

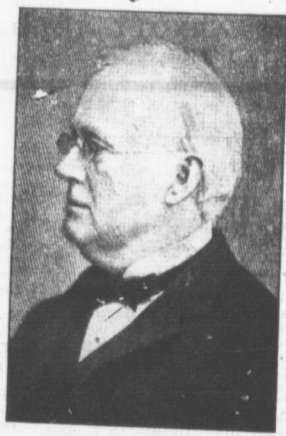
PRICE FIVE CENTS

JANUARY 9, 1904

# EVENTS

PUBLISHED  
WEEKLY

Ontario  
Politics  
Political Car-  
toons and  
Half-Tone  
Pictures



A Rideau Hall  
Story by  
Sir Oliver  
Gascoigne  
Editorial

SENATOR HOAR  
Leading Statesman of the United States

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# EVENTS

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# EVENTS

*Published Weekly.*

12  
Vol. 5, No. 2.

OTTAWA, JAN. 9, 1904.

Whole No. 251.

## *Ontario Politics.*

It is amusing to read of Mr. "Bob" Birmingham stating in a public address to the electors of Pembroke that the North Renfrew election had smashed the "machine." He added: "We have had to fight a Grit government in Ontario since confederation, but things are coming our way now." Mr. Birmingham has been one of the chief directors of a political machine in Ontario for a score of years, that is, of the Conservative organization and he had a better Conservative organization, whether it is called a machine or not, in North Renfrew than the Liberals had. A very clever move on his part was to swell the Conservative machine at the last moment by importing "thirty-five lawyers and ten members of the legislature" on the pretense that they were required to man the polling places to watch the "machine." It is an old trick to steal a man's watch and then run away crying stop thief, as a device for diverting attention from the culprit. Both "machines" have the trick. Mr Birmingham dwelt on the amount of money that was being spent in the election. The Liberals allege that the Conservatives had by far the most of the money and they actual-

ly named the man who put it up. The Liberals are said to be entering a protest against Mr. Dunlop's return and they will, it is said, have no difficulty in personally disqualifying Mr. Dunlop. This would show that Mr. Birmingham's story has two sides.

The Ontario legislature is called to meet on the 14th inst. One constituency, North Oxford, is vacant by the sudden death of Mr. Andrew Pattullo in London, Eng. With this strong Liberal riding represented Mr. Ross' government will have a majority of three, which is quite as large and even larger than the party majority of the Conservative government of British Columbia. If, therefore, it is fair to say that Mr. Ross should resign because his majority is very small it would also be fair to argue that the British Columbia government should resign because its majority is smaller. But in reality there is nothing in the argument in either case, unless we set aside the constitutional principle of ruling by a majority of the elected members. That might be the proper thing to do, but we cannot have that principle and set it aside at the same time. The Ross govern-

ment represent the Liberals of Ontario and they do not want that government to facilitate the advent to power of the men in Opposition now, any more than they did in May, 1902, when Mr. Ross was sustain-

ed in power at the general elections. So long as Mr. Ross is supported in the legislature by a majority so long is he entitled to remain at the head of affairs

### CHAFFING CHAMBERLAIN.



#### HIS OWN BREATH.

An old negro "mammy" having seen her mistress inflate an air-cushion and then sit on it, rushed out in great excitement declaring, "Missis wuz sottin' on 'er own bref,"

—Westminster Gazette (London)



#### "JOE'S LONG SWIM.

Arthur—"You b-b-bust have had enough of it, haved't you, J-J-Joe! It's bighty cold eved id the b-b-beat; sh-sh-shall we take you id?"

Joe—"Take me in; I should think not! It's a bit chilly in places, and the tide is rather stiff, but, bless you, I like it!"

—Punch (London)



The Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany who has thrown Berlin court and society into a ferment owing to his reported infatuation for Miss Geraldine Farrar, the beautiful American opera singer.

## EVENTS

Published Weekly.

ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor.

VOL. 5. JAN. 9, 1904. No. 2

**T**HE B. C. government has by order-in-council asked the Supreme Court of the province to answer the question, has the legislature power to prohibit the employment of Chinese in the mines. The last legal decision on this question was in favor of the negative.

**T**HE Mail and Empire is securing some of its choicest campaign literature against a Liberal government from the editorial columns of the Ottawa Free Press. The Liberals might have easily arranged for a paper at Ottawa which would represent Liberal sentiments and reflect Liberal policy, but instead they have been saddled with a combination which is rushing over to the Grand Union Hotel to shake hands with Gamey and doing its best to destroy the Ross government. Mr. Ross will have to shell out a little more patronage if he is to be supported by great public journals which undertake to speak for Canada, and cabinet ministers, and Liberals.

