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EVENTS.

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EVENTS.

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Political.

The end has come. Parliament prorogued Monday, and the country may now congratulate itself on being saved a heavy item of expense. Thousands of dollars are wasted every year on keeping the House in session in order that party leaders and aspiring politicians may have an opportunity of working off stump orations. The proclamation calling Parliament together states that it is to be convened "for the dispatch of business," but when it gets into session it forgets what it came for, and begins the old party fight over again. It is no trick for a party leader to make over a thousand speeches in one session in the defence of his party, and every one of these costs the country anywhere from ten dollars to five thousand dollars, according to the length of each. Take the Hon. Mr. Foster, for instance. During the session just closed he made a record of over one thousand speeches, and it is a safe estimate to say that these cost the country from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars. Now, the question arises, is Mr. Foster worth that much to Canada? Would it not be to the advantage of the treasury to pension off the wind-bags of the Commons, at say \$10,000 a year each, and get business men in their places? It seems to me that that would be one way of making our revenue pay our expenses.

The session just closed has not helped the Liberal party any. Liberals all over Canada are disgusted with the way the affairs of the country are being conducted. Instead of carrying out their promised policy of retrenchment, the Laurier administration has gone into all sorts of expenditures until it has earned the reputation of being the most recklessly extravagant government in the

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in the history of the country. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, the government proposes to spend \$48,000,000. Every cent of this has to come out of the pockets of the Canadian people. There is no other way to get it, and consequently every man, woman and child, even to the infant in arms, has to pay \$9.00 this year. Luckily the tax is not levied in that way. If it were the poor man with a family of ten to support on an income of a dollar a day, would find himself hard pressed to provide \$96.00 as his share of the expenses of our government of retrenchment. If, however, the poor man is not called upon to pay the whole of this amount, he has to pay all he can afford, and some of his better off neighbours have to make up the deficiency. There is no getting away from the fact that every dollar the Government of Canada spends has to be paid by the people of Canada. The Conservative Government levied something like eight dollars a head on the people during the last year of their administration, and the Liberals went about the country charging them with being corruptly extravagant. They promised that if the people would elect them they would do better things, and the people took them at their word. How have they kept their promise? By increasing the corruptly extravagant expenditure of the Conservatives, \$1.00 a head, or eight millions of dollars in all. Words fail one to describe this kind of extravagance. The best I can do is borrow a word from one of their own supporters, Mr. Hutchison, M.P., for Ottawa, and described it as a *damnable* corruptly extravagant government.

That is severe language, but it is not any stronger than one hears every day from the lips of old time Liberals, who have fought the party's battles for years, only to be discredited and deceived by the men they have placed in office. The "deals" and "jobs" they condemned in their opponents are being carried on by their friends, and the men who honestly looked to the Liberal party to save the country from the ruinous pace set by the Conservatives in bonusing railways, and letting contracts, find that it has merely been a case of out of the frying pan into the fire. They are ashamed to meet their old time opponents on the street, for they cannot defend the acts of their friends in office, for whom they had promised so much. Naturally they feel very strongly on the subject, and that they should express their opinions in strong language is nothing more than might be expected. Either the Laurier Cabinet does not represent the principles of the great Liberal party, or the platform of that party, as laid down at the great Ottawa convention, was false, and the people have been grossly deceived and imposed upon. I am not quoting from Conservative opinion of the Liberal party in power, I am only expressing the feelings of Liberals all over the country, who are sorry to have to admit that they have been disappointed. But it is not necessary for any man of even ordinary intelligence to get his opinions second hand on this subject. All he requires is a copy of the Liberal plat-

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form as laid down at the great convention, and a summary of the acts of the Liberal administration—even of the acts of the session just closed—and he will find every promise broken, every principle discredited.

“But we are getting the worth of our money under the Liberals,” says the blind party man. “It is not a question of how much is spent, but of how well it is spent. The Conservatives fed their friends, but the Liberals are spending money on a business basis.” That would be a splendid defense if it were true, which it is not. The Liberals are letting contracts right and left without asking for tenders—one of the things which they condemned the Conservatives for—and what are the contractors doing? In the Crow’s Nest we are told they starve and sweat their employees; the Montreal Board of Trade says the large expenditure on harbor works in that city is being mis-applied, and it is said that Mr. Tarte and his friends will not lose anything by it financially. Here in Ottawa I am told men are getting \$3.00 a week and their board on the construction of a new rifle range out of which the contractor who farms out the work will pocket a neat sum, and so on through a long list, that makes old and true Liberals blush for shame.

I am not a Conservative, and when that party was in power, I did not spare them any for their short comings, nor do I forget any of their misdeeds in office, but now that it is not possible for them to do any more harm, it is only fair to leave them in peace. The Liberals I used to respect for their splendid policy in Opposition, and I was glad when the change came, for I expected, as every Canadian had a right to expect, that they would make use of some of the fine principles they paraded. I admire the individual ability of many members of the present government, but their collective acts are abominable. Had the Cabinet been chosen from the Kingston Lunatic Asylum, it could not have gone about its own destruction with any greater degree of certainty than at present threatens the alleged Liberal government of the day.

A great deal has been written and said about the government’s policy of retrenchment, which has manifested itself in the withholding of the statutory increases formerly allowed the civil servant, and the cutting down of the rate of interest allowed on poor men’s deposits with the government. The party papers have pointed to these two miserable acts as a carrying out of Liberal principles, which, if that is the full extent of them, must be admitted to be very small. But how are they going to account for Mr. Fielding’s resolution, afterwards embodied in a bill, doing away with the statutory deduction of \$8 a day from members’ pay for an absence during fifteen days. Surely this is an evidence of a government without a head, and bears out my contention of a couple of weeks ago that each minister runs his department independent of his colleagues and of the

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Premier. If this is not so, how can the ridiculous spectacle of Mr. Mulock chopping off a statutory increase in one quarter and Mr. Fielding giving the axe to a statutory deduction in another be accounted for? Surely, if the increase is stopped for economy's sake, the deduction should be continued on the same principle. Is it another case of the mule pulling against the jackass, or is it because the government thinks it safe to ill-use the civil servant, and good policy to grease the M.P.? It would be well for I, Mulock, to issue a proclamation on the subject, as he seems to be fond of that sort of thing.

