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THE

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APRIL, 1900.



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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV.

APRIL, 1900.

No. 6.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE.
Arrival of Sardinian at Capetown	498
From a Photograph; an Incident in The History of the First Canadian Contingent.	FRONTISPIECE
Famous Canadian Soldiers.	499
Second Paper—with Four Portraits.	THOMAS E. CHAMPION
Canadian Celebrities.	504
No. XII.—Senator George A. Cox.	J. K. M.
If I Were a Rose.	507
A Poem.	E. D. A.
Military Picture Series	508
No. 15. Modder River Railway Bridge.	
" 16. Pontoon Bridge over Modder River.	
" 17. R.C.D.—Mounted Parade at Winnipeg.	
" 18. R.C.D.—In Camp near Winnipeg.	
" 19. A Famous Group on Steps of Royal Military College.	
" 20. Officers of Queen's Own Rifles of Canada.	
" 21. The Battlefield at Belmont.	
The Lady Gwendolen Episode.	513
A Story.	ROBERT BARR
Old Esther's Easter Bonnet	519
.	ELMINA ATKINSON
An Army in The Field.	521
.	CAPT. WILLIAM WOOD
At Modder River.	528
A Poem.	EMILY MCMANUS
Strathcona's Horse.	529
With a full page group of the officers, a special portrait of Lord Strathcona, and numerous other valuable illustrations.	LIEUT. J. A. COOPER
The Embarkation of the Strathcona's	538
With Illustrations.	EMILY P. WEAVER
The Milwaukee	542
Two Views of the Embarkation.	
The Big Game of Canada	543
VI.—Sheep and Goat—with special coloured Game Map of Canada, and two Drawings by Arthur Heming.	C. A. BRAMBLE
Nawaz Khan: The Gift of Allah	549
A Story.	W. A. FRASER
Twenty Years on the War Path	559
VI.—After the Bombardment of Alexandria.	FREDERIC VILLIERS
The Red Cross	563
What It Means, What It Has Done, and What It Is Doing In The World.	LT.-COL. G. STERLING RYERSON, M.D.
The Issues of The General Election.	566
.	A POLITICAL ONLOOKER
The Noblesse of The Old Regime	568
.	W. BENNETT MUNRO
The Devil's Holiday	573
A Long Poem.	FRANKLIN GADSBY
Editorial Comment.	576
.	JOHN A. COOPER
Current Events Abroad.	578
.	W. SANFORD EVANS
Book Reviews	581
Idle Moments.	585

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THE May number of the Canadian Magazine will be a Tourist Number, designed to illustrate and describe the various beauty spots of Canada and the easiest means of obtaining access to them. Nothing of the kind has ever before been attempted in Canadian Journalism, but we feel certain that such a number will be of considerable interest to the large number of people, both in Canada and the United States, who are looking forward at this time of year to taking a Summer Excursion. The contents will include illustrated articles such as the following :

SUMMER ON THE PACIFIC COAST, by Julian Durham. This will describe the beauties of Victoria, Vancouver and the Pacific Coast.

AN EASTERN HOLIDAY, by Jean Blewett. This describes a trip to Montmorenci Falls, St. Anne de Beaupre, and down through New Brunswick to Acadia and the Land of Evangeline.

A SEAWARD VIEW, by A. M. Belding, which will describe the subtle fascination of the Sea with special relation to the City of St. John and the St. John River.

THE GEORGIAN BAY ARCHIPELAGO, by W. R. Bradshaw. In this is told the pleasure of seeing primeval nature in all its beauties among the 30,000 islands in Georgian Bay.

THE OTTAWA VALLEY, by Norman H. Smith.

THE ST. LAWRENCE, by James Munro.

There will be other features in addition to those enumerated above, and we confidently expect that this number will be the most magnificent we have ever issued. Like our Christmas and Military Numbers, it will have a special cover in the very best Magazine style. One of the best of the general features will be an illustrated poem entitled MA LEETLE CABANE, by Dr. Drummond.

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Total number of policies, 37,100.

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Payments to policy-holders, \$1,357,-
350.85
Increase over last year, \$61,980.40
Assets now stand at \$21,364,062.06
Increase over last year, \$1,325,244.73

Quinquennial Period (1895-1899)

Policy Reserves 4%, \$18,964,390.00
Surplus over liabilities, \$1,968,712.85

Set apart towards 3½% basis,
\$500,000.00

Profits to policy-holders, \$1,381,132.05

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1899

1899



New Business, - - - \$4,751,026
Insurance Gained, - - - 3,316,767

A GAIN OF 69.81 PER CENT.

TOTAL INSURANCE IN FORCE, JANUARY, 1900, \$26,945,442

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EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada.

The eighteenth annual meeting of the shareholders of the Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada was held at the head office of the Company in Hamilton, on March 6, 1900. The managing director, David Dexter, presented the following reports and financial statement :

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The directors have pleasure in submitting for the information and approval of the shareholders the following report of the business of the Company, together with a statement of receipts and disbursements for the year which closed on Dec. 31, 1899, and of the assets and liabilities on that date.

New business consisted of eighteen hundred and fifty-seven applications for insurance, aggregating \$2,639,700, of which seventeen hundred and ninety-five applications for \$2,497,900 were accepted ; applications for \$141,800 having been rejected or held for further information.

Annuity premiums to the amount of \$4,003 were also received.

During the year, as in previous years, about 90 per cent of the new business of the Company was on its investment plans, showing that investment insurance still holds favor in comparison with other forms of investment—on which interest earnings are depreciating steadily. The feature of profit accumulations for a term of years is increasing in popularity.

The increasing prosperity of the country has extended its influence to life insurance, as indicated by the large increase in the premium income and assets of the Company.

The gross income of the Company shows a gratifying increase over previous years, and the addition of \$194,377.39 to the assets is especially noticeable, the total assets having risen to \$1,060,660.80, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted to \$1,669,660.80, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$946,403.03—showing a surplus of \$723,257.77. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to policyholders was \$114,257.77.

Assurances for \$106,000 on forty-five lives became claims through death, of which amount the Company was re-insured for \$4,000. Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, \$21,460.52, with annuities, \$2,572.07, the total payments to policyholders amounted to \$125,454.89.

As foreshadowed in last report, the securing of the special act of incorporation from the Parliament of Canada has greatly increased our investments in the other provinces, much to the advantage of the Company.

The investments of the Company have been carefully managed, and have yielded results considerably above the average results of all companies doing business in Canada. Expenses have been kept within reasonable limits, while due effort has been made for new business. The chief officers and agents of the Company are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the Company's interest. The office staff have also proved faithful in the Company's service.

The accompanying certificate from the auditors vouches for the correctness of the statements submitted herewith. All accounts, securities and vouchers have been examined by them.

JAMES H. BEATTY, President.

DAVID DEXTER, Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company :

GENTLEMEN—We have made a careful audit of the books of your company for the year ending Dec. 31, 1899, and have certified to their correctness.

The securities have been inspected and compared with the ledger accounts and found to agree therewith.

The financial position of your company, as on Dec. 31, is indicated by the accompanying statement.

Respectfully submitted.

Hamilton, March 1, 1900.

H. S. STEPHENS,
SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND, } Auditors.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT, 1899.

Premium income.....	\$ 398,366 55
Interest and rents.....	41,922 59
	\$ 440,289 14
Paid to policyholders for death claims, endowments, surrender values and profits.....	\$ 125,454 89
Expenses, taxes, dividends and re-insurance premiums.....	133,574 14
Balance.....	181,200 11
	\$ 440,289 14

ASSETS 31st DECEMBER, 1899.

Debentures and Bonds.....	\$ 94,072 84
Mortgages.....	494,213 62
Loans secured by policy reserves.....	226,541 69
Cash in banks and other assets.....	245,832 65
	\$ 1,060,560 80

LIABILITIES.

Reserve Fund.....	\$ 924,263 03
Claims unadjusted.....	22,140 00
Surplus.....	114,257 77
	\$ 1,060,660 80

SURPLUS.

Guarantee capital.....	\$ 609,000 00
Surplus security.....	\$ 1,669,660 80
Policies were issued assuring.....	\$ 2,497,900 00
Total assurance in force.....	\$ 11,847,070 43

The retiring directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting of the Board Mr. Beatty was re-elected President, Lieut.-Col. Kerns and T. H. Macpherson, M.P., Vice-Presidents.

Popular, Progressive and Prosperous.

The Manufacturers Life Insurance Company

HEAD OFFICE, - - TORONTO, ONT.

Synopsis of 13th Annual Report.

SUMMARY OF FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

RECEIPTS.

New Premiums (Annuities \$2,000),	-	-	-	-	\$122,071 02
Renewal Premiums,	-	-	-	-	400,108 79
Interest and Rents,	-	-	-	-	72,801 98
Total Income,	-	-	-	-	\$594,981 79

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid for Death Losses,	-	-	-	-	\$109,573 50
Paid Policy-holders for Dividends, Surrenders, etc.,	-	-	-	-	22,604 48
Expenses, Taxes and Dividends in Stock,	-	-	-	-	166,756 05
Investments,	-	-	-	-	296,047 76
Total Disbursements,	-	-	-	-	\$594,981 79

ASSETS.

Municipal Bonds and Debentures,	-	-	-	-	\$383,573 83
Loans on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks,	-	-	-	-	180,350 00
First Mortgages on Real Estate,	-	-	-	-	902,793 74
Loans on Policies,	-	-	-	-	113,792 98
Other Assets,	-	-	-	-	166,216 88
Cash on hand and in Banks,	-	-	-	-	63,427 74
					\$1,810,155 17

LIABILITIES.

Reserves (4% Hm. on assurances since December 31st, 1895, and 4½% prior to that date),	-	-	-	-	\$1,622,012 00
Other Liabilities,	-	-	-	-	16,175 16
Surplus on Policy-holders' Account,	-	-	-	-	171,968 01
					\$1,810,155 17

		Increase \$	Increase per cent.
Applications for New Assurance,	\$ 3,713,035 00	\$ 183,114 00	5%
New Assurance Issued,	3,440,076 00	230,311 00	7%
Assurance in Force,	14,394,478 00	1,321,754 00	9%
New Premiums Paid in Cash,	122,071 00	21,600 00	21½%
Total Income,	594,982 00	78,815 00	15%
Assets,	1,810,155 00	287,283 00	19%
Surplus on Policy-holders' Account,	159,402 00	12,566 00	8%
		Decrease.	
Expenses of Management,	140,357 00	11,015 00	7%

COMPARISON

For Five Years of the Present Management.

	1894	1899	Increase.
Assets,	\$ 821,320 00	\$ 1,810,155 00	120%
Income,	296,468 00	583,352 00	97%
Insurance in Force,	9,555,300 00	14,394,478 00	50%

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Amount Insured, - - - 11,848,070.00

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FREE BOOK that covers the whole subject. I stand ready to mail a copy of it to all. It will show that Hypnotism has many marvels beyond the wildest guess or rumor. It will show you just what Hypnotism is. You will see it is a trance or spell into which one person may cast another by very simple means. Anybody can learn how to do it as well as the most experienced hypnotist. The study is neither deep nor difficult. When you have mastered it you will have all humanity for your profitable use. Your power over the subject's mind is absolute. He will do or say at your bidding a thousand things he is not capable of in the waking state. He thinks, feels, acts and speaks only as you want him to, and has no memory whatever of it after the spell is broken. In fact, when you hypnotize a subject, you seem to enter into his mind and invest it with new powers, and then rule mind and senses for just as long as you please. He is as clay and you the potter.

All the strange phenomena of Hypnotism spring from this control over your subject and his mysterious new faculties. Here you rule supreme as a tyrant among his serfs, and by their aid you can do boundless good to yourself and others. You can heal the sick. You can relieve pain. You can give sleep to the restless and comfort to the sorrowing. You can reform the vicious and energize the slothful of mind or body. And in your own case, as my free book shows, you can win promotion, social or business standing, increase of trade, the influence, friendship or love you most desire, and, in short, all that is needed to make you rich, healthy, esteemed and happy as long as life lasts. My book also shows you how Hypnotism is a friend to justice, education and reform, and how and where it serves the victims of pain and disease. In this last respect I may well call it the "healing of the future," for, as my book will prove to you, it surpasses all medical systems in curing the disorders of the human body or mind.

