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Abbey's Salts as a Political Factor.

THE stock jobbing of Abbey's Salts has of late years become a subject of conversation among the politicians of Canada, and especially since Mr. Dave Russell assumed the role of Warwick, the King-maker. Mr. Russell spent \$80,000 in the city of St. John to promote the return of a candidate hostile to Mr. Emmerson. He went there in a superb Pullman car filled with champagne and good cigars and spent money like water in hiring election workers. The St. John election grafters thought the laborer was worthy his hire and took the money in chunks of five hundred and one thousand dollars. Mr. Russell hurled the newspaper he had stolen against the government, and bought another whose guns he also turned on Mr. Emmerson and the government.

In passing we might explain how Mr. Russell stole the St. John Telegraph. After a certain political transaction, carried out under the Department of Railways and Canals, \$25,000 was put into St. John Telegraph stock. A certain contractor put

up another \$25,000 and a small amount of the stock stood in the name of A. G. Blair, \$5,000 we believe. The total capital stock of the company was \$75,000 and only \$69,000 of this had been issued. Mr. Dave Russell bought \$9,000 of it, and as the contributors of the \$50,000 did not wish their names to be known in connection with the subscriptions their stock was given to Mr. Dave Russell to hold in trust, it being, of course the control of the paper which the owners of the \$50,000 worth of stock desired to retain. Mr. Russell then proceeded to treat the paper as his own, and when the directors protested he turned them out. He then offered the paper for sale to the Liberals for \$125,000. The reason he was enabled to achieve this daring theft of an important daily newspaper was the desire of the two men who had placed their stock in trust with Mr. Russell not to be publicly connected with the affair. There was even treachery in the sale of the St. John Gazette to Mr. Russell a few weeks before the elections, though it

was not on the shoulders of Mr. Russell. Dr. Pugsley, the Attorney General of the Province, whose political future Mr. Russell was anxious for some reason to take charge of, had control of the Gazette, and he had given those friendly to Mr. Emmerson a verbal option on the paper. Three days before these friends appeared to redeem Mr. Pugsley's word he was persuaded to sell to Mr. Russell.

Why was Mr. Russell so anxious to have the nominating of Mr. Blair's successor in the Department of Railways and Canals? The answer to this question is Abbey's Salts. Mr. Russell formed a partnership of some sort with Mr. Blair on the Salts business. During the past three or four years Mr. Blair made about \$80,000 out of it. Mr. Russell no doubt made much more for Mr. Russell is clever. How? For some years no dividend has been declared on the stock. Promises have been given but nothing more. Mr. Russell is an adept at promises. In the meantime every contractor under the department of Railways and Canals was expected to take a few thousands of stock in Abbey's Salts. They were only too pleased, and the profits came to the minister of railways and canals and to Mr. Dave Russell. This ingenious system was apparently not so indigenous to the department under Mr.

Emmerson, and so Mr. Russell wanted to have the nomination of Mr. Blair's successor.

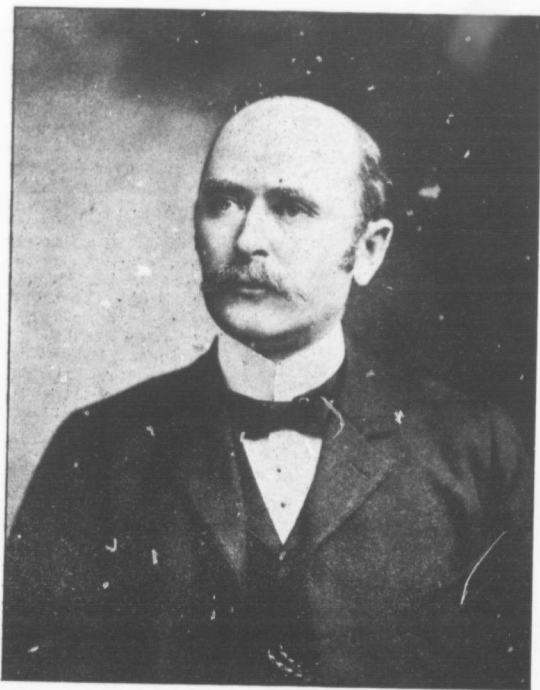
Mr. Dave Russell may be very clever, but he is not the only tea leaf in the sink. He has spent \$200,000 in the elections in an attempt to continue his graft on the Intercolonial in connection with Abbey's Salts, and he has failed. This country needs to be warned against Mr. Dave Russell. He is clever, but not quite so clever as he thought he was. He has been worsted by an honest man—Mr. Emmerson. He is discredited by his transaction in regard to the St. John Telegraph. A man who practically steals \$50,000 and regards it as a financial transaction cannot be allowed to have any influence in affairs of government. The men who control public policy in this country are poor men, and have no financial irons in the fire and no stocks to manipulate. Mr. Russell may be a most estimable character but he should confine his operations to the stock market and to the realms of finance, and to attempt to continue an alliance with a public department for the purpose of bleeding public contractors is a menace to the State, and this exposure will, we are sure, prevent anything of the kind in the future with regard to any department, and that is our sole excuse for this article.