**W**E have received a copy of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's menu card placed in the hands of the passengers who were lucky enough to eat their New Year's dinner on this popular Canadian railway. It is an elaborate four page production with a beautiful view from among the Rocky Mountains reproduced on the first page. It is a little gem in colors and looks like a miniature oil painting. The menu makes the mouth water, but then it is not so very different from the every day service of the dining cars of this road, which has a great reputation for serving first-class fare every day in the year. The C.P.R. is the only road so far as we know, on the continent which runs its own dining car and sleeping ser-

vice. The travelling public, at least that has been the experience of the writer, find it so much more convenient and so much nicer to have everything under one control and subject to the one general management, that we believe, the attention paid to passengers by these two services has done more to account for the popularity of the road than anything else. The charges too, are more moderate than on the United States lines, and a passenger can travel from Montreal to Vancouver without feeling that he is being robbed. There is no doubt that the dining car service is one of the great successes of the road and it was a happy idea to get out this beautiful illustrated menu for the New Year.



**INTERROGATING THE SPHINX**  
The "Country"—I beg your pardon, boss, but is there any date to that?—Toronto World.



**T**HE Ottawa government had better fill up the vacant portfolio and announce the session or a dissolution. It doesn't pay to drift.

**S**IR FREDERICK BORDEN, the minister of militia and defence is to address the Canadian Club of Ottawa on Monday noon regarding the results of his recent mission to England. Sir Frederick is certain to have a large and attentive audience.

**T**HE preference in the Canadian tariff seems to have encouraged Messrs. Mander Bros. of Wolverhampton, England, who have branches in London, Berlin and Florence, to establish a branch in Montreal and the reason given for this step is the increasing demand in the Dominion of Canada for their manufactures. They began business in Canada Jan. 1.

**T**HE only morning paper in the Capital of the Dominion stated on Tuesday morning that it had taken no sides in the municipal mayoral election "because we did not approve of the lines upon which the contest was conducted, involving as they did extraneous issues which cannot but do harm to a community constituted as this is." Without any disposition to criticize it does strike us that if important issues were involved, threatening and dangerous to the community, it was the time to speak out and take sides, rather than a time for effacement. No public journal can obtain the confidence of the people if it shrinks from giving to its readers the benefit of experience, information, and study where the situation is difficult and perhaps delicate. Where the situation is plain the people need no guidance. Another daily paper of the same city took the same hermaphrodite position.

**E**ACH of several of the big annual fairs in Canada are most anxious to receive a grant of \$50,000 and the added kudos of making it a Dominion exhibition. This year the big fair at Winnipeg gets it by reason, it is presumed, of the activity and interest of Mr. Sifton, the member of the government representing Manitoba. In its

issue of the 2nd inst. the Winnipeg Telegram gives great prominence on its front page to an article seeking to deprive Mr. Sifton of any credit for the grant and blaming him for giving the grant for the fair of 1904 instead of 1905. That is easily remedied, for if the Telegram speaks for the directors of the Winnipeg fair let the grant come to the Ottawa Fair this year and go to Winnipeg next year. So far the decision of the cabinet to grant \$50,000 this year to the Winnipeg Fair is only known through the newspapers and the decision could be changed without any trouble. Of one thing we may be certain that if the government will grant \$50,000 and make the Central Ontario Fair at Ottawa a Dominion Exhibition this year no party organ in this city will carp or cavil at the action of the Executive



#### IT'S UP TO MR. HAYS.

Political Traveller: This pass upon which I depended to carry me in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces has lapsed, sir, thru no fault of mine. Will you see to it that I am carried?—Toronto World.

## A Rideau Hall Story.

By Sir Cliver Gascogne, Bart.

**H**ARDLY had Mrs. and Miss Sherrington arrived in Ottawa from New York, when they received a command to attend a state ball at Government House. It was during Lord Evanstown's term of office—Lord Evans'town—of Cranbrooke. They had come up to spend a week or two (their hostess believed in tentative invitations) with Sir Nicholas and Lady Hobby. Sir Nicholas is a very blunt civil engineer who was knighted for building a railway, so thinks the public, but truly because he happened to marry Miss Pauline Fordham of New York, who managed it for him.

She is a sister of Mrs. Sherrington, and she is called Lady Nick by her own set because she is so tremendously keen, and some say unscrupulous. She is really clever and willing to risk a little to be amused, and these qualities pass for wit and dare-deviltry in a dull society. The sisters were at school together, but have nothing else in common save a few recollections, and these are of a kind that keep them friends.

Mrs. Sherrington has quite an un-American awe for things as they are, and her sister's alliance with a plain engineer, who was in due time created a K. C. M. G., gave her visions of possibilities for Rhoda, although she had not a notion of how they were to be realized.

She had been left a widow when Rhoda was eight, with a fortune the whole foundation and structure of which was as solid as anything financial can be, and it was big enough to be quite above cavil and

criticism. Mrs. Sherrington had such plain tastes that a large flap of interest had gradually doubted back upon the principal and was, so to speak, keeping it warm.

Sir Nicholas was away from home, as he nearly always was, and the ladies had gone to the hall alone. It was after they came home, nearly half past three, when Lady Hobby heard a tap at her door. Mrs. Sherrington entered.

"My dear Josephine, I don't know what to make of Rhoda."