In spite of these noble uses, and in spite of its mysterious powers, Hypnotism is an easy and most simple art to learn. It calls for no special training or education. It imposes no long or perplexing study. Whoever knows enough to read can learn it. My free book is called a "Key to the Mysteries of Hypnotism," and I have truly made it a "Key" in the sense that anybody can unlock its secrets and grasp its miracle-working powers. They are free to the simplest as well as to the most scholarly. The humblest can use them as well as the loftiest. They will be as mighty and as prompt to do YOUR bidding as that of the world's greatest scientist.

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For all its precious contents I repeat that my book is free. It costs you absolutely nothing but the slight trouble of writing for it. On receipt of your letter or postal a copy will be sent free by return mail. You will find in it more secrets of Hypnotism and more money-making hints than ever were brought together before. Meanwhile the book itself is elegantly attractive. It is clearly printed from new type, and every page has three or more pictures that help explain the text. These are of the highest artistic merit, as is also the beautiful illustrated cover. No such handsome book has ever been given away free in the interests of a beloved science. I wish all to read it because I know all may benefit by it. To some it will be a disclosure of knowledge long sought, but only here to be found. To others it may prove the one opportunity of their lives to gain a profitable calling. To all, if carefully perused, it will point out a sure path to good health, happiness, influence and success in life. Don't you want to read it? Don't you want to become a Hypnotist? Either for yourself or others, don't you wish to know all there is to know about this science of power, wonder and mystery? If so, write to-day for a copy of this wonderful book. Don't send any money. It is free as the air you breathe. Address,

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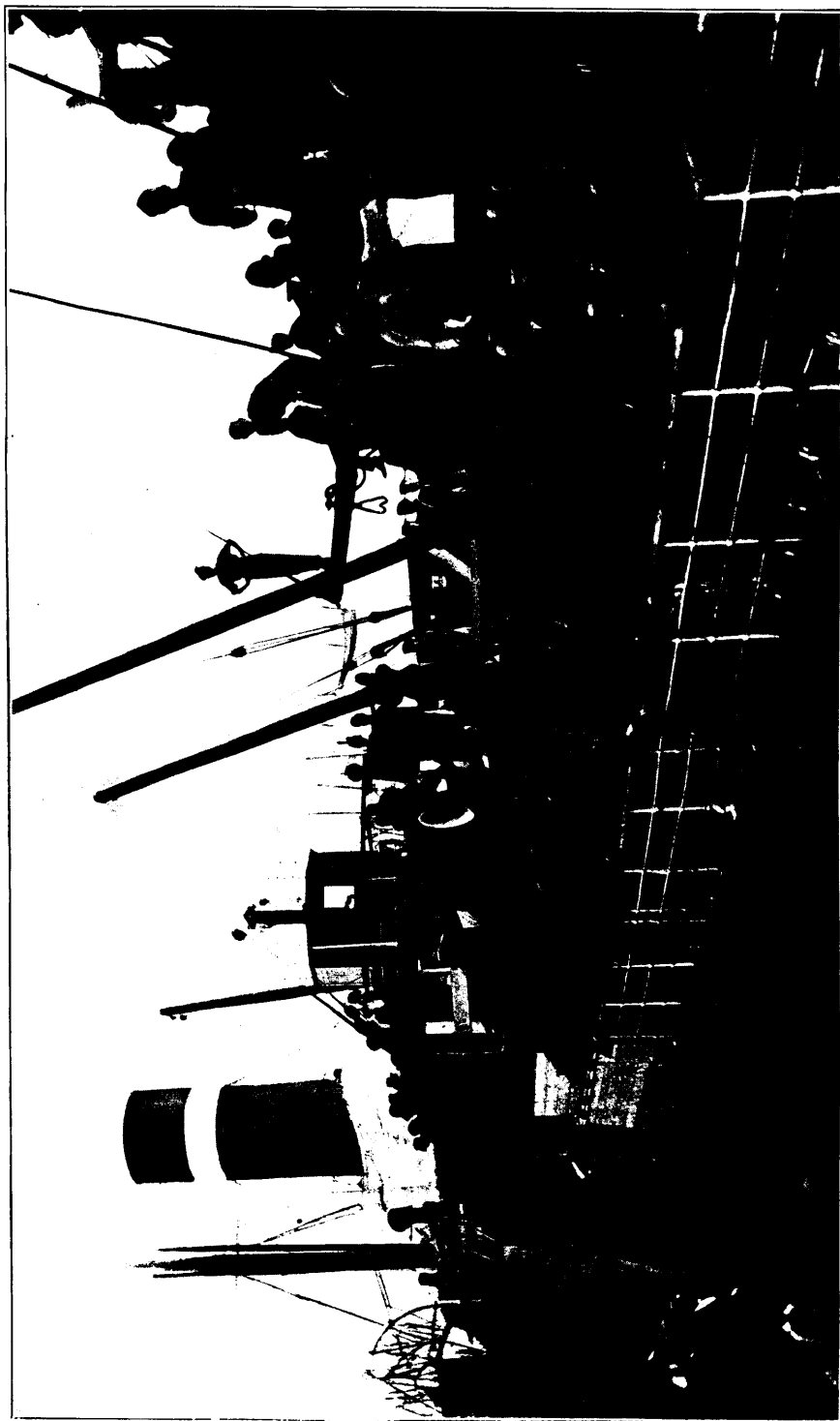


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THE ARRIVAL OF THE ALLAN LINER SARDINIAN AT CAPETOWN.
AN INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV

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No. 6

FAMOUS CANADIAN SOLDIERS.

SECOND PAPER.

By Thomas E. Champion.

THE career of Col. Inglis was partially given in the first article on "Famous Canadian Soldiers." To continue :

On the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny in 1857, Inglis was in command of the 32nd Regiment at Lucknow, being next in seniority to Sir Henry Lawrence. When Lawrence fell mortally wounded on July 2nd, 1857, Inglis succeeded him in command of the garrison, and remained in that position until Lucknow was relieved by Sir Henry Havelock on September 26th, 1857. For his great gallantry and conspicuous services during this trying period Lieutenant-Colonel Inglis was promoted major-general from the date of Havelock's arrival, and also created K.C.B., as the official notification ran, "for his enduring fortitude and persevering gallantry in the defence of the residency of Lucknow for 87 days against an overwhelming force of the enemy."

After peace was restored, Inglis visited his native province, Nova Scotia, and was in the city of Halifax made the recipient of a sword of honour, the blade forged from Nova Scotia iron, by his admiring and enthusiastic fellow countrymen. In 1860 Inglis became colonel-in-chief of his old corps the 32nd Light Infantry, and subsequently was general officer commanding the British troops in the Ionian

Islands. He died in Germany, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, in September, 1862. It was said of him at his death by one who knew him well, that "he was entitled to admiration for his unassuming demeanour, friendly warmth of heart, and sincere desire to help by all means in his power every one with whom he came in contact."

THREE ROYAL CANADIANS.

In connection with General Inglis and the stirring events of the Indian Mutiny may fitly be mentioned the names of three officers who served under him as subalterns in the 32nd Regiment at the defence of Lucknow. These three officers were not Canadians, but as a recognition of their gallantry and devotion to duty at the period referred to, were all promoted to captaincies, and posted to the 100th Prince of Wales Royal Canadian Regiment when it was formed in 1858, being fourth, fifth and sixth in seniority among the captains in that corps. Their names were Henry Cook, James Clery, and Henry George Browne, V.C. With the exception of Captain (now General) Cook, these three officers after leaving the 32nd Regiment for the Royal Canadians, never served in any other regiment but the latter. Taking them in the order of their

seniority, Captain Cook became major by purchase in the 100th Regiment in May, 1863, and subsequently came with the battalion to Canada when it was stationed here in 1866-67. Later he became lieutenant-colonel commanding the regiment, and went with it to India in 1877. The climate wrecked his health for a time, and he effected an exchange into the 19th Princess of Wales Regiment and returned to

health though failed him, and he was compelled to go back to England, where he died in 1867. Clery was a man of reckless, impetuous courage, and of kind and generous nature. He was one whom troops would follow with the greatest alacrity and devotion, and few officers ever served in the 100th Regiment who commanded such thorough affection from all ranks.

Captain Henry George Browne became major in the 100th Regiment after about eight years' service therein, having done duty with it in England until 1859; in Gibraltar, from May, 1859, until June, 1860. He then returned to England, and was in command of the depot at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, until the autumn of 1862, when he once more joined the service companies in Gibraltar. Shortly after rejoining the headquarters, Captain Browne was presented by Lieutenant-General Sir Wm. Codrington, G.C.B., the Governor of and Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Gibraltar, in the presence of the entire garrison assembled on parade, with the Victoria Cross, awarded him for his bravery during the Indian Mutiny, in rescuing two guns under a heavy fire from the mutinous Sepoys. Captain Browne afterwards served in Malta, and subsequently in Canada with the 100th



COLONEL SAMUEL PETERS JARVIS (FATHER).

England. He attained the rank of major-general, and is now on the retired list. General Cook was a man of great kindness of heart, and was generally popular with both officers and men.

Captain Clery served in the Royal Canadians in command of a company until 1866, when he was promoted to a majority. In 1866 he came with the 100th from Malta to Quebec. His

Regiment, doing excellent service whilst in the Dominion during the Fenian troubles. He retired about 1869 with the rank of colonel. He now lives in retirement in England, but retains the pleasantest recollections of his service here, and in his declining years delights to meet with and hear from those who served with him or under him in the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Once more to return to the days of the Mutiny, and to Canadians who played a prominent part in suppressing the revolt. Among these were two officers, both bearing well-known names in Canada, both born in Toronto, both educated at Upper Canada College, and both of whom were sons of veterans of the war of 1812. They were Samuel Peters Jarvis and Charles Walker Robinson.

COLONEL JARVIS.

The first of these was the son of Colonel Samuel Peters Jarvis, who served as a subaltern and captain throughout the whole of the war of 1812, was present at the capture of Detroit, at Queenston Heights, at Stony Creek and at Lundy's Lane.

The son was born in Toronto in 1820. He received his first commission as ensign in the Royal Canadian Rifles, was shortly afterwards transferred into the 82nd Foot, and obtained his lieutenancy in that regiment January, 1847. In July, 1881, he retired from the service with the rank of major-general. General Jarvis had not only a long but an extremely honourable military career. He served throughout the Indian Mutiny, and was present at the relief of Lucknow by Lord Clyde, in November, 1857. For his services during the Indian Mutiny he received the brevet rank of major and the medal with the clasp given for that campaign. Returning to England after the insurrection in India was quelled, Major Jarvis, as he then was, became, in 1860, adjutant of the Staff College of Sandhurst, which post he filled until 1866, when he was ordered for service in Canada. On reaching this country, he was appointed A.A.G. of militia under General

MacDougall, then commanding the forces in Canada. For three years he held this post, and then he received the appointment of D.A.G., in command of Military District No. 3 in Canada.

On the breaking out of the Riel insurrection in 1870, Colonel Jarvis, as he had become, was appointed to the command of the provisional battalion that was raised for the purpose



GENERAL SAMUEL PETERS JARVIS (SON).

of suppressing the troubles in the Red River. After the Red River disturbances came to an end, Colonel Jarvis was for some time commandant of the Northwest Territories, his headquarters being at Fort Garry, the famed Hudson's Bay post, now the modern city of Winnipeg. For his services during the Northwest troubles, Colonel Jarvis was, in 1870, created a C.M.G. He has received

the medal, which, after an interval of twenty-eight years, has been granted to the survivors of that expedition.

Col. Jarvis, from February, 1878, until May, 1880, was on special service in South Africa, receiving the medal and clasp. In May, 1880, he was appointed Commandant-General of the Colonial Force at the Cape.

The other Canadian mentioned, Charles Walker Robinson, was the youngest son of the late Sir John Beverley Robinson, Bart., of Toronto, where he was born in 1836. After leaving Trinity University in 1857,



COLONEL HENRY GEORGE BROWNE, V.C.

young Robinson was gazetted Second Lieutenant of the P.C.O.R.B. This commission was conferred upon the recipient partly from a desire by Her Majesty to acknowledge the aid rendered by Canada West to the Patriotic Fund in the Crimean War, and partly also to recognize the valuable public services of the father of the recipient.