Canadian mill-owners have been given another year in which to complete the destruction of Canadian rivers. Ten years ago the act prohibiting the dumping of sawdust and mill refuse into the rivers of Canada became law, but its operation has been suspended year after year, until it is now a question whether it is worth enforcing at all. The people had hoped and believed that after the first of May last, the nuisance would come to an end, for the first of May came and went without the act being suspended as in former years. But the mill-owners, with a fine contempt for the law, went on dumping the stuff into the rivers as usual, and the Government, through the Secretary of State, informed the people that they could go ahead and stop the practice. The government had given them a law, and if they did not enforce it for themselves, the Government was not going to bother about it. A citizen of Ottawa took the Government at its word and began, or was about to begin proceedings against the Ottawa mill-owners who had disregarded the law. But it would never do for the Government to allow their pets to be sued and fined. The law must not be enforced against them—they are above it—and so, to shut off the private citizen, the law was again suspended. It would seem that the law is not the same for all classes. The poor man can never get it suspended to head off a suit against him, and he ought to bear that fact in mind, and be very civil to the mighty ones who can ride over him with impunity.

Last week, I stated that a charge had been laid against Mr. Necombe, the Deputy Minister of Justice, who was accused of being responsible for no inquest being held on the bodies of two of the victims of the Crow's Nest Pass outrages. This week I am pleased to state that Mr. Necombe has been completely exonerated by the Minister of Justice, who stated in the Senate, that his deputy had acted by his advice. If, then, it is proven that the Department of Justice is in any way to blame in the matter, it will be in order for the Premier to call on the Hon. Mr. Mills for his resignation.

The word "fanatic" has been frequently used in Parliament this session, and it is a favorite with some newspapers. It seems to me that there are good grounds for the use

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of the word as applied to politicians. A fanatical person, the dictionary tells us, is one who is wild and visionary, and that many of our M.P.'s are, or were in that condition prior to the abolition of the House of Commons bar, can easily be imagined. Another meaning of the word is "wild and extravagant," and I do not think there are two opinions about it being properly applied in that sense to the men who are responsible for those \$48,000,000 estimates. Take it as meaning "a person affected with excessive enthusiasm," and where is the party politician who can deny that he is a fanatic? Our public men spend too much time quarrelling over terms that they evidently do not know the meaning of. At least one-half of the terms they resent as insulting are really only too complimentary. They put me very much in mind of the Irish fishwife, who was going to wipe the market up with Daniel O'Connell for complimenting her in language that she did not understand, and for that reason believed that it must be insulting.

The last few hours of the session were about as uncomfortable as any the government have had. Mr. Foster took the minister of finance in hand, and he tore his estimates to pieces. There is nothing that Mr. Foster takes greater delight in, and there is not a man in the House who can realize as he can the very uncomfortable feeling of a finance minister under fire. In the old days when things were different, he used to be the target upon which Sir Richard was wont to practise his oratory. He told Mr. Fielding that it used to be the boast of the Liberals, when in opposition, that when they came to power they would run the country on anywhere from one to five million dollars a year less than the Conservatives did; but now that they had the management of affairs they were spending millions more than had ever been spent in the history of the country. It was a splendid opening to give the administration a scorching, and Mr. Foster was not the man to overlook it. He hit hard and every blow seemed to tell.

Mr. Fielding made a weak reply. It was not a denial of Mr. Foster's charges, but an apology for the government. So many new things had cropped up within a very short time for which the government had to provide, that they were compelled to ask Parliament for a very large appropriation. The administration of the Yukon was one expense the Conservatives did not have to provide for, the Drummond County railway lease was another, and the prohibition plebiscite a third. But when all these extras were totalled up they amounted to less than \$3,000,000, and there was still the balance of nearly \$8,000,000 of excess over the Conservatives' last estimates to account for, which Mr. Fielding failed to explain. He said, however, that every cent of the money was needed, that it would be properly spent, and that it would bring the government in a good return, all of which I sincerely trust may prove true. At the same time it may be remarked that evidence of Liberal retrenchment and economy is sadly lacking in the estimates.

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So, after all, the prohibitionists are to have their innings. Almost at the last moment the Senate and the Commons agreed to a compromise on the franchise act, on the fate of which hung the fate of the plebescite. It seems a sinful waste of good money, but I suppose it had to come some day, and it is as well to have it over and done with at once. I do not think there is a ghost of a show for prohibition to carry, but if, by any chance it should, it would be one of the worst things that could befall this country. Prohibition won't prohibit, any more than the resurrection of the curfew bell, a relic of a less enlightened age, prevented children from running the streets at night. Such legislation is not suited to a young country that has its place to win among the nations of the world. It would stamp us as a narrow-minded, bigoted nation of cranks and fadists with eyes turned skyward and hands always raised in supplication. Prayer is good, and so is temperance, but neither can come through legislation. As well pass an act compelling everyone to attend one church. That was tried in England, and history tells what came of it. Instead of making the whole nation uniformly virtuous, it bred a generation of liars, hypocrites and fanatics, who fought, and hanged, and slew one another, till the whole thing went to pieces and religious liberty was proclaimed everywhere the British flag floated. And it is just such a state of affairs the prohibitionist, unintentionally I believe, is trying to bring about in Canada. There will be smuggling, lying and murder in every hole and corner of the Dominion, just as sure as the government tries to compel people to make their personal tastes comply with an act of parliament. As I said in a former issue, teach and preach temperance all you have a mind to, it is a good thing and deserves to be encouraged by all good people, but do not try to give it to the country with a force-pump.

There is another phase of this prohibition question that seems to have been allowed to remain in the back-ground, despite the fact that it is of the utmost importance to the Canadian tax-payer. That is the question of indemnifying the brewers and distillers of Canada, in case a prohibitory law should be passed. Very little has been heard on this subject in parliament, but now that the question is fairly before the country, it is time that the people should think seriously, of whether or not they are prepared to pay some hundreds of millions of dollars to the brewers and distillers of Canada, whose enormous plants would be rendered worthless by the passage of such an act. Surely the prohibitionists do not imagine that the government has the power to close up these establishments, without indemnifying the people who own them? If they do they must have a very poor sense of justice, and a curious notion of honesty. What they may think will not, however, alter the fact, and it is for the people of Canada to consider whether or not they are prepared to burden themselves with an enormously increased national debt, and an annual deficit of something like \$7,000,000, in order that the prohibitionists may experi-

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ment with a scheme that has proved an utter failure wherever it has been tried.