"Why, what is she doing?"

"Nothing, but she says she must go home to-morrow."

"To-day's to-morrow, and you've only just got here. Doesn't she like her quarters?"

"Why, Josie!"

"What is she doing?"

"She won't go to bed; she simply looks at her feet and says we must really leave to-morrow."

"She seemed to have a good time. Of course, it was common enough; everybody was there, but sometimes I rather enjoy that kind of a crush. Were you surprised at the number of flunkeys, my dear? Every one does duty on occasion; even the coachman was pressed into service to-night. I pity poor Evan-town sometimes, he has only about fifty people all told."

"She says she had a lovely time."

"I introduced her to most of the really merry men. She had a dance with each of the aides, and they won't go around twice in a crowd like that—Capt. Harry Resk-

neer and the Hon. Keith Markham, you know. Then there was Mr. John Reffdene."

"The tall young fellow?"

"Yes. You remember I told you to look twice at him. He was the only man there worth it. Did you see Rhoda and him together?"

Mrs. Sherrington did not answer. "I suppose," she said, abstractedly, "he is somebody of importance or may become so. Tell me!"

Lady Nick smiled. "Let me take a peep at Rhoda," she said.

The young girl was seated upon the edge of a large chintz-covered chair before a mirror. Her hands were palm upward upon her knees. She had thrown back her evening cloak, and in a muslin gown that was simple in its perfection she sat as if charmed. Her face had no trace of fatigue, but was rounded and drawn with lovely lines and tinted with translucent color.

"Did you see her eyes," asked Lady Nick, when they were again in her dressing-room.

"I could see nothing but her eyes!" said Mrs. Sherrington.

"There is no doubt about it, it must be Reffdene. At her age, my dear, I would have felt just the same way. Now I'm only a middle-aged fright with a hobby—that is, to get Nicholas into the peerage."

"Poor Rhoda!" said Mrs. Sherrington, with a sigh, and with a genuine pang; "who is this terrible Reffdene?"

Lady Nick took her solemnly by the arm, and together they went down into the library. Here she found a huge tome, red as blood and splashed with gold and blue enamel. "Swear that you will not tell what I am about to disclose to you; I had it from Reskneer under a vow."

Mrs. Sherrington put her hand on "Dobrett's Peerage." "Never!" she exclaimed in an awed voice.

Lady Nick plunged into the book like an expert swimmer in these aristocratic waters and brought to the surface what she wanted. "Read that!"

Mrs. Sherrington read the words dancing before her eyes the estate and title of

John, Estmore, Patrick, Albert, George, Wellington, Hastings, Reffdene, Marquis of Crisacre."

"And this is?"

"Mr. John Reffdene."

"The Marquis of Cisacre—"

"Home from the Afghan war. That old cat whom they call Lady Beaton is his mother, the Countess of Cisacre, of course. You remember she wore a sort of bronze bodice and a sheet-iron skirt with cast-steel trimmings. They are here incog. No one knows who they are but a few of us. The family is the most expensive—I mean the oldest in England—can trace their line back to the gentleman who steered the first co-operative store, Ncab, you know. They are positively the most influential family. Why, that old harridan can get what she wants from any British government. Young Reskneer tried to introduce us to-night, awfully decent young chap. I heard her say as she went off: 'Really, you know these colonial knights are too absurd with their Ladies'. Of course, Patricia, we have no right to the title till our husbands are made peers; until then it really doesn't mean anything. But I'll get even with her for that remark. I'll climb into the peerage yet, never fear, Patricia! I would like to see a real love match between Crisacre and Rhoda, he not to know that she has a son, she not to know that he has a coronet. Let's try!" She shut the book as if she had caught the noble marquis in a trap.

Rhoda must eventually have gone to bed, for she was fast asleep when Lady Hobby's part in the following conversation could be heard at the telephone:

"Mr. Reffdene, oh, good morning! I don't hear you very well."

"Sorry. How's that? Perhaps something's wrong with our box."

"That's better; awfully smart dance!" said Lady Hobby.

"Glad. Rested yet?"

"Do I sound played? You're monosyllabic."

"Trendons upheavals here—Reskneer and Keith Markham—awfully nice fellows, you know, but—" Mr. Reffdene was seriously interrupted.

"What was that?" inquired Lady Hobby.

"A paper weight."

At his end of the wire John Reffdene was trying to reach Reskneer with one foot, while he balanced himself on the other. Young Keith Markham (it was his first winter in Canada) was standing at an open window and complaining that it was too hot, although the hooded thermometer showed five degrees below zero. A moment's pause.

"Lady Hobby, are you there?"

"Yes, is the ink bottle coming next?"

"Awfully sorry! Lady Hobby Her Excellency has told me to ask you to come down and have tea this afternoon, informally."

"Delighted. Those things are so uncommonly jolly."

"Her Excellency would like you to bring Mrs. and Miss Sherrington."

"Mrs. Sherrington? Oh yes; so thoughtful."

