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THE GREAT WEST MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV, No. 1

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	AREA IN CROP. ACRES.	YIELD PER ACRE. BUSHELS.	TOTAL YIELD BUSHELS.
WHEAT	1,488,232	17.01	25,213,745
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BARLEY	158,058	27.06	4,277,927
POTATOES	19,791	165.	3,253,033

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Total value of dairy products for year.....	\$409,455

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Great West Magazine

OCTOBER, 1899



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The Great West Magazine

VOL. XIV

OCTOBER, 1899

No. 1

THE TRANSVAAL TROUBLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

When the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander met on the raft at Tilsit and determined upon partitioning the world between them; the Cape of Good Hope, (which had originally been settled by the Dutch, transferred to England peaceably by them in order to protect the settlement against the French, restored to the Dutch, and afterwards secured by England when Holland had become allied to France) was one of the points determined upon by Napoleon which should be seized as a strategic point in the projected conquest of India and the East, the understanding between Alexander and Napoleon being that Russia should advance by the line of the Caspian Sea, and invade Persia from the rear, while Napoleon should make his advance by the Persian Gulf, taking the

Cape of Good Hope on the way, and establishing his base of supplies on that route. It was this intention that fixed Great Britain's purpose of holding the Cape as a half way house to India. The objections of the old Dutch and French Lutheran settlers could not be allowed to weigh against such important considerations. From the first, therefore, there was opposition on the part of the Dutch-French settlers to British rule, and this antagonism was intensified when British laws and primitive Dutch rule came into conflict, especially where slavery of the natives was involved. The Dutch settlers thought the colored races were fit only for slavery, and they made use of them for servants in the first instance, but their servitude speedily became the most oppressive

slavery. Great Britain abolished this, and awarded a large sum of money as a recompense to the slaveholders for what they conceived to be their legitimate property; but a very small portion of this sum passed into the hands of the Boers, as we have learned to call them. In consequence of this, and the objection of Great Britain to the occupation of tribal land in the Trans-Kei, the Boers determined to migrate from British territory and to set up a separate government for themselves. This is what is now known as the great Trek. Some of the emigrants went to the sea coast at Natal, but the larger portion remained in what is now known as the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. For many years they were unmolested by anyone but native tribes, with whom they waged perpetual warfare; but Natal became a desirable location for a colony, and gradually the Boers were outnumbered and many left the colony in disgust. It was not until 1878, however, that the difficulties between the natives and the white races culminated in the Zulu wars under Cetewayo and Secocoeni. At that time the situation was so critical that the Boers were only too glad to obtain British assistance to defeat their savage enemies, numbering about 50,000 warriors, thoroughly drilled in their own methods. After a desperate struggle, in which both Boer and Briton fought side by side, the Zulu power was broken, and the Transvaal, apparently grateful, desired annexation. There was a party opposed to such a measure, but they were in a large minority; and the people generally were only too glad to be able to follow peaceful arts without fear of molestation from the savage tribes who had hitherto

proved a constant menace to them. But their gratitude evaporated very rapidly, and the anti-British party speedily secured a majority in the Transvaal. This state of things eventuated in a revolt, and in December, 1880, a party of the 94th regiment which had been ordered to march to Pretoria, was ambushed at Bronkerspruit, as they were marching peacefully along the road, many of them having put their rifles in the wagons and being utterly unprepared for attack. At a certain spot the long column was halted by a Boer patrol, which ordered the Colonel and the regiment to go back. He refused, and from their ambush hundreds of rifles cracked, and in twenty minutes all the officers and half the British troops were shot down and the rest were made prisoners. At the same time all the British garrisons in the Transvaal were besieged by the Boers, and some of them were reduced to the utmost extremities from lack of provisions and water. It was to relieve one of these garrisons that the battle of Laings Nek was fought, between 1,100 British troops and six guns under General Colley, and about 2,000 Boers under General Joubert. The Boers occupied an entrenched position, and on the advance of about half of Colley's men in skirmishing order, the Boer marksmen, who were armed with good modern rifles, shot them down without difficulty. In a few minutes the handful of mounted men were scattered and one-third of the 58th were killed or wounded. The survivors drew back their shattered lines in rear of the 60th rifles, and retired in good order. The Boer loss was two, the British loss was nearly 400. After this disastrous experience the exultant Boers no longer lingered behind their

entrenchments, but pushing forward harassed Colley's retreat. At Ingogo Colley took up a position with about 300 men and two guns. The Boers took cover all around the position and kept up an incessant rifle fire until near nightfall, but drew off at last with a loss of 12 killed and 14 wounded, the defenders having lost six times as many. Re-enforcements having arrived, Colley advanced with the intention of occupying Laings Nek, and on the night of the 25th of February occupied Majuba Hill. Deeming this to be an impregnable position he neglected to fortify himself, and his men felt equally confident of the impregnability of their position, some of them going so far as to show themselves on the sky line in the morning light, shaking their fists defiantly at the hostile camp which lay 2,000 feet below. "Come up here you beggars," they cried, and some hundreds of the Boers accepted the invitation. Part of them opened a long range fire, which kept the defenders of the hill from observing the movements of their enemies, while small parties of Boers were creeping stealthily over the spaces of the mountain side where the cliff wall above screened them both from the sight and fire of the defenders. At one part of Majuba Hill there is a little outlying peak, and for this point one of the Boer leaders made with about 60 men. Reaching it undiscovered, he fired a volley into the backs of the nearest defenders, who taken by surprise, fell back from the front line of defence, and immediately other parties of Boers seized the abandoned positions. Practically Majuba was taken by surprise. Until the enemy was on the top, the General and his staff never dreamed that they were in danger, and in endeavoring to

reform his broken lines amid a hail storm of bullets, the General, his staff, and nearly half the British forces were killed, wounded, or made prisoners, while the Boer loss was 6, of whom only one was killed. These are the battles upon which the Boers rely as auguries of the future, believing themselves to be invincible, because they have succeeded in a few unimportant skirmishes.

Unfortunately the Gladstone Government yielded to the desire of the Boers at this juncture, and granted independence, under the suzerainty of Great Britain. And, until the gold discoveries in the Transvaal, there seemed to be no reason to regret that this arrogant and stiff-necked people were no longer subjects of Great Britain; but, with the discoveries of gold, the influx of immigrants has created another difficulty. The immense wealth of the Rand has been developed entirely by foreign enterprise, and has attracted so large a number of foreigners to the country, that they out-number the Boers. It was one of the articles of agreement between Great Britain and the Boers, in 1888, that foreigners should have civil rights, which should not be interfered with by the Transvaal government; and it is in the refusal of the Transvaal to recognize the rights of the Uitlanders or non-Boer settlers in the Transvaal that the present difficulty has largely arisen. Contributing nine-tenths of the revenue, they are denied the rights of citizenship; they have even no control of the public schools, in which the Government prescribes that the Dutch jargon shall still be taught. Many Uitlanders have been in the country since 1884, and yet in 1894, not one of them had a voice in the Government of the

country, although its treasury, formerly bankrupt, had been filled to repletion as a result of their industry. It is true that in 1890 a second chamber was created, the rights to vote for which, could be obtained after four years' residence, but all its acts were liable to be, and actually were, overruled by the Volksraad. Other grievances existed in the dynamite monopoly and many restrictions on trade.

The demands of the Uitlanders so frequently referred to in connection with the negotiations now in progress between Great Britain and the Transvaal were made last June, and consisted of the following:

1. Legislation by mere Volksraad resolution to be abolished.

2. Equitable franchise law and fair representation, with redistribution scheme.

6. English and Dutch languages to be official.

4. Reorganization of the civil service.

5. High court to be independent. (At present the judges of the high court are required, under pain of dismissal to respect any resolution of the Volksraad, however hastily it may have been passed. This demand was the direct result of an action in which an American subject obtained damages against the government.)

7. Reform of education.

8. The cancellation of monopolies (In addition to the long-standing liquor, railway and dynamite monopolies—the last two of which are said to represent a permanent tax of from £600,000 to £1,000,000 per annum upon the country, although conducted almost solely in the interest of the monopoly holders—there are now monopolies engaged in the manufac-

ture of cocoa, calcium carbide, soap, candles, matches, brushes, etc.)

The message of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, says he understands that the concessions made in President Kruger's note of August 18th have been withdrawn, on account of the British attitude regarding suzerainty, and adds:—"Her Majesty's Government have absolutely repudiated the view of the political status of the Transvaal taken by the Transvaal Government, claiming the status of a sovereign State, and, therefore, are unable to consider any proposal made conditionally on their acceptance of this view."

Continuing, the note says the British Government is satisfied that the law embodying the proposed alleviating measures for Uitlanders is insufficient to secure immediate and substantial representation, which it is understood the Transvaal admits to be reasonable. It then says:—

"Moreover, the presentation of the proposals in the note of August 19th indicates that the Government of the South African Republic themselves recognize that their previous offers might with advantage be enlarged, and the independence of the Republic thereby in no way be impaired."

The despatch then goes on to say that Great Britain is still prepared to accept the franchise proposals of August 19th, provided a court of enquiry whether joint or unilateral, shows the new scheme to be unencumbered by nullifying conditions. In this connection the British Government assumes that the new members of the Raad will be allowed to speak their own language, and adds that the acceptance of these terms would at once remove tension, and "would in all probability, render unnecessary any fur-

ther intervention of Her Majesty's Government to secure redress for grievances which the Uitlanders themselves would be able to bring to the notice of the Executive Council and Volksraad. Her Majesty's Government is increasingly impressed with the danger of further delay in relieving the strain which has already caused so much injury to the interests of South Africa, and they earnestly press for an immediate reply.

"If acceded to they will be ready to make immediate arrangements for a further conference between the President and the High Commissioner to settle all details of the proposed tribunal of arbitration, and the questions referred to in my note of August 30, which are neither Uitlander grievances nor questions of the interpretation of the convention, but which might be readily settled by friendly communication between representatives of the two Governments. If, however, as they most anxiously hope will not be the case, the reply of the Transvaal should be negative or conclusive, I am to state that Her Majesty's Government must reserve to themselves the right to consider the situation *de novo* and formulate their own proposals for a final settlement." The exact franchise proposals which Mr. Chamberlain says Great Britain is still prepared to accept, with the court of enquiry proviso, are five year's franchise, a share for Uitlanders in the election of the President, and equal rights and increased representation for the gold fields to the extent of eight new seats.

It does not seem to occur to the philosophers of the peace at any price party that all the British Government asks the Boers to do is to put the Uitlander population in the Transvaal

in the enjoyment of the same freedom and political and civil rights which British rule in Cape Colony and Natal gives to all settlers, of whatever nationality. The existence of a ministry whose members are principally Dutchmen, in Capetown today, is an effective retort to any who rave about British injustice.

The South African Republic—save the mark—has been constantly bringing Britain to the verge of war by its perfidious disregard of its admitted obligations.

As Mr. Chamberlain reminds us:—

"Actually during the last fifteen years we have been four times on the brink of war, and, as we are in that predicament to-day, it may be said that President Kruger's policy involves the costly luxury to Great Britain of a triennial war-scare. Once in 1885, when the Warren expedition was carried through; again in 1894, in the time of the late Government, when President Kruger attempted forcibly to enlist British subjects, and to tax them, and to take their goods in support of his battles with the native tribes, although at the same time he refused to them all representation and all share in the government of the country; in 1895, when the Cape Government asked our assistance, and promised their own co-operation in order to prevent the arbitrary action of the Government of the Transvaal in closing the roads to the passage of Cape merchandize; and again in 1897, when the present Government had to protest against the Alien Immigration Law, which was declared to be a distinct breach of the Convention. In none of these cases did the Government of the Transvaal yield to argument and persuasion alone. In three of them there had to be a great dis-

play of force, involving heavy expenditure upon the taxpayers of this country."

* * *

The opinion of Canadians in the Transvaal should give some clue to local opinion as to the abstract question of right and wrong between the British and Boer statement of the case. The following has been sent to Premier Laurier from Johannesburg:

To the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G.C.M.G., P.C., Premier of Canada, etc.:

Sir,—At a meeting of Canadians held at the rooms of the Canadian Society, Exploration Buildings, Commissioner-street, Johannesburg, South African Republic, on Thursday, August 10, 1899, the following resolution, supplementing a cable sent August 11, was adopted and ordered to be forwarded to you, for communication to the Canadian Parliament and people:

"Resolved—That this meeting of Canadians, resident in Johannesburg and on the Rand, desires to express its unbounded satisfaction and gratitude to the Canadian Parliament for its unanimous resolution of moral sympathy and if necessary practical support to the Imperial Government, in its efforts to obtain for the Uitlanders their just demands for equal rights for all white men, without distinction, in this country.

"It further wishes to place on record the important fact that the Uitlanders are justly entitled to these rights, not only as British subjects and white men, but in fulfilment of the solemn promises made by President Kruger and the Boer Government when Great Britain granted this country its right to internal government and without which promises this privilege would never have been granted."

Signed on behalf of Canadians,

DR. F. H. BRENNAN,

(Late Major Canadian Militia),

Chairman of Meeting.

J. W. TAYLOR, Secretary of Meeting.

* * *

It appears that no declaration of war is necessary. The process, according to good authority, would be a proclamation by the British High Commissioner, Sir Alfred Milner, stating that the convention of London was annulled and that Queen Victoria has resumed the government of the country known as the South African Republic. The general commanding the British expeditionary force would then be instructed to occupy the Transvaal and hold it until a fresh Government should be established. When the country should be pacific, a commission, doubtless, including all classes of the inhabitants of the Transvaal, would be appointed to draft a new constitution. That all this is easier said than done is quite palpable, even to the most enthusiastic Englishman.

There is every reason to believe the British Government will exhibit no undue haste in forcing President Kruger's hand, for it is more important to have fifteen thousand reinforcements on the scene of action than to gain the gratitude of the Uitlanders, who have been crying for immediate aggressive action.

For the same reason it is hardly conceivable that Kruger will await the arrival of the British reinforcements before taking the initiative. If he displays such hesitation he will strengthen the belief that at the very last moment he intends to back down—an impression which has many supporters among the ultra-conservative-ly inclined.

President Kruger's reported refusal

of the latest franchise demands has lost him many friends in England, and the pro-Boer party has shrunk to small dimensions. The reported formal alliance between the Transvaal and the Orange Free State has also done much to alienate the feeling of those Englishmen inclined to sympathize with the Transvaal, though it is scarcely believed the Orange Free State will take an active part, more likely confining itself to passive, unrecognized assistance, as in the war of 1830.

* * *

According to recent statements large numbers of field guns have been shipped to the Transvaal from German establishments, especially the Krupps. The Krupp batteries are said to excel anything of the kind ever before supplied for foreign service. They consist of light guns of 2.95 inch calibre, which, with an angle of elevation of twenty degrees, have a range of 6,000 yards. The projectile weighs 9.48 pounds. In the shrapnel shell there are 130 balls, and in the case shot 55 balls. The Boers have also obtained several field batteries of guns of 2.95-inch calibre, and a large quantity of Mauser rifles, and are thus apparently well prepared for hostilities.

The Boers have no regular army, with the exception of a small force of artillery known as the State Artillery. This force, until after the Jameson raid, consisted of 32 officers, 79 non-commissioned officers, and 289 men, and a telegraph corps of one officer and fifteen men. On January 13, 1896, the Volksraad authorized the Government to increase the corps by enrolling another 400 men.

The State Artillery was originally organized by an Austrian, and the caps of the regiment are to this day of the Austrian pattern. The offi-

cers are for the most part members of the wealthy Transvaal families. The guns are drawn by mules, which are driven in the manner customary in South Africa—that is to say, two men sit on the limber box, one to drive and the other to use a long bamboo-handled whip. The gunners, it should be stated, are all mounted. Besides the State Artillery, which represents the regular army, there are three foot and six mounted Volunteer Corps in Transvaal. These corps furnish some 2,000 men, who are for the most part drawn from officials and people employed by the Government, and consist of men of various nationalities. The Pretoria Cavalry, which is the smartest of these corps, is composed entirely of officials and sons of well-to-do Boers. The Volunteer Corps are not intended to take the field against any European Power, but to garrison towns. In the event of war, however, all citizens capable of bearing arms, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, are liable to be called upon for military service, and so, too, are all the blacks living in the Transvaal. In the war against Britain in 1881, the Boers put some 6,000 men into the field, but this number does not, of course, represent the total available force at the disposal of the Transvaal Government. According to the census taken in 1894, some 22,300 men are liable for service in the time of war. And these might be joined by Boers from Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State. Every citizen liable for service must, when summoned to do so, present himself at the place to which he is ordered, with a horse, a rifle and a hundred rounds of ammunition.