Scarcely had Charles Robinson received his commission when he was serving with the regiment in India during the Mutiny, and at its close he received the medal with clasp for Central India. Not until 1873 was it that Robinson

again had the opportunity of seeing active service when he had obtained the rank of Captain. The Ashanti War, waged against King Koffee Kalkali, occurred in 1873, and Robinson was chosen as one of the officers by Sir Garnet Wolseley.

He acquitted himself with great distinction, and at the close of the brief campaign, which, though, included the battles of Amoaful and Cordahu, besides the capture of Coomassie, the king's stronghold, received the brevet rank of major, the medal and clasp, and had also enjoyed the honour of being mentioned in despatches. His subsequent rise was rapid, as he received the rank of lieutenant-colonel for his services in the Zulu war of 1879, when he was at the battle of Ulundi and again was mentioned in despatches, also receiving the medal and clasp. He became colonel in 1885 and major-general in 1892, when he assumed command of the troops in the Mauritius. General Robinson was subsequently appointed, in 1895, Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

General Robinson has found time to write on the Franco-German war of 1870-71 a volume of great interest to historical and military readers. General Robinson was created C.B. in 1887, and enjoys a distinguished service pension. Canada is justly proud of him as one of her sons, one who has done honour to his country and his Sovereign.

Another "soldier of the Queen" is Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Edward Colborne Jarvis, late of H.M. 69th Regiment. Colonel Jarvis was born in Toronto in 1842, being a son of the late Sheriff William B. Jarvis. He entered the army as ensign in the 100th Regiment in 1859. He was transferred into the 69th Regiment early in 1860, and served therein until 1882.

During his twenty-three years in the army Colonel Jarvis saw a great deal of active service. He served with the Red Cross Ambulance Corps in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, and on the conclusion of peace was by the French Government awarded one of the only two gold crosses made. Colonel Jarvis served throughout the whole

of the Afghan war of 1879-80, and accompanied Sir Frederick S. Roberts, now Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, on his famous march from Kabul to Kandahar. During this campaign Captain Jarvis (so he was then) was mentioned no less than three times in despatches and received the brevet rank of major in recognition of his devotion to duty. He retired from the army in 1882 with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

COLONEL DAVIDSON.

In conclusion it will not be out of place to mention two other Canadians who, though seeing but little active service, have nevertheless honourably acquitted themselves in the zealous performance of their duties in the Queen's service. The first of these is Colonel Henry Edward Davidson, late of H.M. 19th Regiment. Colonel Davidson was born in Quebec in 1838, and his mother, who was left a widow shortly after the birth of the subject of this sketch and subsequently married the late Very Reverend Dean Geddes of Hamilton, still resides in Toronto. Young Davidson was educated in Hamilton and in England, and entered the 100th Regiment as ensign on its formation in 1858. He served with that corps for nearly twenty years, going with it to Gibraltar, Malta, twice to Canada and to different parts of the United Kingdom. Having attained the rank of major, he exchanged into the 19th Regiment in the latter part of 1877, and subsequently commanded that famous fighting corps. Later, on the completion of his period of command, he was appointed to the command of the 19th Regimental District in Yorkshire, England, and in 1893

was placed upon half pay. Owing to the "age limit" Colonel Davidson retired from active service in 1895, and now resides permanently in England.

COLONEL ROLPH.

The last Canadian officer that can be mentioned in any detail in this series of sketches is Colonel William Mogg



COLONEL W. M. ROLPH.

Rolph, the third son of the late George Rolph of Dundas, Ontario, who served with distinction in the war of 1812. Young Rolph was born in Dundas in 1842, and received his early education at Ancaster, Ontario. Afterwards he was sent to Cheltenham College (Eng.), and to the R.M.C., Sandhurst, receiving his first commission as an ensign

in the 17th Regiment in 1861. With the exception of the Fenian Raid in Canada in 1860 no other opportunity was ever afforded Colonel Rolph of going into action, though he served with his battalion in the West Indies, twice in Canada and for a long period in India. He commanded his corps from 1890 until 1894, during which period he brought it to the very highest point of efficiency. He has only re-

cently retired from the service, having left a record for zeal and activity.

It would be possible to add many more names to this already long list of notable Canadian soldiers, but space forbids. Nevertheless enough has been said to show that Canadians have not been backward in patriotism or in their readiness to do their duty as soldiers, either in peace or war.

THE END.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. XII.—SENATOR GEORGE A. COX.

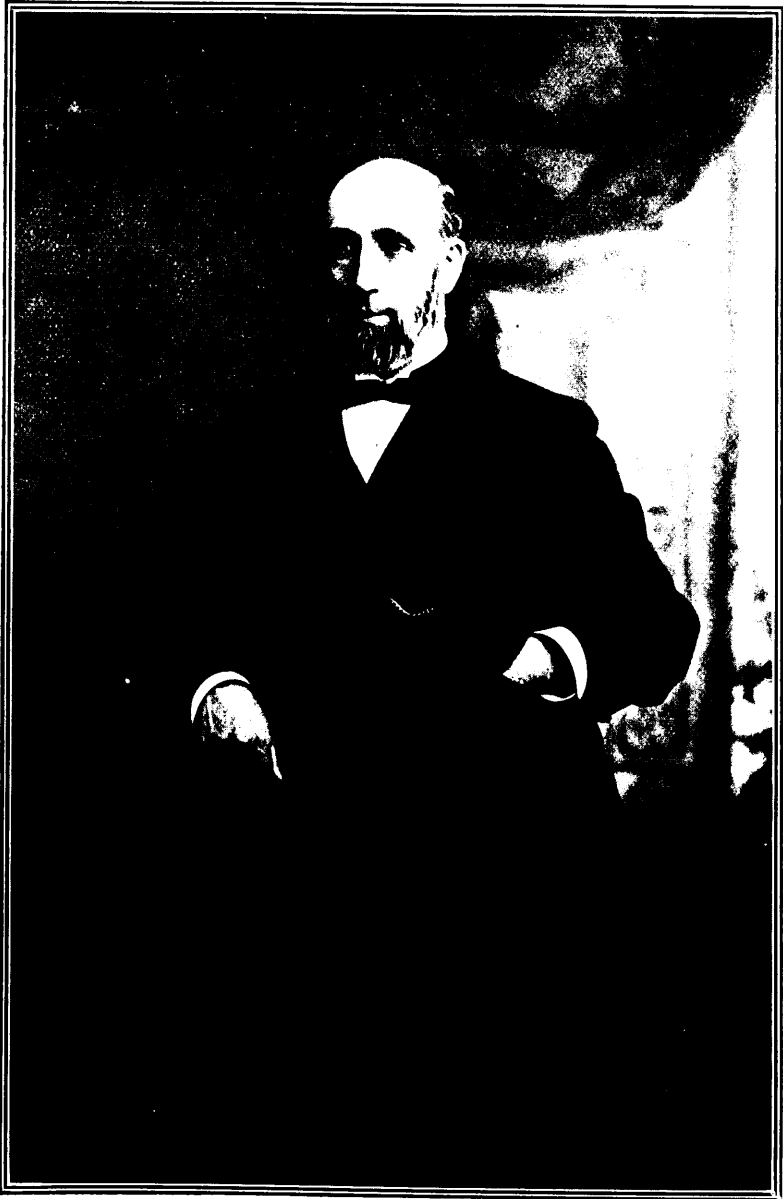
ONE of the most encouraging things in the history of this young country is the record of her sons, who from small things have risen to positions of eminence. It is more than a matter of interest—it is an inspiration to trace the careers of those lion-hearted men who demand of fortune that measure of success which is their birthright. Locality and circumstance have little to do with the shaping of their destinies. They create their own environment, taking no note of obstacles seemingly insurmountable, and through sheer force of will command fate to minister to their wants and bring to pass those events which lead up to the crowning point in their lives.

Senator George A. Cox occupies what is perhaps the most prominent position in the insurance and financial world of Canada to-day. It is not alone his personal success which commands attention, but the value of his services to the country at large; for whether it be in the founding of a great corporation in Ontario, the opening up of the coal fields of the Northwest, or the development of the iron industries of Nova Scotia, his work has ever been constructive, and the prosperity that has come to him has been shared by the community. It

is such men, whose welfare is bound up in the development of the country and its resources, who are of inestimable value to it.

George Albertus Cox was born in the little village of Colborne, Ont., on the 7th of May, 1840. After receiving such education as was available in those early days, he became, at the age of sixteen, an operator for the Montreal Telegraph Company in his native village. So thoroughly did he perform the duties entrusted to him, and so many proofs did he show of his fitness to occupy a position of responsibility, that two years later he was appointed agent for the company in Peterboro'. Here for thirty years he labored with tireless energy. Prosperity came to him, and through him in large measure to the town, for his name is indissolubly connected with many of its affairs.

Shortly after his appointment by the Telegraph Company he added an Express agency to his business, and a little later he became the local representative of the Canada Life Assurance Company and of the Western Assurance Company. He took a great interest in municipal and educational matters, and for seven years was Mayor of the thriving town—four



PHOTOGRAPH BY COCHRANE, HAMILTON.

SENATOR GEORGE A. COX.

times by acclamation and three times by election. His energies, however, were not confined within municipal bounds, and in 1871 he was selected as the Liberal standard-bearer in the Dominion election for the Conservative county of West Peterboro'.

In 1878 Mr. Cox became president

of the Midland Railway of Canada at the request of the creditors of the Company, which at that time was in financial difficulties, the road being out of order and the line incomplete. During the five years of his presidency the road was completed and relaid with steel, elevators were erected at

each terminus, new rolling stock was provided, and in all respects it was placed in a first class condition. Four other railways, which were to some extent serving the same territory, were taken over by the Midland, and the consolidated system was later on sold to the Grand Trunk Railway. When Mr. Cox assumed the management of the Midland the stock was selling at seventeen cents on the dollar, but he so improved the property that when it was turned over to the Grand Trunk its securities were worth more than par. This sale was, up to that time, the most important financial event in Mr. Cox's career, and its success was the foundation of his fortune.

In 1884 he founded the Central Canada Loan and Savings Company, becoming its first president, which office he still retains. A man who devotes his thoughts and energies to large undertakings must expand. His mind becomes broader and his mental perspective more extensive. As time went by Mr. Cox felt these changes within him, and, yielding to their influence, he moved in 1888 to Toronto, where a larger field awaited his increasing powers.

In this year he was elected vice-president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, of which he had for two years been a director, and in 1890 he became its president.

His experience in insurance matters won for him in 1892 a place on the board of directors of the Canada Life Assurance Company. Prior to his removal to Toronto he had become a director of the Western Assurance Company, and in 1894 he

succeeded to the presidency of that company.

In addition to these institutions, Mr. Cox has from time to time been identified with various successful enterprises, and recently, with several other Canadian financiers, he took an interest in the formation of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company of Nova Scotia.

The Dominion Government in 1896 appointed Mr. Cox a member of the Dominion Senate. This recognition of his character, his business ability, and his knowledge of the intricacies of finance, was received with considerable approval. It is notable that the congratulations on his appointment received from political opponents were as hearty as those from members of his own party.

The past year has been a very eventful one in the history of Senator Cox. For forty years the one great interest nearest his heart has been the welfare of the Canada Life Assurance Company, and on the presidency becoming vacant at the end of the year, he was invited by the directors to the highest honour in their gift. This

graceful and fitting tribute to his valued services may be considered the crowning event of his business career.

While Senator Cox has been so superlatively a man of affairs, he has yet been able to devote much time to religious, educational and benevolent work. The Methodist church, of which he is a member, has benefited largely by his wise counsel, as well as by his substantial aid, more especially of late in connection with that great movement, the Nineteenth Century Fund. He is a regent of Victoria



PHOTOGRAPH BY LITTLE, PETERBOROUGH.

SENATOR COX AT TWENTY-ONE.