"And Miss Sherrington." Reffdene was emphatic.

"Who is that whistling?" asked Lady Hobby.

Markham was tooting a version of his own of "Yankee Doodle."

"Keith Markham, awful person. Rather. Miss Sherrington, too."

"Oh, no young people," said Lady Hobby, provokingly.

"Yes, Miss Sherrington, of course. Lady Hobby, are you there?" Silence.

"Lady Hobby—Miss Sherrington also. Her Excellency, Lady Hobby! Anybody there?" Reffdene dropped the receiver. Lady Nick stood perfectly still and heard the sound of a sudden scuffle that ended in the violent ejection of young Keith Markham by way of the window into a snow bank.

A few days after that Lady Hobby was late for luncheon. Sir Nicholas had come home from British Columbia, and he would not wait an instant after the established hour for any meal. She kissed him on his bald spot swiftly as she went by.

"Sorry to be late, Nicholas; I would have been later, but Reskneer drove me home."

"Hu'ph" said Sir Nicholas, slashing at a partridge. "Is he alive yet?"

"Yes, my dear, you don't like him, do you?" But I find Reskneer rather useful. He was awfully entertaining to-day, really bright, you know!"

Sir Nicholas gave her a long incredulous stare, as if he was about to say something, poisoning a fork laden with a fragment of bird then bolted it in silence.

"If it hadn't been for Patricia and Rhoda I would have begun my lunch like a bachelor."

Mrs. Sherrington began to set up within herself a state of discomfort as if she apprehended a family disagreement. But no such thing was possible: Lady Hobby was constantly far too adroit for that. She valued her point and knew that she would lose it if once Sir Nicholas set his teeth.

"Reskneer told me such a thrilling story about Mr. Reffdene. (No, Benson, I won't have any soup.) I always thought he was the handsomest fellow, but now I'll have to add the bravest and noblest to all the other superlatives."

"Who's Reffdene?" growled Sir Nicholas. "Every time I come home I find half a dozen new naames."

"Of course, Nicholas, he came after you left. He's down at Rideau. He was invalidated home from the Afghan war. Reskneer told me how it happened. He had a company with him to clear out one of those hill villages and burn it. When they attacked they found that instead of being defended by a handful it was swarming with Afghans. They had to retire, and when they counted the casualties they found half a dozen badly wounded and one missing—Lieut. Pothero. No one had seen him fall. Reffdene was awfully sorry because he liked Pothero; so back he goes within gunshot of the village and gets there just in time to see them find the young chap behind a rock and carry him off. Now, what do you think he did? He waited till dark, disguised himself in the dress of an Afghan prisoner, went right into the village, located Pothero, who was wounded in the head, but not badly, and got him out somehow, cut him out right under the enemy's guns. Of course, there was an awful fight, and Reffdene had his shoulder smashed and the same arm cut to

pieces. But they got out. Wasn't that splendid?"

No one noticed Rhoda during the recital, she sat still, growing paler and paler.

"Look here, Anabelle, I wish you wouldn't bring home such bloody stories about your brand-new heroes. Look at poor Rhoda! Besides, your Reffdene is sailing under false colors. I remember reading that in the Times about ten months ago, and the name wasn't Reffdene at all—"

"Nicholas, give Rhoda a glass of claret," cried Lady Hobby, hurriedly interrupting him and recollecting in despair the tepidness of Hobby's memory.

"The name wasn't Reffdene," he repeated.

"Rhoda, dear, if you feel faint you may—"

"The name wasn't Reffdene at all," he worked the words over with a sort of dry glee.

"There, Nicholas, you've said your lesson correctly; be quiet now, like a good boy."

"The name wasn't Reffdene at all," he reiterated, glorying in stolidness; "you'd better tell your friend Reskner. It was Crisacre—the Marquis of Crisaccre."

But Lady Hobby's interruptions had saved the day. Rhoda was just beyond earshot.

It was the night of the first dinner at Rideau Hall. They had driven home in a dismal humor, for, from some obscure cause, no one in the party had enjoyed the affair. Even Mrs. Sherrington, who was a most unimpressible person, had a vague feeling that all was not as it should have been. If Lady Hobby's mind could have been laid bare it would have showed like a relief map of a forest through which a fire had burned. Rhoda leaned back in the dimness of the closed sleigh and watched the running line of snow banks and the patches of light flashing by. She felt chilled and weary and knew only the obvious reason; she had hardly spoken a word to Reffdene; he had not taken her in to dinner; it was his duty to take in the post-master-general's wife, and, afterwards, when they had settled themselves for a

chat, he had been called away by Lady Beaton. What right had Lady Beaton to call him away? Her Excellency even seemed to set him tasks that would keep him from her.

Mrs. Sherrington had just donned her wrapper when Lady Hobby's maid brought a message: Lady Hobby wished to see her before she retired. In the gown she had worn at the dinner, her diamonds still on her, Lady Hobby was seated before an open fire in her dressing-room. She jumped up as Mrs. Sherrington entered.