* * *

Gen. P. J. Joubert is the most celebrated fighter in South Africa. He is

vice-president and the commander-in-chief of the Boer army, and is looked on as the country's saviour in the event of war with England. The general is 68 years old now, and scarred by many a wound from English bullets and native assegai. Yet he is sturdy of frame and keen of eye. He led the Boers at Majuba Hill, where 280 English gave up their lives, Gen. Joubert losing but five men. He beat the English at Laing's Nek, commanded the forces at Bronkhorst Spruit, and finally caught Jameson like a rat in a trap through his quick mobilization of troops.

He fought in the native wars when Paul Kruger was commander, and these two became bosom friends. They and one or two other Boers were selected to conduct the affairs of the Transvaal when it was in rebellion against England in 1881, and Gen. Joubert has several times come within a few votes of beating Oom Paul for the presidency. He will probably be the next to assume that position, as he holds different views from Kruger. He believes that if the franchise were given to Uitlanders, in a reasonable time they would become good citizens, and that this is the way to solve the problem. At the same time he will not sanction any sort of a revolt, and when the Jameson raiders were landed safely in Pretoria jail he was one who favored shooting them.

Oom Paul's diplomatic powers stand out in distinct contrast to Joubert, who is essentially a lover of powder. Ten thousand Boers were gathered about the jail, speculating as to the fate of the prisoners. Some were for instant death, and others, as a grim joke, suggested cutting off their ears. This was taken up by the press immediately, and in a few hours the world

was shuddering at the bloodthirstiness of the Transvaal burghers. In the meantime the question was being settled by Oom Paul, who was trying to save the lives of the prisoners, and to this end used every art of persuasion with Joubert, the two being closeted a whole night.

Oom Paul finally prevailed, and Joubert went out before the assembly to win them over to the lenient position. This was his speech: "Fellow burghers, if you had a beautiful flock of sheep, and a neighbor's dogs got into the pasture and killed them, what would you do? Would you take your rifle and straightway proceed to shoot those dogs, thus making yourself liable to greater damage than the value of the sheep destroyed, or would you lay hold on those dogs and carry them to your neighbor, saying 'Now, here's your dogs. I caught them in the act. Pay me and they shall be returned.'"

The general waited a moment for the words to take effect, and then added: "We have the neighbor's dogs in jail. What shall we do with them?" There was hardly a voice against returning the prisoners to the English, and events proved how wise the Boers had been.

Joubert can collect his whole army in forty-eight hours, a speedier mobilization than any other nation can boast of. He has divided the Transvaal into seventeen divisions, each under a commander. They are sub-divided into sections, commanded by field cornets and assistant field cornets. When the tocsin is sounded the officers ride from one farm to another until the whole country is warned. The Boer has a rifle and ammunition ready, and a piece of "biltong" or dried beef, on which he can subsist for weeks. He jumps on his horse and hurries to the

gathering place, leaving the women to farm and herd the cattle.

Gen. Joubert knows the might of the English, but has little respect for their marksmanship. "When I was a boy," he tells the story, "an English regiment was quartered on our farm. One day three hartbeeste sprang up on the veldt and half the regiment shot at them and missed. I and two other lads then brought our rifles to our shoulders, and each brought down one beeste. That is the way we shoot at the English."

* * *

The fear of a native uprising has been referred to as making for peace between Great Britain and the Transvaal. It is a genuine and a great fear, coming alike upon both parties to the present controversy. How real it is may be seen from the fact that already, on the strength of mere rumors of war, the tribes in the northern part of the Transvaal have become restless, while the Matabeles are quitting work and endeavoring to get arms. It will be remembered that the little Jameson raid, with its withdrawal of police from Matabeleland, was the opportunity and incitement of the last Matabele war. Beyond doubt, an armed conflict between Great Britain and the Transvaal would be regarded by myriads of blacks as affording an opportunity for a general rising throughout South Africa. In some cases the rising would be against the Dutch and in some it would be against all white men.

Censuses in South Africa are not as accurate as in some other parts of the world, but the latest figures are probably within a measurable distance of the truth. They show that in Cape Colony the population is 376,812 white and 1,148,926 colored; in Natal, 44,415 white and 459,288 colored; in

Rhodesia, 13,000 white and 500,000 colored; in Bechuanaland, 5,254 white and 7,471 colored; in Basutoland, 578 white and 218,326 colored; in Transvaal, 300,000 white and 649,560 colored; in Swaziland, no white and 60,000 colored, and in the Orange Free State, 77,716 white and 129,787 colored. Thus there are nearly four times as many blacks as whites in South Africa as a whole. It must be remembered, however, that the native races are more disposed to be friendly to the British than to the Boers, especially the Basutos, who, it is said, can put 30,000 mounted warriors in the field. Their location is between the Orange Free State and the coast, and their attitude will probably determine the action of the Free State Boers.

* * *

The following pen picture of President Kruger is drawn by Poultney Bigelow, the American author. "The first impression I received of Kruger suggested to me a composite portrait made up of Abraham Lincoln and Oliver Cromwell, with a fragment of John Bright about the eyes. Kruger has the eyes of a man never weary of watching, yet watching so steadily and so unobtrusively that few suspect of the slumbering lion about those great eyes—we think of Kruger as an animal, it would be something suggested by the lion and the ox. We know him to be a man of passionate act and word when roused, yet outwardly he carries an air of serenity.

His features, like those of most great men, are of striking size and form, and, moreover, harmonious. The mouth is strikingly like that of Benjamin Franklin in the well known portrait by Du Plessis. It is a mouth that appears set by an act of will and not by natural disposition. It parts

willingly into a smile, and that smile lights his whole face into an expression wholly benevolent. All those who know Kruger have noticed this feature—this beautifying effect of his an intentional insult, but in Kruger's him give only his expression when ready for an official speech—not his happy mood when chatting with his familiars.

Massive oval chin, large flat ears, and strong nose are notable in Kruger. His head however, is small in proportion—neither deep nor high. His shoulders are rather small, his chest broad and deep; he stands full six feet, and has long legs, which help to make us believe the marvels told of his running powers.

When I first sat face to face with this strong man, I felt much, as Kruger himself must have felt, on meeting that lion who so strangely interrupted his race with the Kaffir chiefs. He embraced me in his great bovine gaze and wrapped me in clouds of tobacco. I felt the eyes of his long-bearded apostles boring through the back of my coat. My good legislative friend and mentor was sympathetically troubled as to the reception I was about to receive. It was not a wholly cheerful moment, though I tried to look into his great eyes with some degree of confidence. At last, as though he felt angry at being forced into speech, Kruger said, gruffly, "Ask him if he is one of those Americans who run to the Queen when he gets into trouble."

The question was roughly put; the reference was possibly to Hammond and other Americans who had re-

ceived English government assistance. On the face of it the words contained an intentional insult, but in Kruger's eyes was on such purpose at that time, and with all his gruffness I could see that there was elasticity in the corners of his mouth. His twenty apostles watched me in silence, and I decided that this was not the time for a discussion as to how far Uncle Sam need apologize for leaning on the arm of Britannia. "Tell the President," said I, "that since visiting his jail here I have concluded that it would be better policy for an American to ask assistance of Mr. Kruger." This appeared to break the ice, for Kruger expanded into a broad smile, and his twenty burghers laughed immoderately at my small attempt to treat the subject playfully.

Kruger is the incarnation of local self-government in its purest form. He is President among his burghers by the same title that he is elder in his church. He makes no pretention to rule them by invoking the law, but he does rule them by reasoning with them until they yield to his superiority in argument. He rules among free burghers because he knows them well and they know him well. He knows no red tape nor pigeon-holes. His door is open to every comer; his memory recalls every face; he listens to every complaint, and sits in patriarchal court from six o'clock in the morning until bedtime. He is a magnified anachronism. He alone is equal to the task of holding his singular country together in its present state. His life is the history of that state."

Men of the Hour in the Transvaal.



Sir Alfred Milner, G. C. M. G. K. C. B.,
British Commissioner.

Sir Alfred Milner, G.C.M.G., 1897; K.C.B. 1895; was educated in Germany and subsequently at King's College, London, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a First in Classics; he is also an Hon. Fellow of New College, Oxford; and a Barrister of the Inner Temple. During the years 1882-85 he was engaged in journalism, mainly in connection with Mr. Stead, of whom John Morley is reported to have said "that he was the best scissors-and-paste editor he ever knew." Concerning his work in the Pall Mall Gazette Mr. Stead says:—

"When Milner was working with me at Northumberland Street, one of the things he did every day was to go through the proofs of my leading articles before they were printed and "tone them down." He would squirm at an adjective here, reduce a superlative there, and generally strike out anything that seemed calculated needlessly to irritate or offend. He was always putting water in my wine. He was always combing out the knots in the tangled mane of the P.M.G., and when the lion opened his mouth Milner was always at hand to be consulted as to the advisability of modulating the ferocity of its roar. That is my abiding memory of Milner on the Pall Mall. He stood as guardian armed with ruthless pen ever on guard against any expression that seemed strained or any utterance that rang false by excess of vehemence. His task was most useful, but when he pruned he sometimes cut to the quick, and the victim smarted while his offspring bled."

In 1885 he abandoned journalism for practical politics, and fought a hopeless contest as Liberal candidate for the Harrow Division. Failing in this, as he was bound to do, he became private secretary to Mr. Goschen (then Chancellor of the Exchequer), a post which he held for nearly three years. During this time he acquired the insight into affairs which afterwards was of such service to him in Egypt, and as chairman of the Board

of Inland Revenue. In 1889 he went to Cairo as Under Secretary for Finance under Lord Cromer, and the result of the experience he gained there, was embodied in the book, "England in Egypt," which is to-day the standard work on the subject of British rule on the Nile. In 1892 he returned to England, and became head of the Inland Revenue Department, remaining at Somerset House till 1897, when, somewhat to his own astonishment, he was selected by Mr. Chamberlain to succeed Lord Rosmead as Governor of the Cape Colony, and High Commissioner of South Africa. His work there is too fresh in men's minds to require any comment in these pages. During the first six months of his residence Mr. Stead says:—

"Milner set himself to learn Dutch, and wherever he went up and down the Colony, he devoted himself with all his unequalled charm of address and suavity of manner to conciliating enemies and welding the various races into one. The situation was difficult, but he seemed to be overcoming the obstacles one by one. The trouble in Basutoland subjected him to a very severe strain, which he triumphantly surmounted, not, however, without risk of losing his position. But Milner was never a man to count his future or his reputation dear unto him, if by sacrificing either or both he could serve his country."

A further tribute to his personal character may be found in the words of Miss Olive Schreiner:—

"Looking around to-day along the somewhat overclouded horizon of South African life one figure strikes the eye, new to the circle of our existence here; and we eye it with something of that hope and sympathy with which a man is bound to view the



Lt. Col. Hanbury Williams, C. M. G.,
Military Secretary.

new and unknown, which may be of vast possible good and beauty. What have we in this man, who represents English honor and English wisdom in South Africa? To a certain extent we know. We have a man honorable in the relations of personal life, loyal to friend, and above all charm of gold: wise with the knowledge of books and men; a man who could not violate a promise or strike in the dark. This we know we have, and it is much to know this; but what have we more?

And at the time that this short notice is going to press there is probably no man in the British Empire on whom the eyes of his fellow subjects are turned with more interest, more anxiety,—and more confidence.

* * *

Lt.-Colonel Hanbury Williams served in the Egyptian War of 1882 as aide

de camp to Sir E. Hamley, commanding the second division, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir—horse killed (mentioned in despatches, medal with clasp, fifth class of the Medjidie, and Khedive's star), was subsequently aide de camp to the Rt. Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant-Duff, G.C.S.I. governor of Madras 1883-1886.; aide de camp to Major-General Sir Herbert Taylor Macpherson, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., V. C., commander-in-chief of Madras army, 1886; attended German military manoeuvres at Berlin as British military attache in 1891; adjutant 3rd Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry 1892-1897; Military secretary to Sir Alfred Milner, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa, 1897; C.M. G., 1899.

* * *

The British troops in Cape Colony are now commanded by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Frederick Forestier Walker. He succeeds Major-General William Francis Butler, whose alleged sympathy for the Boers was untruthfully stated to be the cause of his recall. Sir F. Forestier-Walker is the youngest lieutenant-general on the effective list of the British army. He is not yet 54 years old. He became a Scots Guardsman in 1862, as an ensign. He left it a lieutenant-colonel in 1886. He will not go to South Africa unacquainted with the situation. He was for several years assistant military secretary of that district, fought in the Kaffir war of 1878, when he won his C.B. and also honorable mention in the official despatches. When the Zulu outbreak came, in 1879, he was the principal staff officer of No. 1 column, and did some excellent fighting at Inyeyane, and was one of the force shut up in Ekowe by the enemy. After his rescue he served on the line of communi-

cation, and then came to command at Fort Pearson and the Lower Tugela district. In 1884 and the year following he was fighting in the Bechuanaland, where he was made an assistant adjutant and quartermaster-general, and received his C. M. G. Later for his good services he was given command in Egypt from 1890 to 1895, and from 1896 to the present time was in charge of the Western district. He received his K.C.B. in 1896. He is looked upon as a good fighter.

* * *

Sir Redvers Buller, G.C.B., K. C.M.G., V.C., who is to take command of our troops in South Africa in case of war, is essentially a fighting general. As a boy at Eton he was more feared than loved, and in later years he was described by one who knew him well as a "silent, saturnine, bloodthirsty man, as resolute a fighter as ever drew breath—a born leader of men." He is just sixty years of age, and owner of a fine estate in Devonshire, but is far too fond of his profession to settle down to the comparative tameness of life as a country squire. He entered the 60th rifles in 1858, and served in the first battalion during the Red River Expedition in 1870. After this he accompanied Lord Wolseley throughout the Ashanti war of 1873-74, getting his C.B. Four years later he was in South Africa, where, with Lord William Beresford as his only staff officer, he commanded a force, about a thousand strong, consisting of "broken gentlemen, or runaway sailors, of fugitives from justice, of the scum of South African towns, of stolid Afrikanders, of Boers whom the Zulus had driven from their farms. Almost every European nationality was represented; there were a few Americans, some good some bad; a Greaser, a Chilian; several Austra-



GEN. SIR GEORGE S. WHITE, V.C., K.C.S.I.
Commanding in Natal.

lians, and a couple of Canadian voyageurs from somewhere in the Arctic regions, (thus saith Archibald Forbes.) There were Frenchmen who could not speak a word of English, and Channel Islanders whose 'patois' neither Englishmen nor Frenchmen could fully understand What added to the complication was that the force comprised a dozen or more sub-commands, each originally, and still to some extent a separate and distinct unit. There were "Baker's Horse," and "D'Arcy's Horse," and "Beddington's Horse," and "Ferreira's Horse," and so on; each body asserting a certain distinctive independence." He conducted the reconnaissance before Ulundi, mounted on the fiddle-headed, brindled, flat-sided, ewe-necked cob "Punch," the very ugliest horse in South Africa. Previously to this he had earned his Victoria Cross "for his gallant conduct at the retreat at Inhlobana, on the 28th March, 1879, in having assisted, while hotly pursued by Zulus, in rescuing Captain C. D'Arcy, of the Frontier Light Horse, who was retiring on foot, and carrying him on his horse until he overtook the rear guard. Also for having on the same date, and under the same circumstances, conveyed Lieutenant C. Everitt, of the Frontier Light Horse, whose horse had been killed under him, to a place of safety. Later on Colonel Buller (as he then was) in the same manner, saved a trooper of the Frontier Light Horse, whose horse was completely exhausted, and who otherwise would have been killed by the Zulus, who were within eighty yards of him." He served in the Boer war with Sir Evelyn Wood in '81, and in Egypt in '82, being present at the battles of Kassasin and Tel-el-Kebir, in Graham's Sudan Egyptian Expedition in '84, and with Lord

Wolsely in '85. After poor Herbert Stewart had received his mortal wound, and Fred Burnaby had dropped—outside the square—with an Arab spear through his throat, Buller took command of the desert column, and withdrew it from Gubat to Gakdul in face of the enemy, defeating them at Abu Klea on the 16th and 17th February. On the whole it is probable that the Boers will find him a very different adversary to deal with from poor Dr. Jameson and his troop of "young gentlemen in becoming hats."