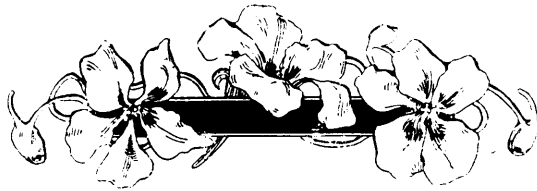
University, as well as one of its bursars, and for several years he has been president of the Ontario Ladies' College of Whitby, one of the leading seminaries of the Dominion.

He has always been a temperance man in the truest sense, and while setting a high standard for himself, being in fact a total abstainer, he seeks by example rather than precept to instil into the army of workers about him those habits that have contributed so largely to his success.

The life of Senator Cox has been singularly free from those exciting episodes which mark the career of many men who acquire wealth. There has been no wild speculation, no alternation of exultant triumph and bitter disappointment; his life has flowed so serenely on from one great enterprise to another, that it would almost seem that his successes just happened, could

one forget that mighty force beneath the surface—the iron will of a strong man.

If the question were asked, what are the qualities which enable a man to so far outstrip his fellows?—the reply would probably be, a knowledge of men; the power of reading them almost at a glance, and of assigning them to that station for which they are best fitted. While this great gift, possessed only by the very few, is an important element, one must look deeper for those basic qualities without which true success is impossible. Integrity, absolute and unswerving, and an unlimited capacity for hard work—these are the qualities, combined with business ability and sagacity of the highest order, which have enabled Senator Cox to reach the eminent position he occupies to-day.

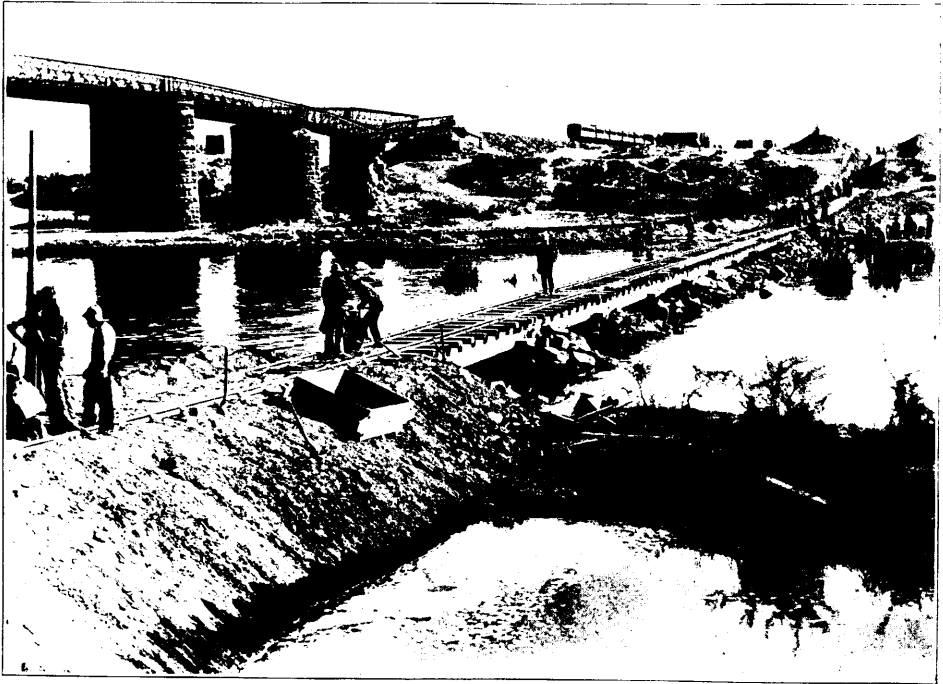


IF I WERE A ROSE.

IF I were a rose—
 And my lady sweet
 Were to crush me to death
 Beneath her feet—
 With my dying breath
 I would not repine,
 But an incense, meet
 For my lady's shrine,
 I would e'en exhale
 For my lady sweet,
 Till life should fail,
 As I lay at her feet.

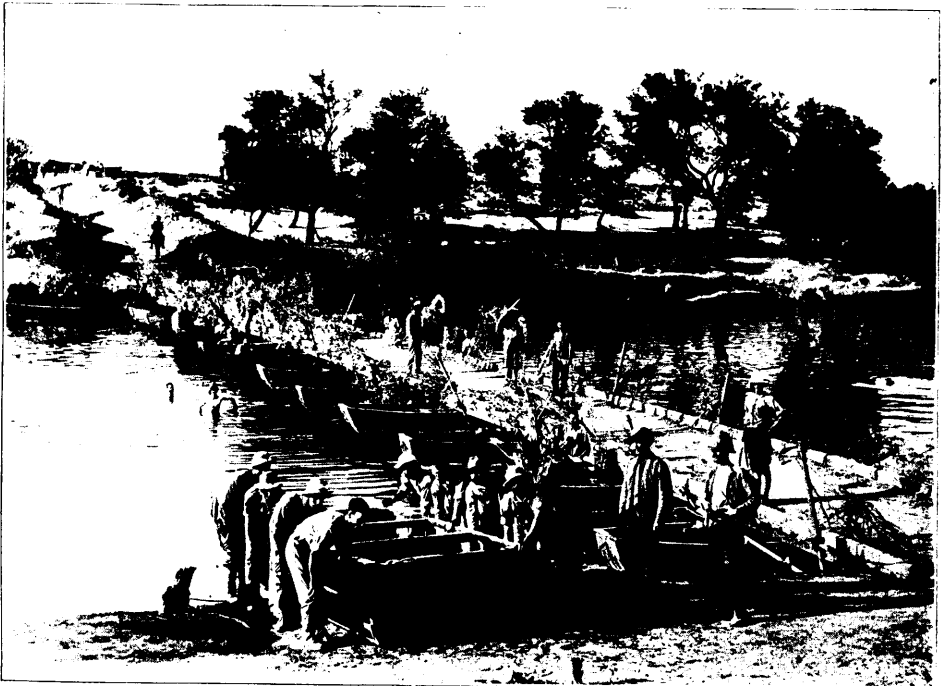
E. D. A.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES.



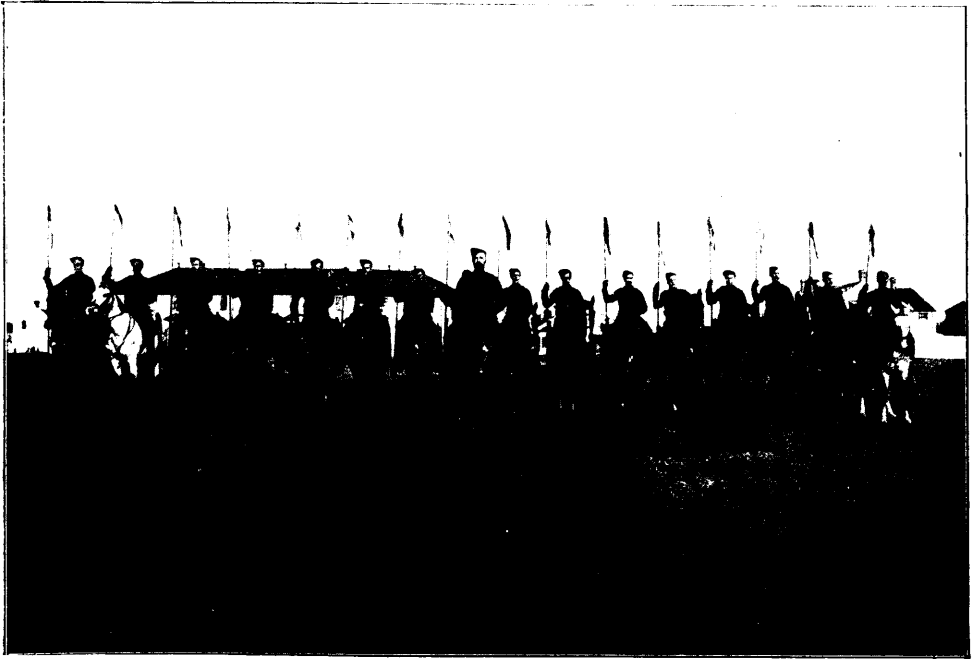
MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 15.—THE MODDER RIVER RAILWAY BRIDGE, DAMAGED BY THE BOERS, AND THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE BUILT BY THE BRITISH ENGINEERS.

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 16.—A PONTOON BRIDGE BUILT OVER THE MODDER RIVER BY THE BRITISH.

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MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 17.—ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS—MOUNTED PARADE AT WINNIPEG.



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEELE & CO.

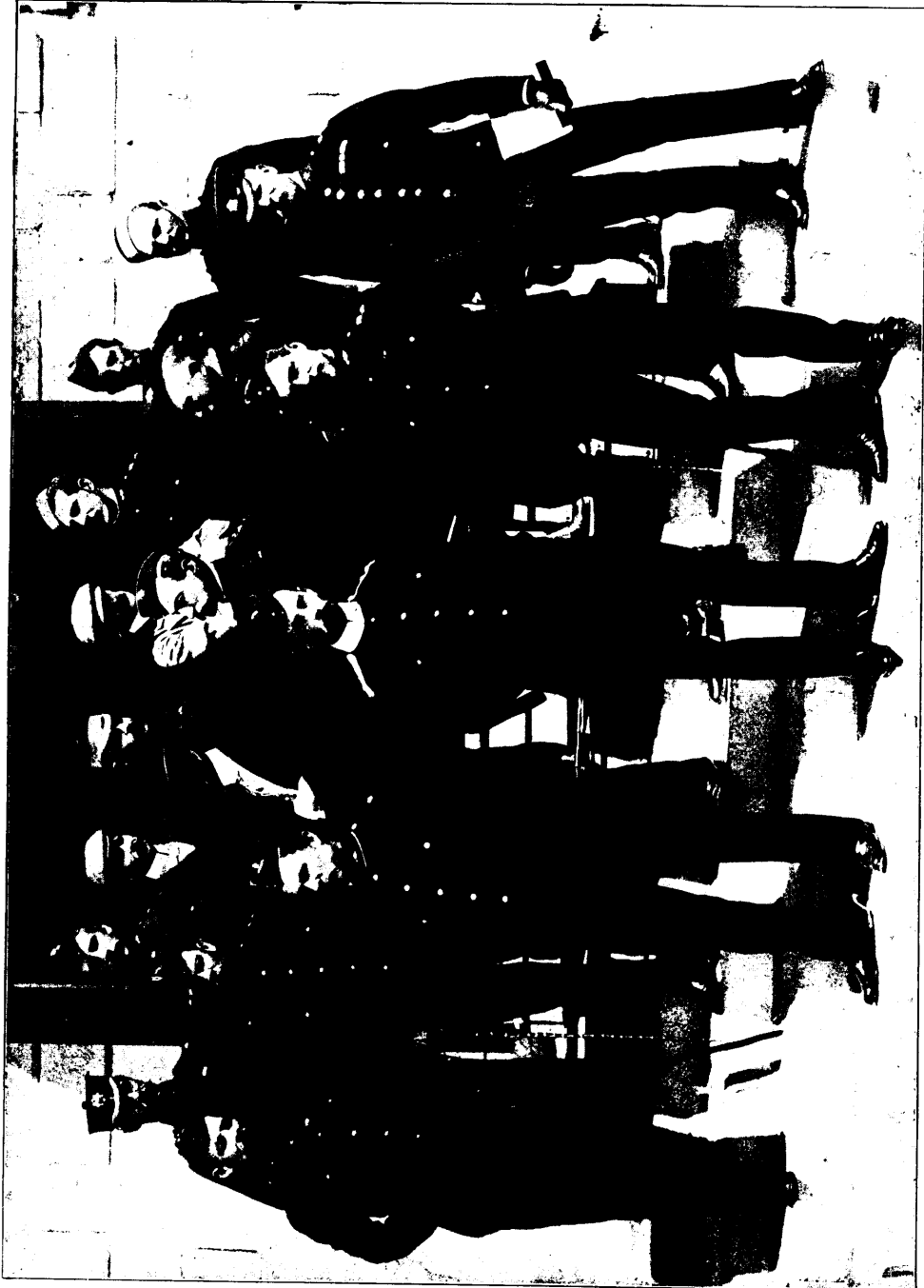
MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 18.—ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS—IN CAMP NEAR WINNIPEG.

Major Denison,

Major Pellettier,

Capt. Panet,

Major MacDougall, Lieut.-Col. Lessard



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON, KINGSTON.