Mr. John Charleson, of the Public Works department, is said to have been responsible for the misrepresentations under which unfortunate laborers were induced to go to the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, where they were used worse than cattle. It is stated that he was the eastern agent of the contractors, holding that position at the same time that he was drawing pay from the people of Canada. The more one learns of that disgraceful business the worse it becomes, and the more closely the government seems to be connected with it. Mr. Tarte promised in the House of Commons that he would call Mr. Charleson to account for his share in the business, and the people of Canada will await with interest the outcome of the Minister's investigation. No one will be sorry for Mr. Charleson if he comes to grief. The way he has managed the affairs under his immediate control, the arrogant way in which he has treated Liberals who have had dealings with him on the Hill, and certain other little matters which have been urged against him by leading party men in the Capital, who were compelled to carry their complaints to high quarters, all tend to make John Charleson so unpopular, that his down fall would be hailed with delight by any number of staunch supporters of the Laurier Government.

THE POLITICIAN.

War.

That was a pointed and pertinent question put, the other day, to Mr. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury and government leader, whether "in view of the condition of the population of Cuba and the sufferings and evils arising from the Spanish-American war, Her Majesty's Government or any of the European powers have any intention of intervening to secure a cessation of hostilities by inducing one or both belligerents to negotiate terms of peace?" It is logical too. Surely, if this war was begun in the interests of suffering humanity, in the same much insulted interests it ought to be terminated. If the condition of the people of Cuba was bad when the war commenced, what has it been since, and what is it now? Nearly two months have elapsed since the United States fleet sailed for Cuba, during which time the wretchedness and suffering in that most unhappy island have but been increased and emphasized by the horrors of a dilatory and ineffective warfare. In spite of the glowing accounts of brilliant actions by the United States fleets, which, boiled down, have invariably yielded purposeless and resultless bombardment of forts, the Americans at this time of writing seem to be appreciably no nearer to the goal of their desires or ambition than they were on the 21st of April. Never was there a war, in which the belligerents were so unequally matched on the sea, in which all the advantage was on one

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side, that afforded to the world a spectacle of such prodigious bluster and gunpowder with so little result. A month ago the Spaniards were to be driven out of Cuba in twenty-four hours. More than twice as many days have been frittered away in fighting phantoms. Now it was a Spanish fleet threatening the American coast, then Cervera's flying squadron in the Caribbean Sea, and then, just as everybody was on the tip-toe of expectation of the arrival of a great force of 27,000 men in Cuba, the news came that this army had not left Tampa—and all, forsooth, because it was rumored that there were Spanish cruisers abroad—that one of Cervera's torpedo-destroyers, *The Terror*, was not safely locked up in Santiago harbor. Truly, the Americans are a wonderful people, and a lucky people! Had they run against a first class power instead of a second-rate one, crippled by a long and expensive war, there would have been weeping and wailing in Yankeeland before this. If Uncle Sam had any doubt about his standing among the militant powers of the world before he engaged in actual struggle, that doubt must have been dissipated by the awful state of unpreparedness in which an over-kind providence found him. There should be a special clause inserted in the international code decreeing a time limit for all war undertakings in the interests of humanity. It is hard to say which deserves the prize for unreadiness and uncertainty, Uncle Sam's army at Tampa or that Spanish fleet at Cadiz. In the interests of humanity is it not reasonable to ask Uncle Sam either to bring matters to a crisis or turn them over to an arbitration committee?

Uncle Sam never was very remarkable for the exercise of those little courtesies that among more cultured nations make life so much more enjoyable, but for pure gall and the unloveable temerity that springs from unadulterated ignorance and presumption he stands unrivalled. Admiral Cervera has four armored cruisers and two torpedo-boat destroyers worth probably fifteen million dollars with him in Santiago harbor. This little fleet alone has caused the Navy Department and Admiral Sampson more turmoil of spirit than they at one time thought the whole war could cause them. Admiral Sampson, with his usual Sampsonian tactics, desires to accomplish by bluffs and threats what his skill and courage are not equal to. Consequently he has had himself instructed to notify Admiral Cervera that if he destroys these ships to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Americans Spain will, after the war, have to pay an additional indemnity equivalent to the value of these vessels. It is quite evident that Uncle Sam expects to be paid for doing an act of charity, that instead of having money to burn "in the interests of humanity" he is after the dollars and cents to the absurd extent of establishing a lien on Spain's war-ships before he has captured them. One is lead to the conclusion that Cervera's vessels are better stuff than the wretched hulks that went down before Dewey's guns in Manilla Bay, and Sampson knows it,

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Hence his anxiety to ensure capture by the safe process of blockade and starvation. Judging Cervera by the very determined manner he clings to his ships, he will, like his brave countryman Admiral Montojo, fight them to the last and send those which American cannon cannot demolish to the bottom rather than allow them to fall into such churlish hands. There can be no satisfaction in surrendering to so unchivalrous a foe.

In the House of Representatives Mr. Pierce, Democrat member for Tennessee, made a severe onslaught on the government in consequence of its failure to bring relief to the suffering people of Cuba. He accused the Administration of negligence and failure. "Where now are the starving women and children to whom our warships were to take over ships laden with food?" cried Mr. Pierce. "They are all dead," a member says, "and it is true. All that will greet our soldiers and sailors now, when they land on Cuban soil will be, as suggested by another, the bleaching bones of women and children as the monumental evidence of the humanitarian policy of this Republican Administration." This is pretty strong. But there is more truth than patriotism in it.

Sagasta, Spain's Premier, told an inquiring Associated Press correspondent that information concerning peace prospects could be more easily obtained at Washington than at Madrid, where there was no desire for war. Spain he said, had been driven into war in defence of her rights and national existence; that the United States were the aggressors and it was for them to say when peace should prevail. In looking over the crowded incidents that finally rushed on the war it is difficult to see what justifiable cause the United States had for engaging in the struggle. Apart from the destruction of the "Maine," which the United States authorities, for reasons best known to themselves, refused to have investigated by a fair and impartial tribunal, there seems to be nothing that a reasonable nation could pervert into a *casus belli*. On March 12th Spain offered Cuba nominal independence with withdrawal of troops, a concession which only the direst necessity could wring from a proud nation. But it was not enough. It was blood the United States wanted and nothing but blood would satisfy her. That is the plain fact. It is not so much a war in the interests of humanity, as in the pursuit of vengeance for what any calm judgment must proclaim to be an imaginary wrong. In the meantime she shows no more competency to produce an immediate settlement of the disorders in Cuba and Manilla than did the Spaniards themselves. The net result promises to be confusion worse confounded. It is time for the powers to consider seriously, in the interests of humanity, the question of taking the job out of her hands and of restoring order and peace in these distracted islands. Well does the *Diario de Noticias*, the largest Portuguese circulation, say, "The disillusion is complete for those who thought the war between the

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United States and Spain would be decisively rapid. In the name of science and humanity the conflict should be stopped promptly. America provoked the war. It is her absolute responsibility to make it short."