* * *

Sir George White, who is to command the Natal division in the Transvaal campaign, is one of the few regimental officers, who, without staff service, has attained to high military rank in the present era of competitive examination. That a purely regimental officer should be successful, argues, as a rule, that merit unaided by interest has pushed him to the front. It is not to be supposed, however, that Sir higher duties attached to a staff officer simply because he was not a graduate of the staff college, as he was a Sandhurst Cadet, and took high honors at a time when the standard was high at that military school. But he was forty-five years of age before he wore a staff aiguillette, and there were many younger men who had had opportunities of staff service and who regarded his transfer to the Indian staff with jealousy. Then as commander in chief in India, he succeeded Sir Frederick Roberts, who was purely an Indian officer, and exceedingly popular with his command. The successor of "Bobs" had no easy task before him. It was hardly likely that Sir George White, a Queen's officer," whose military service had not been altogether confined to India, would be welcomed by the officers and men of

the Native Army as their head, as cordially as was Lord Roberts whose whole military career from his cadetship had been in that country—this apart from any question of personal popularity. It was hinted that Sir George White's exclusive service in a British regiment rendered him prejudiced against, and out of sympathetic touch with, the Native Army. This certainly had not been the result of such service in the persons of former Commanders-in-chief in India who were "Queen's officers" and were held in the highest regard by all ranks of the Indian armies on account of their thorough appreciation of the merits of officers and sepoys in hours of battle and in days of peace. Sir George White in no hesitating terms declared that he held the same appreciation, and his valedictory on vacating the command is conclusive on that point. He said:—

"On making over the command of the Army in India, which has been entrusted to me for the past five years, I wish to record my sense of the zeal and devotion to duty which have actuated all ranks over whom it has been my privilege to exercise my command. In the period during which I have been Commander-in-Chief, the armies, both British and native, have undergone trying campaigns, in all of which they have acquitted themselves so as to secure prompt success in every single instance, and to add fresh honors to the grand history of the Army in India. Any record of the military services which have been rendered to the State during this period would be incomplete without a separate expression of my admiration for and gratitude to the officers, both British and native, and the men of the native Army, for their conduct in such campaigns as the Waz-

iristan and the Suakin expeditions, the defence and relief of Chitral the Maizar affair and the consequent Tochi expedition, the defence of Malakand and Chakdara, and the subsequent operations of the Malakand Field Force, the Mohmand expedition, the operations of the Tirah Expeditionary Force, the expeditions to Mombasa and Mekran, and other affairs, in all of which the native Army has played a most prominent and honourable part. I also desire to mark specially my sense of loyalty and devotion to the interests of the State with which the officers and soldiers, both British and native, have come forward to help the civil administration in an arduous struggle with famine and plague."

On leaving India (in March 1898) a valuable testimonial was presented to Lady White, who shared her husband's popularity, and a large attendance of the principal citizens of Calcutta, and military officers off duty, assembled, at Prinseps Ghat to bid them farewell and "bon voyage."

Harts Army list gives the following military history:—Sir George Stewart White, V.C., G. C. I. E., 1893; G. C. B., G. C. S. I., 1898, J. P., D. L., Quarter Master General to the forces since 1898; born July 1835; son of J. R. White, Whitehall, Co. Antrim and a daughter of J. Stewart, married Amy daughter of Ven. Joseph Bayley, Archdeacon of Calcutta, 1874. Educated at Sandhurst. Entered the army in 1853, served with the 27th Rgt., on the N. W. Frontier during the Indian Mutiny in 1857-59 (medal), with 92nd Highlanders in Afghan war, 1897-80, present at engagement at Charasiab on 6th October 1879; various operations round Cabul in December, 1879; present also at engagement at Charasiab, 25th April '80, accompanied Sir Frederick

Roberts in March to Candahar, was present at reconnaissance of 31st August and at battle of Candahar (frequent mention Bt. Lt.-Col. C. B., V. C., medal with 3 clasps, and bronze decoration) awarded V. C. for "conspicuous bravery during the engagement at Charasiab on 6th Oct., '97, when finding that artillery and rifle fire failed to dislodge the enemy from a fortified hill which it was necessary to capture, Major White led the attack upon it in person. Advancing with two companies of his regiment and climbing from one steep hill to another he came upon a body of the enemy, strongly posted, and outnumbering his force by about 8 to 1. His men being much exhausted and immediate action being necessary, Major White took a rifle, and going in by himself shot the leader of the enemy. This act so intimidated the rest that they fled round the side of the hill and the position was won. Again, on the 1st of September, 1880, at the battle of Candahar, Major White, in leading the final charge, under a heavy fire from the enemy, who held a strong position and were supported by two guns, rode straight up to within a few yards of them, and seeing the guns, dashed forward and secured one of them, immediately after which the enemy retired." Nile expedition, 1884-5 (medal with clasp and Khedive's Star). Burmese expedition 1885-6, commander Upper Burmah Field Force after capture of Mandalay (received thanks of government and of C. I. C. in India (promoted Major-General for distinguished service in the field, frequent mention, K. C. B., medal with clasp. Commanded Zhob Field Force in 1890. C. I. C. of the forces in India, 1893-98.

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Lt. Colonel W. H. Dick-Cunyngham

served in the Afghan war of 1878-1880 under Sir Donald Stewart, under Sir Frederick Roberts in the Koorum Valley Field Force in the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, including the engagement at Ali Kheyl; took part in the operations round Cabul in December, 1879, including the attack on the Sherpore Pass (Victoria Cross); with the Maidan Expedition in 1880, including the engagement at Charasiab on 25th April; accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts in the march to Candahar; and was present at the reconnaissance of the 31st August and at the battle of Candahar (mentioned in despatches, medal with two clasps and Bronze Decoration); was awarded the V. C. "for the conspicuous gallantry and coolness displayed by him on the 13th December, 1879, at the attack on the Sherpore Pass, in Afghanistan, in having exposed himself to the full fire of the enemy, and by his example and encouragement rallied the men, who, having been beaten back, were, at the moment, wavering on the top of the hill." He also served in the Boer War of 1881 as adjutant 92nd Gordon Highlanders. Lt. Colonel Dick-Cunyngham is another member of a fighting family, his eldest brother, the late Sir Robert Dick-Cunyngham of Prestonfield having served with great distinction throughout the Indian Mutiny in the 93rd Highlanders. The latter's son, the present baronet, is a lieutenant in the Black Watch. The only son of the subject of the present sketch lost his life, under peculiarly sad circumstances, about a year ago. He was bathing with his cousin, a young Fraser of Saltoun, a son of Lord Saltoun, when the latter got into difficulties, and in saving his life, young Dick-Cunyngham (who was only 12 years of age) lost his own. Another

brother married the sister of Lt. Col. G. B. M. Cumberland, of the Black Watch, who was severely wounded at Tel-el-Kebir. I can well remember that on the return of the 92nd from India in 1880, they marched from Portsmouth to London. Lt. Col. Dick-Cunyngham, who had preceded the regiment home, on sick leave after the campaign, had by that time sufficiently recovered to go down to Portsmouth and accompany his regiment on their march. He had, of course, lost the campaign tan which distinguishes soldiers on their return from active service, and his uniform was clean and showed no signs of wear and tear. But, as a compensation, he wore on his breast the coveted little bit of gun-metal, for which many a man has laid down his life.

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The Army is full of Moneys. There are no less than twelve of them on the active list, and half that number on the retired. Lieut.-Colonel C. J. C. Money, C.B. is in command of the Northumberland Fusiliers (the Fighting Fifth) now on their way to the Cape. It was at the mess table of the 5th Fusiliers that I had my first experience, while still a schoolboy, as guest of a regimental, and I can well remember the unbounded admiration that I then and there conceived for the British officer in his capacity as a host, and my gratitude for the trouble he took to put me at my ease. Lt.-Col. Money has seen service in Crete, and attained his present rank two years ago. He is a tried and experienced officer and has just returned from the Soudan where he served with distinction. The regiment has not seen much service since the Afghan War of 1875-1880, but bears a splendid record and is well known as a crack corps.

General A. Fitz Roy Hart is the eldest of the three sons of the General Hart who first founded Hart's Army List. He is a great personal friend of Lord Wolsley, whom he accompanied to the Gold Coast in September 1873, being present at the capture of Coomassie. In 1878 he went on special service to South Africa, and, as Staff Officer on the Ekowe relieving column was present at the action of Gingindlovu. He returned to South Africa on special service in January 1881, and was D. A. A. and Q. M. G., under Sir Evelyn Wood in the Boer war. The following year he served through the Egyptian Campaign including the battles of Kassasin (where he was slightly wounded and Tel-el-Kebir. The Harts are a fighting family, as well as an able one, General Fitzroy Hart's two brothers I can well remember, as carrying off every event almost at the very first athletic sports that I was old enough to witness. His second brother Brigadier General Reginald Clare Hare was actually christened Rich Reginald, owing to a deaf clergyman being quite unable to make out whether it was intended to call him Richard or Reginald. In 1879 he utilized his running powers by "running some 1,200 yards to the rescue of a wounded Sowar of the 13th Bengal Lancers in a river bed, exposed to the fire of the enemy (Afridis,) of unknown strength, from both flanks, and also from a party in the river bed." For this actio he obtained his Victoria Cross. He also received the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving a Frenchman from drowning in 1869, at which time, by the way, he sustained severe wounds on the head and K-E—the scars of which still remain, owing to his taking a header on to some sunken piles. He further received a

Silver Clasp from the R. H. S. in 1884 for saving the life of a gunner in the Ganges Canal at Koorkee. The third brother, Lt.-Colonel Horatio Holt Hart is in the Engineers, and commanded the Royal Engineer First Division with Tirah Expeditionary Force under Sir William Lockhart in 1897-1898.

* * *

Sir Frederick Carrington is best known as "Carrington of Carrington's Horse," a corps which he raised at the time of the annexation of the Transvaal in 1877. He was an excellent boxer, an accomplishment which stood him in very good stead when commanding the rather unruly Irregulars who were commonly known as his "Bashi—Bazouks." He commanded the Cape Mounted Rifles at the siege of Mafeteng by the Basutos, and the Colonial forces in Basutoland during the operations from November, 1880 to March 1881, when he was severely wounded. He also commanded the 2nd Mounted Rifles under Sir Charles Warren in Bechuanaland 1884-1885, was Commandant of Native Levies in Zululand in 1888, and commanded the forces engaged in the suppression of the rebellion in Matabele and Mashonoland in 1896, when he earned his K. C. B. He is a believer in the use of the revolver as a weapon for cavalymen. It was pretty, "says the Clubman" at Quintana, in an old Colony War (1877) to see him, enjoying it supremely, charging a hundred yards clear ahead of his men, who vainly tried to lessen the distance."

* * *

Lord Methuen is better remembered as "Paul Methuen" of Methuen's Horse, that somewhat refractory prototype of Roosevelt's Rough Riders. Methuen's Horse were raised originally as a "corps d' elite" supposed to

consist of gentlemen, and a pretty unruly, though undeniably plucky lot, they turned out to be. However, they did good service in the Bechuanaland Expedition under Sir Charles Warren in 1884-1885.

* * *

General Hallam Parr was Colonial Military Secretary to the Cape government during the Kaffir War of 1877, and served as Assistant Staff Officer to Colonel Glyn's Column in the Zulu War of 1879. He was afterwards Military Secretary to the High Commissioner (Sir Bartle Frere.) He commanded the Mounted Infantry in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, where he was severely wounded. Subsequently he was in command of Native Troops at Tamai and served in the Nile Expedition of 1884-1885.

* * *

Sir William Penn Symons saw most of his regimental service with the South Wales Borderers—a corps, by the way, who have more Victoria Crosses to their credit than any regiment in the service. He received the Zulu medal for 1879 and subsequently organized and commanded the Mounted Infantry in the Burmese Expedition 1889, and in the subsequent year, as commandant of the Burma column received the thanks of the government of India, C. B., and Clasp. He served on the North West Frontier under Sir William Lockhart in 1897-98 and afterwards commanded the First Division of the Tirah Expeditionary Force (K. C. B. and medal with two clasps.) He had a great reputation as a rider when at the depot of his regiment, some twenty years ago or so a reputation, I have no reason to believe that he has since lost, as the Burmese Dacoits can testify.

* * *

Col. Brabazon "a model leader of

light cavalry" has had a rather eventful career. He is commonly known as "Beauty Bwabs" a name he owes to his undoubted good looks and his inability to pronounce the eighteenth letter of the alphabet. In the days of his youth he enlisted and was bought out again, in regiment after regiment. Finally he obtained a commission in the Grenadier Guards. After that his promotion was rapid, as, in spite of the "side" he is popularly supposed to put on, he is extremely popular and a "persona grata" with the Royalties, being an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales and Aide de Camp to the Queen. He served in the Afghan war with the 10th Hussars and at and around Cabul in 1879, accompanying Lord Roberts on his march to Candahar. He was also

present with the 10th Hussars at El Teb and Temai, and at Abu Klea Wells in 1885. Many stories are related concerning "Beauty Bwabs" and his varied experiences in the Army, stories which receive an added point from his peculiar drawl. Once, on board a P. and O. vessel returning from India he was relating some episode or other that had happened to him during a brief career in one of the kilted regiments, and began by saying "You know, So and So" (never mind the name, but it had an 'r' in it,) I was in a wegiment once, I forget what wegiment it was, but it was one of those wegiments that don't wear twrousers like other wegiments do." Still in spite of his drawl, he has made a name for himself as a soldier.



The Great Saskatchewan River

And the Utilization of the Water Power at Grand Rapids.

BY J. F. MITCHELL.

About eighteen years ago I had the pleasure of a sail down the Great Saskatchewan River for a distance of about seven hundred miles, on the old steamer Northcote. After a pleas-

fully developed. I remained at the Rapids for two days, waiting for the Hudson Bay company to transfer the cargo of furs which had been brought down the river, to the steamer Prin-



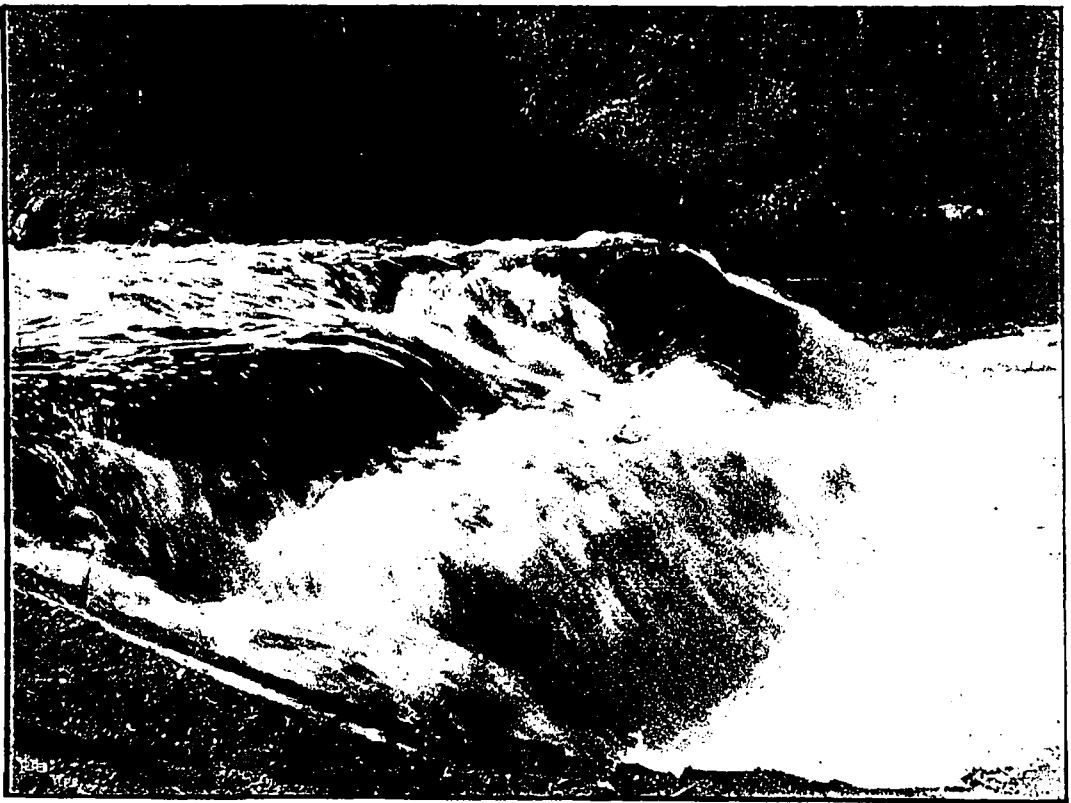
Falls on Bad Throat River.

ant trip of some three days we arrived at Grand Rapids. That was the first time I had seen the Rapids; and I was struck with their grandeur and magnificence. As I gazed on the rushing, mighty water, the thought came to me, how useful their power would be when the country was more

cess. The freight had to be taken across the portage, a distance of three and one half miles, in a tram-car. During the two days I made a careful examination of the Rapids, and the surrounding country. A short time ago the city council and the Board of Trade of Winnipeg de-

ecided to take a trip on Lake Winnipeg to see for themselves the wonderful resources of the great inland sea, which lies to the north of our city. Lake Winnipeg is a large body of water, about three hundred miles in length and eighty in breadth; its outlet to Hudson Bay is by the Nelson River. There are a number of rivers flowing into the lake, and some of them are of considerable size, and

The Saskatchewan River rises in the Rocky Mountains and flows almost due east. After it leaves the mountains it flows through a stretch of fertile prairie, a distance of about one thousand miles, and is navigable nearly its entire length. Its waters are usually very muddy, about the same as the waters of the Red River, but of a little lighter color. About eighty miles above the Rapids it flows



Falls on the Bad Throat River.

drain a large tract of fertile country. The largest river emptying into the lake is the one to which I wish to draw special attention, the Great Saskatchewan River which enters the lake at Grand Rapids. My observations during the trip were more particularly directed to the resources of the river, and the valuable power that might be utilized by damming the river at the rapids.

through Cedar Lake, which acts as a settling basin; and when it leaves the lake it is as clear as if it came through a filter bed, and continues clear until it reaches the Rapids, a distance of about forty miles. There is an abundance of fish in the river. Along its banks there is an unlimited quantity of good timber, principally tamarac, elm, basswood and poplar, and several good beds of coal have been found

in the vicinity of Edmonton. There are several rivers flowing into the Saskatchewan, the largest of which are the Battle River, Carrot River, Cumberland River (which flows from Lake Cumberland) and the south branch of the Saskatchewan which rises in the Kicking Horse Pass. All the above named rivers are navigable for a considerable distance. There are a number of very prosperous towns

dering roar, as it dropped about sixty feet in a distance of three miles, many visions of the future flitted across my mind. The question that came to me was: "How long will this great power be allowed to waste itself on the rocks, when it is so much needed for the progress and development of this country?"