"Close the door!" she said rudely. "I'm beside myself. I must have it out with some one. Poor Rhoda! Did you see what happened?"

"No," said Mrs. Sherrington, helplessly. "I knew that something was wrong."

"Wrong! She showed her hand, that was all. Old Beaton, I mean. She took Reffdene away from Rhoda. It was the plainest thing I ever saw."

"Oh," said Mrs. Sherrington with a stopped breath.

"And she has begun to love him so; don't you know it? And he simply adores her, and he's a perfectly noble young fellow, and now this old skeleton comes shaking ruin between them."

"What influence can she have over Reffdene?" propounded Mrs. Sherrington, hesitatingly.

"That's it; I don't know, but I can feel; these people and their traditions are different from us and ours. You and I married for love, Patricia, and I want Rhoda to, and this is simply perfect; don't you feel it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Sherrington, "but—"

"There must be no buts. And now that this old woman has shown her hand the air is full of buts and ifs. They are having a tragi-comedy down at the hall, and that was in the air o'night, that was loose stalking about and staring every one in the face."

"That! Why, Anabelle, what do you mean?"

"Listen! I feel it all in a heap, can I ever get it straight? To begin—yes that is the beginning—Reffdene's grandfather became involved in some speculations, and

somehow, to save the honor of the house, Reffdene's father signed off the entail; very noble, I dare say, but silly. Of course, they planned to get the property back, but they didn't, and a place called Bromleigh in Sussex, is all that is left.

"Bromleigh, in Sussex is all that is left," repeated Mrs. Sherrington in monotone, while Lady Hobby thought frantically in the endeavor to make the story succinct and cogent to her duller companion.

"Then when Reffdene's father died, Reffdene was only five, and he left the mother, this old Beaton, sole executrix, to administrate Bromleigh until John was of age. Well, John is of age, of course, but he has been away with his regiment in India, then the war broke out in Afghanistan, then he came home invalided—"

"Yes, Anabelle, I am here!" Lady Hobby looked through her to the wall.

"What has she done with the estate? Tell me."

"I'm sure I don't know," murmured Mrs. Sherrington, looking like guilt, as if she had Bromleigh concealed somewhere behind her skirts.

"There's nothing of it left—nothing. She's squandered it, mortgaged it, bridgwhisted it away. What do you think of that?"

"The horrid old thing!" said Mrs. Sherrington, in a flat, schoolgirl tone.

"So soon as Reffdene comes back, she whisks him over here to gain time: said she had an invitation from Her Ex. and they were to come incog. A lie. She's Lady Evanstown's aunt! Think of it!"

An oh! escaped from Mrs. Sherrington as from one willing to be stoned!

"That's not the worst of it!"

Mrs. Sherrington made a movement, as if she were gaining a brace for the wave that was coming. It broke.

"She's a forger!"

The two women glared at each other.

"She's forged the name of Lord Entyck-Morris to two notes for five thousand pounds each." Lady Hobby leaned forward and hammered each word on Mrs. Sherrington's brain. Then she sank back as if exhausted with swinging the sledge.

"You see, for three years Reffdene has let her go ahead. He's just twenty-four. How old is Rhoda? Twenty. He has taken his allowance and asked no questions. She, to pay it, has played and won and lost and borrowed money and forged. Now, two days ago a couple of Jews arrived here. They had tracked her. Entyck-Morris had repudiated his signature. They threaten an exposure if the notes are not paid. No one will tell Reffdene—it's too horrible! She says if they do she will commit suicide!"

"It's a pity she wouldn't," piped Mrs. Sherrington.

"Patricia. What could they do with a corpse at Rideau in the height of the season! It would close everything at once!" She gloomed over the prospect. "They are perfectly crazy with her. She tries to get His Ex. to play with her every night, and he has no money to lose. He came out here to save it."

"They ought to tell her son; he ought to know," dictated Mrs. Sherrington.

"They must not tell him. Think of Rhoda."

"What has Rhoda to do with it?"

"If he learns this he will never offer himself. Do you want her to be perfectly miserable? Put yourself in his place for a moment. Try to be a high-minded young chap in love. You'll see that he wouldn't dare to test his self-respect by proposing when he has that dishonor back of him. He'll go down to his grave with a great lump of sorrow on his back, but he wouldn't ask Rhoda to share it."

"Tell me, Anabelle how did you find this out?"

"From Reskneer. He's one of these men who will tell you anything, if you get him into a controversy. That's where we were. They are just on the edge of an abyss. Perhaps he thought we might help them."

"We? Why?"

"For Rhoda's sake and for John's too."

"I'm not so sure of Rhoda as you seem to be."

"I am sure of both. I put it this way: Go to her now—if you do not come back

satisfied I shall drop it. I shall not say another word."

Mrs. Sherrington rose and went trailing out like a person dedicated to a tragic mission. She saw, in a half light a form laid straightly on a bed, composed like the figure of a warrior-maid, noble in proportion, knit close with self-repression as if clasping the hilt of a lost cause. The only vestiges of any human tremor were two tears that stood solid as pearls fixed upon the marble cheeks. Mrs. Sherrington came back.