Major Cartwright,

Lieut.-Col. Gordon,

Major Weekes,

Col. Foster,

Col. Kitson,

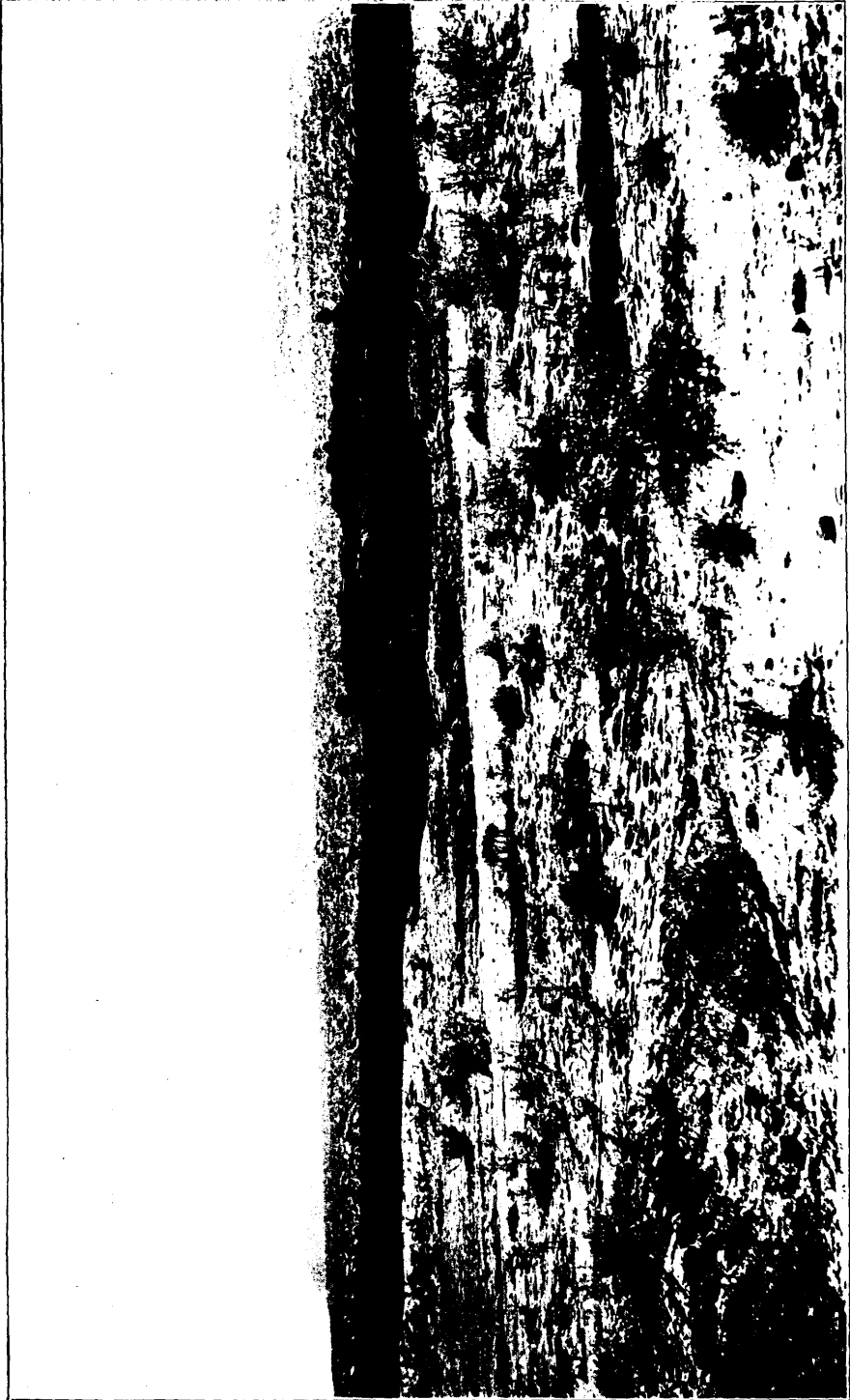
Lieut.-Col. Buchan,
Major Straubenzie,

Capt. Winters,

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 19.—A FAMOUS GROUP ON STEPS OF ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.



MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 20.—OFFICERS OF QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA (2ND BATT'N.)—NIAGARA CAMP, JULY 1ST, 1899.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

MILITARY PICTURE SERIES NO. 21. THE BATTLEFIELD AT BELMONT, SHOWING TRENCHES BUILT BY THE CANADIANS.

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THE LADY GWENDOLEN EPISODE.*

By Robert Barr.

THE Earl of Stobcross was O! so haughty. He was also proud, and went about with his chin in the air. Earls cannot always be recognized by the altitude of their chins. An American visitor to England once expressed his regret to me that the notables of the British Isles did not go round with large printed labels on their backs, telling who they were, so that a stranger would not be compelled to follow the example of Theodore Hook, who, meeting a distinguished-looking man on the Strand, went up to him and inquired if he was anybody in particular. The American plaintively said, when I remarked that the nobility might object to being labelled, that it would merely be reverting to an old custom, which had been allowed to fall into disuse. In ancient times the swells carried their labels on their shields, drawing pictures thereon, because, as a general rule, they were not able to write. Then, when you met a knight out in London, all you had to do was to consult your illustrated catalogue of the titled families, for the year 1492, for instance, and you spotted your man at once, and knew whether it was better to take to a side street or not. As a rule, if you had any valuables about you it was safer to make a hasty move elsewhere. He suggested that if the House of Lords would consent to wear large numerals on their manly bosoms, and if some publisher would issue a numbered catalogue for sixpence, to be sold at all respectable bookstalls, the arrangement would be a great convenience to the tourist. I said that if the tourist would merely take the trouble to study trigonometry a little he would have no trouble.

A plain knight wears his chin at a

certain angle, easily ascertainable by a man who mixes in good society; a baronet holds his three degrees higher; an earl five degrees higher than the baronet; a duke is again ever so much more elevated than an earl, and thus comes our phrase, "As drunk (i.e. as elevated) as a lord." My American friend thanked me cordially for my information, and getting some further instructions on angles, acute and obtuse, he went forth on the streets to test his newly-acquired knowledge, all of which brings me back to where I started, that the Earl of Stobcross held his chin so high in the air that his nose pointed straight up to the zenith. Captious readers may say, "How then could a duke hold his head higher?" To explain the matter I must refer to the history of the Earl. Whilst most of our duke's ancestors came over with William the Conqueror, the first Earl of Stobcross was dropped off on these islands by Noah as the ark was passing the peak of Skiddaw. The archives in Stobcross castle inform us that, although Noah booked the first Earl for the entire voyage, the ancient mariner could not put up with the Earl's pretensions, who insisted on sitting at the head of the table, while Noah held that this chair was the captain's place. His lordship grumbled so much about the food, and complained so bitterly that there was no smoking room on the boat, that Noah was glad to get rid of him, and when the marooned Earl threatened him for breach of contract, Noah replied that he had his remedy at the law courts. When the waters subsided the Earl went down the hill and seized all the land he could get his hands (or feet) on, and so founded Stobcross manor. He brought suit against Noah, but the latter had

* Published in Canada by special arrangement.

sailed out of the jurisdiction of the courts. The monk who wrote the Stobcross chronicles ventures a small pun at this point, spelling the word "Jew-ris-diction," and explaining thus the anti-Semitic attitude of the Stobcross family. Whether the first Earl hated the Jews or not, the 17th Earl had a great liking for them, mortgaged the manor to them and blew in the money resulting therefrom with neatness and despatch. Having nothing else to blow in, he blew out his—well, the coroner's jury said it was his brains, but those who knew the 17th Earl maintained that he had none, so there is an historical discrepancy somewhere—probably in the Earl's head.

Be that as it may, the Stobcross family has been poor and mortgaged up to the hilt ever since, but their pride never lessened in the slightest degree, which brings this biographical resume to the middle of the week before last and to Archibald, forty-third Earl of Stobcross, and his only daughter, the Lady Gwendolen.

Difficult as it would be for us to learn to love the forty-third Earl of Stobcross, even if I were content to veil the truth and say he was an amiable man, which I steadfastly refuse to do, the case of the Lady Gwendolen calls forth our deepest sympathy. The Earl being poor, the neighbouring nobles would not look at her, but were all over in the United States with lists of railway owners and pork millionaires in their pockets, seeking the eligible daughters thereof. The Earl being proud, Lady Gwendolen was not allowed to receive the addresses of any of the rich tradesmen's sons in the neighbourhood, even though the Earl's grocery bills had not been paid for years and years. Now, if this were a play, instead of a plain statement of actual fact, I would have the truculent butcher of the neighbourhood demand the hand of Gwendolen for his son or the instant liquidation of the meat bill. This would go well on the stage, and I can hear the deep beefy tones of the butcher threatening to put the cringing nobleman into the county court and

the bailiffs into Stobcross castle, finishing up with a peroration which would capture the gallery to the effect that :

A hundred unpaid mutton legs
Are worth a thousand coats of arms.

However, none of these things were thought of, and never are, except on the boards. The neighbouring tradesmen did not bother about unpaid bills, but pointed with pride to the fact that the Earl refused to deal with the co-operative stores, which was indeed true, for the stores heartlessly require cash down.

In these circumstances the life of Lady Gwendolen was not an enviable one, and so she took to bicycling. She got a machine on the instalment plan, and when the instalments went for long unliquidated, and the agent sorrowfully took the wheel away for non-payment, as was agreed, the Lady Gwendolen got another somewhere else, the maker printing in his catalogue, "Patronized by the Earl of Stobcross, and others of the nobility." Great are the blessings of the credit system when you know how to work it.

At first she cycled on the smooth roads of the home park, round Stobcross castle; then, as she became more expert, she took to the delightfully leafy lanes of the country, and, of course, when she was seven and a half miles from home, she punctured the tire of the hind wheel, and sat disconsolate on a mossy bank, not knowing what to do with it. There was a repair kit along, but she knew nothing of its use, thinking it had been put there to balance the wheel, or something of that sort.

At this juncture—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say at this puncture—there happened along a nice young man, who also rode a wheel. He sprang off on seeing a maiden in distress, and asked politely if he could be of any assistance. He could, and he was. The girl sat there, and admired his deft handling of a tire that had unexpectedly gone as limp as a rag.

"There," said the young man cheerfully, "it is all right now, my lady."

"O, you know who I am," said the girl flushing slightly.

"Yes, my lady, but as it is not likely that you recognize me, may I have the pleasure of introducing myself?"

(These board schools in England do enable a young man to express himself beautifully. Pretty soon there will be no more dialect stories written, for which mercy let us be truly thankful!)

"I should be pleased to have you do so," replied Lady Gwendolen with dignity, "that I may know to whom I am under obligations."

"There is no obligation my lady; it was a delight to serve you. I am John A. Biggs, son of the blacksmith in Podbury-Gosset, the village under the shadow of Stobcross castle, as one might say, although it is five miles away. We do cycle repairing, and if anything ever goes wrong with your wheel, we will put it right as cheaply as any other reliable house in the trade."

"Cheapness has no attraction for my father," said Lady Gwendolen with some of the hauteur of the gentleman she had mentioned, "we have never been in the habit of haggling about price."

The young man bowed and was silent. He was well aware of the Earl's financial principles.

The two rode together along the lane toward the castle, and chatted in the most amiable manner of the various merits of different machines, and when they parted at last, the girl impulsively held out her hand and if he kept it in his own a little longer than was strictly necessary, who shall blame him? Not I, for one; I've done it myself. He made bold to ask her if she accustomed to cycle often in that lane, and she answered in a low voice that she was.

But what is the use of my dwelling on these details. I know the reader has already fathomed my shallow plot. There is only one story to write, and that has been written over and over and over again. Still I am encouraged

to proceed because I am dealing with fact and not with fiction. This is a plain, unenamelled record of actual events (all except the Noah story, which I am not responsible for; the monk wrote that), and as long as I stick rigidly to the truth, I don't see how I can be found fault with. If I were writing fiction I would call the young man Reginald Trevour instead of John A. Biggs. I don't see much romance about the name of Biggs myself, although he was a fine, stalwart, young fellow, deeply read in clippings stolen from the comic papers and consequently possessing such a vast fund of information that it was an education in itself for any lady in the land to talk with him. But the reader who thinks everything is going smoothly from now on, is much mistaken. Neither of the young people gave a thought to the proud Earl, who paced the battlements with his chin in the air. The wily reader who keeps his eye on that haughty Earl, will run the best chance of gaining the guinea prize offered for a solution of the "Stobcross Mystery."