When a railroad is built from any point in Manitoba to Hudson Bay it



Iron Ore Bed, Black Island.

springing up along its banks, namely: Edmonton, Battleford, Carlton and Prince Albert. I think I am quite safe in saying that the Saskatchewan River and its tributaries drain the largest area of wheat-growing land of any river in America.

As I stood on the banks of that mighty river, and watched its water tumbling, rolling and dashing itself against the rocky shores when thun-

will have to cross the Saskatchewan River at or near the Rapids on account of the lakes and swamps which extend westward up the river for a distance of about two hundred miles. The distance from Grand Rapids to Hudson Bay is between four and five hundred miles, and it would not be expensive to build a railway. The Hayes River could be made navigable by supplying it with a few locks. The

locks need not be very expensive; but as that is the only water outlet for this great food producing country, it should be improved at any cost. Although a waterway is very desirable yet a railroad is indispensable for winter freight. And as soon as connection is made from Lake Winnipeg to Hudson Bay, either by water or by railroad, I have no hesitation in saying that Grand Rapids will quickly become the greatest flour milling centre on this continent. Its position is unique, as if nature had planted it there for the express purpose of grinding our wheat and making it ready for the Eastern markets. If flour mills were erected at the Rapids, the wheat along the river could be brought down at a very low freight rate; and the railroad would bring the wheat from all parts of the Northwest and Manitoba, to be ground during the winter and sent on to the seaboard and stored in warehouses, where it would be ready for shipment to the English market as soon as navigation opened in the spring. By that way our flour would be in the old country almost as soon, if not sooner, than by New York.

Fort York, on the Hudson Bay is one hundred miles nearer Liverpool than New York. The short railroad haul to Hudson Bay would greatly reduce the cost of getting our produce to market and by having the wheat ground here we would not have to pay freight on bran and shorts, as that could be used for fattening cattle and hogs, for export.

The cost of building a dam on the Saskatchewan at that point of the river at the Rapids, would, of course, involve a large expenditure of money, on account of the great width. The beds and banks of the river are lime-

stone, so that no difficulty would be met with in getting a good foundation, and plenty of building material as well. But I believe there is a better and cheaper way of getting power than by damming the river. At the foot of the Rapids there is a bay which doubles back on the falls, thereby forming a narrow strip of land from the head of the falls to the bay, a head of forty feet could be secured. The greater section of the channel would be through clay, and the balance through limestone rock, of about the same quality as that found at the city quarries at Little Stony Mountain. The cost of cutting through the rock would be greatly reduced by the value of the stone taken out for building purposes.

The river below the Rapids is very wide and deep, and would make a good harbor for vessels drawing from fifteen to twenty feet of water. It is well protected from storms; being so situated that the high winds on the lake cannot reach the harbor. There are no sand bars at the mouth of the river. I suppose that can be accounted for by the precipitation of the clay and sand on the lakes above the Rapids.

Rapids—This is my third visit to the Rapids, and I have been impressed more and more each time of the important part they will play in the development of this great country, whose population will be counted by millions instead of by thousands.

About ten miles to the northeast from the mouth of the Saskatchewan River can be seen Selkirk Island. The island is composed of limestone with from one to two feet of rich black soil on the surface, which is covered with a heavy growth of tamarac. On part of the east shore the limestone

is perpendicular about fifteen feet high. There are several beautiful sandy beaches on the south shore, and a very pretty little island a short distance to the south, which appears to have been a part of the main island. On the west shore nature has made one of the finest harbors on the lake. This bay is the headquarters for the Dominion Fish company. The south and east sides of the bay are bounded by the mainland of the island, and on the north side there is a stone bar, which runs west, for about two-thirds of its length and then bears to the south, and runs within a quarter of a mile of the south shore. The bar is from six to eight feet above the water level, and from one to two hundred feet wide, and about one mile in length. It has been formed by the ice freezing to the loose stones on the north shore of the island, and when the ice is breaking up in the spring the stones are carried along by the ice and driven on the bar with the northeast winds. It is being added to every year, and when the ice drift changes, it will close in the bay. Although it may seem incredible for such a pile of stones—some of them many tons weight—to be carried by the ice, yet its formation is within the remembrance of many of the old Indians on the island.

A water-way from Lake Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay could be secured by way of the Hayes' River by supplying it with a few locks. The river has an average fall of twenty inches in a mile. There are several rapids which would require locks. The locks need not be very large or expensive; but as that is the only outlet to the sea, by water, it should be improved at any cost. The advantage that would accrue to this great food producing country, when a good water-way is

opened up to the Bay is almost inestimable. The Hayes River can be connected with the Nelson River by crossing the "height of land" a few miles below Norway House, where there is a depression, and it seems to have been the bed of a river. It is about two miles across and from three to four feet in height. T. C. Scoble, C. E., in his report on "Navigation to Hudson's Bay" says: "From this point the water-ways all flow north-eastward and downward to Hudson Bay. There is no elevation to 'lock up' to, it is all 'locking down,' and head gates in the rocky barrier referred to would determine absolutely how much or how little water should be let into the system when completed. The distance is 681 1-2 miles between Winnipeg and York Factory." The Hudson's Bay Company always used the Hayes River for the transportation of all their freight, to and from the Hudson Bay.

The Nelson is a very large river, and has several big falls, which, render it almost impossible to be made navigable. It has a watershed of about 430,000 square miles; and drains nearly all the wheat lands of Western Canada, and the northern part of Minnesota and Dakota. I see no reason why the produce of this vast area of wheat land should be sent to Europe via New York or Halifax, when we are within less than seven hundred miles from a seaport, which is navigable for from four to five months in a year.

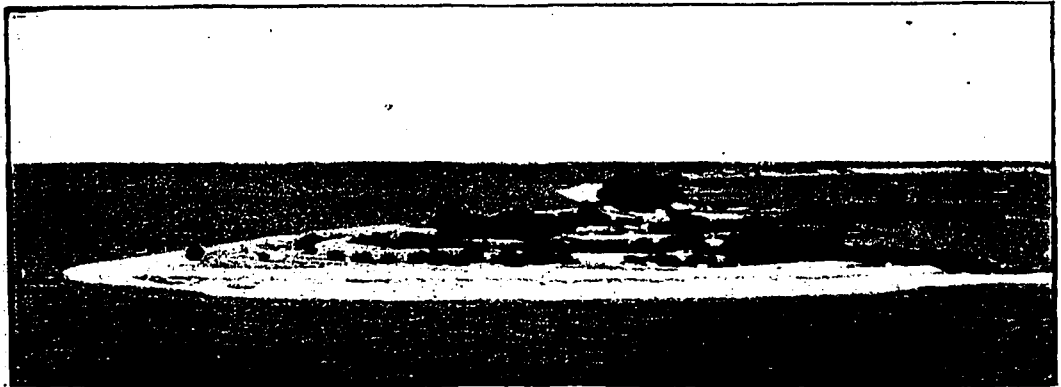
John Macoun, M. A., in his "History of Manitoba and the Northwest" says, "For more than two hundred years, from two to five sailing vessels, on an average, have sailed annually from Europe and America to Port Nelson, or other ports in Hudson's Bay, and returned with cargoes

the same season." From all the information I can gather respecting the navigation of the Hudson Bay and Straits, there appears to be little difficulty in navigating them with good steamers from July to October.

I will quote another extract from a report to the House of Commons on "Navigation of Hudson Bay" by Prof. H. Y. Hind. I still consider that York Factory (Fort York) will become the 'Archangel of the West.' During the past three years, my views on the subject have undergone

a progressive change; all tending towards confirming the opinion of the adoption ultimately of the Hudson's Bay route as a commercial highway between Central British America and Europe."

There is unlimited proof to show that the Hudson Bay, and Straits are navigable for at least four months in the summer. Our only difficulty now is in getting our produce to the Bay; but that can be overcome by either a railroad or improving the water-way.



Harbor Bar, Selkirk Island.

SPORTSMANSHIP

BY GROSVENEUR.

It has been stated that the play of every young animal is the exercise in some form or another of the faculties that will eventually render it the fittest to survive. That the puppy who calmly inserts his needle-like teeth into your hand, or worries your bed-room slippers into tatters, the cat who poises herself for a moment, in all the grace of repressed strength, and then darts like a flash on to a ball of wool, the young colt, staring at you wonderingly, and then racing away at top speed in a sudden panic that is more than half-assumed, are all really learning nature's lessons. And, as all man's boasted civilization is after all a very thin veneer, so is the small boy stealing cautiously, catapult in hand on the unsuspecting sparrow, merely training himself in the skill necessary to support himself and generations yet to come. True, it may be the destiny of the said small boy to earn his living by some sedentary occupation that will prohibit outdoor sport of every kind, but that is merely the accident of civilization. Behind him are countless generations of ancestors whose livelihood depended on their stealthiness of approach, and their accuracy of aim. And it will take countless more generations before we breed the type of small boy who will spend his leisure hours sitting on an office stool, adding up accounts, because these pursuits were best adapted to enable his ancestors to hold their own in the struggle for existence. There are people alive to-day who have reached a sufficiently high standard of civilization to look on these inherited instincts as relics of barbarism,—there have been such people further than the memory of man goeth back. When they began to form the majority of the nation to which they belonged, that nation was

doomed. In the Anglo-Saxon race, they form a very small minority, and their opinions are regarded with suspicion, as being professed merely to screen some defect, physical or moral. If the day ever arrives of universal peace, and of the dead level of mediocrity that forms the ideal of the cruder forms of socialism, these barbaric instincts may be entirely eliminated, their usefulness being at an end. Meanwhile they flourish exceedingly, and the cry of the Red Gods is as imperative as the voice of the East a calling. And as the disregard of personal risk counts for much in the successful pursuit of food among savages so is contempt of danger thought worthy of much honor among the predominant races. The more peril, short of foolhardiness, there is attached to any form of sport, the more respect, generally speaking, is paid to its votaries. The hunter of big game is, as a rule, sure of a bigger audience when he begins to relate his experiences, than the mere slayer of pheasants; cricket is more popular than croquet, polo more esteemed than poker. The "greatest thinker of this or any other time," as the writer of "Our Noble Selves" calls Mr. Herbert Spencer condemns gambling in all forms as implying benefit received without corresponding effort put forth. But with all due deference to the author of the "Study of Sociology" it may be doubted whether the absence of effort is really as attractive an element in the passion for gambling as the presence of risk. Probably the inclusion of the purely betting man in the genus "sportsman" and the consequent respect in which he is held by a certain portion of the community is partly artificial. That is, horse racing per se is an honorable pursuit; the improvement in

breed of horses is a laudable object; the skill and daring requisite to make a good rider are qualities worthy of cultivation. Unfortunately horse racing would lose half its popularity were it possible to put an entire stop to betting. The betting men have arrogated to themselves an undue share in the credit belonging to this form of sport, and the genuine lovers of horse racing for itself alone have half unconsciously, half-tacitly allowed that this should be so. It is difficult to trace the origin of the wager. Very likely it arose from the principle that to the victor belong the spoils. Primitive man, if beaten in a contest, lost his life and all that was his. Then perhaps as the idea of mercy began to take root he redeemed his life by the sacrifice of his property. After this some ingenious individual conceived the entirely novel idea that there was no necessity for the fighting part of the business at all, but that the matter might be decided by simply tossing up a prehistoric penny. Finding this a pleasureable occupation, its devotees naturally attempted to prolong its duration and tossed the best two out of three. From this the evolution to higher forms of gambling such as seeing who could pull the longest straw out of a stack, or who could first attract a fly to the honey adhering to his fingers would be easy.

Be this as it may, very few of us are free from vanity in matters where bodily skill and prowess are concerned. There is a story told of a very great scientific writer, recently dead. He was not only a member of the most learned societies of his day, but also—a privilege he valued very highly—of the Alpine Club. One evening he had to give a lecture at the Royal Institute. On the morning of the day appointed he was in the lecture room, alone as he thought, making his preparations. Unknown to him a stranger had entered the big hall, and was at the further end of it searching for something he had lost the previous day. Suddenly to his astonishment the visitor saw the distinguished professor draw back a few paces from the table in front of him, measure the distance carefully, take a short run, and vault over it like a

school boy. This extraordinary performance he repeated, with perfect gravity, several times. With a vague feeling that he had been in a manner guilty of eavesdropping, the intruder retreated unobserved. That evening he formed one of the audience, and in course of the lecture Professor —— had occasion to heat a certain chemical compound up to a certain degree. He carefully explained to the audience that at a very few degrees higher temperature the said compound would explode with great violence. Having arranged his apparatus, he retired to the other side of the table, and continued to lecture. After a short time the audience began to feel a little nervous, but Professor —— continued speaking, apparently oblivious of everything except the subject in hand. Suddenly he looked up, caught sight of the heater, started, bounded to the table, vaulted over it, and snatched the perilous mixture from its place, amid the tempestuous cheers of the audience,—and the unrestrained laughter of the one man who had witnessed the morning rehearsal.

Even Mr. Herbert Spencer himself is probably not above feeling a glow of satisfaction over a particularly good stroke in the billiard room of the Savile Club, in spite of his famous rebuke to the young opponent, who is reported on one occasion to have played his very best game with a pardonable desire of "showing off" before so great a man. "A certain amount of proficiency at billiards, sir, is a laudable thing, but skill such as yours argues a misspent youth." In his younger days, too, he was devoted to salmon fishing, a sport which entails much hard work, and some personal discomfort. Mr. George Meredith is, or was, a great walker, Swinburne was never happier than when swimming through the breakers of the English channel, Sir Joseph Chitty thrice stroked the Oxford Eight. Instances of this kind are, however, too numerous to mention. It is very seldom that a good sportsman is not a good fellow, and the discipline and self-repression necessary to enable a man to excel in outdoor pursuits will always help to equip a man for the sterner battle of life. A good boxer,

or a good football player must be able to restrain his temper, to take hard knocks good temperedly and keep cool. He learns to make allowances for others,—and is almost invariably a man whom you can trust. The Afridis and Pathans will bring in their wives and children to be tended and looked after by the British in perfect confidence that the trust will not be abused, even though the husbands and fathers are simply desirous of facilitating their "sniping" operations on Her Majesty's troops. They will come into the enemy's camp in time of truce, and join in race meetings, they will hold a parley during the night, stop hostilities for a couple of hours to rest themselves, and pass the time singing songs and exchanging chaff with their friends the enemy. Then they will ask if everybody is ready and set to work again slaying and being slain. There is much humor in all this, but there is much gallantry too. And the men who show such perfect faith in the loyalty of their foes, will go into battle side by side with them when the occasion arises with equal good will, and, be sure, the mutual confidence thus engendered will in no wise impair their efficacy as a fighting machine. In the East the highest praise one man can accord another is to say that he would go tiger shooting with him. Just think what this implies, the friendship of a man who, you know, will never desert you, the man whose rifle will always be ready and his aim sure, however critical the juncture. No need to turn round and take your eye off the game to make sure that your ally has not hidden behind a tree, a perfect assurance that he will be there when called on, that he has passed his word, and that his word will not be broken, that he hath sworn to his neighbor, and will not disappoint him, even though it be his own hindrance. It makes your own part so much easier, your nerve is in order, and you can devote your whole attention to the matter in hand. Alpine climbers when roped together can step lightly and easily round corners, that, single handed, would need much care and caution. No one man in the string is actually helping an-

other, but each feels that the others are there and will not fail him if the occasion arises. The mere physical effect on the nervous system works wonders. I can remember once a former Governor of Madras, and President of the Royal Geographical Society,—Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, using this very illustration to me in a conversation on the subject of memory. I remarked that it had frequently occurred to me to forget a certain passage in some author until I had my hand on the book. Then, before I had opened it, the quotation would return like a flash. He said he had often had a similar experience except that in his case the missing words did not reveal themselves till he had actually begun to turn over the pages. And he accounted for this result by saying that the whole thing was a matter of nerve, and that just as the touch of the rope gave the requisite amount of confidence that was necessary to enable the climber to surmount a difficult obstacle, so did the mere physical contact with the book help the brain to work smoothly and effectively. And if this be the case in memory—so also is it in the other faculties that are called on in other crises of our fight for life and all that makes it worth living; coolness, self-possession, courage, readiness of resource, and the dogged determination that keeps the Anglo-Saxon race still striving, desperately and tenaciously, when all apparent hope of success is gone for ever.