"I'll do just as you say, Anabelle."

"Thank God! You will never miss the money. The storm may pass over them. It is one o'clock. I can risk phoning to Reskneer to-night."

She thought swiftly as she went downstairs. Her character was a fine blend. Let us liken it to a prime quality of English breakfast tea. There was the suave soothing of human sympathy, the rich coloring of self-interest, with the wild dash of the orange pekoe of ambition for a subsidiary flavor. As she rushed down the stairs one hemisphere of her brain was aglow with the idea of saving Rhoda's happiness, the other with the hope of compassing her own advancement and scoring off Lady Beaton. She was finely unscrupulous and as vindictive as a black panther.

"Is that Capt. Reskneer?"

"It is."

"Do you know who is speaking?"

"Wait a moment."

"What did you do?"

"I shut the door. Markham is there with His Ex. playing pool."

"I want you to say to them to-night that I can arrange that matter—you understand? I have such regard for Lady Evans-town that I am not willing that she should lose even a wink of sleep."

"Awfully good of you. I had no idea of that."

"No—I have only one condition. Let me settle with Lady Beaton, as we call her now. Have us asked to dinner, not to-morrow, say the day after."

"Yes, I understand."

"Come to me to-morrow morning and I'll tell you what to say to the—strangers—you understand?"

"Perfectly, Lady Hobby."

"What did you call me?"

"Lady Hobby—am I right?" A wild doubt was in his voice.

"Yes, but I only have that title by courtesy, you know."

"By courtesy?"

"Yes, not by right."

Capt. Reskneer could hear the receiver clash down in its rest. He stood a moment in non-comprehension. Then he smiled in a flood of inward light and went into the billiard-room. Clearly, Lady Hobby was doing them all an immense, singular service. It was practical that she should expect something in return. It was borne in upon Reskneer's mind that if he was to give her message to Her Excellency at all it must be coupled with the condition (or perhaps expectation would better give the shade of meaning) that somehow she was to be rewarded.

It was a delightful little intimate dinner. The governor took in Lady Nick. Rhoda was between Capt. Reskneer and Reffdene. Lady Beaton was judiciously guarded, and Lady Nick reflected that if one must eat in company it was some compensation to be in such aristocratic society. By reason of the anticipation of something that was about to happen—no one knew what—the air was charged with gayety. His Excellency had ordered his best champagne and all thought of the meaner, bastard wines with which he usually regaled the mob of Canadian society was removed far from them. Even Lady Beaton, forgetting the shadow of Enoch & Co. kept her glass full and was conscious all the time of an inward bitterness and unrest.

After dinner, in the blue drawing-room, when the men had come in, Lady Nick sailed alongside Lady Beaton and grappled with her. She returned an insolent stare with perfect candor. She nodded toward a corner where Rhoda and Reffdene were in another world from the rest of the company.

"What a stunning pair?" she remarked ecstatically.

"This young woman is an American, I believe. When I was a girl we did not meet them."

"Dear Lady Beaton, that was a long time ago. The marquis seems entertained by Miss Sherrington."

"The marquis! What do you mean?" said Lady Beaton, with a glare sudden as the flash of a dark lantern.

"Why, your son, Crisacre."

"You possess at least one of the American virtues—impudence, madam."

"Miss Sherrington possesses another; at least you will so regard it."

"What may that be?"

"Money."

"Ah!" gasped Lady Beaton, with a clutch in her throat, raising her lorgnette, usually a weapon of offense, and fixing it upon the segment of heaven in the corner.

"How much?" The words came with an odd click like the movement of one of those French locks in which you turn the key twice.

"They write their millions with two figures. But it is not altogether a question of money. Something tells me, as I look at these two young people, that they could be ideally happy, Lady Crisacre."

"Madam! Why do you call me anything but what you are at liberty to call me? I am Lady Beaton to you."

"This conversation, as far as I can make it, is to be upon a basis of truth. You are the Countess of Crisacre!"

"You, madam, are like a highwayman; you bid me deliver my name to your fair keeping at a pistol point."

"Two nights ago you did what you could to separate Miss Sherrington and the marquis!"

"I flatter myself I did."

"You are afraid of what must ensue if he marries."

"You are talking Greek to me," said Lady Beaton in a whisper, the paint suddenly standing in two points on her cheeks.

"Then you will have to give an account of your stewardship."

"I shall not allow Crisacre to marry out of his class if I can help it. I am of the old school." Drawing herself away from Lady Hobby and emphasizing each point with a clashing of her fan.

"You have a new lesson to learn. I am equally determined that they shall be as happy together as they desire to be."

"I have not sought the honor of measuring swords with you, madam."

"It is the old against the new art of fence. I am simply fighting for the happiness of two young people who were created for each other. I am eordid enough to present the question of fortune to you as one to be considered in Crisacre's interest. In your present situation it is an argument that should appeal to you."