Ontario Liberal Convention.

THE Liberal convention held at Toronto on the 23rd inst. was attended by two or three thousand delegates and everybody agreed that there was plenty of enthusiasm. The resolutions adopted may be regarded

as the platform of the party in the Province. We will deal with them in the next issue, also with the Conservative convention or conference that is meeting as we go to press.



HON. F. R. LATCHFORD
Ontario's new Attorney-General.

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Published Weekly.

ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor

VOL. 6. NOVEMBER 26, 1904. No. 22

FOUR years ago there were 34 Liberals elected by acclamation to the Quebec Legislature. Last Friday there were 86 and one Conservative. By the time this paper is printed the contested elections will be over. In most of the seats either Liberals or Independents are running, but the Conservatives have candidates for every seat where they think they can win. The hottest fight of the campaign is in the St. Louis division of Montreal where, strange to say, the issue is between two Liberals, both supporters of the government of Premier Parent. There are altogether 74 members in the Legislative Assembly. In addition there is a Legislative Council of 24 appointed members, making a parliament of 98 members.

THE changes that are to take place in the Ontario government are understood to be as follows:—Mr. Stratton has resigned so as to secure time to attend to his private business. Mr. Gibson, the Attorney General goes out, probably for a similar reason, as does Mr. Davis. Mr. McKay of North Grey will be the new Comr. of Crown Lands, Mr. Charlton succeeds Mr. Latchford as commissioner of Public Works and Mr. Geo. P. Graham of Brockville will take the portfolio of Provincial Secretary. Like Mr. Stratton Mr. Graham is a newspaper man, so that one journalist succeeds another. Mr. Latchford was said to be desirous of retiring from the department of Public Works but at the Premier's special request will remain in the government as Attorney General. Mr. Harcourt retains the portfolio of Education and Mr. Dryden that of Agriculture. With this reconstructed government Mr. Ross will probably appeal to the people for a renewal of confidence. There is ahead one of the fiercest fights the province has ever known, and it ought to be over before Christmas.

IT has always been maintained in these columns that specific duties were the hallmark of your real protective tariff. Even the Dumping Clause is not well regarded by protectionists, to judge by the following editorial from the organ of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association:—

The Dumping Clause of the Fielding Tariff Act of 1904 is a purely protectionist measure. Mr. Fielding in introducing it did not pretend that it was designed for any other purpose than to give protection to Canadian industries. There was no pretext that while it might incidentally protect Canadian industries, its chief object was to provide revenue. There was never introduced in any legislative body in the world a measure whose aim was more unqualifiedly protective; and yet, if it were generally accepted as representing the views of protectionists, it might do more harm to the cause than any measure ever devised by Canadian opponents of protection. A policy that causes continual annoyance to almost every business man in the country cannot be long maintained, and that is what the Dumping Clause is likely to do. The great majority of business men, whether manufacturers or merchants, require to import some of the articles they use or sell. This is true in the most highly protected countries as well as in the low tariff countries. Every business man, therefore, is interested in having a tariff law that can be easily understood and administered with fair and equal treatment for all importers. From the business man's standpoint it does not matter so much how high the duty is, if he knows beforehand exactly what he has to pay, and is sure that all his competitors must pay exactly the same as he does. The Dumping Law upsets all the calculations of the business man. With this system of protection in force he can seldom tell what duty he will have to pay on imported articles until the decision of the customs officer has been given. He cannot be sure that some rival merchant will not get better terms than he does. Not only will dishonest importers be able to evade the law, but honest merchants who have conscientiously given what they regarded

as the true valuation will frequently be suspected of fraud. This system of protection will prove so harassing, that if protectionists are held to be responsible for it, there will be developed a hostile public sentiment which cannot be overcome for many years. Consequently, even these industries which are temporarily benefited by the Dumping Clause should use their influence to have reasonable specific duties substituted for it.

THE last of the Dominion elections have been held. In the new Territorial district of Mackenzie Dr. Cash defeated Dr. Patrick by such overwhelming majority that the Conservative candidate loses his deposit. It seems to be true that Dr. Patrick, a man with a good record, sanctioned a scheme by which the Conservatives furnished the deposit and induced a Galician named Gabora to run as an independent candidate in the hope of his drawing the Galician vote which is numerous around Yorkton. Gabora, however, only received three votes in the whole constituency, and in Dr. Patrick's own town of Yorkton the Liberal candidate beat him by 34 majority. The total vote was between twenty three and twenty four hundred. The polling in Kootenay and Yale-Caribon took place on the 22nd and resulted, as was expected, in victory for the government candidates, tho' Mr. Duncan Ross in Yale-Caribon seems to have had a narrow shave, judging from the incomplete returns. In Kootenay Mr. Galligher has a large majority over Mr. Charles Mackintosh. It's a case of the Irish having licked the Scotch. The only remaining election is for Yukon where the Liberal candidate is Mr. F. T. Congdon and his opponent Dr. Thompson. The Liberals are not united but Mr. Congdon will probably be elected by a handsome majority. Polling takes place next month.