On this side of the Atlantic the word "sport" is undergoing a degeneration, and the change is significant. In the United States the element of professionalism has crept in, and has resulted in the manufacture of a number of human machines, whose performances are watched with absorbing interest by their fellow creatures, and very highly paid for. That baseball has become a merely money making pursuit is now a trite remark. But even in higher classes in life than that from which baseball players are usually drawn the same deterioration is apparent. It was noticeable in the late visit of the American University athletes to the Old Country. These gentlemen, for gentlemen they were,

were trained to the highest pitch of perfection, each man exclusively in the particular branch wherein he excelled. They were astonished to see their English cousins walking about between the events attired in the conventional silk hat and frock coat. The Harvard and Yale men spent most of the time in the hands of professional trainers, being rubbed down, bathed, and otherwise treated as if they were highly elaborated automata. Their "form" was known to an inch or to a fraction of a second. They were wound up to jump a certain height, or run a certain distance in a certain time. In each case the result was satisfactory, the competitor did his very utmost and achieved just what it was known he could achieve—and no more. On the other hand the Englishmen under the spur of emulation, in several instances beat their own previous records. They still had an ounce or two left to call upon. The fact is that the latter, as a nation still look to the means, and not to the end, as being the real object to be sought by the true sportsman. The desire to be first, to achieve a record, no matter how, merely for the sake of the kudos (?) arising from success, is the curse of every game, and every pursuit, where it is allowed to hold sway. It is to this love of notoriety, cheaply earned, that may be attributed the stories we so often hear of American millionaires crossing our border, and slaying our ducks, and prairie chicken by the thousand, merely to leave their bodies to rot where they fall; of salmon fishermen, who will allow hired professionals to hook,—aye, even to land their fish,—while they sit at ease and play poker and consume whiskey,—of others who remain lounging in camp while their hunters are out in pursuit of moose or wapiti, and who buy the proceeds of the chase wherewith to decorate their homes in New York, as trophies of their own prowess. They have got the credit in the eyes of the public of having performed certain feats and that is all they care about. That a man can actually find any pleasure in following the tracks of a deer over miles of pathless woods, treading closely in the footsteps of his Indian

guide—only perhaps to be balked at the last moment by some inadvertent movement, is a thing they cannot understand, and only half believe. "Why do you want to go down a coal mine?" said Sheridan's father to him on one occasion. "Merely to be able to say I've been down one." "Well, why can't you say you've been down one?" was the reply. What is the use of going through days of hard work, and personal discomfort, merely for the sake of bringing back a head and horns, when you can sit comfortably in a tent, smoking and drinking, and still bring back a head at the trifling expense—to you—of some fifty dollars or so? The impious American, quoted by Sir Herbert Maxwell, who said that "The angler goeth forth in the morning, and cometh back in the evening with the smell of whiskey upon him, but the truth is not in him," had not studied the ways of some of his fellow countrymen for nothing. Not, of course, that I would be understood as making a sweeping indictment against all our neighbors across the line. Nor that I would claim any monopoly in the love of sport, for sport's sake, for the Anglo-Saxon race. The man who imagines that Tartarin de Tarascon represents a true type of the French "chasseur" is making a very big mistake indeed,—as I can personally testify from my own experience on both sides of the Atlantic. We have here in our own Province of Manitoba Frenchmen who are just as keen, and just as willing to sacrifice comfort and convenience in the pursuit of game,—large or small,—as ourselves. To the Austrian and Hungarian the ring of the bridle, and the crack of the gun, is quite as musical as to the follower of the Quorn, or bedraggled duck shooter in a Canadian swamp. The Russian country gentleman who will drive for miles across the snow, for the mere pleasure of returning home at full gallop, emptying his repeater into a pack of hungry wolves, is animated by the same thrill that nerves the subaltern fresh from an English school when he hopes to bag his first tiger. And, binding them together of whatsoever nation, or whatsoever color they be, there is a bond of freemason-

ry which embraces a wider range than any religion in the world. Not only has polo banished the brandy and soda from the subaltern's quarters but it has drawn together the Native officer and his English comrade-in-arms in a way that no other form of social intercourse could do. There is no better way of "getting to know a man" than to share in his field sports, and it must be a bitter enmity indeed that will make you forget the days you spent together, on the heather, or on the cricket field, by the shores of the Great Lakes, or on the passes of the Rocky Mountains. Look around you and see who are the best men in almost any line of life, the best lawyer, the best banker, the best soldier, and, nine times out of ten, you will find that he is the man who is willing to sacrifice much to the pursuit of sport in some form. I have heard it remarked more than once, that in the hunting-field, with most so-called provincial packs in the old country, there is generally a neat unassuming figure in a black coat, mounted on a useful, if not showy, hunter, who is generally loafing quietly and unostentatiously outside the covert, when hounds are drawing. How it happens no one knows, but the fox is almost certain to break away somewhere in his direction; and he is over the first fence, and half across the first field, before the rest of the crowd have crammed on their hats, and caught hold of their

horses heads. Ask who he is, and you will be told that he is the leading doctor in the neighborhood. Half his work is done on horseback, and he knows how to put his experience and his knowledge of the country to the best possible use, as you will discover when you ram in your spurs and try to catch him.

Lastly look around among your friends, and see what man you would choose to go tiger hunting with. If you can find such a one, then grapple him to your soul with hooks of steel. He may not be the most entertaining, he may not be the most showy, but when the day comes of your sore need, you will turn to him instinctively. You know that when you want your spare rifle, he will be there, with steady hand, and unflinching loyalty. Another man may be better company, may carry himself and his weapon more jauntily, and with greater self assurance, but when the crisis arrives, his nerve goes, his fingers twitch convulsively at the trigger, and he is as likely as not to shoot you in the back. And if he does this he will probably give you the other barrel to "mak siccar." If you can find such a woman among your acquaintance—I am not talking of your mother—and she will take you, marry her, as quick as you can, for few there be that ever get a second chance.



Western Imagination

BY THE CAMPAIGNER.

There must be something in the ozone-laden atmosphere of the Rocky Mountains, which predisposes to mendacity, if all the stories which reach us from that source have origin in fact.

There is one noted individual, who exercises some judicial office, named Jim R——, whose imagination must be of the most fertile description, if all accounts of his stories are to be believed.

One day he alighted from the back of a small cayuse, at the door of the hotel in Golden, and joined a circle of admiring friends. It was seen that the pommel of his saddle was badly broken, and on their calling upon him to account for the fact, he said; "Well, boys, as I was going through the chapparal, I saw a cinnamon bear a little below me on the track. I rode to head him off, but as I had nothing but a lariat to capture him with, I did not think that I could do more than give him a good scare. So I rode and hallooed until I got abreast of him and then, without thinking, threw my lariat and caught him "foul." (It may be explained that catching an animal "foul" with a rope is understood in the West to mean that the leg and the neck have been roped at the same time, and consequently the animal is not securely caught. The way Jim R—— had caught the bear was evidently round one fore-leg and the neck.) "Of course this did not stop him, and he galloped off into the brush, dragging me and the pony after him until he came to a big tree, which he promptly proceeded to climb, in spite of my trying to hold him back. When he got up to the end of my lariat, which was stretched at full tension, he took a fresh grip, and the next minute I found that I and the pony were beginning to rise. When we were getting about fifteen feet from the ground, I thought that that was the

end of the joke, and pulling out my knife I cut the lariat, and the pony and I fell to the ground, and that is the way I got the pommel of my saddle broken."

There may be some who will discredit this story, but they were not of the company to which Jim R—— at that time belonged, as he had a curious habit of resenting incredulity.

After freshening his nip and lighting his pipe, he, addressing the boys, said, "Did you ever hear of the scrape that tenderfoot and I had with the bear a couple of years ago. Well, I had a letter from Sir Charles Tupper introducing that man to me as a great friend of the Prince of Wales, and he said that he wanted me to show him all that there was to be seen in the country. The chap had with him shooting irons of the best quality, and was got up in the most sportsman-like manner, as far as costume was concerned, but he did not know a thing. However, to oblige the Prince of Wales, I took him around, and tried to get as good shooting for him as it was possible. But that was a bad season for bears, and his mind was set on shooting a grizzly. Well, we wandered through the foot hills for as much as a week, without seeing a sign of bear. But one day I slipped on a rock and lost my gun, which fell from my hands and damaged the lock, and I sat down to repair it as well as I could. The tenderfoot got tired of waiting for me and went on down a little ravine, at the head of which I was sitting. In about five minutes I heard a shout, a shot, and then all was still, and I ran down in the direction from which I supposed the shot had been fired. Right in my path lay the body of the tenderfoot, shot through the heart. I lifted him up and opened his shirt, but saw from the character of the wound that he was a "goner" After fussing with him for a while, I laid him down and

went on down the ravine intending to get assistance, but what was my surprise, about forty yards below where I left him, to find the body of a full grown grizzly lying with his head down the ravine, as dead as a mackerel. Well gentlemen, I studied this thing out, and the only explanation I can give you is this: That man fired at the bear at short range as he was coming up the ravine, and the bear turned around so quickly that the bullet went through him and came back and killed the man."

There was another break of silence, and then his audience heaved a deep sigh and went into the saloon in a sorrowful procession, knowing that none of them could cap that story.

There is another almost equally noted romancist, in the person of D. McD——, who will tell you the most thrilling tales of his adventures as a sportsman long before the C. P. R. reached that portion of the country in which he lives. The peculiarity of his stories is that he is always at his last shot when he makes his wonderful coups.

One story will suffice to give an example of his style. He said: "I was hunting in the Rockies, and had been very unsuccessful for four days. I had fired away all my ammunition, but one charge, without having gained any meat, so you may depend I was pretty hungry, and a good deal depended upon my success in that shot. While I was thinking what to do I noticed a string of geese flying towards a little lake, the existence of which I knew, a short way off. Supposing that they would light there, I crawled quietly for a considerable distance towards the margin of the lake, which was surrounded by reeds. With the greatest caution I pushed my way through the reeds, and then from my position I saw that the geese had lit. Lying down, I drew a bead on the nearest goose, but as I was about to pull the trigger another goose came in line, and I thought that I would wait until I got a chance at more than one. By and by, my patience was rewarded by seeing a number of the geese with their necks in line, and waiting until I was sure of my aim I pulled trigger. Now," said he, "how

many of those geese do you suppose I got?" His interlocutor naturally said, "One or two"; but the hero of the story said impressively, "Nineteen."

Another of his stories depicted him as hunting down the banks of the Bow River, searching for a stray pony, which he failed to find, but instead saw a deer on the brink of the stream, a short distance before him; he was armed with only a lariat, but, stealing to a convenient distance without being discovered by the deer, he threw the rope over the deer's horns; the next moment the deer plunged into the stream and the hunter after him, hanging to the lariat, and then holding to the rope with his teeth, he put his hand into his waistcoat pocket and drew out a small penknife, with which he cut the jugular vein of the deer, and as soon as it had bled to death, hauled it on shore and carried it home in triumph.

A very funny story is a sequel to this remarkable incident:

A gentleman, who came from England bent on a hunting trip to the Rockies, in 1885, was told of the existence of Mr. McD——, with the addition that he was known as the champion liar of the Northwest.

On reaching the foot hills of the Rockies, the Englishman was favored by a contractor on the C. P. R. with the loan of a mule to ride. His baggage, he expected to follow by wagon.

As he was jogging along the trail, he was overtaken by a friendly native in a buggy, and after some little conversation it was suggested that he should forsake the mule's back and ride in the buggy, and accordingly he hitched the mule to the back of the vehicle. He took his seat beside the friendly native, and they engaged in conversation about his projected sporting expedition. Much information was given to him by the man, who was to the manner born. After some miles of travel, towards mid-day they arrived in sight of a comfortable house, and the friendly native extended an invitation to the Englishman to alight and partake of his mid-day meal with him. Accepting the invitation, he was shown into the house,

and treated with the utmost hospitality. While at dinner he asked if his host knew of the existence of Mr. McD——, and some hesitation being apparent before a reply was elicited, he added by way of explanation, "He is known as the champion liar of the Northwest." To his infinite discomfiture the lady at the end of the table rose and with a wave of her hand, said, pointing to her husband, "Allow me to introduce you to Mr. McD——, the champion liar of the Northwest." The discomfiture of the Englishman

may easily be imagined, but his genial host and hostess apparently forgot everything but the duties of hospitality; and although their guest's untimely question made the remainder of his visit anything but a pleasure to him, it was not their fault, for he was as heartily adieued as he had been welcomed.

Such are some of the stories which are told by the sporting inhabitants of the Rockies to those who have not been so fortunate as to achieve similar distinction for themselves.



MUSIC

Italy still makes a strong claim for her old position in the vanguard of the musical world. Her two young composers, Mascagni and Perosi, seem more likely to earn permanent fame for themselves, and at all events some of their works, than any other musicians that have claimed the attention of the world for some time. Still their progress has not been equal, it is doubtful if Mascagni has written anything better than his first success "Cavalleria Rusticana." Perosi, priest and musician, does not create the enthusiasm with his music in the outside world that he has done in his native land; this is no doubt greatly due to the inability of the general public to sympathize with the man, whose music is the outcome of intense religious feeling, and to narrow the field still more, whose religion accords with the strictest rules and traditions of the Roman Catholic church in its native land. Perosi's works in fact have suffered very adverse criticism in London. One article concedes that his oratorios might be impressive in a church, but that dragged into the light of the concert hall

they are "too puerile for criticism;" the same writer points out numerous shortcomings in his writing, from an orthodox point of view, and winds up by confessing to sore disappointment in his oratorios.

All this, however, does not count for much; the fact remains that Perosi's music, sang in the place and manner in which it was intended to be sung, and to the people for whom it was written, was an extraordinary success. If the young priest is to be the founder of a new school of music he will not be the first pioneer of a new order of things who has been damned by the authorities of the existing conventionalities because he did not choose to confine himself to their rules. At all events Perosi was offered by the Pope the practical control of the music in the Sistine chapel, but here trouble arose; certain old men were used to sing treble and alto in falsetto, and these Perosi wished to have replaced by boys and even women; the boys could be permitted, but there was a great objection to the women, whose presence in the choir was almost, if not absolutely, prohibited.

Sir John Stainer, who is a man that ought to know, has attracted a good deal of attention by his very strong statements as to the overcrowding of the musical profession, and the consequent distress that often exists even among really first-class musicians; this, of course, referring more particularly to England. No doubt there is a great deal in what the worthy knight says, and the effect is beginning to be felt even in this western country. While on the one hand the great popular musical movement that is going on now affords employment to a far larger number of professional musicians than could have found occupation say fifty years ago; still each person so employed is continually assisting in turning out a fresh supply of instructors and performers out of all proportion to the demand. The result is most disastrous to all save a very limited number of geniuses or performers of extraordinary merit, and possibly to a fair number of lucky ones who even in music have called influence to their aid to secure a position which their abilities alone could not have earned for them. But the great crowd of moderately good, or even good, musicians, what is there for them to look to?

In England an organist of good ability, with an extensive musical education, vouched for by testamurs of most searching examinations can usually be engaged for about £30 a year, and there will be a hot competition for such a position.

The orchestra of a London theatre demands first-class instrumentalists; they have to furnish their own instruments, the pay as a rule is almost beggarly, and there is very little opportunity for increasing the pittance by giving lessons or doing other extra work. Things, of course, are not quite so bad on this side of the water, at all events to this extent, that generally musical work is better paid for than in England, and there is not quite such a disparity between the supply and demand for professional musicians, still the inclination is rather in the same way, and music as a profession, except by those more than ordinarily gifted by nature.

In Winnipeg, with its forty thous-

and inhabitants, the number of persons who earn a living by their music alone could be counted on the fingers.