The two young people met often in that leafy lane and talked most absorbingly of . . . let us say of bicycles and the component parts thereof. And the arrogant Earl kept his nose so perpendicular that he saw nothing of what was passing under his chin, as one might remark. But was there none to enlighten him? Reader, you have guessed it. No account of a grim castle can be written without taking account of the surly servitor—the menial whose forefathers have faithfully slaved and spied for the baronial house with which they have been connected all through the centuries. Novelists should subscribe for a testimonial to the rancorous retainer; he is a boon and a blessing to them.

Peter Trevellick, the crabbed man-of-all work about the castle, had a suspicion of what was going forward and he stealthily watched the young pair. For a long time he was baffled because he was seventy-six years old and no sprinter on the cycle, and as most of their conferences took place in the

aforementioned leafy lane, on their wheels, espionage was not without its difficulties. But so eager were the twain to meet that on several occasions when the Earl was from home, the blacksmith's son had the temerity to call on Lady Gwendolen at the castle, and it was only too evident that the girl was most eager to see him. Trevellick, the better to further his sinister purpose, fawned on the young man, and pretended to be his friend, actually winning his confidence.

Ah, Youth! Youth! When will you learn discretion? Haven't you read enough dime novels to know that crawling servitors are ever to be distrusted? Subscribe for the *Family Story Paper*, learn of their ways and be wise.

At last the young man gave Trevellick a note to take to Lady Gwendolen. It was to be slipped into her hand secretly, and Peter was to choose his opportunity, which he promised to do. John A. gave him a shilling, which the old man bit, to test its quality, when the donor's back was turned; then he rubbed his withered hands one over the other, and chuckled, after the manner of villains on the melo-dramatic stage. He steamed open the note and read it. It was without address or signature and ran as follows:

"I have everything arranged, and I think there will be no fear of discovery. If you can get away without creating suspicion, meet me in the old arbour to-night at nine and I will tell you all."

Resealing the letter, Trevellick handed it to the lady, and watched her furtively while she read. She was visibly agitated by its contents, the colour coming and going swiftly on her fair cheeks.

Need I state that when young Biggs met the Lady Gwendolen in the summer house, old Trevellick was listening outside? I think not, yet fearing there may be any misapprehension, I will state it and add that he had his ear at a knot-hole. He heard every palpitating word, for the two having no suspicion did not speak in whispers. Little do young people know of the meanness of this world! If we were not confi-

dent that everything would turn out all right at last, and that the villain would be overthrown, we could not bear to read stories of their simple innocence. This is what the lurking eavesdropper heard:

"Don't you think we might try it on a tandem?" asked Lady Gwendolen sweetly.

"No, no," said young Biggs eagerly, "I think we should have two bicycles. Then in case of pursuit we could go down different roads and thus bewilder those who follow. We could meet at the market cross in Puddlebury and go together to the place of appointment."

"Yes, I suppose that would be the better plan," sighed the girl, "although I dislike riding alone in the dark."

"I don't suppose it will be necessary for us to separate on the road; I am merely speaking of what had best be done should our plans be discovered, a most unlikely eventuality, for your father has not the slightest suspicion and may not miss you until it is too late for him to do anything."

Old Peter chuckled offensively and silently as he heard this.

"Wouldn't it have been better to have gone to your village, which is only five miles away, than to Puddlebury, which is twenty?"

"They are such gossips in our village that I dare not risk it. If we were seen together the news would be all over the country in half an hour, and your father would be sure to hear of it. At Puddlebury no one knows us, and the moment the ceremony is over we can snap our fingers at the whole world. I have witnesses ready, and there will be no delay."

"How thoughtful you are! Will it take long, once we reach there?"

"Only a few minutes."

"And to think that an action fraught with such consequences—an action which changes the whole course of two human lives, occupies but a few minutes! I can hardly believe that we are so near to the realization of our fondest hopes. When shall I meet you?"

"I shall be in the lane with two bi-



"I will be in the lane at three hours after midnight with two bicycles."

cycles at three hours after midnight. The lighted lamps will guide you. We will ride slowly unless there is pursuit, and should reach Puddlebury about daylight. I hope you will have no difficulty in getting away from the castle unseen."

"There will be no trouble about that. At three o'clock, then."

Thus they parted, and Gwendolen sought her own room. Had she any qualms about leaving it thus surreptitiously? I'm sure I don't know. I am compelled to keep strictly to the facts within my own cognizance.

I am, however, delighted to be able to state that here the villain met his first difficulty. Up to date everything has been going his way, and if that kept on to the end there would be little use in writing this narrative. The proud Earl was not at home. The county court was in session that week at Seradlington, ten miles westward

from the castle, while Puddlebury was twenty miles to the east, and the Earl always attended the county court, being usually summoned to do so. He was a punctilious observer of the laws of his country, and never flouted a writ. Old Peter, therefore, had his work cut out for him. He mounted a horse and galloped for the Earl. Trevellick did not shine as a horseman, and the only horse at his disposal was not of racing stock, having been more accustomed to the plough than to the hunting-field. It was long after midnight when Peter reached the county town, and then there was much delay in finding his lordship and in convincing him that his daughter had actually eloped with the son of a blacksmith. No Stobcross since the days of Noah had ever so demeaned herself, the Earl maintained. He saw that if this were indeed true he could not in future keep his chin so high in the air, and as he had become

accustomed to it in that position, he hated to change. At last, however, he rode grumblingly to his castle, and arrived there about daylight, fully expecting to find Gwendolen in her room, and then he told himself he would make it lively for Old Peter, who had thus unnecessarily disturbed his rest.

Sure enough the castle was empty! The bird had flown! Madly the Earl galloped to Puddlebury. He called first, raging, on the established clergyman of the place, but found that placid old gentleman had married no one for weeks. Then crashing on the perturbed nobleman's distracted brain came the thought that the blacksmith's son was sure to be a dissenter, and had doubtless been married by one of the numerous ministers of that faith. He visited in turn all the reverend gentlemen in Puddlebury, but without hearing of the fugitives. There was now left only the registrar.

The Earl called upon the registrar in a towering rage.

"I am the Earl of Stobcross and I have come—"

"O, yes, my lord. About the little affair I was honoured in carrying out for your daughter, Lady Gwendolen. Quite so, quite so. I am delighted to be able to assure your lordship that there was not a hitch in the proceedings and everything went off exactly as arranged, and I am sure I most heartily congratulate your lordship," said the official, volubly.

"Congratulate!!! On a blacksmith's son! You—you—"

The haughty Earl became inarticulate with anger. The registrar went on suavely:

"A blacksmith's son certainly, and I doubt if she could have had a better partner. She had the ideas, and he had the mechanical ability. Experts say that the bicycle saddle they have invented is just the thing that the public have long been waiting for, and waiting for in vain. I do a little business in a financial way, and the young man was good enough to intrust the arrangements to me. I succeeded in interesting the great company promo-

ter, Gillooley, in the invention after we had secured the patents all over the world for it, and this morning the contracts were signed. The young man is to be made managing director of the company at a large salary when the saddle is put on the public."

"I—I—really don't know what you are talking about," stammered the Earl. "The saddle on the public? I thought you said it was to be put on a bicycle."

"Quite so, quite so. Gillooley has paid your daughter £500,000 cash, less my little commission, and he intends to pass it on to the public for two millions. And he'll do it, too."

"Then you—you—have married nobody recently, I take it," gasped the Earl.

"Not likely! There is too much money in the cycle business for me to bother about marrying people. I send them off to a neighbouring minister."

"Will you excuse me if I bid you good morning?" stammered his lordship.

"Delighted to have you do so," replied the registrar.

The particulars of the Gwendolen saddle was printed in most of the leading English papers as reading matter, but paid for as an advertisement by the talented Gillooley, and swallowed as real news by a gullible public, who subscribed the capital of the new company five times over. The information was cabled to America, and in the New York papers Lord de Benture Barbarrybush read that Lady Gwendolen, only daughter of the Earl of Stobcross, had become possessed of \$2,500,000. As his lordship was at that moment in negotiation with a stockbroker, who would only give \$1,000,000 with his girl, and that largely conditional on the success of the wheat corner, Lord de Benture immediately sailed for home, and told Gwendolen that he had been in America merely to learn the best route to Klondike, which was quite true. He found what he sought by marrying Gwendolen at the parish church.

OLD ESTHER'S EASTER BONNET.

By Elmina Atkinson (Madge Merton).

THE snow lingered long that year. There were patches of it in the dooryards of the houses, and it lay along the fences of the quiet fields beyond the little town. The air, too, was keen for Easter-time. The sunshine cheered only the heart and let the wind sharpen the faces and nip the finger-tips of those who dawdled on their way to market or gossiped too long from open doors. And a cold Easter has fallen into disrepute. It makes eggs dear, and it prevents the wearing of those gay things women call Easter bonnets.

Old Esther's patrons would one and all have declared that the poor old washerwoman had outlived her love of finery. To have seen her that night would have been a revelation to them. She had bought herself an Easter bonnet, and she was trying it on before a mirror. Esther was squat of figure, low-browed and a little lame, and it was with no small degree of physical weariness she stood erect before her mirror which was much disfigured by pock-marks of damp and marred by a glistening diagonal crack. But this was a grand occasion, for never before in all her sixty-seven years had Esther bought herself a bonnet. They had been given to her in her younger days, but of late woollen hoods had been her only headgear. It was generally supposed that she preferred the hoods because they were warmer and so much more suitable for an old woman who had a large bald spot on her head and earned her bread and paid her rent by washing five days a week for sixty cents a day. Wages were low in the village.

But Esther had been having her own dreams—as fantastic as the steamy wreaths which curled up from her well-boiled clothes—as rosy and as golden as the rainbow bubbles which spat themselves into foam and froth at

the edges of her tubs. Her dreams had been always of an Easter bonnet. At last she had bought it, and she had wanted it for twenty-two years.

Many a well-meant and much-needed gift had come to Esther, and though she was truly grateful for all the linsey gowns and flannel petticoats, the shoulder shawls, the warm mittens, the preserves, the papers of tea and even the woollen hoods, she could not refrain from telling the Lord when she prayed, that it was a pity some of the kind ladies did not know about the bonnet. But Esther's prayers were always whispered low, and no one ever listened, so the years passed by and never till this April had she been able to indulge her heart's sturdy, long-lived fancy for an Easter bonnet with flowers.

There came a tap at the door while she was leaning her head and turning her neck and rolling her eyes before the mirror, and she stumped across the strip of rag-carpet to admit her visitor.

"Come in, Miss Elspeth dear," she crooned, patting the velvet sleeve of the mantle the girl wore.

"Why, Esther, how gay you look!"

The old woman put her hand to her head with awkward haste. "It's me bunnit," she cried, "I'd forgotten I had it on. I just fetched it home from the store. I've been seein' if it become me,"—this last with a grand air of satisfaction.

The old creature was quaking with excitement. Her faded blue eyes were shining mistily, and there was a note of nerve-tension in her voice.

"You poor dear old soul," said Elspeth, "did you want a bonnet? Why didn't you tell me? I thought you liked the hoods best," and Elspeth's fingers closed more tightly about the mouth of her shopping bag.

Esther shook her head at the girl's

query, and went on smoothing the strings with a relish of their softness and richness, though her rough old fingers caught on and broke loose from the satin with snapping little noises.