Sampson's fleet is becoming positively dangerous, and if war operations do not soon cease, it will be doing itself an injury. It has got into the habit of firing at any object that shows a light in the darkness and smashed a moving train which it mistook for one of the enemy's ships. They are reported also to have more than once cracked into one another in the darkness and were only saved from destruction by the bad gunning. Those torpedo boats of Cervera have evidently proved too much for the nerves of Uncle Sam's gunners.

It is remarkable how ready American editors are to consider and follow the advice of English journals when it squares with their own views. For example, the Herald quotes the London Daily Telegraph, as follows:—

"If America doesn't take possession of the Philippines, Spain will be too feeble to reconquer the archipelago, and nothing will remain but Malayan pandemonium, which will inevitably attract the attention of the European powers and lead to serious complications."

Taking this for its first text the Herald continues:—
"While the people in this country are divided as to the future of the Philippines, British opinion has answered the question. The clock cannot be put back. The sword has won for us the islands. We must keep them. Spain is too feeble to restore order in the islands. To return the islands to her, then, would be to inaugurate an era of Malayan pandemonium. Such a state of affairs would not only invite European intervention, but render it inevitable. The powers would fall to quarrelling among themselves, just as a pack of hounds fight over their quarry, and a universal conflagration would be the result." And this, of course, in the interests of humanity. Cuba will be dealt with in the same spirit. Once let Uncle Sam get hold of the latter island and there will be no more talk of an independent Cuba. The same specious arguments will be used for the retention of that island. This war begun in the interests of humanity is gradually but surely displaying itself in its true colors—the vulgar lust of conquest and blood. But the Herald does not say what the American policy will be if Aguinaldo, who has declared himself "Dictator" of Manila, will have none of them. But there can be no doubt that it will prove equal to the emergency.

Fire works on such an extensive scale as those indulged in by Uncle Sam will prove costly. But he seems to be quite willing and able to foot any bill incurred in the interests of humanity. His War Bill is expected to bring into the national treasury the enormous amount of \$200,000,000

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a year. One cannot help thinking what a tremendous amount of poverty and starvation could be relieved by the judicious expenditure of this magnificent sum.

The view that EVENTS has taken of the Hispano-American war is that it is in the strictest sense of the words a war of vengeance, and not one undertaken in the interests of humanity. This fact is becoming more and more palpable every day and is being blazoned abroad by the United States government itself. It does not seem to be generally known—at least our big Canadian-American organs do not seem to know it—that Uncle Sam's official envelopes bear on them a scroll with the unholy motto, "Remember the Maine." Uncle Sam at any rate is honest, even if the world does insist on attributing to him the virtues which he does not pretend to have in this wretched business. The *Globe's* correspondent, too, for whose judgment I am coming to have considerable respect, says in his budget for Tuesday, "Were it not for 'Remember the Maine,' this would soon be a pretty unpopular war." And this is the opinion of a man who has passed the last six weeks around or amongst the camps of the invading army of Uncle Sam's fighting men. Is it not time for the newspapers—at least for those that pretend to take a fair and honest view of the war—to stop this maudlin and over-done humanity cry and give the thing its right name?

THE WARRIOR.

International.

The Anglo-Chinese convention signed on June 9th grants Great Britain 200 square miles of territory for the necessary protection of Hong Kong. This is a direct slap at Russia and Germany as may be gathered from the statement made by Mr. Curzon, Parliamentary Secretary for the Foreign Office, that any attempt on the part of Russia to send troops to the Yang-tse-kiang valley without the consent of China would be considered an act of war. This is the right tone to take with Russia, but one cannot help thinking of the desperate position Great Britain will find herself in with the great powers of Europe, should the United States relapse into her old attitude of open hostility to England. The scheme of an Anglo-American Alliance is a dangerous one to play and if it fail to take the trick the isolated splendour in which England has been basking for the past few years will but be the more emphatic and painful.

We are told, however, that President McKinley has decided to send a message to congress urging the immediate settlement of all questions pending between the United States and Canada, including the Fisheries, Immigration, Labor Law, Alaskan Boundary Questions. It is the intention "to wipe the slate clean." With such a commission as is contemplated, with time, sentiment and opportunity running strongly in favor of a just and friendly settlement

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of existing disputes, there seems to be no valid reason for concluding that the deliberations of the arbitrators will be other than successful and satisfactory. But there is no mention or desire on the part of American authorities for an Anglo-American Alliance such as was expressed by the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain in his famous Birmingham speech. And yet the time for such expression was opportune and most favorable to the promotion of this closer union. Any hesitation now on the part of the United States will have a deterrent influence on the growth and development of the plan. The official hand that was extended in England has not yet been grasped in the spirit in which it was extended, and there is a marked absence in truly American circles of anything like the unmanly gush and love-making enthusiasm displayed on the other side of the Atlantic. All that can be predicted so far is the enforced rather than spontaneous movement of a people in a perilous moment to do with an apparently better grace what they might have done and under previous conditions would have done with a bad one. They recognize the fact that necessity and the force of unlooked for circumstances have driven them into relations of a more friendly character with England, which at the present time it is their interest, perhaps, salvation, to adopt and cultivate. It would be churlish and perhaps dangerous to do less, and it is not necessary to do more. Of entering into an alliance such as Mr. Chamberlain indicated, there is not a sign, nor if they can pull through their present undertaking without further support from Great Britain, will there be a sign. There is not now, nor has there ever been, at least, so far as the latter was concerned, any valid reason why the two governments should not be on a footing of friendly relationship, as the term is generally understood; but there are, have been and will continue to be many reasons why an offensive and defensive alliance will not be acceptable to the great majority of the American people. It would be but the height of folly for any statesman to close his eyes and ears to this very plain fact. For Great Britain to build her hopes on and adapt her policy to the probability of such an event would be to lean on a broken reed which would fail her in the moment of need.

It is questionable whether Mr. Chamberlain's pronouncement, which amounted to an invitation, in favor of an Anglo-American alliance was not a diplomatic mistake. It is not an edifying spectacle, nor one conducive to confidence in Britain's power to behold the Secretary of State for the Colonies declaring to the world that his country's policy is her international weakness. At any rate, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the Liberal leader, seems to be of this opinion. He is quoted as referring in a recent speech in Parliament to the "pitiful spectacle of the Secretary of State for the Colonies standing cap in hand before the powers and seeking an alliance." He further asked whether it would not have been better for Mr. Chamberlain "to postpone his insults to Russia" until the talk of alliance had been

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secured. This would lead one to infer that the sanguine view of an Anglo-American alliance is not shared by the party to which Harcourt belongs.

