suffering on the face.

"Dennis," she said, impulsively, as she went towards the bed and slipped her hand into his as it lay on the coverlet

"Darling!" and all the man's soul went into the hold of his hand on hers. "Where are you?" he asked his deep voice gruff with emotion. His hand found its way to her face, the ether followed, and framing its oval he drew it down and kissed her. "Dearest," he whispered, "I wished to be done with everything; then Jim Bruce told me how you asked about me. That—why, darling, I began to get well at once. What a small face it is!" he exclaimed, as he held its softness against his face. "Alice," he whispered, "it is mine. You are grown up now."

"Yes, I am quite grown up now."

The subtle change in her voice excited the man. "I must see you!" broke from him, as he put his hand impulsively to the bandage.

"O, don't, don't!" cried Alice, rising in alarm. Then, as his hand dropped to the counterpane, "Poor boy," she murmured, her voice full of pity, "this is to make up," and she stooped and kissed an inch of brow near his hair.

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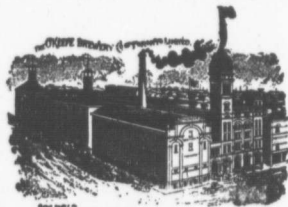
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