* * *

It is fairly safe to say that if a person wishing to get a good specimen of how absolutely idiotic a form the English language could be made into, it would be only necessary to take the words of the first average modern ballad that presented itself, and there you would have it. Even at that it is doubtful if the words would be as silly as in a similar production twenty years ago, but it is bad enough.

It is a very general evil that words and music are so seldom well mated; given that the music is good, in the majority of cases the words are drivel, if the words are good, they so seldom are suitable to the music, and it leaves a lamentably small residue of cases where the music and words, both beautiful, assist each other in bringing out the meaning of the composition. Music has its own language, and its own message to tell, and chafes at the restraint of words; still when the human voice is employed, it is expected to articulate words, even if unintelligible; after all, how often are the words of a song distinguishable in a concert? The language used scarcely matters, the meaning is conveyed by the music and the expression given to it by the performer. But to return to instances of ridiculous or inappropriate words, they can be found anywhere, in hymns by the bushel, in opera, in oratorio, in ballads, but best of all in translations; here is an instance of part of an English translation in an edition of Schubert's songs: "Through broken boots, fresh anguish causing, my burning feet press ice and snow."

Again what bathos is the usual English adaptation for a mass, or such a work as Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and to take even Haydn's "Creation," the tawny lion standing "cheerful roaring," the "flexible tiger," and the worm creeping "in long dimension with sinuous trace" have an irresistibly comic side which jars on one unpleasantly. When, however, it comes to a question of setting sacred words-

or canticles and other portions of the church service to music, the musician is often to blame; in this case music must subject itself to a superior motive. But what positively irreverent nonsense is often made of such subjects by their musical treatment. The sailor's idea of an anthem is proverbial, and the sailor was not far wrong as far as a very large number of anthems are concerned; the following are actual words in one case:

I shall see Him, but not now
 I shall see Him, but not now,
 I shall see Him, I shall see Him,
 I shall see Him, but not now.

But not now,
 But not now, not now, not now,
 I shall see Him, see Him, see Him,
 I shall see Him, but not now,

Not now, not now.

No—not now.

The old parish clerks occasionally had their troubles in this direction; on one occasion the hymn to be sung had the following lines:—

And may our hearts in tune be found
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

The parish clerk, however, felt that this would be lost on a congregation who did not know what a harp was, so after some thought he determined to alter it to:—

And may our hearts be tuned within
 Like father David's violin.

This would have been most ecclesiastical end entirely satisfactory, but unfortunately his memory played him false at the critical moment and he favored the congregation with this inspiration:—

And may our hearts go hiddle-diddle
 Like Father David's little fiddle.

* * *

The right of the negroes to be considered as a musical race has received very strong support from the works by S. Coleridge Taylor that are coming before the public. Mr. Taylor is a full-blooded negro and a composer of no ordinary merit. His compositions first attracted attention at the festival of the Three Choirs last held at Gloucester, England, where he conducted one of his own compositions and scored the success of the week.

His music is very original, and has

strong claims to be considered as representative classical music of Mr. Taylor's nation, and possesses a certain richness of harmony, almost barbaric in its character, and peculiar to itself.

We have all heard of the press gang. It was the name given to a detachment of seamen who, under a naval officer, were empowered in time of war to lay hold of seafaring men and compel them to serve in the king's ships. But what has this to do with music, you ask? Well, a very interesting extract from the Sloane M. S. S. in the British Museum proves that the same kind of tyranny was practised even in the time of Queen Elizabeth for the purpose of getting choristers for the different royal chapels. It is almost incredible, but so it was. The authority in this case was vested in "our servant Thomas Gyles, Mr. of the children of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, within our city of London." The instruction to Mr. Thomas Gyles was that he should "take up such apt and meet children as are most fit to be instructed and framed in the art and science of music and singing as may be had and found out within any place of this our realm." Such child or children as Mr. Thomas Gyles might anywhere "find and like of" he was to "bring away without any lets, contradictions, stay, or interruptions to the contrary." If any fond parent objected to the removal of his youngster he was to answer for it at his peril! This mandate bears the Queen's autograph, so that there is no doubt as to its authenticity. People are wont to talk about the good old times of Queen Bess, but we have a better way of obtaining choristers now than kidnapping them under a royal warrant!

A few citations for the general reader. When Handel came to London, in order to hear the great master play as often as possible, Dr. Greene was wont to blow the bellows for him for hours together. Gluck remarked to Coran-gez: "Before I set to work, my first care is to strive to forget that I am a musician. The end of art is the imitation of nature. The painter desires

to improve nature, he becomes false; the musician seeks to be brilliant, he produces satiety and disgust." Lord Burghersh used to be styled "Father of the Royal Academy of Music." Guglielmi during the early years of his pupilage gave no proofs of his musical talent; on the contrary, he is said to have manifested a distaste for the art in the pursuit of which he was destined to shine for a time with so much splendor. Pesca, on the other hand, loved music from infancy and could pick out little tunes on the pianoforte when a child only four years of age. Writing in the early forties a London Critic boldly proclaims "that hundreds of Lancashire weavers can be found possessing better knowledge of Handel's works than a majority of London professors." When Jomeli applied to Padre Martini for lessons, the master, upon examining a study written by the young musician, exclaimed: "You mock me; it is I who should rather learn of you!" Jarnowick, to whom Guignone attributes the introduction of the rondo in the last movement of the concerto, on one occasion blandly remarked to Viotti, his great rival: "Well, my dear Sir, after all, it must be confessed that we are the only two violin players." Gardiner, in his chatty "Music and Friends," tells of Dr. Ford, a former rector of Melton, that at a Birmingham festival he was sitting with his "Messiah" before him, humming the music with the performers, to the annoyance of attentive listeners. Said someone, "I did not pay to hear you sing."—"Oh!" replied the enthusiastic doctor, "then you have that into the bargain!" William Jackson the Exeter musician (of *Te Deum* renown) has been alluded to as the man "who wrote pamphlets to decry Haydn, and composed had anthems and fourth rate songs."

Talking of organ recitals, the Musical Times refers to a performance in the Old Garry Chapel on May 21, 1812, and it appears that people liked their music in large doses in those days.

The organists were Mr. B. Jacob, and Dr. Crotch, and the programme began at 11 o'clock in the morning and consisted of 46 items. Moreover the programme was entirely organ music with the exception of two numbers and they were two of Bach's Sonatas accompanied on the violin; fancy a Winnipeg audience taking this in!

The organ was of very modest dimensions, as we judge of organs today, two manuals and an octave of pedal pipes, so the description of it by a contemporary writer is somewhat amusing:

"The Garrey Chapel organ, by Elliott, is particularly noticed for its sweetness of tone, as well as for its extensive powers, which are so great, that in one of the hymns descriptive of thunder, many of the audience have fainted." Of a truth it must have been like friend Bottom and reared "as any sucking dove."

At the time this paper is published the Church Congress is opening in London at the Royal Albert Hall. This is one of the most important convocations of the Church of England, and it is interesting to note the very prominent position which music is to occupy in the proceedings on this occasion.

In the Royal Albert Hall Sir Hubert Parry, director of the Royal College of Music, reads a paper on the essentials of church music; Sir George Martin, organist of St. Paul's treats on the training of choir masters; Professor C. Villiers Stanford, the famous Irish musician, professor of music in the University of Cambridge, speaks on the choice of church music. A choir of 2,000 members will give musical illustrations. Then again in Westminster Abbey the Bishop of Richwood, the Right Rev. J. J. Pullaine, an amateur musician of more than ordinary merit, will give an address on English church music of the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, while the Abbey choir under the leadership of their organist Sir Frederick Bridge, will sing examples of the various periods.

The Sailor's Ghost

It was on Christmas night in 18— and aboard of the full-rigged ship "Maid of Kent," bound from London to Melbourne. We had been having a regular jolly day—somewhat dampened it is true by the thought of friends far away—but we all enjoyed ourselves, for the ship was comfortable and the captain one of the right sort; and under such circumstances Jack is rarely gloomy at Yule-tide.

We had finished dinner in the cabin and were enjoying some very extraordinary stories told by the chief mate. He was without exception the most gifted liar I ever met, not that he expected us to believe all his wonderful yarns. He had told a most extravagant ghost story, which made us all laugh through its utter absurdity, and then Captain Barker volunteered to tell us a real ghost story, for the truth of which he would vouch. At the chief mate's suggestion we all adjourned to the poop, for the weather was lovely, the Island of Madeira being about thirty miles distant off our port quarter.

I will give the captain's story as nearly as I can in his own words:

"Let me see," he began, "I suppose it is sixteen years ago this affair happened. I was in the last year of my apprenticeship, and was to go out in a ship called the Ganges to the very port to which we are bound now—Bombay. As I was so nearly out of my time, the owners very considerably gave me an acting order as third mate, to be confirmed three months later when my time expired—after which I was to be rated at regular wages.

"When I joined the ship I found the second officer in charge; the skipper and chief officer not being expected till the next day. I was not altogether pleased with the replies I got from the second mate in answer to my enquiries relative to them. He said he knew of them both only by report, and it was not very favorable to either, for the captain was generally

credited with being a heavy drinker, and the mate as a low ill-bred bully—not at all a gentleman. In fact, the latter bore such a bad character as a roustabout, or worrier, that my friend assured me had he known in time that he was to be chief officer he would never have signed in the ship.

The next day Captain Clarke made his appearance—a short, thick-set man—neatly and quietly dressed, and with an exceedingly polite and affable manner. He did not take long to hoist his colors, for hardly had he made our acquaintance when he said, 'I think, gentlemen, the first thing to do is to see what the steward has got in the way of a drink. You will join me in drinking prosperity to the voyage.'

We accompanied him to the saloon, and the steward having produced a bottle of whiskey and glasses, he bade us help ourselves. Now I can stand a pretty good rimmer myself, but I'll be hanged if he did not fairly stagger me with the quantity he poured out for himself, and tossed off innocent of water. 'Ah,' said he, smacking his lips, 'a little nip like that does one good. But as I know you have both plenty to attend to, I will not detain you; we shall see plenty of one another before the voyage is over.'

"Taking the hint, we left the cabin. When we were out of hearing my companion exclaimed: 'Great Moses! Barker; did you notice the size of his little nip?' 'By Jove! I wouldn't like to tackle one of his big ones. Yet he seems very pleasant,' I rejoined. 'Oh, hang his pleasantness!' answered the second crossly. 'I know what that amounts to. He can afford to be pleasant, for I'll bet that in rough weather he leaves everything to his mates while he is sleeping off the effects of sundry little nips.'

"Before I could reply a hoarse voice hailed from the quay: 'Hi! you fellows there! Don't you see that side-ladder is unhooked on one side? Just

hook it up, will you, and let me get aboard.'

"The second mate, whose name was Wiggins, leisurely walked to the side and surveyed the speaker in a very exasperating manner. "Well, confound you," growled the newcomer, 'what the deuce are you staring at? Do you know who I am?'

"'Not till you tell me.'" coolly responded the other.

"'I'll have you know I'm Mr. Jones, the first mate of this ship.'

"'Are you, indeed,' said Wiggins. 'Well, in that case I'll hook the ladder.'

"No sooner was this done than Mr. Jones sprang up the side like a lamp-lighter. 'Now then!' he snarled, as soon as his feet touched the deck, 'perhaps you will be so very condescending as to let me know whom I have the great honor of addressing? This question was put with most offensive emphasis on the last few words.

"I saw an angry light in the second mate's eyes, as he replied: 'You have the great honor of addressing Mr. Wiggins, second mate, and Mr. Barker, third mate, both of the "Ganges." And let me add on my own part, that I am very much at your service.'

"Evidently Mr. Jones was rather taken aback, for he surveyed the speaker for a few moments in blank astonishment, then having possibly noted that Wiggins stood something over six feet high and was of a very athletic build, he blurted out: 'Glad to see you, I'm sure. You must excuse my roughness just now. I like everything to be ship-shape; it rather galled me to see that ladder hanging by one hook, and then you did not appear in any hurry to put it right.' With this explanation he turned on his heel and left us—of me he had not taken the slightest notice.

"'Well, Barker, my boy,' said my friend," 'it appears we have a sot for captain and a regular Tartar for chief. But don't be down in the mouth—you stick by me, and I'll stick by you.' A few days later the crew were all aboard and we had started on our voyage. Before we reached Gravesend Mr. Jones was on most intimate

terms with the men—cursing and swearing at them as though he had known them all their lives. The way he rushed about the deck was truly remarkable.

"One minute it was: "Bos'un! why the deuce don't you get those spare spars in their places? Hurry up, man alive! we want to get things ship-shape before night. Get your men along and get them to work; we don't want any loafers here!'

"Then to the crew, 'Come, jump now! Get a move on you, you lazy hounds; I'll work the grog out of your joints before you are aboard here many days.' Then to the carpenter, 'D'ye think you were shipped for a deck ornament that you go lounging about with your hands in your pockets.' And so on. The whole day long was he chasing the hands like a collie dog harassing a flock of sheep. The faces of the petty officers and crew were a study—one man in particular, named Smithers, seemed a well-built, smart young fellow; the kind that most officers would be glad to see in their crew.

"Mr. Jones, however, was far above such sentimentality (as I daresay he would consider it), for it seemed to me he paid particular attention to this man. Once during the day, when I had a chance of a few moments' conversation with Wiggins, he said. 'Go for him straight if he speaks to you in an uncivil manner—choke him off at the commencement as I did.'

"It was not long after that the tyrant, in language highly embellished, ordered me to go forward and superintend clearing the anchors ready for "coming to" in the Downs.

"'Mr. Jones,' said I, 'you will find me ready at all times to obey any commands you, as chief officer, may give me; but I want you to understand that I intend to be spoken to civilly, and be treated as your equal in every respect, other than rank.' He stared at me for a moment speechless with surprise; and then burst into a torrent of blasphemous abuse. I waited till he had run himself out of breath, and then gently hinted that all his remarks were beside the question; and I wanted an answer to my request for civil treatment.

"'The devil you do!' he burst forth. 'Come, sir! show your hand, and let us see what cards you hold. Suppose I tell you to go for-rard and attend to those anchors before I kick you there? What will you, or what can you do?'

"'That is soon done,' I answered. As to the kicking, permit me to express the opinion that I could beat you easily at that game.

"'You could, eh?' he snarled.

"'Wait a bit, till I finish!' I interrupted. 'Now, if you don't at once apologize for your blackguardly language, and promise not to repeat it, I will go ashore in that boat (pointing to a shore skiff), go at once to London and lay my case before the owners. And let me assure you I have quite enough influence there to get you stopped at Portsmouth and dismissed from the company's service.'

This piece of news fairly made him stagger—all his vulgar pomposity vanished and it only took him a very few seconds to make up his mind.

"'Very well,' he growled. 'I see you've got the weather guage; so I will apologize, and promise to restrain my temper in future. Will that suit you?' 'That is all I want, thank you.' Thus replying, I walked away forward, conscious of having won a victory and also that I had made an implacable enemy.

"After what I have told you about the captain you will not be very much surprised to hear that he was already suffering from an attack of neuralgia (?), as he called it). But he must have been a perfect martyr to neuralgia, for every few days he suffered from it. It was, however, a very significant fact that there were always divers empty whiskey bottles to be found after an attack. But I must pass over some few weeks and get on with the real yarn. As the days went by it was very plainly to be seen that Jones was down on the seaman Smithers. He had taken him into his own watch; and from that time the poor fellow never had a minute's peace. If he happened to be at the wheel, it was: 'Steady there, you lubber! Steer small, you old soldier!' or some other insulting expression every few seconds. Did he happen to notice a gasket flying loose

up aloft, he would bawl: 'You Smithers! way up aloft and make up that gasket. Move yourself you skulking idler!'

"One day when he was exhibiting more tyrannical spite than usual, I observed the captain, perfectly sober, leaning against the taffrail watching him with curious eyes. The mate turning to walk aft, observed him, and I thought, exhibited unwonted confusion.

"'Mr. Jones,' said the captain, 'you certainly must have an extremely bad memory, otherwise you would remember the caution I gave you the other day. Since your memory is so bad, I will repeat that caution in the presence of the third mate. So now, sir, please thoroughly understand, I will not have such disgraceful language used to the crew of a vessel which I command. And let me add this, since my previous warning appears to have been lost on you, if there is much more of it I will disrate you and send you forward to the fore-castle.'

"Having thus expressed himself, the skipper picked up a book from the wheel box and began to read.

"For a few days this threat served to keep Jones a little in check; but he was such a thorough tyrant that it seemed impossible to control himself long. As Wiggins shrewdly put it: 'He'll have to let out soon—or bust!'

"It may have been a week before anything happened, but then it was serious. Mr. Jones on this particular morning was prowling round the deck, growling at one man here, and another there, till in his travels he came across Smithers with a rope stretched across the deck, out of which he was making a staysail-sheet. The mate stood watching him for a few minutes as he wound some tarred parcelling round the rope, and while he looked, the man, probably out of sheer nervousness, dropped a lump of tar on to the clean deck. Here was an opportunity not to be lost. 'Bo'sun!' bawled the tyrant, 'send a sailor to finish this job and give this clumsy ——— a holystone to scour out the mess he has made on the deck.'