"There wasn't so much doin' with Easter bonnets years ago," said Esther, "but in yer granma's family the young leddys always fixed up some at Easters, and they used to fix me too, bein' as I was at service there and they had such kind hearts. Then when yer ma was married and I went to live with her and you children came and the poor dear rector didn't have much to come and go on, with givin' to the poor and payin' his way, there wasn't so much to buy bonnets. But she was chipper, yer ma was, and she'd stick a flower in her bonnet and iron out the strings and look like an angel, she would. And she'd never forget my bunnit. It always had something done to it, and I'd go as smart as any of them. The Easter before she died, things was easier with yer pa, and she come home from the city with a lovely thing on her head—all purple with pansies and strings, oh that long," and Esther indicated a yard and a half of rag carpet. "She was took from us all, soon after, and whenever Easter came, and I hadn't no one to do me bunnit, I could see her all so plain when I shut my eyes, with the purple and the little pansies, and I made out I should get me one like it some day. One year I had saved two dollars and I went to the city and looked in all the windows but there was only one of the pansy kind and it was fifteen dollars. So I wore me hood as usual, and tried to swallow down the feelin' I had for bunnits. But I couldn't, Miss Elspeth, and I just went on savin' and savin,' and I'd got twelve dollars when I broke me leg. Then there was the hard times winter, and the spring John's Lizzie had the bronkeetus, and my rheumatiz-time, and I couldn't ever get enough ahead for a bunnit. Maybe it's wrong, but I've prayed and prayed for the Lord to take away my yearnin' for a worldly bunnit—prayed real earnest too—and got myself decided to let it go willing, if so be that He took it

out of me heart. And then after I'd wrestled and prayed, I'd go to sleep and dream of whole choirs of angels all wearing pansy bunnits and yer dear ma there too with her lovely one on, and it just matchin' her eyes.

"Last October had just come in and I was passing by Miss Pratt's, when there I saw a pansy bunnit a swingin' upon its little wire thing, for she'd just sot it in the window, and I went right in. She couldn't believe about me wanting a bunnit at first and then when she let me try it on, I could have cried because it didn't cover my bald spot. But she was good, she was, and said she'd keep it for Easter and put some more to it to make it bigger, and it was only six dollars, and I paid her four down and saved the rest up to now."

Elspeth had been listening eagerly, her face flushing and paling alternately. There was something uncanny about this simple old woman, with her child-like faith, her familiarity with the All-powerful and her angel-dreams.

She was sitting stiffly in her chair, her bent old shoulders rounding the dingy brown shawl she wore. Her cotton gown left her coarse shoes well in view. Her hands were lumpy at the knuckles. The fingers, twisted and seamed, had fallen into her lap, but still holding with a gentle caress the longest of the two purple strings. Her face was brightened with pleasure yet wistful, and as the silence grew around the room the wistfulness leaped from eyes to mouth until her lips twitched and her weak-like old nose sharpened and quivered at the nostrils.

Presently she broke the silence abruptly.

"And now that I've got me bunnit, I'm miserable. I feel as wasteful and wicked as I do satisfied, and I can't help thinking of Granny Sykes and her smoky stove. Did you know, Miss Elspeth, her stove smokes till her eyes are that sore they water all the time, and me a-sitting here with my pansy bunnit on me silly old head."

"If you'd only told me, Esther," was all the rector's daughter could

think to say. "I would have been so glad to get you one, but I didn't know."

"You couldn't, child. It's an on-natural thing of me to want it. But I tried to live it down—tried hard, I did, though what I'd have done without it I don't know. It's been such comp'ny just to have it to think of."

"Do you think, Miss Elspeth," she began again after a little, "that your ma would mind me wearing one like hers, or yer pa?—don't you think maybe you'd better speak to him about it? I wouldn't have him think I was oversteppin' my place."

"Father would be only glad, dear old Esther, and as sorry as I am that I didn't know how much you wanted a bonnet. Promise me that if there is anything else you ever want, you will tell me."

Old Esther's face grew very grave, and she said slowly: "If I was sick and wantin' medicine, or cold and needed warming, or if me bread-box was empty, I'd go straight to the recotry and thank God for the friends I know you'd be to me. But this bunnit feeling—it's different. I'm ashamed

of it. I never told a soul. I couldn't bring me tongue to say it, and in the summer I never durst look at the purple pansy flowers, for it seemed as if them and me had a secret and I was 'fraid they'd tell on me."

"Oh, nonsense," cried Elspeth, and then she fumbled in her bag and brought out a pot of honey and some gingerbread.

"No, dear, no," said Esther, waving the dainties away; "I couldn't take them. I'm going to fast to-morrow and live plain for a bit—I'm that ashamed of meself."

"Take them to Gran'ny Sykes. She's tight in her wind-pipe, and the honey'll be good for that and her sore eyes."

"So Esther is going to fast to atone for her 'bunnit feelin'."

It was the rector who spoke. Elspeth had just been telling him of her visit.

"And I suppose you had taken her some Easter offering!"

"Yes, some honey and gingerbread and," with a half-laughing, half-troubled face—"another hood."

AN ARMY IN THE FIELD.

By Captain William Wood, Royal Rifles.

ORGANIZATION is the chief characteristic of the nineteenth century. It is everywhere around us—in the school, in the church, in the hospital, in works of charity, in every form of sport, society and the world of pleasure, in all the innumerable associations organized for every object under heaven, in all departments of government and in every other possible form of human activity. And, as nations compete during peace by the organization of their trade, so do their governments prepare to hold their own during war by an ever-increasing organization of armed forces both by land and sea. Under the old condi-

tions, which of course affected both sides alike, there were smaller, simpler and slower armies, which scattered for provisions, concentrated for battle, and regularly retired into winter quarters. But the advance of organization has changed all that.

The new conditions of warfare are all summed up in the one word *Mobilisation**; and the ideal modern army has the mutual relations of its *peace* and *war-footings* so highly organized, that the one word *Mobilise* will set every component part of the whole military

*NOTE.—*Technical Expressions*, which are all explained by implication in the context, are printed in *italics*.

machine in simultaneous motion. *Mobilise*: and, at the summons, every corps in the service, so long and so carefully prepared beforehand, at once springs into intenser life. *Mobilise*: and the surgeons inspect the men, in order that only those who are thoroughly fit may go to the front; all drills are conducted with special reference to the work in hand; the most advanced classes of recruits are getting the finishing touches from the instructors, preparatory to joining the ranks; the reserves are coming in, and being armed, uniformed and told off to their places without a moment's delay; every one away on leave is rejoining headquarters immediately; and, among all these, come those deserters who have determined to redeem in war what they have lost in peace—and who would not wish them well? *Mobilise*: and every horse is inspected as carefully as the men have been; every article of equipment is examined; every gun and rifle is *viewed*; every bayonet, sword and lance is tested and sharpened for immediate use; all bright work is dulled, so as not to draw attention; parade uniforms are stored away; the colours left in safe keeping; khaki and service kits taken into daily wear; the regimental transport completed down to its smallest detail—and then *that* corps is ready for the front. *Mobilise*: and the Generals have been preparing their commands; four infantry *battalions* have been *brigaded*, under a Major-General; with another similar *brigade*, and a few Cavalry and Artillery, they make a division, 10,000 strong, under a Lieutenant-General; three such *divisions*, with 1,000 more cavalry and over 100 guns in all, form an *Army Corps*, 40,000 strong, under a General. *Mobilise*: and meanwhile every auxiliary department which helps to make up this 40,000 is hurrying towards the same premeditated end—clerks, orderlies and servants have joined the *staff*; *Military Police*, both foot and mounted, have been told off for duty; the Engineers have supplied their *Pontoon Troop*, *Telegraph Division*, *Balloon Section*, four *Field Companies*, *Field*

Park and Railway Company; the *Chaplains*, *Veterinary*, *Ordnance* and *Post Office* departments all contribute their quota; the *Medical Service* is ready for *front*, *lines* and *base*; and, most important of all, the *Supply and Transport* is prepared to meet any and every demand which the needs and movements of the campaign may make upon it. Then, and not till then, that *Army Corps* is ready. *Mobilise*: and the different *Army Corps* take their places in the *Field Force*. But they do not complete it by themselves; for the higher the unit the more complex is its organization. As a *brigade* is more than its four *battalions*, a *division* still more than its two *brigades*, and an *Army Corps* much more still than its three *divisions*, so a *Field Force* of 250,000 is very much more indeed than a collection of its *Army Corps*. The *Army Corps* consists chiefly of Infantry, with enough Artillery for all ordinary operations in the field; but with only 1,500 cavalry—just enough for scouting, reconnaissance and general use as a minor tactical auxiliary. Consequently, the *Field Force* needs the services of *Independent Cavalry Divisions*, each 5,000 strong and complete in itself. In very favourable country, there might be one such Division for every *Army Corps*; but, usually, there would be less. Besides the Cavalry, many other special *arms* must be incorporated with the *Field Force*, according to circumstances and the nature of the campaign; such as a large force of Mounted Infantry, perhaps with flying Maxims; mountain batteries with screw-guns and without any wheeled vehicles, everything being carried on pack animals; a siege train with heavy, long-range guns of positions; howitzer brigades with lyddite shells; Naval Brigades with ships' heavy quick-firers; a brigade of Marine Infantry; Fortress Companies of Engineers, and, perhaps, a detachment of Submarine Miners; corps of signallers, both foot and mounted; armoured trains; reserve ammunition columns; hospital ships, labourers' depôts, and many other important details.

Mobilise : and the eternal question of transport has to be faced again and again at every increase in the size of units ; of course, becoming more and more complicated at each successive step. It is harder to furnish supply and transport for a battalion than for the 1,000 men in it separately ; harder for a brigade than for four battalions ; harder for a division than for two brigades ; harder for an Army Corps than for three divisions. Now, an Army Corps has more than 10,000 horses and pack animals, and more than 1,400 vehicles ; but, as it consists mostly of infantry, which requires the least amount of transport, some idea may be formed of the supply and transport needed by a complete Field Force, 250,000 strong. There would probably be 100,000 animals, all told ; and, of course, those serving in the transport would have to be provided for just as much as the chargers, troop-horses and gun-teams. If such an army could advance with 14,000 vehicles, or their equivalents by rail or river, it would be lucky.

Mobilise : and whilst all these endless details have been getting into place, the *General Staff* has assembled and settled down to work. First of all is the *Commander-in-Chief*, then his *Chief of Staff*, *Adjutant-General*, and *Intelligence Department*. Then the heads of the Artillery and Engineers, and of all administrative departments—Police, Telegraph, Signalling, Supply and Transport, Chaplains, Medical, Ordnance, Veterinary, Post Office, and others—are each attached to this staff. Besides which, there are special officers employed to look after Foreign Military Attachés, to be Censors of the Press, to act as special guides and interpreters, or in some political or diplomatic capacity, and to aid in a hundred other ways. Add to this that the staff itself has its own Commandant, a number of trained clerks and, generally, some civilians specially attached ; and remember that every General on the Staff has his own Aides-de-Camp, and every head his own subordinates, and you will see that the “ brain of an

army ” is itself a very complex thing indeed. When the *General Staff* is fully organized and has all the foregoing branches of the service completely unified and thoroughly in hand, then, and not till then, the Field Force is ready for the Theatre of war.

But still the word is *Mobilise* : for the Admiralty has been collecting transports from every quarter, preparing them as troopers and concentrating them at suitable points, then convoying them and aiding in the disembarkation, and, finally, most important of all, guaranteeing the command of the sea by the mobilisation of its battle-fleets. And *Mobilise* : for a dozen departments of civil life are taxed to their utmost capacity by countless rush orders for all the munitions of war.

This is only the barest general outline of mobilisation ; and it must be borne in mind that none of its infinite combinations can begin their work unless each individual corps—and every individual man in it—has been previously brought up to the highest possible state of military training. The regiment is a little world in itself, where all the general discipline of life is directed towards a special military end. Its officers can only be commissioned to it after careful preparation in a military college, which they can only enter after a keen competitive examination in the various subjects of a good, liberal education. Its non-commissioned officers are also well trained, though in a less degree. A Sergeant must have a high-class certificate of general education, as well as every requisite military qualification, before getting his stripes and taking charge of his section. The commissioned and non-commissioned officers together form the brain and backbone of their corps ; and, under the universal short-service system, are the only permanent element in it. Its men, who have previously passed through a well-planned recruit course, join the ranks for a few years only ; after which they pass into the *Army Reserve*, and are only recalled from civil life in case of war. But though men, and officers

too, come and go, the regiment itself is indestructible. Even if every man in it at the front was killed in action, still it would not die. Its *depot*, where a force of all ranks is always kept to train recruits and fit out reserves, would quicken into new life, draw in more recruits from its district, call in all surplus reserves, and get plenty of men from its affiliated battalions of Militia and Volunteers. It is this undying individuality of a regiment which casts so great a spell over the affections and imagination of all its members, from the Colonel down to the junior drummer-boy. The true soldier knows all its clustering traditions, and all its stories of a hundred fights; and the more he loves it the better he will fight in its ranks; for all men fight best in defence of hearth and home, and the soldier's home is always with his regiment.