IN the Australian House of Representatives a motion of no-confidence in the Ministry by Mr. Watson was defeated by 37 votes to 35 after a fortnight's debate.

FOURTEEN Liberal M.P.'s. and sixteen candidates supported Sir Henry Camp-

bell-Bannerman on the occasion of his great speech in the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh. All shades of Liberal opinion were represented on the platform. Principal Rainy and Mr. T. Shaw had enthusiastic receptions. Lord Reay, Captain Sinclair, and Lord Dalmeny were present, and the chair was taken by Lord Elgin, who very happily reminded an enthusiastic audience that the signs of the times point to a General Election and a sweeping Liberal victory, just as they did in the autumn of 1879. After taking strong ground on the Scottish Church question and urging the necessity of intervention, which, he suggested, should be supplied by a Commission, Sir Henry referred to the North Sea outrage, and to the great step that had been accomplished by civilisation and humanity by the employment in this case of the peace machinery set up at the Hague Conference. From war and the Hague Convention Sir Henry passed to the question of naval and military expenditure. "Let us hope," he said, "that as a better understanding is built up among the nations, and as the arbitrament of war recedes more and more from their view, the growth of armaments will at least be checked and the exhausting burden which is bearing down humanity will be greatly alleviated."

IT has been announced that Mr. O. A. Pearson has bought the London, Eng., Standard. The transaction is to be regretted on many grounds. The Standard was by universal admission a good paper, strong in those very features in which modern newspapers tend to degenerate. It was supplied with good foreign correspondents, and it gave considerable attention to that sphere which Lord Rosebery said the other day newspapers are apt to neglect. "The newspapers," said Lord Rosebery, "give us the best possible appreciation of the present and sometimes some glimpses into the future. But at any rate they are seldom able, in the press and stress of life, to give us much insight into the past." The Standard's resolute and damaging resistance to Mr. Chamberlain's schemes made it a powerful force in fiscal controversy, and its disappearance leaves

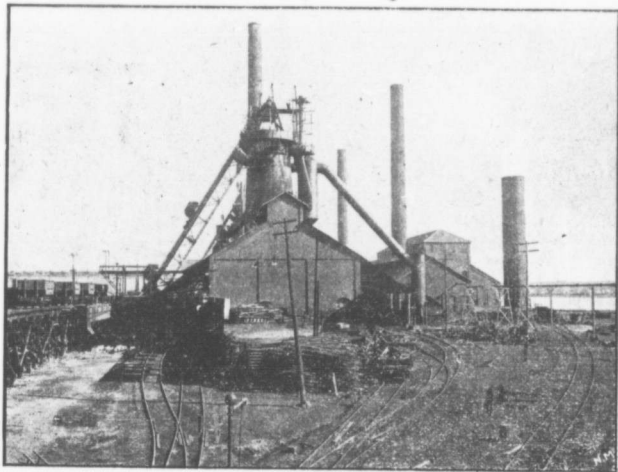
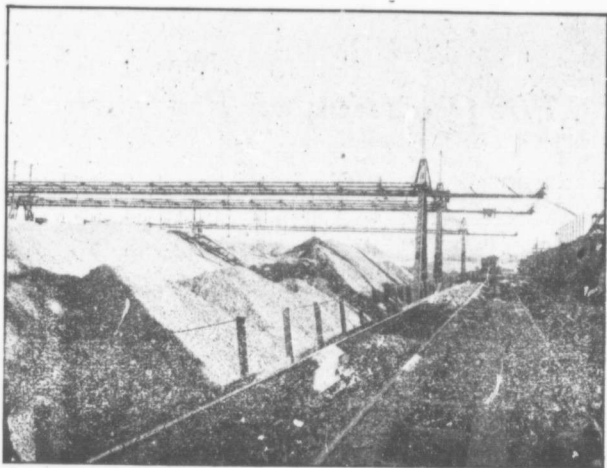
the interesting group of Unionist Free Traders without an organ in the London daily press. It is singular and significant of the power and distribution of the protectionist movement that all the penny morning papers of London are now defending opinions which, as every election shows, are repugnant to the majority of the electorate. Even worse than the silencing of this solitary "Free Food" paper in the ranks of London daily journalism is that it is another overthrow of the older journalism before the avalanche of sensational Press. It is melancholy and ominous to see the development of the worst kind of newspaper control and the dangerous power which is passing into fewer and less scrupulous hands. Mr. Pearson and Sir Alfred Harmsworth have absorbed newspaper after newspaper. Mr. Pearson now controls two morning papers and one evening paper in London, two papers in Newcastle, two in Birmingham and one in Leicester. Sir Alfred Harmsworth and his brothers possess or control a still larger collection. One old Liberal provincial paper in Newcastle fell into the hands of Mr. Pearsons, another in Leeds into the hands of Sir Alfred Harmsworth. The chief characteristics of these papers are well known. They do not represent any serious opinion or enthusiasm but live on the public appetite for sensation; they respect and care for nothing but financial success. They are the real Yellow Peril.