"'I am as good a sailorman as you'll find in this ship, Mr. Jones,' sullenly

replied the man, 'and I don't see why you should be so down on me.' 'Shut your mouth!' roared Jones. And giving him a push, 'Get that holystone and a bucket of water.'

"'Take that, you infernal bully!' shouted Smithers, and the next instant the first mate went sprawling on the deck. Before he could rise the captain's voice thundered out from the quarterdeck: 'Lay aft, both of you! At once, now, or I'll put you both in irons!' Picking himself up, Jones followed his assailant on to the quarterdeck, and took a seat on one of the skylights, holding his handkerchief to his left eye.

"The captain took two or three hurried turns along the quarterdeck in deep thought; and then, as if he had made up his mind, he stopped. After surveying first one and then the other, he said: 'Now look here, I've determined what to do in this business. You, sir, (turning to Smithers) have made it harder for me by taking the law in your own hands. I shall enter this occurrence in my log, but as the chief officer committed the first assault, I shall merely fine you two day's pay for fighting. As for you, Mr. Jones, I shall disrate you for seven days—during which time your pay will not go on, and you will be charged at a certain rate for your food, which will be given you in the fore-cabin. At the end of a week I will reinstate you, and it will then remain with yourself to retrieve your character before the ship returns home. And, I tell you frankly, had it not been for that knock-down blow you would by now have been reduced to the position of a common sailor.'

"'Just as you please,' retorted the beaten bully, 'but just you bear this in mind, Captain Clark, I will also let the owners know of your drinking propensities, and see what they will have to say to you. Here's your precious third mate knows you are only properly sober about every second day or thereabouts.'

"'Mr. Jones, please not to drag my name into anything you may have to say,' I interposed.

"'Very well, I'll refer the owners to you,' he snapped. Then, with a sar-

donic grin, he quitted the quarter-deck.

"During this speech the skipper stood looking forward in the most unconcerned manner, but when the other had gone, he turned to me with a smile and said: 'That man is perfectly incorrigible; but he is much mistaken in the kind of man he has to deal with. Why, do you know, I have not touched a drop for days—not since I discovered the kind of man he was. No, no! I'm not the one to sit quietly while he works up a mutiny, which would be the natural outcome of his outrageous conduct. And another thing—as long as we are in the same ship, never another drop passes my lips. I have been very weak,' he mused, 'but he has cured me.'

"It gave me great pleasure to hear the captain speak out so manfully. I had taken a great liking to him from the first, and deplored exceedingly his unhappy falling. It was very easy to see that he would not only be a better, but a healthier man if he persevered in his present frame of mind.

"During the ensuing week I imagine Jones did a great deal of thinking; he would sit for hours on the spar spars or on one of the hatchways, with a morose expression, taking notice of no one. The only sign of life was, that his powerful jaws unceasingly ground away at a quid of tobacco. I think this chewing habit made me di-like him more than I otherwise should have done. You know I am no smoker, but it is a practice I can tolerate in others; in fact, I think to some men it is very beneficial but the tobacco chewer disgusts me. Having told you this, you will understand with what loathing I regarded him. Wag, wag, wag! His jaws were never still all that week. I could not help likening him to some old ox, thoughtfully chewing the cud.

"At the expiration of the week, Captain Clark sent for him to the cabin and they had a long confab, the result being that at dinner-time Jones appeared in the saloon in the usual way. I could not help admiring the splendid self-possession and tact shewn by the skipper. He was as much at his ease,

and talked as affably to his chief officer as though nothing had occurred to mar the general peace. On the other hand, the mate was visibly ill at ease, and looked very far from being his old self.

"Well, all went on serenely for some time, and in due course we were beating against adverse winds off the Cape. It was one night in the first watch, we were on deck, and as it seemed likely to get rather fresh, Jones determined to take in the light sails. Calling the watch aft, we clewed up the mizen royal, and a man ran aloft to furl it. Proceeding for'ard, we clewed up the fore and main royals, and hauled down the top-gallant staysails, sending men aloft to furl them also. Of the watch there was now left the look-out, the man at the wheel and Smithers.

"'Down with the flying-jib!' said Jones. Then addressing Smithers, he continued, "You stand by the halyards till we get for-ard, and then come and help us with the down-haul.' Telling me to 'tend the sheet,' Jones walked to the down-haul. A moment afterwards he shouted, 'Hold on to the halyards and sheet, the down-haul is foul of something.'

"'Beg pardon, sir!' said the look-out, 'I heerd you tell the bo'sun yesterday to pass a seizing round it because it was chafing the sail.' 'Ay, ay, so I did,' rejoined Jones. 'Here hold on, till I go out and cut it.' 'I'll go, sir,' said the man. 'Oh, never mind, we can't wait while you strip off your wraps.' Even as he spoke, the mate sprang over the knight-heads and ran along the back-ropes like a cat. He seemed to take a long time to cut the seizing, but at last he came in, shouting to let go the halyards, which was done, and the jib was soon down on the boom.

"Telling Smithers to go out and furl it, the chief mate left the fore-castle-head. I stood near the knight-heads watching Smithers as he sat astride the the boom pulling the clew into position. 'All right; haul taut the sheets!' he bellowed. The sail was now ballooned out from the centre. I saw the man swing off the boom on to the foot rope; the next minute he had leaned across the boom,

and, catching hold of the sail was in the act of pulling it towards him when he gave a terrific yell, and I saw him falling—vainly trying to save himself with the sail.

"'Down with the helm! Man over-board!' I roared in concert with the lookout man, the latter banging on the fore-castle deck at the same time, to wake the watch below. The ship was quickly brought round on the other tack, and the men stood by the cutter ready to lower it in the water.

"'I'm afraid its of no use, lads' said the skipper in a sorrowful voice, 'we will cruise up and down till morning. Keep a sharp look-out now, and listen for a hail—we must be somewhere near where he fell now.' A deathlike silence prevailed, but we had very little hope of hearing the poor fellow. It proved to be correct; for though we kept a good look-out all night, using flares about every fifteen minutes, no sound but the hoarse scream of the albatross met our ears.

"It was announced by the boatswain, who went out to find the cause of the accident, that the lasting of the foot-rope had got chafed by something, which had caused it to break under poor Smithers' weight. For my part, in spite of the boatswain's testimony, I could not help suspecting that the chief mate knew something more about it, and so, too, did Wiggins—but really, I need hardly particularize, for I am sure the feeling was general.

"I asked the boatswain, one night soon after this happened, what it was that had chafed the footrope seizing? After taking a careful look round to see that no one was near, he replied: 'See here, Mr. Barker, it may have been chafed like this': and he made a motion as though to chafe off the knuckles of his clenched fist, and then to roughen the cut by scraping it with the edge of his knife. 'Mind ye, sir,' he explained, 'I don't go for to accuse nobody, but what I says is this—that it wor possible to cut the knuckles (so to speak) of that 'ere seizing till it wor very thin,—then a scrape or two with the knife, and—dear me, what a bad chafe! D'ye see?'

"Now I will not keep you much longer, it was necessary to tell you

what I have, otherwise you would not have understood the sequel.

"Everybody in the ship was soon aware that the first mate was no longer himself. He did his duty in a perfunctory manner, and seemed quite unable to disguise the fact that some hidden trouble was worrying him stupid. One evening soon after eight o'clock—it was my watch on deck—Jones was walking the poop, and I was on the main-deck, chatting with Wiggins, who was taking a smoke before turning in. Seated on the main-five-rail was the boatswain, silently smoking.

"'Look at Jones,' whispered Wiggins; 'one would think he was drunk.' Turning my head I saw nothing but what I had seen every night since Smithers was drowned. The chief mate no longer paced the quarterdeck from one end to the other—fore and aft—but walked with short, jerky strides, here and there, sometimes turning round and retracing his steps after taking only two or three strides in one direction.

"'He is always like that now,' I answered; 'seems to be going crazy.'

"The noise of something falling, accompanied by a smothered, startled exclamation behind us, caused us to look round, and we saw the boatswain, his lighted pipe lying where it had fallen on the deck, eagerly motioning for us to look in the direction of the poop.

"'What's the matter,' queried Wiggins in a low tone.

"'Matter! Don't you see?' he gasped. 'Why as sure as I'm a living man, there is Smithers walking shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Jones—every step he takes.'

"'What awful rot,' laughed the second mate. 'I say, bo'sun, has the steward given you a horn lately?'

"'Not a drop, sir'; protested the bo'sun, vehemently. 'Really and truly, I can see him.'

"'While we stood undecided how to act or what to say, a large retriever dog, belonging to the captain, passed leisurely up the poop ladder. The mate was at that moment walking forward. Instead of continuing his walk, the dog stopped dead when abreast of the mizzen-mast and uttered

a low growl. We were quite certain he was not growling at Jones, for they were the best of friends, but nevertheless he was scared of something near him, for he began backing away towards the ladder, growling and snarling fiercely.

"Suddenly, with a terrified howl, he turned tail and fairly jumped down the ladder—sped along the main-deck past us, and squeezed himself in between the pumps and the main-mast. Jones paused in his arratic pacing as though somewhat surprised, but made no remark.

"'Now, then,' whispered the boatswain, 'what do you say to that?' The dog seems to be able to see what I can; and what you can't.' 'Do you see it now?' asked Wiggins in awe-struck tones, very different from his former bantering manner.

"'No, sir,' answered the boatswain, 'it is not there now—but there is the captain coming to look for his dog—speekt he heard him howl.'

"'Get out of the road, Spikes,' I said in an undertone; 'and look here, be sure you keep this quiet.'

"'Trust me for that,' replied the old tar, as he hurried away.

"'Is Lion down there?' called the skipper. Receiving our reply in the affirmative, he came down the ladder.

"'Surely,' he exclaimed, 'Jones did not kick him, did he?'

"'Oh, no,' I said; 'he was not near Mr. Jones; something seemed to frighten him.'

"'Well, he certainly is frightened badly enough,' muttered the skipper. 'He is trembling like a leaf.'

"After some coaxing, the dog accompanied his master to the saloon, and Wiggins also going to turn in, I was left alone. I saw nothing, however; and Mr. Jones himself seemed to get brighter as the night wore on, till at midnight he was almost as domineering and consequential as ever.

"Every alternate night for a week the boatswain declared he saw the drowned sailor walking the quarter-deck with Mr. Jones, and on the fourth occasion I and three others saw him—ay, as plainly as I see you. It was the only time I saw him, but you may believe me it was enough. On

this evening I was sitting on the taff-rail behind the wheel-box. Jones was pacing about in his, now, usual undecided manner, when I all at once became conscious of a dim, shadowy figure keeping him company. Plain and plaintr it became, till to my horror I distinctly saw Smithers, or his ghost, gliding backwards and forwards apparently quite unheeded by the mate. It would be impossible to describe my feelings at this awful sight. I could neither move nor speak. After watching for some few minutes, I saw the spectre stretch out his hand as though he touched Jones on the shoulder.

"With a wild cry the latter sprang away—seeming to see Smithers for the first time—and as the ghost advanced with outstretched hand, so Jones retreated.

"A groan from the helmsman broke the spell that was on me.

"'Mr. Barker,' he whispered hoarsely, 'there is Jack Smithers' ghost.' 'Yes, I see it,' whispered I in return.

"One backing away and the other following, man and ghost left the quarter-deck, and keeping the same po-

sitions, went slowly along the main deck.

"Impelled by a curiosity, which overcame my fear, I followed at a respectable distance. Clustered round the booby-hatch, I came across some of the watch.

"'What's the matter with the chief?' asked one. 'What's he going back-wards like that for? Think he's goin' mad, sir?'

"'By ——,' yelled another; 'no wonder he goes back-wards—there's Jack's ghost a follerin' him up.'

"On reaching the fore-castle, with a despairing howl, Jones turned and ran up the ladder, followed closely by his pursuer. At last he reached the knight-heads, but the unrelenting spectre was close upon him.

"With another yell he jumped out on the jib-boom—again closely followed by his ghostly foe. The extreme end of the jib-boom is at last reached, and with a frenzied roar Jones leaped headlong into the sea."

* * * *

"There, mate," exclaimed Captain Barker, "that's my ghost yarn—what do you think of it?"



BOOK REVIEWS

BY THE LOUNGER.

"The Awkward Age," by Henry James. Mr. Brander Matthews traces the literary pedigree of Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio somewhat as follows:—Gabriele d'Annunzio was the son of Paul Bourget, which was the son of Henry James, which was the son of Ivan Turguenef. Whether Mr. James is altogether proud of his offspring we do not know. But there is one thing certain, and that is that the American author can deal with a delicate subject with an infinitely more masterly reticence than can his Italian 'confrere.' Unfortunately this reticence has carried subtlety to the verge of obscurity, and the delicacy of workmanship that was necessary to deal artistically with two such characters as those of Nanda and Aggie, is marred by the over elaboration and tenuity of style which is the most prominent trait in his later works.

"Jason" is the title of a collection of eight short stories by Mrs. Croker. They are all good of their kind, though perhaps the author is seen to greater advantage in her novels than in the homeopathic pill form of fiction that is coming so much into vogue nowadays.

* * *

Pope Leo XIII.: His Life and Work, by Julien de Norfon, translated by G. A. Raper. A thoroughly readable biography of the best writer of Latin verse living. Not that we would be suspected for a moment of suggesting that this is the only title to respect earned by a prelate who has won the veneration and, in many cases, the love of Christians of all creeds and denominations. The book is not a historical, much less a controversial work, but a purely personal sketch, and none the less interesting on that account.

* * *

"Zola in England," by Ernest Alfred

Vizetelly, is an amusing account of the great novelist's flight to England,—the result of the part he took in the Dreyfus drama. Mr. Zola had the sense to recognize the fact that London is one of the easiest places in the world for a fugitive from justice—or injustice—to conceal himself in. Accordingly he chose the modern Babylon, and not (as related with such romantic inventiveness by the Times correspondent) a little Warwickshire village, for a hiding place. There is, incidentally, an interesting story, of a dream by Miss Violet Vizetelly before midnight, and repeated "thrice 'ere the morning" of Colonel Henry's suicide on the very night of its occurrence. Those interested in psychical research will probably recall a similar instance, thoroughly well authenticated, that took place in the month of May, 1812, when a gentleman down in Cornwall, saw the murder of Spencer Percival, then Prime Minister of England, in the House of Commons, by a madman named Bellingham, so vividly represented in a dream that he actually hurried to London, to warn the victim, arriving unfortunately, too late.

* * *

A critic in the Saturday Review recently spoke of a book under discussion as presenting a "wildness of commas and a famine of full stops." We were forcibly reminded of this phrase on reading Captain Charles King's "From School to Battlefield." One sentence therein extends to upwards of two hundred and twenty-five words before coming to an end. Still the adventures of the two school boys, "Snipe" and "Shorty" would be entertaining if they were not so inordinately spun out.

* * *

Those of us who have met Prince Kropotkin and come under the influ-

ence of his magic personality, will find it difficult to disagree with his views on any subject, even when that subject is the ideal organization of society by an avowed Anarchist. And we shall feel our diffidence all the more when we remember the undoubted genius of the man, and the vast field of patient research which he has made his own. Therefore, though we may consider the trend of "Fields, Factories and Workshops" to be visionary and unpractical, still we cannot help being infected with the author's enthusiasm, and attracted by his rare charm and brilliant culture.

* * *

"Mr. Milo Bush, and Other Worthies: Their Recollections," by Hayden Carruth. To those who enjoy a hearty laugh, and humor that is free from any taint of vulgarity we can confidently recommend these sketches by Mr. Hayden Carruth.

* * *

"The Enchanted Type-writer," by John Kendrick Bangs. To those who can laugh heartily over Mr. Kendrick Bangs and who are not particular about the vulgarity of the humor, we can confidently recommend these sketches by the author of "A House Boat on the Styx," and kindred works.

* * *

"Whose Deed?" by Hadley Welford. A well written novel of incident by an author who has made a special study of Wilkie Collins and his methods. The plot is very skilfully developed and the denouement unexpected. The characterization is weak, and the bulk of the work rather formidable.

* * *

"The Romance of Australian Exploring," by G. Firth Scott, is full of interest and information, containing all that is most useful in many larger volumes,—a summary of the various explorations of the land, where as Marcus Clarke puts it, "alone is to be found the grotesque, the weird, the strange scribbling of nature learning how to write," the land where are

"trees without shade, flowers without perfume, birds which cannot fly, and beasts who have not yet learned to walk on all fours; in whose forests no leaves fall; where great grey kangaroos hop noiselessly over the coarse grass; flights of white cockatoos stream out, shrieking like evil souls; the sun suddenly sinks, and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of semi-human laughter." A country whose mountains bear names that are terrible in their suggestiveness—Mount Misery, Mount Dreadful, Mount Despair; where one river at all events, the Darling, as described in the seventh chapter, is salt; a country of monstrosities.