Lady Beaton seemed moved by a slight jolt, as if something had lifted her chair and dropped it again.

"Mrs. Hobby," she sneered, with a thrust that she knew would reach home, "I have no regard for money in such a question, where the honor of the house is concerned."

Lady Hobby winced. "Then I appeal to you upon that honor. If you begin to ruin your son's happiness, I shall assist you. Refuse to allow them to come together, naturally, without a cloud in their sky, (look at them now), I shall spoil your family honor, and as easily as I could ruin that cast of the Venus by dashing an ink bottle over it."

"Believe me, I think you quite capable of it, but you have no power!"

With a changed voice, careless where it had before been earnest, Lady Hobby said:

"This morning I had an interview with Mr. Mollendorp, who, as you know, is here in the interest of Enoch & Co."

Lady Beaton dropped her fan and did not try to pick it up.

The names are familiar to you. He showed me two interesting documents."

"You have them!" cried Lady Beaton, striking her fingers into Lady Hobby's arm.

"Mr. Mollendorp took them away with him. He is quite satisfied with the assurance I gave him, that if certain events



took place within a reasonable time he would receive the value of the forged notes (I understand perfectly, Lady Crisacre), with added interest. More than that I am willing to say that if it is reasonably certain that the event will take place, enough money will be forthcoming to clear off the mortgages on Bromleigh, and Crisacre need never know of the way you have mismanaged and squandered."

"These events? What events?"

"One is the marriage of Crisacre with Miss Sherrington."

Lady Beaton compressed her heart behind her lips and bowed.

"The other is merely a personal matter. I am ambitious for my husband; I want something better for him. He is a K. C. M. G. now. The right word from you to Lord Falmouth would gain my point, and I am sure of His Excellency's influence."

"You wish to be the wife of a baronet, Lady Hobby?" said Lady Beaton, explicitly.

"There have been colonial peers, Lady Crisacre."

"You place your purchase high."

"It is for you to weigh it. If on mature reflection you think it excessive, you may let me know."

Lady Nick arose and settled her raiment about her with a victorious movement. Suddenly every one in the room seemed to start toward her. But it was really toward Lady Beaton, upon whom she had turned her back. In an instant young Keith Markham and Reffdene were at her side. She had fainted away, and her head hung like a faded flower cut down by the frost. With a slight scuffle, they and Reskneer succeeded in carrying her off, and His Excellency, who seemed greatly concerned, followed them out, exclaiming humanly: "Don't be in a hurry, don't be in a hurry!"

"It's no use, mater. I'm done for," said John Reffdene, standing like a small boy willing to make a confession. "I've tried, and I've thought of going away, and all that, but it is no use. I'm positively done for. I know you won't approve, at least I think you won't. But she's an awfully jolly girl, and I'm sure she'll brighten up

old Bromleigh and if she should come over you know how I'd do my best, sell out of the regiment, and settle down."

"Do you mean, sir, that you have fallen in love with that tall American, the niece of that—that—delightful Lady Hobby?"

"Well, mater I wouldn't marry without your consent."

"She hasn't a penny John; I suppose you know that."

"I don't care anything about money."

"Does she know who you are?"

"Hasn't an idea, and I don't want her to have. I want her to take me for my own sake, if she will take me at all. I'd like to speak to her mother about it tomorrow."

"You are a disappointment to me John; I had hoped—well, we'll say nothing about that—you have made your choice. I shall not stand in your way with any of my crochets. I married for love myself but it is not the same for a man and I hoped you would consider your position and choose some one from our own set. When you go back to London you can ask your lawyers for a statement. When you get it I hope you will be satisfied that your mother has been watchful of your interests. I hope you will see that all her nights and days have been well spent in keeping things intact. I have literally repented myself for you John, and, of course, for yours and I hope you may be very happy."

Two evenings later they had an evening skating party at Government House. Paper lanterns were hung everywhere in the trees like growing fruit upon the mystical branches in some magician's grove in a scale of pink from the palest tint of a seashell to the deepest damask of a rose or in gradations of yellow from the faintest hint of color in a butterfly's wing to the deepest golden hue of a ripe orange. There were little cup shaped lights outlining the rink and beading the handrails of the long stairs ascending the toboggan slides.

Enormous bonfires threw a glare into the hollow shadows of the pines, and lit up the groups of moving figures, the skaters, the men and girls in tobogganing costumes. It was a perfectly clear night with a black sky and yellow stars. About half after

nine young Keith Markham said "to Reskneer: "What has become of Reffdene? I wish you'd look him up. We ought to go into supper, and he's to take—who is it? Have you got your list? For Heaven's sake don't be long, this crowd is getting on Her Ex's nerves."

But Reffdene was nowhere to be found. He was to take in one of the judge's wives and when she was left without an escort she became so inflamed that she found her husband, the learned judge, who had only had three goblets of mulled claret, and took him home!