A BLUE book of rather unusual interest has been distributed from the printing bureau, under the authority of the minister of agriculture, compiled by

Mr. Geo. F. O'Halloran, deputy minister of agriculture. It relates to the Canadian Archives, and contains a list of the pamphlets on file. Most of these are rare and to have this list in permanent form is of great value to all those who may have occasion to refer to them.

MR. F. WAYLAND GLEN was a member of the Canadian parliament about twenty years ago, and the Montreal Gazette of the 23rd, commenting on his arrest for non-payment of a type-writer bill incurred in connection with material advocating the union of Canada with the United States, speaks of him as "an ex-Liberal member of parliament". When does a man cease to be an ex-member? The effort to associate the Liberal party of Canada with a disloyal movement is persistent, yet we have the fact that the only political leader in Canada who was an "ex" annexationist was the leader of the Conservative party, and the rebel upon whose head was set a price became a Conservative cabinet minister. The fact is that the Liberal party in Canada is the loyal party and any effort to raise a prejudice against them on this score reacts to the disadvantage of the party making that kind of a campaign. The result of the recent elections prove this, if nothing more. The Conservative party put Lord Dundonald at the head of their forces as symbolizing the Union Jack and British connection, with the result that Lord Dundonald was turned down good and hard. But the Union Jack was hoisted over the parliament buildings just the same a few days later upon the occasion of the King's birthday.

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Two views from the Sydney Steel Industries

The Question of Preference.

LORD ROSEBERY, speaking at Lincoln, referred to 'the Colonial offer,' which was stated to have been contained in the resolution of the Prime Ministers at the Conference of 1902. This, however, was merely a recommendation, and not an offer at all. He added that we must get rid of this "offer," because he agreed with Mr. Chamberlain that if there had been an offer by the Colonies it would have been criminal on the part of British statesmen to neglect consideration of it. But there was not a shadow of foundation for Mr. Chamberlain's statement that the Colonies had proved their anxiety for an arrangement by offering a preference. A message from the Daily Chronicle's Melbourne correspondent states that "Mr. Balfour's proposal for a Colonial conference has profoundly disappointed the advocates of preferential trade, while it has delighted the Free Traders, who interpret the speech as meaning the abandonment of Mr. Chamberlain's Protectionism." Simultaneously Mr. Reed is reported as having declared in an interview:

There is no one in Australia who is not perfectly ready to respond to an invitation to a conference regarding matters of imperial concern. Whatever Ministry is in power and whatever one's individual views may be, the whole question of preferential trade hinges upon a reversal of the fiscal policy of the Mother country. The possible date of the meeting, however, is too distant to admit of the discussion of the details at present.

A long letter on the subject which has been addressed to Mr. Watson on behalf of the Labor Representation Committee in Great Britain, describes the talk of prefer-

ence as illusory, since "your preference to us is only to be so much as is consistent with your monopoly of your own markets."

If you were to state clearly that Australian markets would be opened up to the free imports of British made goods, you might then, and only then, with any show of reason and justice join in a campaign to force us to benefit you by submitting to a high cost of living.

In conclusion a hope is expressed that "our Labour friends in Australia will not commit themselves to a policy which will make organised labour in the Mother land look upon their success with regret."

Mr. Asquith, speaking at Newburgh, said with regard to the proposed Colonial conference, that he had been forward, as he believed most Liberals had been for years past, in endeavoring to promote in every possible way a closer union between the Mother country and the Colonies. He had advocated, not spasmodic, but periodical, holding of conferences on matters of common and imperial concern.

His criticisms at Ladybank were directed against that particular proposal of Mr. Balfour's to summon representatives from the various parts of the Empire that they might haggle out amongst themselves something of the nature of a preferential tariff. They did not want to be brought across the sea to engage in any academic discussion. The only excuse for summoning them would be to lay before them some definite proposal to accept or reject, or, at any rate, to discuss. What proposal could be laid before the Colonies? There was only one—the proposal to impose an import duty upon food and raw materials.