In concluding his reply to Sir W. Vernon Harcourt, Mr. Chamberlain once more referred to the "importance of a close understanding with America," adding "In my opinion on such a matter the United States would not listen to the Irish vote." It has been said that Mr. Chamberlain understands commercial England better than any other man. Probably he does. But his estimation of the power of the Irish vote in the United States proves conclusively that it will not do to view the American people through the same spectacles as he views England. He will have to sport a monocle with an entirely different focus from that which adorns his official eye in London. Whatever contempt he may entertain for the Irish vote at Westminster, he cannot afford to undervalue the Irish vote in America if he is in earnest with his Anglo-American alliance. He may rest assured that President McKinley will not be likely to lightly fall into the same grievous error. It is puerile to attempt to belittle the Irish vote in the United States—a vote that in number almost equals the vote of the Anglo-Saxon element, and in solidarity and effective force at an election greatly exceeds it. The Irish vote would be solid against such an alliance and all the more solid because the proposal emanated from the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, the avowed enemy of Home Rule for Ireland.

In my opinion that is just the one vote that the United States would listen to on the question of such an alliance. In deference to that vote more than one United States government have strained relations to the verge of rupture, and the next government, be it Democrat or Republican, is not at all likely to carry triumphantly on its shoulders the figure of an Anglo-Saxon alliance.

Great Britain did a big thing for the United States when she gave her moral support to the latter in her untimely war in the interests of humanity; but the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain expects a big thing in return when he asks for the Anglo-Saxon alliance. It remains to be seen whether Uncle Sam will rise to the occasion.

The Rev. Dr. Robertson, superintendent of Presbyterian Home Missions, speaking at a meeting of the Barrie Presbytery, took the same ground against the Anglo-Saxon alliance that I have been urging all along. EVENTS has been almost alone in its views on the subject but public opinion seems to be coming our way now. The reverend doctor said:—

"We hear a great deal these days about Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-American union. I would advise Canada not to bank much on that feeling. It pays the Americans just now to be friendly with Canadians and the British. If existing circumstances were otherwise Americans might be

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found taking the other extreme. Canadians had better rely on themselves and pay attention to the development and strengthening of their own country and population."

These words have a fine, manly ring about them. They may not appeal to some of our weak-kneed editors at present bending before the shrine of "The American Eagle," but they are instinct with the spirit that gives tone and strength to an independent people, and we believe they will find an echo in the hearts of the majority of Canadians. Great Britain, judging by Hon. Joseph Chamberlain's sentiments, is in the mood to sacrifice a good deal in pushing this fad. Let our public men see to it that Canada contributes nothing to the sacrifice.

The Rev. Mr. Rowe is another honest clergyman who thinks it is about time to stop this "gush" anent the Anglo-Saxon alliance. Speaking to a resolution committing the Methodist Conference held in Toronto on Tuesday last to an expression of cordial pleasure at the increasing friendliness between Great Britain and the United States and at the prospects of an alliance between the two peoples he said, according to a report in the *Globe*, that he was disposed to question the honesty and disinterestedness of the American people in their present attitude towards England. It was quite possible for Canadians to be carried away by the unreal protestations of friendship by the Americans. The people of the Republic had been frightened into this show of friendship. He was glad that they had at last been forced to an appreciation of the strength of the British Empire through England's act in preventing an European combination against the States. He considered that Canadians should be ready to accept every tangible evidence of good will from the American people, but grave bodies, especially religious bodies, should be cautious in placing themselves on record in a case like this—they should not rush into expressions of sentiment because of the feigned friendliness of the Republic.

We admire Mr. Rowe's manly stand on this important international question and quite agree with him in every particular but one. There have been no "protestations of friendship," unreal or real, by Americans, who have not yet recovered from the shock they received when informed in such a lavish manner that we Canadians, and indeed the whole British Empire were prepared to die for them. When they do recover from the shock they will only pat themselves on the back and say, "We *are* the people!"

"If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well it were done quickly," seems to be Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's motto in dealing with his so called Anglo-Saxon Alliance. And he is right if he would "catch success before 'cessation." He knows better than any other man that it is imperative to strike while the iron's hot. He is beginning to realize, as a man generally does who stands ahead of his time, that it is yet too soon to work his little scheme, and when the war

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is over it will be too late. We are told by the London correspondent of the "Evening Post," that there is a widespread feeling that Mr. Chamberlain is too impulsive even in the matter of Anglo-American co-operation, in too much of a hurry, too insistent, almost humiliatingly so, on England's need of American support. It is very difficult to trace in the minds of Englishmen generally any realization of this need. They welcome American cooperation on the broad grounds of mutual interest and racial sentiment, but they will not admit that England is any the less prepared to work out her world-wide destiny. Here as always, Mr. Chamberlain is pushing the bagman in his hurry to finish off his deal and pocket the commission."

Mr. Chamberlain is not the only Englishman who recognizes the great benefits and far-reaching results that would undoubtedly accrue from this proposed alliance, but he is the only one of any commanding importance who nauseously pushes it at the sacrifice of every shred of national dignity, and this before the other party to the possible contract has in any clear and certain way indicated that it would prove acceptable or even entertainable.

It is not only possible, but highly probable, reasoning from the past, that when the war is over the American people will have no further use for England, that sentiment will be considered clap-trap, and this ardent desire for an alliance be construed into fear. In which event there will be a rude awakening and friendship shattered by the failure of what may be deemed a closer union. A more injudicious time, assuming the advantages of such an alliance, could not have been chosen for exploiting it and forcing it with such unseemly haste and lowering of national dignity. The spectacle that England—the England of the glorious past—presents to-day, in her totally uncalled for attitude of an armed neutrality ready to break into actual warfare on the side of the strong against the weak, does not redound to her glory and honor amongst nations. There was a time when she might have prevented this iniquitous war of vengeance and unrighteous purpose. But it is evident that Mr. Chamberlain preferred that the unholy game should be begun, so that he might have the opportunity of showing to the astonished world the trump card of diplomatic jugglery which lurked up his sleeve somewhere in the neighborhood of his everlasting orchid.

THE AMBASSADOR.

This is only a scrap from a conversation heard in the rotunda of the Russell yesterday.

"That's the Sifton way of doing things anyway."

"Well, the Sifton way doesn't weigh much with me."