* * *

"Love Made Manifest," by Guy Boothby.

Mr. Boothby is rapidly travelling on the road that leads to the limbo of lost reputations. The present story is unpleasant throughout, turning as it does, on an elopement, and a fruitless expiation among the lepers in a Pacific island. It has not even the sensational interest that made the popularity of Dr. Nikola and some of the author's earlier works. It suggests the idea that Mr. Boothby is writing in a desperate hurry to reap what benefit he can, before the demand for his work ceases altogether.

* * *

"The Hacienda on the Hill," by Richard Henry Savage, is a specimen of the lurid, dis-connected, ranting rubbish which that writer has been in the habit of inflicting on a suffering public ever since he made a brief ephemeral success by the publication of "My Official Wife"—that audacious travesty of Prosper Merimee. "For people who like this kind of thing, this is just the kind of thing they will like." The story deals with events in Cuba previous to the American war, and the infamous cruelties practised on the unhappy inhabitants by Weyler the "burly butcher, upon whose breast glittered the blood-bought insignia of Spain," a comparatively mild specimen of the blatant balderdash begotten by this bombastic bore.

Northern Pacific Ry.

TIME TABLE.

MAIN LINE.

Arr.		Lv.
1 05p	Winnipeg	1 45p
11 37a	Morris	3 10
11 24	Ste. Jean	3 22
11 03	Letelier	3 38
10 45	Emerson	3 53
10 33	Pembina	4 05
9 03	Grafton	5 40
7 20	Grand Forks	7 35
6 20	Crookston	8 37
4 05a	Winnipeg June	11 00p
8 35p	Minneapolis	6 35a
8 00	St. Paul	7 30
7 30	Duluth	7 45a

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE BRANCH.

11 05 am	Ar. Winnipeg	Lv.	4 45 pm
8 51	Winnipeg	Oakville	6 47
8 15 am	Lv. Portage la Prairie	Ar.	7 30 pm

MORRIS-BRANDON BRANCH.

Arrive		Depart
Tue., Thur., Sat.		Mon., Wed., Fri.
4 40 pm	A. Winnipeg	D. 10 10 a m
3 15	Morris	12 26 pm
1 53 pm	Roland	1 26
1 20	Miami	1 55
12 45	Altamont	2 32
12 25	Somerset	2 50
11 12 am	Baldur	4 07
10 50	Belmont	4 32
10 31	Hilton	4 50
10 10	Wawanesa	5 13
9 48	Rounthwaite	5 37
9 15 am	D. Brandon	A. 6 15 pm

SOURIS RIVER BRANCH.

Arrive		Depart
Tue., Thur., and Sat.		Mon., Wed., and Fri.
4 40 pm	A. Winnipeg	D. 10 40 am
9 50 am	Belmont	4 40 pm
8 40	Ninette	5 25
8 20	Dunrea	6 10
7 35	Minto	6 50
6 50 am	D. Elgin	A. 7 50 pm

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THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE.

Trains going North.
Read Down.

Trains going South
Read Up.

Miles from Prairie	Mixed		STATIONS. June 18, 1899.	Mixed	
	No. 3 We. & Sat.	No. 1 Tu. & Thur.		No. 2 Mo. & Wed.	No. 4 Tu. & Fri.
0	7 15	7 15	Winnipeg	19 00	19 00
0	9 15	9 15	P. la Prairie	16 30	16 55
36	11 40	11 10	Gladstone Jc	14 30	13 55
43	12 07	11 30	Ogilvie	14 12	13 30
49	12 40	11 47	Plumas	13 55	13 00
63	13 20	12 20	enela	13 20	12 20
71	14 10	12 44	Glencairn	13 00	11 40
83	14 52	13 15	McCreary	12 30	10 57
91	15 10	13 40	Laurier	12 05	10 20
100	16 00	14 05	Makinak	11 40	9 50
107	16 35	14 25	Ochre River	11 20	9 15d
120	17 20a	15 00a	Dauphin	10 45d	8 30
120	18 30d	16 00d	Dauphin	10 15a	9 20
136	19 05	16 35	Valley River	9 45	8 45
138	19 30	17 00	Sifton	9 20	8 20
130			Sifton Jct.	9 15	8 15
138	19 35	17 05	Sifton Jct.		
147		17 35	Fork River		
150		18 15	Winnipegosis		7 00
153	20 30		Ethelbert	8 25	
162	21 35		Garland	7 47	
172	21 45		Pine River	7 05	
183	22 18		Sclater	6 30	
190	22 50		Cowan	6 00	

D. B. HANNA, Supt.

MANITOBA & NORTH-WESTERN RY. CO'Y.

Time Card, June 19th, 1899.

		WEST	EAST
Winnipeg	Lv. Tues., Thurs., Sat.	10 35	
Winnipeg	Ar. Mon., Wed., Fri.		20 45
Portage la Prairie	Lv. Tues.		
Thurs., Sat.		12 35	
Portage la Prairie	Mon., Wed., Fri.		18 50
Gladstone	Lv. Tues., Thurs., Sat.	14 10	
Gladstone	Lv. Mon., Wed., Fri.		17 25
Neepawa	Lv. Tues., Thurs., Sat.	15 05	
Neepawa	Lv. Mon., Wed., Fri.		16 05
Minnedosa	Lv. Tues., Sat.	16 05	
Minnedosa	Thurs.	16 15	
Minnedosa	Mon., Wed., Fri.		15 25
Rapid City	Ar. Thurs.	17 30	
Rapid City	Lv. Fri.		12 30
Birtle	Lv. Tues. Sat.	18 55	
Birtle	Lv. Thurs.	21 00	
Birtle	Lv. Mon., Wed.		12 50
Birtle	Lv. Fri.		10 30
Binscarth	Lv. Tues. Sat.	19 50	
Binscarth	Lv. Thurs.	22 10	
Binscarth	Lv. Mon., Wed.		11 05
Binscarth	Lv. Fri.		8 50
Russell	Ar. Tues.	20 40	
Russell	Ar. Thurs.	23 00	
Russell	Lv. Wed.		9 40
Russell	Lv. Fri.		8 00
Yorkton	Ar. Tues., Sat.	24 00	
Yorkton	Lv. Mon., Wed.		7 00

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Pure Native Port for Invalids, \$1.25 per gal., \$3.60 doz. bottles,

Best Whiskey, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50 per gal., \$6.00, \$7.25, \$9.00 doz. bottles.

Alcohol Brandy, Gin, Glass Wine, Etc

Hunting Parties

Will do well to
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Smokers' Supplies

Our 50c Bull Dog Pipe with cover is just the pipe you want. It is a great tobacco saver in the open air!

Bryant & May's Wax and braided Fuses made for out door use.

JOHN ERZINGER

Next to Entrance
McIntyre Block

Lemoine Champagne

Vin Brut Cuvee Royale

RICHARD & CO.

Wine Merchants

365 Main St.
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A. J. WALLEN & CO.

The Druggists, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Freckles and Tan

Removed and the skin left soft, clear and fine by the use of my lotions and treatment. Consultation free.

Mrs. E. Coates-Coleman
Room 14, Dundee Block.

T **EABERRY** for the **EETH**

Gives new life to the teeth — makes them strong and white — strengthens the gums and makes them firm and red. An essential of every lady's dressing table.

Sold by all druggists. Price per bottle 25c. Zopesa Chemical Co., Toronto.



ARTISTIQUE **HAIR** **COVERINGS**

are those which are so natural that only the person wearing them knows that they are not growing on the head. Our specialty is making Wigs, Toupees, Bangs and Switches, which defy detection. Write or call for full particulars and prices.

J. PALMER & SON,
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A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER Purifies as well as beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it. Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles,



Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 50 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As

you ladies will use them, I recommend "Gouraud's Cream" as the least harmful of all skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe.

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We have completed our stock of studies for the coming season. Teachers will find it a great convenience to get what they want for the advancement of their pupils. Our ordering system is up to date, and customers can get their music promptly. We will be pleased to see our old customers and will strive to please new ones.

BARROWCLOUGH'S

Popular Music Store

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LOMBARD STREET, WINNIPEG

WM. BAYLIS, Proprietor

Late Steward Manitoba Club

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\$1 PER DAY AND UPWARDS

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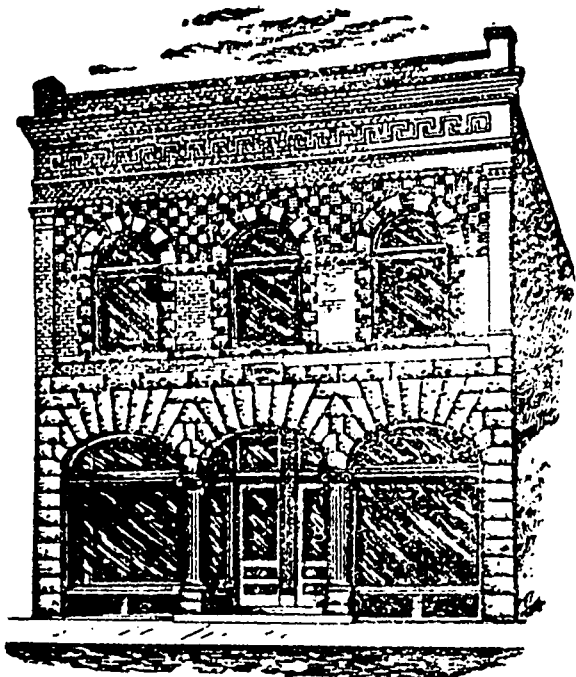
The Proprietor wishes to inform the general public, and commercial men especially, that he opened the above licensed hotel on the 3rd day of July, 1899. The Hotel is situated on Lombard Street, in the centre of the City, one hundred yards east of Main street, opposite the new McIntyre Block. The building is entirely remodelled and up-to-date, with bath rooms, lavatories, telephone and all modern improvements. There are forty good bedrooms, well lighted and airy; on the east side the view of St. Boniface and the Red River is very pretty. The house is newly and comfortably furnished throughout.

The Dining Room will be conducted on first-class principles, first-class Chef and best of attendance. The Bar will be stocked with the very best of Wines, Ales, Liquors, Cigars, etc.

The Proprietor will personally supervise the comfort of guests, so as to ure their receiving every possible attention, and begs to sign himself

Very truly yours,

WM. BAYLIS.



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**Rocky Mountain Spruce
Clark's White Liniment
Climax Kidney Cure**

THREE FAMOUS REMEDIES.

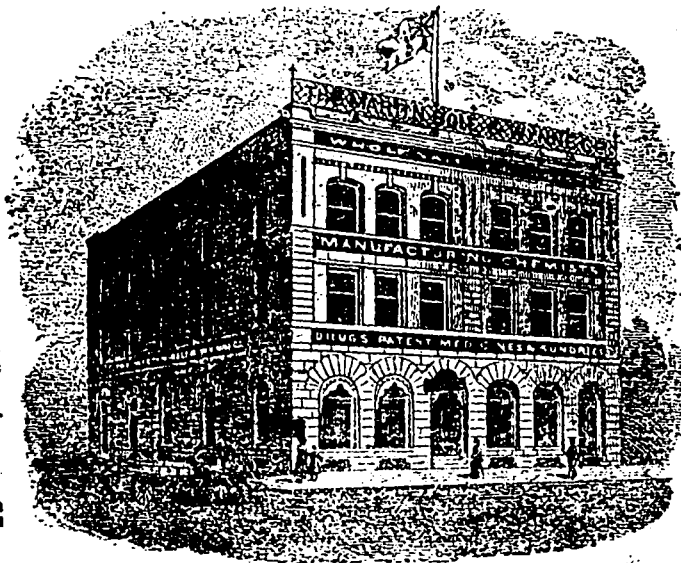
Rocky Mountain Spruce—The King of Remedies for Coughs, Colds, and all lung troubles.

Clark's White Liniment—For Man and Beast. The best stable Liniment in the world.

Climax Kidney Cure—The best remedy for all Kidney troubles.

Manufactured only by

THE MARTIN, BOLE & WYNNE CO., WINNIPEG
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



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One Block East of Main street.

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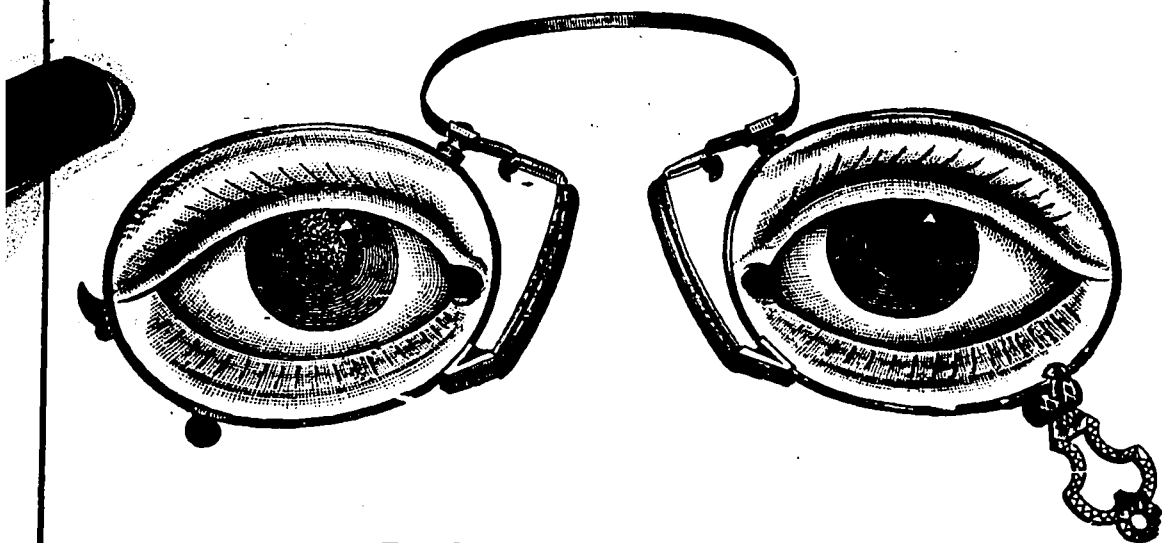
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GLASSES

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BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office. HAMILTON, ONT.

Paid up Capital, \$1,455,680. Reserve, \$903,141. Total Assets, \$12,489,496

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Builds up the body by means of strengthening,
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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even-numbered sections of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which have not been homesteaded, reserved to provide wood lots for settlers or other purposes, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situated, or, if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for someone to make the entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for an ordinary homestead entry; but for lands which have been occupied an additional fee of \$10 is chargeable to meet inspection and cancellation expense.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed under the following conditions.—Three years cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT.

may be made before the local agent or any homestead inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands of his intention to do so. When for convenience of settlers, application for patent is made before a homestead inspector, a fee of \$5 is chargeable.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by anyone who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands upon application for patent made by him, or had earned title to his first homestead on, or prior to, the second day of June, 1899.

INFORMATION.

Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, and copies of these regulations, as well as those respecting Dominion lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Land Agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories:

JAMES A. SMART,
Deputy Minister of the Interior

STATISTICS OF MANITOBA.

Population, 230,000; Winnipeg, 45,000; Brandon, 6,000; Portage la Prairie, 4,500.
Farmers in province, 35,000; number in 1891, 19,000.
Acres under cultivation, 2,843,000.
Acres under wheat, 1,629,995.
Wood acres, 1,160,000.
Total grain crop 1898, 47,345,000 bushels.
Total grain crop 1899, 62,429,335 bushels.
Wheat exported in 1898, 30,000,000 bu.
Wheat exported in 1888, 4,000,000 bu.
Estimated wheat exported for 1899, 50,000,000 bushels.
Cattle, 219,743.
Horses, 98,303.
Sheep, 29,566.
Pigs, 66,565.
Assessment rural municipalities, \$43,135,000.
“ cities, \$31,455,000.
School population, 57,431.
Number of school children registered, 43,825.
Average attendance, 25,000.
Number of school houses, 924.
Number of teachers, 1,301.
Legislative grant for education, \$201,557.
Total expenditure on consolidated revenue account, \$837,887.
Winnipeg bank clearings 1898, \$90,674,000; as compared with \$64,146,000 in 1896, and as compared with Hamilton for 1898, \$35,637,000.
Chartered banks in Winnipeg, 12.
Grain storage capacity, Manitoba and Territories:
Canadian Pacific Ry ... 16,714,500
Man. and N. western Ry 1,284,000
Northern Pacific Ry .. 1,295,000
Great N. W. Cen. Ry .. 434,000
Canadian Northern Ry 230,000
Total 19,958,000