Will the Dalai Lama Fight?

IT would be a serious underestimate of the political capacity of the Dalai Lama to assume that his flight from the 'holy city' is equivalent to a renunciation of temporal and spiritual rule in Tibet. Such a thing as that he has certainly not intended. His departure, indicates on the contrary, that he means to arouse resistance in the land in order that he may step forth at the suitable moment. It is significant that among his followers is a secretive

not become known, but which, nevertheless, must be regarded as important and as directed against the English.

The Amban is China's official representative in Tibet, whose omission to sign the treaty now in the Foreign Office at Simla seems to London organs to require an explanation. The Amban's plea that he had no authority from Peking to sign the document is translated into hollow mockery of the colonel.



Distributing alms to the poor of Lhasa.

Russian, concerning whose personality much obscurity prevails, concerning whom it remains unknown when he first made his appearance in Lhasa or what plans he is carrying out. But in any event it may be taken for granted that his presence is no mere accident and that the confidence reposed in him by the Dalai Lama has special reasons to justify it. As is well known the ruler of the monastic nation hitherto had made various concessions to the empire of the Czar, the details of which have

A brief retrospect of the events of the last few months reveals a story redolent of fable. Then the Amban wrote to Colonel Younghusband that he was most anxious to meet him, but the Dalai Lama refused transport. He would, however, come as soon as possible, to Gyangtse. Next the expedition has to fight its way thither, where that incalculable factor "General" Ma, comes upon the scene as a sort of fore-runner of the Amban. Shortly certain Lamas arrive, who plead overruling orders

from Lhasa, where the Dalai Lama still refuses to recognise the "mission." On 25th April Colonel Younghusband hears that the Amban has at last triumphed, and will arrive in three weeks, but on the 3rd May the Dalai Lama once more figures as Pharoah, while on the 5th 800 Tibetans attack the camp, without any warning being given by Ma, but are repulsed. On the 6th Col. Brander retaliates, and there is a lamentable tale of slaughter. Repeated attacks ensue; the Lamas are reported as preaching a "Holy War"; and finally it is recognised that the obduracy of the non-kish rulers, aided by the impotence of the suzerain Power, necessitates forcing a

that if Britain engaged in a great international war, "one, at any rate, of our possible antagonists would strike," not at Dover or London, at Quebec or Sydney harbour, but, "it is in Asia that the pressure would be applied; it is your Indian frontier that would bear the brunt." With reference to Tibet he said:

I was sent to India, amongst other objects, to guard the frontier of India, and I have done it. I was not sent to India to let a hostile danger and menace grow up just beyond our gates, and I have done my best to prevent it. There are people so full of knowledge at home that they assure us that all those fears are illusory, that



Surveying party in the Pembo-la, twelve miles north of Lhasa: Captain Ryder, R.E., Mr. Haydon (Geologist), and a surveyor in the foreground

way with cannon and rifle, and bayonet to Lhasa itself, otherwise the prestige on which the predominance of the Indian Government rests as well as upon armed might would inevitably be tarnished in the eyes of a watching Asia to the advantage of Russia.

Lord Curzon discoursed at the Guildhall with regard to British rule in India, of which he remarked in characteristic language, "to me it is the greatest thing that English people have done, or are doing now; it is the supreme touchstone of our national duty." The country was reminded by the man best qualified to speak

we could with dignity and prudence have gone on turning our cheek to the Tibetan smiter. These fears were not illusory. The danger was imminent and real. Perhaps the frontier States may be taken to know something about it, and we have, as we never had before, the frontier States of Bhotan, Nepal and Sikkim all supporting our action and deploring the folly and obstinacy of the Tibetan Government, there must be strong prima facie ground that we are not entirely mistaken in our policy. . . Only the meanest knowledge is required to know that it is not vacillation that produces respect, and

that the longer you hesitate and falter the severer is the reckoning you have to pay. I hope that as a result of these operations we shall be able to introduce some measure of enlightenment into that miserable and monk-ridden country, and without adding to our own responsibilities, which the Government are without the least wish to extend, we shall be able to ward off the source of political unrest and intrigue on this section of our border, and gradually build up, as I believe it to be in our power to do, harmonious relations between these people of that country and ourselves.

At the same time, of course, Lord Curzon did not ignore the other aspect of the situation—the basis of British rule:

It is not military force, it is not civil authority, it is not prestige, though all these are part of it. If our rule is to last in India it must rest on a more solid basis. It must depend on the eternal moralities of righteousness and justice. This, I can assure is not a mere phrase of the convention. The matter is too serious on the lips of a Governor-General of India for cant. Unless we can persuade the millions of India that we will give to them absolute justice as between man and man, equality before the law, freedom from tyranny and injustice and oppression, then your Empire will not touch their hearts and will fade away. . . . Harshness, oppression, ill-usage, all these in India are offences, not only against the higher law, but against the honor and reputation of the ruling race. I am as strong a believer as any man in the prestige of my countrymen, but that prestige does not require artificial supports, it rests upon conduct and conduct alone. My precept in this respect does not differ from my practice.