"It doesn't, eh? Well how much does the Greenway way weigh?"—The Citizen, Ottawa,

"If marriages are made in heaven, how do you account for divorces?" asks a correspondent. It's the same old story—the devil gets into the earthly paradise.

THE BENEDICT.

Disgraced America.

After all how much wiser Spain is than all the rest of us who have been fixing her war policy for her, and wondering why she did not send her fleet long ago to shell and sack American coast cities. Spain evidently knew a trick worth two of that, and felt that she was safe in leaving it to the mob, the Americans call an army, to do all that was necessary in that time. Some one suggested that Spain should land a force and wipe out the whole American army that was gathered at Tampa in an utterly helpless condition. That she did not do so was considered a great weakness on her part, but her forbearance in that case is now well understood. She knew all along that all she had to do was let a gunboat or two be seen within a thousand miles or so if the coast and the American army would be afraid to sail for Cuba. This accomplished, Spain foresaw that the army would rend itself and do all the wrecking of towns that could be desired even by the worst enemy of the Republic. The disgraceful scenes that occurred at Tampa the other day, have proved the wisdom of Spain's war policy. The negro troops broke loose, invaded Ybor city, drove the citizens out, and wrecked the houses. When news of what was going on reached the main body of a Southern regiment fell into line and marched into the city to give battle to the negroes. Then the civil war spirit broke out and a Northern force was sent to the aid of the negroes. A pitched battle followed in which four negro regulars were killed, a white officer wounded and a white soldier shot through the shoulder. Several other soldiers were more or less hurt. The American papers, that devoted pages to the glorious killing of a Spanish mule, dismissed this bloody encounter with a few lines. To my mind, however, it is the most striking incident of the war so far. The first cause of the whole trouble was the brutal treatment of a negro who was grossly insulted by a white, who ordered him to leave the bar-room where the white soldiers enlisted in the cause of humanity, liberty and equality, were enjoying themselves. The black, thinking that the uniform of the United States army would protect him, resented the insult, and was immediately fired upon by his white comrades. Then the row began with the result noted above. Part of the army that was waiting to sail for Cuba to liberate the blacks of that unhappy Island, had to be detailed to protect Ybor City from the other half, who were bent on its utter destruction. Truly the United States ought to be proud of the showing it is making. A fleet running from one little coast town to another throwing a few shells, and then running away again afraid to come within range of the few guns that the place mounts; and an army divided against itself, afraid to sail for fear a Spanish gun-boat might fire on the transports, and amusing itself by wrecking the towns it is its duty to protect. I do not think history can anywhere show such a record of cowardice and incompetency as the United States has made for itself in this war against

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a fifth-rate nation, stricken with poverty and spent with constant fighting. No glory can now be shed on American arms by this war, no matter how it ends. The fact that old, worn-out Spain has kept them at bay so long, is equivalent to an American defeat. And now that their army, that has not yet struck a single blow against Spain, has taken to wrecking their own towns, and killing one another the disgrace of the Yankees is complete.

True, Admiral Dewey smashed a few old tubs in Manila bay, that had not a gun of sufficient range to reach his ships, and there he stopped. At this time of writing he has not taken the city, but he reports regularly that the insurgents are making great headway against it, and should it fall by reason of their onslaught, of course it will be claimed as a victory for American arms. Already they speak of the Philippines as if they were in the hands of their soldiers, whereas, as a matter of fact, the Americans do not yet hold any Spanish territory worth mentioning, and if they keep on as they have been going since the war began, they never will. Havana is the only really strong port of Spain, and until that is taken, the Americans cannot claim victory. As yet they have not dared to come within range of its guns. There is any amount of bluster and blow to the average Yankee, but when it comes to a manly stand up and fight he is never there. I do not say all this because I am an admirer of Spanish rule but because I am heartily sick of hearing of the glories of American arms, and tired of this Anglo-Saxon business, and the mean spirit shown by a majority of the Canadian papers, that are now slobbering over the big calf, they were spitting on a year ago, merely because it is bawling for sympathy in this terrible trial that has come upon it. If the Americans are really showing what the Anglo-Saxon can do in this war, than I think it will be to our credit to try and prove that we are Esquimaux.

THE DISGUSTED ONE.

Society.

A remarkable scene was witnessed in a certain church in the Capital not long ago. A young couple who were to be married shortly had attended service together, and during the service it was noticed by some of the less devout of the congregation, that they were very earnest in their devotions, which was nothing more than was to be expected, considering the serious step they were about to take in the dark mysteries of matrimonial life. Any man or woman who has a proper sense of the grave responsibilities he or she assumes by entering into married life, may be excused for praying a little more earnestly, and thinking a little more seriously than is usual. But what puzzled the observers of the young couple in question, was the fact that they remained in the church for half an hour after the service was over, and wept together. Now what were they weep-

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ing for? The newspapers told the world that they were a happy couple, and I have no reason to believe that the papers were not right. It is usually after the honeymoon is over that the crying is done, but the young couple evidently made up their minds to go at it before hand and have done with it so that there would be no need of tears and regrets in after life. If that was their aim, I would recommend the plan to future pairs, as the most sensible and business-like thing I have heard of in many a long day.

An Ottawa evening paper prints its wedding notices beside its market reports, or at least it did, not long ago. The plan struck me as being worthy of imitation by other journals. It would be a convenience for the couple all through life, besides being a warning to them that people do not live on love alone in this world, and at the same time furnishing a convenient list of provisions with the current market prices. The young wife, while reading the pretty things the papers are saying about her, cannot fail to remark the price of potatoes, eggs and butter, and the necessity of starting right in life. Having the weddings and the markets in parallel columns will prevent the young wife from imagining that she has nothing in the world left to do but look sweet, and tell her husband how much she loves him and how dreary life would be without him, while it may be the means of insuring him a good substantial meal when he gets home from work.

After prorogation of Parliament on Monday, 73 members of the House of Commons and 28 senators waited on Lady Aberdeen in the drawing room of the Speaker of the Senate, and presented her with a farewell address and a magnificent souvenir of her stay in Canada. This is the first occasion in the history of the country in which such a mark of esteem has been shown to the wife of a governor-general, but all are agreed that it was richly merited by Her Excellency, who has won a popularity in Canada never before enjoyed by a hostess of Rideau Hall. The souvenir was a dinner service of 204 pieces, beautifully hand-painted with scenes of Canadian life, taken from city and country, forest, hill and stream, and was the work of the Woman's Art Association of Canada. In reply, Her Excellency made a beautiful and touching address, concluding with the following magnificent passages:—

“I have spoken of the voices of forest and prairie, of river and lake, and mountain which will haunt us in our Scottish home, but there will be a deeper undertone of voices speaking of the human love and friendship, and generous confidence, and encouragement which has allowed us to come so near the heart and inner life of this country. Those voices will form the invisible choir which will make the truest music in our souls, as we think of Canada and of all that that word means to us and of all that we pray it will to the world.