Reffdene had taken one slide with Rhoda and when Reskneer was busily searching for him among the groups of merry-makers they were near the bottom of the slide. They had stepped aside from the path into a thicket of pines where there was abench, and there they sat forgetful of the great world. It was near them, evident in the

glare from the distant fires that hung over their little dark nest, in the lines of colored lights that spangled the spaces in the trees, in the wild rush of the toboggar that slid by, in the faint harmony of the band that floated down the still air. But they were forgetful of it. For them the movement of the shadows of the pines on the silver snow had a deeper reality; shadows that moved like the prows of dusky ships adventuring in a blanched ocean.

They were content. The storm had passed over them.

When the next birthday honors were announced it was discovered, much to the astonishment of every one, including Sir Nicholas Hobby himself, that he had been raised to the peerage for distinguished services to the empire.

Lady Nick chose his designation. He was to be known as Lord Kippewa, of Carleton.



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## How the British Went to War.

(The 'Spectator' London)

**M**R. BALFOUR'S 'apoloiga' in regard to the strictures passed upon the conduct of military affairs by the Government is remarkable for many things, but for nothing so much as for its misapprehension of the indictment preferred against the Administration by public opinion. Mr. Balfour apparently does not understand, or perhaps does not wish to understand, what is the charge made against the War Office.

Shortly, the nation does not expect him to be a good judge of sabres, but it does expect him, or rather the Secretary of War, to be able to count, and to realize whatever the experts say or do not say, that eighty cavalry swords is not a large enough reserve with which to enter upon a war. We are by no means inclined to take up the position that the professional soldiers can always be relied on to give wise advice to the Government, or that expert military opinion must always be deferred to in regard to War Office business. On the other hand, we agree with Mr. Balfour in thinking not only that supreme civilian control is necessary, but also that the civilian may be able by a judicious exercise of his controlling and examining intelligence to make expert advice more useful than when it is given in isolation. We do not, that is, blame the Government for not acting on military advice, but rather for leaving too many things to the soldiers, and trying to shelter themselves behind the opinions of the experts. We hold, in fact, that the civilian head of the War Office—Lord Lansdowne—neglected to make due preparations for war, and so went into war with the Army in an unfit condition. We hold,

further, that in the matters in which our military preparations broke down a wise and instructed civilian opinion was just as likely to be sound as a military opinion, and that a civilian of ability who had for six months brought his mind to bear upon military affairs ought to have been able to form as sound a 'general' idea of our military needs as any soldier. In other words the plea, 'We were not told these things were necessary by the soldiers, and we could not have known them of ourselves,' is one which will not suffice to shelter Lord Lansdowne and his colleagues when they are arraigned for neglecting to make proper preparations for the war.

Let us see what were the defects in preparation disclosed to the War Commission. To begin with the stores of khaki clothing were quite insufficient, although it was known to everybody that if war took place only khaki clothes would be used, and it was likewise known that war was possible. Tents were also deficient. The rifles in reserve were so badly sighted that at five hundred yards, if properly aimed they would inevitably send the bullet eighteen inches to the left. That is, the better these rifles were aimed, and the more steadily they were held, the more absolutely certain it was that they could not reach the enemy. Of field and horse artillery the supply was inadequate, while there were three hundred and twenty-six less machine guns available than had actually been authorized. Of artillery harness we had only five hundred sets, and this, though the wear and tear of artillery harness is, of course, enormous when troops are in the

field, while we had, again, only five hundred sets of cavalry saddles in reserve to meet the requirements of sixteen thousand men. Of horse-shoes we were very short and of mule-shoes we had none. Still worse, our nominal ammunition reserve was low, and of it some sixty-five million rounds were useless, as it was liable to 'strip' and so injure both the rifle and the man who fired it. Now we contend that these were all matters in which a civilian judgment was likely to be quite as sound as that of a military expert. In other words, it does not take a military expert to see that any army has enough stores, and stores efficient of their kind. Experts are wanted to choose the best type of rifle or the best horse-shoe, but when the choice has been made the civilian chief can ensure proper supplies of them quite as well as the soldier experts. But perhaps it will be said: 'Is it fair to blame Lord Lansdowne for not having counted the sabres or the horse-shoes, or the machine guns, or discovered that the reserve rifles could not shoot straight, or that the reserve ammunition stripped? It could not be his business to look into such details.' Our answer

is that unless the responsibility for grievous neglect is visited on the person in supreme control, you will never get efficiency. It is equally true in business that the head of a great department cannot see to every detail himself. Yet, in spite of this, he is blamed and got rid of if things (which he could not be expected to know about) go wrong on a great scale. If he is not to be made responsible, then it is useless to try to obtain efficiency except from each ultimate individual and for the things immediately under the individual's eyes. At any rate, Lord Lansdowne repudiated this plea, for he himself said to the Commission: 'If anybody has to be hung it is the Secretary of State for War.'

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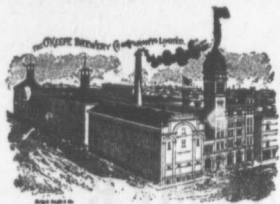


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