He added that if the Empire were to end to-morrow, it would have done its duty in India, justified its mission to mankind. But it was not going to end:

I believe we have it in our power to will the people of India into a unity beyond anything they have dreamed of and to give them blessings beyond those they yet enjoy. Let no man admit the craven fear that those who have on India cannot hold it, or that we have only made India

to our own or its own making. That is not the true reading of history. That is not my forecast of the future. To me the message is carved in granite, it is hewn out of the rock of doom—that our work is righteous and shall endure.

Colonel Younghusband's mission started back to India, apparently not a day too soon, for the night frosts in the high altitudes are very trying to the soldiers, and the pack animals have died in appreciable numbers. With the arrival in October of the first column at Gyangtse, preparations were at once begun for breaking up the force; and the larger part of the troops which were employed on the dull, but necessary, work of guarding the lines of communication are on their way to India. Arrangements are being made for the housing and supply of the troops who, under the terms of the treaty, are to hold the Chuumbi Valley until the indemnity is discharged. As to the treaty, it is now stated that the Chinese Amban did not sign the document, not having any instructions from Peking to that end; and as the Chinese suzerainty has all along been recognized by the Indian Government and its officials, the absence of this necessary signature qualifies very seriously the value of the treaty.

Whatever be the outcome of Colonel Younghusband's visit to Lhasa, it is clear that the Tibetans have been made to realize that "no other Power" will be allowed by the Indian Government to exercise any influence in Tibetan affairs. And no lesson was more badly needed, for evidences were not wanting of external interference. A survey party which went twelve miles north of Lhasa was concerned not with the whereabouts of the Dalai Lama, but with the search for a road made under European direction, and of considerable strategic importance for an advance from the north.

The fortifications at the Jarti or Dok Pass, by which the return journey is being made, show that a strong opposition was intended there; and the taking of the Khamba route evidently nonplussed the Tibetans, who, with a stupidity that is characteristic, evidently anticipated that

the British expedition would take no other route than that one which preparations had been made to harass their advance.

The present situation at Lhasa appears to be decidedly obscure, although the Times special correspondent who accompanied the British expedition to Lhasa does not take a hopeless view of it in the long and interesting article contributed by him to the Times of 18th October. While he expresses doubt whether the Tashi Lama, who was appointed by China as successor of the deposed Dalai Lama, has sufficient strength of character to maintain his position, since he is entirely without personal support he states that it by no means follows that the runaway Dalai Lama can reckon on being reinstated in case of his return. In allowing him to maintain predominance the monasteries were chiefly actuated by a desire to shake off the nominal suzerainty of China, of which they have no longer any fear. On the other hand the monasteries, in whose hands the whole power had formerly been vested, found themselves powerless to restrain their late ruler where they differed from his policy, as in the case of his dealings with Russia, and, above all, were compelled to submit to his "domineering and often insolent insistence in matters which they had previously kept in their own hands." It is hinted that, in the event of his return, his fate may probably be assassination, a new-born child being substituted, and the Tashi Lama expelled. The Amban is stated to have warned the Chinese Government that the deposition of the Dalai Lama might prove a dangerous step for China, since, failing his return, the result may be a total exclusion of foreign influence. As regards the failure of China either to authorise the Amban to sign the treaty with Great Britain or to ratify it at Peking, the Times correspondent in that city asserts that the latter is the result of German intrigues among the native Press with a view to preventing ratification and thus affording gratification to Russia. He states that upon the publication of the Treaty the

German Minister went to the Wai-wu-pu and enquired if the terms were authentic. Their substantial correctness having been admitted, he said that Article IX if ratified by China, would bring her into conflict with the Treaty Powers, since it gave Great Britain prescriptive rights in an integral portion of the Empire. Since then the Legation has led the Chinese to fear that, in case of ratification, Germany might demand similar prescriptive rights in Shang-tung. An official contradiction having appeared in Berlin, Dr. Morrison has asserted that careful enquiry convinces him that in all essential particulars his despatch correctly represented what has passed in Peking.

The British expedition left Lhasa Sept. 23. An affecting scene took place outside the camp where General Macdonald was met by the Regent. The venerable monk who was moved almost to tears, invoked the blessing of Heaven on General Macdonald for having spared the monasteries from violation and presented him with a gold image of Buddha.