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"Gentlemen, I wish I could convey personally to every one of the members of the Senate and House of Commons, who have combined in this conspiracy, some adequate expression of my grateful thanks—I wish there were opportunities of seeing much more of you, each and all.

"But it cannot be—but please believe I am only saying what I feel, when I say that you have strengthened and beautified my whole life by your action this day.

"May I say, God bless you."

Royalty is becoming quite common in Canada. Last week the future king of Belgium was here, and this week Emmanuel, Count of Turin, and heir apparent of the Italian throne is paying us a visit. Emmanuel is no swell, and I am told that some of our public servants could easily outshine him in the matter of get up, but he has good stuff in him, which he proved a couple of years ago by pinking Prince Henri of Orleans in a duel fought in the defence of the honor of the Italian army. The Prince is evidently one of the right sort. Another prince in similiar circumstances would have picked a quarrel with France, and let the army vindicate its own honor, but not so with Emmanuel. He took the matter into his own hands, and avenged the insult with the blood of the French prince. As a consequence he is very popular with the army of Italy, as he deserves to be. At this time of writing he is fishing at Lake St. John, and I wish him luck, and hope that he will enjoy the sport.

THE SWELL.

General.

Americans are said to find great difficulty in carrying out celebrations in honor of Great Britain, for the reason that British flags are few and far between in the Great Republic. The mania that our cousins across the border had a year or two ago, for showing their contempt for Great Britain and all things British by insulting the Union Jack, and trampling it in the mud, is telling against them now. It is foolish to wantonly destroy anything that may on occasion become useful, for one can never tell when such an occasion will arise. If those British-hating Yankees had been told two years ago, that they would be offering a premium for British flags to-day, they would have scorned the idea. Time works curious changes in men and things.

The Methodists evidently have a poor opinion of the influence of parliament. At the Montreal conference Rev. Dr. Jackson gave notice of a motion asking the general conference to take such action as shall render it impossible for any minister of the Methodist church to become a candidate for either the provincial or federal parliament. Whatever the motive that gave rise to this motion, the principle is a good one. Ministers of the gospel should keep out of politics, and they should do all in their power

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to keep politicians out of religion. I do not, of course mean that they should give up missionary work among the politicians, who are badly in need of looking after, but only that they should check the politician's use of religion to forward selfish party interests.

Hon. Sir J. A. Chapleau, late lieutenant-governor of Quebec, and one of the most eminent French-Canadians of the day, died at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, this week. Although only 58 years of age at the time of his death, he had had a long and successful political career, holding a portfolio for many years in the Cabinets of Sir John A. Macdonald. He was recognized as one of the most brilliant orators Canada has ever produced and his influence in his native province was not second to that of any man in Canada. In the death of Chapleau, the Conservatives lose one of their strongest men, and perhaps the only man who who could have won Quebec back into their ranks.

Pathetic in the extreme was the horrible death that came to John Rachel, once a well known manufacturer of Sioux City Ia., on his way from Dawson City to Dyea, Alaska. Loaded down with his hard-won wealth, but alone on the trail he succumbed to hunger and cold. It is said that he had been among the most lucky of the miners at Dawson City, and besides the thousands of dollars worth of gold he had with him, he had holdings worth millions more. But in that bleak land his millions were worthless. The warmth of a fire and a crust of bread would have been more to him at that sad time than all the gold in all the creeks and gulches of the Klondike.

Alas! for the glory of England! All the brave deeds of British arms have been outdone. Dewey is greater than Nelson; the sinking of a coal barge under darkness of the night in the harbor of Santiago by Hobson and his men, throws the charge of the Light Brigade completely in the shade. At least, so the American papers say in the one case, and Commodore Schley in the other. While admitting both to have been brave feats, there will be a difference of opinion as to whether they can outshine any of a thousand and brave deeds that stand to the credit of British arms on land and sea. To my mind the capture of General Hull and his whole army by a mere handful of Canadians in 1812 was as brave a feat as either. The only circumstance that detracts from the glory of the Canadians is the fact that it was an American army they captured.

The meek shall inherit the earth. Now, to whom will the United States hand over Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines and the Carolines?—Toronto Globe.

Don't you think it would be as well to let that matter stand over until the United States has taken these places?

Klondiking.

III.

OVER THE SUMMIT.

When we arrived at Sheep Camp it was growing dark, so we turned in for the night, and at seven o'clock next morning began our climb to the summit, a distance of three miles, and every inch of it up hill. The ascent is made in two stages of equal length. The first mile and a half took us to Stonehouse, where the wood-line ends. Four days were consumed in getting our outfit to this point, it taking about three hours to make one trip. The second stage is all above wood-line, scrambling over ice and snow, with the footing so insecure that steps or footholds had frequently to be cut in the ice before it was possible to advance. Below wood-line the trail lay among rocks and mud, but above there was nothing to break the painful glare of the sun when it cleared, nor to shelter us from the wind and rain that beat down upon us for nearly twenty-two out of every twenty-four hours of the day. The trail varied in width from a foot and a quarter to three feet, and it was dangerous to leave it at any point.

Perhaps the greatest hardship of this stage is the lack of food, but having on my Esquimaux corset, which I will describe to you later on, I suffered little from this cause, though my men never ceased grumbling. As there is no wood to be had it is impossible to do any cooking, and my fellows, used to lumbermen's fare, refused the hardtack and cornmeal that the cook laid out for them. There was nothing else to eat, however, and when they got hungry enough they were glad to make a meal on the "dog biscuit" or "nigger feed" as they called the rations supplied them.

It took us five days to portage the second stage, but once on the summit the hardest part of the pass was at an end. Our next stage was a run down hill on Yukon sleighs to Crater Lake, which was made easily in two hours. The sleighs we obtained five miles further on where they had been abandoned by parties who had preceded us.

We crossed Crater Lake, a mile and a half, in our canoes, and proceeded by sleigh over a good road to Long Lake, three miles distant, which we made in one day from the summit. Here we camped for the night, and next morning crossed in our canoes, then portaged five hundred feet to Shallow Lake, which we crossed, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, the same day. From here to Lake Lyndeman, a distance of five miles, was made in five stages in three days.