A Reuter's Peking telegram states that Tang Shao-ki, Taotai of Tien-tsin has been commanded to proceed to Tibet to "investigate and manage affairs." He has been created a metropolitan official of the third rank, and has also been given the military rank of lieutenant-general. He was educated at Yale University, and was formerly secretary to Ynan Shih-kai in Korea. He is well known as being conversant with foreign affairs, and is reported as being jealous of Chinese interests, though he has no marked anti-foreign bias.

On the 14th October Colonel Younghusband arrived at Simla.

The Times Peking correspondent cables that the hesitation of China to ratify the Tibetan treaty is due to the mischievous action of the German Minister in Peking, who has been co-operating with the Russian Minister to bring pressure to bear upon the Wai-wu-pu.

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The Fall Shooting.

Returning the Presents.

Written by Arnold Golsworthy.

SOPHIE MEADOWS sat in the little parlour at the back of her mother's shop and gazed dismally out into the garden where the last brown leaves were falling from the lines on the soggy footpath below. The scene was not altogether an unsympathetic one for Sophie, since she was sad at heart that dull, misty afternoon. Indeed, there were signs that she had been crying: and when Sophie cried her nose grew very red indeed, and a woman will not incur a risk of that sort without the most acute provocation. In the spring it had all been so different. David Trotter, who managed the village flour mill for his father, and who was besides a most eligible young man in every way, had asked Sophie to be his wife, and the earth had seemed so fair to her then. The song of the skylark had a new meaning for her at that time, and the swallow's nest that was building in the eaves over her window developed, from a great nuisance, into a pleasing and blessed allegory. Summer had been spring intensified; and the brightness of life had seemed quite dazzling; but now everything was cheerless and damp, the sun was cold, and the fire of true and only love had spluttered out and left Sophie with a bruised heart and red nose.

Everybody knew it was David's—that is Mr. Trotter's—fault; or, at least, everybody to whom Sophie had mentioned the matter. Sophie's mother had perhaps not quite grasped the full meaning of the awful crisis in her daughter's bright young life. The good soul had even spoken lightly of it, affecting to treat it as a mere lov-

er's quarrel, and that at a time when Sophie had been seriously considering whether she ought to go into a nunnery or just pine away and die in the back parlour at home. Sophie knew for a fact that David—or, rather, Mr. Trotter—had been seen flirting with Faith Duker, the creature who set her cap at everybody. The thing had been seen in the village; and after a likely bit of scandal had gone the round of a village like Dunstead, its own mother would not have recognized it at the finish. David had gone so far as to meet the creature a second time by appointment, and that, of course, capped his iniquity. Everybody knows that no self-respecting girl can put up with goings-on like that. It would not have mattered so much if he had admitted his error, and had endeavored to earn his forgiveness by a fitting display of contrition. But David had had the effrontery to deny the charge, and had actually punched young Harper about dreadfully for just casually mentioning the matter to a circle of friends at the Blue Anchor. Which just show you the true character of people like David—I should say Mr. Trotter. And yesterday Sophie had taken her pen in hand and after laboriously studying the dictionary so as to be sure that she had got the long words right, had intimated to Mr. Trotter in cold and dignified terms that all was now over between them, and he would receive, per bearer, the presents he had made her, and henceforth they were strangers for evermore. Amen.

On other days Sophie would have been helping her mother in the shop; but to-

day she could do nothing but sit and watch the leaves fall. As it grew dusk she got up and lit the lamp. There was her knitting on the table. The woolly squares hanging from the needles were the foundations of a pair of socks that had been intended for him. Now, of course, they would go to the heathen via the parish church and the missionary society. No doubt the heathen would be more appreciative, though perhaps woollen socks in the tropics might be a little trying to the untutored savage mind. And then—

"Sophie!"

It was the voice of Mrs. Meadows, calling from the shop. And a moment later the good soul put her head into the parlour and added:

"Sophie! It's David. He's come to see you."

Sophie started to her feet. This was the last straw. David—that is to say Mr. Trotter—had been given to understand that his presence was no longer agreeable to her; and in spite of that he had the effrontery to call upon her once more.

"Tell him I don't want to see him, mother," she said. "After what's happened I don't want to speak to him again."

Mrs. Meadows turned back to the shop; but before she could repeat the portentous message, David was already at the parlour door. Mrs. Meadows smiled significantly and preceded him into the room. She was about to retire again, discreetly, when Sophie stopped her, impatiently.

"Don't go, mother," she said, with the impiousness of the spoilt child that she was.

David was a big rosy-cheeked fellow, with plenty of confidence. The last was made evident by the deliberate way in which he put his hat on a chair, and then lifted a couple of brown paper parcels on the table. With a quiet "Good evening" addressed to Sophie, he proceeded to deliberately untie the string of one of the parcels. The knot was a little hard, and as no one spoke, the embarrassing silence was becoming intolerable. Finally David looked up.

"You sent back the few little presents I had gave you," he said, gazing directly in

front of him and addressing the opposite wall straight in the eye "an' so, of course. I'm bringing back those what you gave me."