As my men had not yet quit complaining about the food they were compelled to eat on the summit, I thought it high time to break them in, and seeing an opportunity of doing

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so at this point, I determined to discipline them. There being a good road around the end of Lake Lyndeman, I told them to go around that way and I would ferry our outfit over myself and meet them on the other side. When I got across the Lake about noon, I found my men there ahead of me and all of them as hungry as wolves. They unloaded the canoe in a few minutes, but to their dismay, found nothing to eat in the cargo but cornmeal and sugar. They looked disgusted but said nothing, and I pushed out remarking that I would expect them to have the cargo over the three-quarter mile portage to Lake Bennett by the time I got back again. When I got back to the other side I had my own dinner, and lying down for a rest, I fell asleep and did not wake up till night, so that they had no change of menu for supper. During the night, if night it can be called with the sun high in the heavens, I ferried another load over, but I took no provisions with me, and as they were all asleep when I landed I heard no complaints. I noticed, however, that they had obeyed my instructions, and portaged the first load down to Bennett. Next morning it was blowing such a fierce gale that I dared not venture out, and they had to subsist on cornmeal and sugar until I arrived with the last of our stuff about nine o'clock that night. After that I never heard a complaint about the bill of fare.

The next morning we finished portageing our outfit down to Lake Bennett, where the pass ends and the greatest hardships, if not all the dangers of the trip are over. We had taken twenty-four days to cross the pass, a distance of forty miles, but we felt satisfied that we had done it in a reasonable time, considering the size of our outfit.

At this time the Indians were charging twenty cents a pound to pack stuff from Dyea to Lake Lyndeman, but they have since more than doubled that price.

We had seen about five hundred people in all on the pass, some of whom got ahead of us, while we out-distanced others. A great many clerks and office men had become homesick and given up the task in despair, while others kept at it with grim determination. There is no denying the hardships of the trail, and the brutalizing effect it has on all who attempt it. There is no fraternizing. Every one keeps selfishly to himself or to his party, if he happens to have partners. The distress of a stranger causes no comment. Disaster is too common to excite interest, and the desire to get ahead too great for anyone to think of stopping to aid another. It is a land in which the doctrine of the survival of the fittest or strongest is preached and practised.

IV.

BENNETT TO WHITE HORSE.

From Lake Bennett to Dawson, the route is all by water by way of the Lewes and Yukon rivers. It is there-

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fore necessary to build a boat at this point of sufficient size to carry one's whole outfit. It took us three days to transform the standing timber into one, there being no way of procuring lumber except by chopping down the trees and whip-sawing it for ourselves. At six p.m. of the third day we had our craft launched, and piling in our outfit, we put up a sail, and made twenty-eight miles in a strong wind by nine o'clock the same evening. This, you may be sure, was a pleasant change after the sail's pace of the pass. Starting at seven the next morning, we sailed before a spanking gale through Cariboo Crossing, and made the foot of Lake Marsh, a distance of seventy-five miles, by four o'clock in the afternoon, and went into camp for the night. We passed about twenty-five boats that day, which were progressing slowly owing to the inexperience of the men handling them. Some of the people in these had got ahead of us on the pass, but once on the water we were beating everything on the route.

When we reached Cariboo Crossing, the weather, which had been cold, wet and raw from the time we got above wood-line on the climb to the summit, cleared up and became fine and warm for the rest of the trip.

We left again next morning at seven o'clock and in four hours arrived at the head of Miles Canyon a distance of twenty-eight miles. Here we went on shore, and I told the cook to prepare dinner, while I walked over the hill to see what kind of a place it was, and decide upon the best mode of running it. I found the Canyon to be about three-quarters of a mile long and sixty feet wide, lined on both sides by precipitous rocks that rose perpendicularly from the water's edge to a height of from sixty to one hundred feet. The water rushed through this at a terrific rate, rising at the foot into three monster swells, six or seven feet high. To get safely over these swells was the only dangerous part of the descent, although at any point an inexperienced boatman might easily come to grief, by dashing in against the cruel rocks on either side of him.

When I got back to my men, I found that a stranger had joined them. When I came up he said:—

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"It's a stiff bit, but I've been through worse," I replied.

"You'll run it, then?" he said.

"As that seems the quickest way to get over, I guess we'll slide down after dinner," I replied, and I began to help myself to some of the bacon and bread the cook had prepared for us.

"Well," continued the stranger, seating himself on one of our packs, "my name is McGuire and I come from Chicago. I am no boatman and I would not venture through that hole alone for all the gold in the Klondike! I've been here four days now, and I am willing to pay any

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man twenty-five dollars who will run my boat down to the foot of the White Horse for me. I've made the offer to several, but they were all so darned well pleased to get through once themselves that they would not tempt fate again for any amount."

As I am a Canadian through and through, this statement tickled me. I was so pleased in fact, to find an American so far away from home willing to admit that there was one thing at least, that he could not do better than anyone else on earth, that I melted at once.

"To-morrow is Sunday," I said. "and as I always lay up on that day, I'll run your boat down as an act of charity, and I won't even take up the twenty-five dollars as a collection for the church."

McGuire was ready to hug me with delig'n, but we had no time to waste on demonstrations of that kind.

After dinner we embarked again, and pushed out into the middle of the stream. When we struck the head of the Canyon, our boat took a bound forward, and we shot through in three minutes. We took the swells fairly at the foot and shipped a little water, but came through without damage. From the foot of the Canyon to the head of White Horse Rapids, the scene of so many drowning accidents, is a distance of about a mile. This part of the river is rough and swift, but not dangerous. At the head of the rapids we landed again, and taking out a part of our cargo to lighten the boat, ran down safely to the foot. An experienced boatman will not find it a difficult run, but I would not advise any greenhorn to attempt it. Here we went into camp, and carried the remainder of our outfit over that evening. After supper I ran the rapids alone a second time in my two fathom bark canoe, rather than carry it across the portage.

THE DAWSON DIGGER.

They met in front of a W. C. T. U. Plebiscite committee room.

First Voter—"What's the bait in there, Jim?"

Second Voter—"Nothin' but love-cakes and milk."

First Voter—"Won't catch many with that."

Second Voter—"No, they'll have to put up red herrin's an' rye if they want to make it a success."

THE WARD HEELER.

"The government," says the Ottawa Free Press, "will maintain the principles it has laid down." The general impression is, that it is pretty near time they would pick them up again.

THE CLIPPER.

A few more speeches like that one on the Crow's Nest Pass outrages, and Mr. John Ross Robertson will become eligible for a position on the staff of EVENTS.

THE EDITOR.

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