"You could ha' sent them back," snapped Sophie. "There wasn't no need for to bring 'em yourself."

"Well, you see," said David, addressing the wall with the assistance of his index finger, with which he beat time to his measured words, "a man ain't some'ow so careful as what a woman is. Leastways, I s'pose that's what it is. Now, the things that you sent back to me, the was all spick and span. Just like new, and——"

"Do for Faith Duker, perhaps," commented Sophie rather bitterly.

David affected not to be conscious of the interruption.

"These 'ere slippers, for instance," he said "which you worked for me. I 'adn't 'ad 'em long before my little fox terrier got at one of 'em, and before I could get it away from 'im, he'd eaten one of the pink roses and a couple of the forget-me-nots."

Mrs. Meadows was surprised into a ridiculous guffaw. Then, conscious apparently of the impropriety of her conduct, she evaded her daughter's eye, and became absorbed in contemplation of the ceiling. David could hardly help echoing this little outburst of encouragement with a grin of his own; and Sophie set her teeth together and felt that she was fighting the whole world single-handed and alone.

"Then," continued David, "there's these 'ere braces."

Sophie turned her head away sharply. It was doubtful whether, in her altered relationship with Mr. Trotter, braces were things that could be discussed with propriety. The articles in question were luridly embroidered in red and blue upon a green background, and in anything like sustained silence they might have been relied upon to speak for themselves. It was evident, however, from their present condition, that they had been more decorative than useful; and David's attempt to strengthen the weaker parts by the addition of a piece of stout string had done nothing to enhance their artistic beauties.

David, remarking Sophie's attitude out

of the corner of his eye, placed the poor mangled remains of the braces reverently on the table, and gazed at them with a sigh, as if he regarded them as still beautiful, even in death. Then he produced a pair of woollen socks from his parcel.

"These 'ere," he said "o' course they've been in wear a good deal and—"

"I didn't give 'em to you for to keep under a glass case," protested Sophie, her bitter feelings softened a little by the fact that he had been glad to make use of her present.

"No, quite so," said David turning and addressing her, for the first time. "Only, you see, when you've got to give things back again—"

"I don't want them back," said Sophie.

"Well, there don't seem to be no choice about it, as far as I can see," replied David. "And as I couldn't give 'em back with holes in 'em, and I didn't like to let no one else touch 'em now. I tried to mend 'em up a bit myself. You'll see—"

Mrs. Meadows guffawed again. And finding her mirth not so easy to check on this occasion, she fled precipitately into the shop, and left the young people alone. Sophie frowned at the interruption, but the next moment she found herself half smiling at David's dilemma. This big, rough fellow's confession of his helplessness was not displeasing to her. It showed her at least that there were times when she would be missed, and the reflection softened her a little.

"Show me," she said, holding out her hand.

David passed the socks along and indicated with his finger the spot where his handiwork was to be seen. A huge lumpy blotch of red wool that had been laboriously grafted on to a grey background, it did not need to be pointed out. It caught the eye at once, and absolutely riveted the attention. Sophie felt the corners of her mouth breaking down, and finally unable to resist the ludicrousness of the absurd incongruity she burst into a peal of derisive laughter.

"I never was much of a 'and with a needle," David explained, smilingly. Then as if realizing that Sophie's mirth was a distinct sign of encouragement, he leaned across the table, and said in a tone of gentle protest: "See what a mess I should make o' things if you should give me up."

Sophie stopped laughing and looked at him sternly.

"There is—Faith Duker," she said.

"Not for me, there ain't he said, scornfully. "An' I can't make out what you keep on about the gal for. I don't suppose I've spoken a dozen words to her". Father give 'er people a job mending the sacks at the mill, but the work's done now, and—"

"But Mrs. Green said that Bobby Harper told 'er—"

"Yes, I know. An' you give my compliments to Bobby 'Arper an' ask 'm what 'e's got 'is left eye shut up for. As for old Mother Green, scandal-mongerin' is 'er business when she's got no drinkin' to do. You don't want to go listenin' to a parcel of old gossips like that. S'pose you let me keep the things you gave me. Come, now, that's a bargain. And the things I gave you—"

"I—I returned them," faltered Sophie, as her right hand sought the finger of her left hand that only yesterday had been decorated with a gold ring set with two pearls and a gem.

David turned to the second parcel on the table.

"I brought 'em back on the off-chance," he said. "Shall I undo the string?"

By way of reply, Sophie took her scissors from the mantle-piece behind her, and reaching across the table, cut the string in several places. Then she looked up at David's face and laughed.

And Mrs. Meadows coming into the parlour abruptly to see if David were still there, remarked that she was very sorry to have interrupted, but hadn't, of course, had the least idea that everything was going so well.