Of course his regimental work is by no means the whole of an officer's training. Having passed into and out of the Military College by competition, he has still to qualify for every new step of rank. Besides, there are any number of special subjects for him to study privately, if he wishes to keep at a high professional level; and if he aspires to the Staff, he must compete with the pick of the whole service for entrance to a two years' course at the Staff College, and then pass out successfully, before he can get the chance of an appointment. No career ever required greater natural aptitude, improved by thought and study, than the British Army of to-day.

All this complex British mobilisation is often compared with the apparently simple Boer system, greatly to our enemy's advantage. But would-be critics should remember that the British system is not under purely expert control, and that it is perpetually being modified to meet the exigencies of miscellaneous service in every part of the world—to say nothing of the varying popular policies of the day. All free countries get the organization they deserve, since they make it themselves; and, as the English-speaking peoples

are as unmilitary as they are warlike, they, naturally, never get a good one. There are faults enough at the War Office and elsewhere; but the first and greatest fault of all must rest with the voting public, who will not take an intelligent interest in the vital question of Imperial Defence.

The wonder is that our heterogeneous forces have done so well as they have against an army that had every natural advantage on its side. The Boers, on their own ground, are a nation of highly-trained military specialists, who have devoted their entire energies and enormous wealth for years past to the single object of fighting us. The British Army has had to prepare for war in every quarter of the globe: the Boers have had to prepare for only one kind of war, and that kind is being waged under the most favourable of all possible conditions for themselves. Their army is all mounted—an extraordinary advantage, impossible of attainment almost anywhere else; and so, with such extreme mobility, they can combine offensive strategy with defensive tactics and, by rapid evasion and concentration, refuse all close action except on their own terms. Moreover, our home-bred critics should also remember that the Boers are aided by foreign staff officers of the highest professional standing.

And now, having taken a glance at *mobilisation*, let us take one at the actual conditions of war, as they would affect a British Field Force of 250,000 men in the enemy's country. Passing over the embarkation, voyage and landing—all most difficult operations—let us see them through their first victory in the open field, and, afterwards, started among all the vast complexities of the consequent advance.

New dangers and difficulties at once beset the army. While mobilising at home, the whole country gave all the assistance in its power, but, on hostile ground, all this is changed into the determined opposition of a watchful enemy, bent on thwarting the execution of every plan. What is known as the *Fog of War* gathers thickly

round on every side, and, as a ship gradually works her way through intricate waters on some dark night, by taking continual soundings, so the army has to feel every single step of its hindering way through this dense fog of war by means of *Scouting* and *Reconnaissance*. The *Cavalry Screen* is pushed well out in advance to cover the front and flanks, and individual scouting is boldly carried on at every possible point in it. The general importance of scouting can hardly be exaggerated in these days of long-range fire and smokeless powder, which both tend to conceal a position so much that a force might blunder into sudden destruction, unless well enough forewarned. Even a single man may supply priceless information—like the Prussian scout who found the whole Austrian army in an unexpected position the day before Sadowa. The following particular instance of a smart bit of work by Colonel Baden-Powell, of Mafeking fame, is of exceptional interest just now. "I was riding one day across an open grass plain, in Matabeleland, with one native, scouting. Suddenly we noticed the grass had been recently trodden down; following up the track for a short distance it got to a patch of sandy ground and we then saw it was the spoor of several women and boys walking toward some hills about five miles distant, where we believed the enemy to be hiding. Then we saw a leaf lying about ten yards off the track—there were no trees for miles, but there were, we knew, trees of this kind at a village 15 miles distant, in the direction from which the tracks led. Probably, then, these women had come from that village, bringing the leaf with them, and had gone to the hills. On picking up the leaf it was damp and smelled of native beer, so we guessed that, according to the custom of these people (remember, as I said before, to study the habits and customs of your enemy), they had been carrying pots of native beer on their heads, the mouths of the pots being stopped with bunches of leaves. One of these leaves had fallen out;

but we found it ten yards off the track, which showed that at the time it fell a wind had been blowing. There was no wind now, but there had been about 5 a. m., and it was now nearly 7. So we read from these signs that a party of women had brought beer during the night from the village 15 miles distant, and had taken it to the enemy on the hills, arriving there about six o'clock. The men would probably start to drink the beer at once (as it goes sour if kept for long) and would, by the time we could get there, be getting sleepy from it, so we should have a favourable chance of reconnoitring their position. We accordingly followed the women's tracks, found the enemy, made our observations, and got away with our information without any difficulty."

But a correct estimate cannot always be formed from scouting alone; and then a force of all arms, varying in strength according to circumstances, is pushed forward into whatever part of the screen most requires its assistance in finding out the enemy's dispositions. By this *reconnaissance* the enemy is forced either to show his whereabouts, or else to allow his lines to be penetrated.

Finally, when the Commander-in-Chief thinks he can overcome the opposing forces as they are, he advances the army in order of battle. First go the Cavalry, Mounted Infantry and Horse Artillery, playing their second rôle—that of a battle-screen behind which the main body of Field Artillery and Infantry can come up within striking distance. Preliminary combats of mounted troops will generally open future battles, each side trying to penetrate and roll up the other's screen in order to uncover his front before he is ready. As the action develops, the screen clears the front and withdraws to guard the flanks of its own side, while at the same time watching its chance to fall upon the enemy's. And here, in command of a battle-screen, either in its first position in front, or later on in its second on the flanks, is the Cavalry General's golden oppor-

tunity. His life-time of preparation is here brought to the test of a moment's action. The mere handling of the three most mobile arms in close combination, and over every kind of ground, is no small feat in itself; but, when this is carried out in presence of an equally mobile enemy—always intent upon his own opportunity; when Mounted Infantry can change position in an instant, to check any rash advance with a hail of fire; when Horse Artillery can keep the pace with anyone, and let loose its sudden quick-firer tempest of long-range shells with fatal effect on any exposed body of troops caught unawares; when Cavalry, hovering like an eagle for the chance to swoop, can dash to pieces in its impetuous charge any formation with an open flank; when the whole scene of action is shifting every second with kaleidoscopic change; when every movement is made with lightning-like rapidity; when all opportunities are fleeting as they are precious, and when a single lost one may change the issue of the day: then is the time, and there is the place, for the born leader of Cavalry, for the man of keen eye, intuitive judgment and instant decision—for the man of genius, and for him alone.

As the front becomes clear of Cavalry, the Field Artillery, or any Naval or other heavy guns available, open fire: the *Artillery Duel* has begun. This second struggle for tactical advantage is won by getting the range before one's opponent and making better practice under better *fire-discipline*; since, in these quick-firing days, forestalling the enemy in well-directed intensity of fire is everything: the slower side should be thrown into confusion and overwhelmed before it can begin to make its own work tell. Our Artillery, gaining the upper hand, redoubles its fury as the long *fring line* of shirmishers is seen working its way forward in extended order, trying to get within half-a-mile before answering the enemy's fire; for this is the opening of the third and deciding struggle of the day. Within a short quarter-mile, fol-

low the *Supports* in single rank, and at the same distance again in rear, the *Reserves*. The numbers in the *Firing Line* and *Supports* are about equal, the *Reserves* are as strong as both together, and all three form the *First Line* of the attack. A *Second Line*, as strong as the whole of the *First*, soon appears; and, still further in rear, a *Third Line* of equal strength. As men begin to fall in the *Firing Line*, others from the *Supports* go on filling up its gaps until they are all absorbed into it. And, as this renewed line presses on, its further gaps are filled up from the *Reserves*. The advance, here slow, there a little faster, and often brought to a standstill for a time, is pushed on by successive waves of reinforcements, which carry it forward on the flood-tide of the long attack. But, before getting to the last quarter-mile, a general check occurs, and the last waves from the *Reserves* break as if upon a beach. The *Decisive Range* has been reached, and the defence are making their last desperate effort in the *fire-fight*. The opposing lines of fire are now thickened to their utmost, and the sputtering musketry swells into a crashing roar as thousands of ten-shot magazines are brought into full play. Now is the time for the General to determine when and where to seize the *Psychological Moment* for sending in the *Second Line*. Soon—for every second counts at this white heat of battle—he sees his chance, launches his attack, and both lines together—bayonets fixed, bugles sounding the charge, and all ranks cheering to the full—storm the position and carry it by assault. The *Third Line* comes up to break down the last formed resistance, the Field Artillery aiding this by taking up successive positions to the front; whilst the Cavalry divisions, passing round the flanks, turn the flight into a rout by an unremitting close pursuit with sword, lance and pistol,—maxim, gun and rifle.

A victory like this, where the two opponents are equally eager to advance and meet in the open, is not to be reckoned on as a general thing. If

the present war teaches one lesson more than any other, it is the immense value of *mobility*. For, other things being equal, superior mobility gives the power of delaying final movements, until the enemy is definitely committed to a certain line of action; when he may be anticipated by taking up selected positions in which to await his attack. Thus the advantages of the *offensive* and *defensive* are both combined by superior *mobility*. The *offensive* advantage is mainly *strategical*, the *defensive* mainly *tactical*. Now, an enemy of greater mobility on the tactical defensive is very hard to deal with. His *flanks*, being always *in the air*, are almost impossible to turn; and your general advance is delayed by the continual and exhausting *deployments* which his anticipating positions compel you to make. And every great *deployment* makes a fresh demand on the *supply and transport*. He has another great advantage in being able to anticipate you in spade-work. His entrenchments are thrown up at leisure, yours in a hurry; he takes the spade first and then the rifle—one at a time, you have to use both simultaneously and both under fire. The power of the spade is thus often greater than that of the rifle, and future battles may often turn in field sieges, lasting for several days, and only ended when one side has pushed up so close, in superior force, as to overpower the other in the *fire-fight* and make a successful *assault* possible. At the same time, every chance of a flank attack must be taken at once, and this will stretch the investing lines of a large army for miles and miles. Every man and animal in it must be fed, every gun and rifle supplied with ammunition, and every casualty attended to. All personal effects that are necessary, but which cannot be carried by the fighting line, must be kept close at hand; and all the other impedimenta of an army held ready for orderly advance or retreat, so soon as the result of the action becomes certain. Thus, at every step, even of the actual fighting, we are reminded again and again of the supreme importance of the *mobi-*

lisation of an efficient *supply and transport*.

But one battle does not make a war. The victory must be followed up by an advance into the heart of the enemy's country, and each step of it raises new and increasing difficulties of *supply and transport*. Before, and during, the battle the supply of ammunition and care of the wounded have added strain enough. But now comes the severest strain of all. Imagine what it would mean to take the entire population of Montreal or Toronto, and move it about over a strange country, where the inhabitants were all hostile, where another population of equal numbers was bent on obstructing and fighting you at every step, and where all provisions, and all supplies for every branch of trade had to be carried with you! Yet this is nothing to the problem presented by the Supply and Transport of an invading army. The *Field Force* itself is an organic body, continually undergoing tremendous waste, which is repaired by supplies sent along *lines of communication* from the *base*. As it advances further and further, the waste becomes greater and greater, and the lines of communication longer and longer. These lines require constant protection, for an army can no more live without lines than a plant can without a stem. But the *lines* themselves are an organic body, also undergoing waste and also requiring continual repair from the *base*. Then the *base*, too, must be protected, for the stem cannot live without the root. And the *base*, being just as organic as the lines, has to draw supplies, through long oversea lines—organic and vulnerable like the rest—from the original base at home. And this home base, in its turn, owes its life to the support of the nation at large.

And so we come back again, by successive links in the chain of natural cause and effect, to the point from which we started. When the Ancients declared war by casting a spear into the ground at the enemy's frontier, they were performing a ceremony precisely symboli-

cal of the actual fact. The point is the Army in the Field, the shaft is represented by the lines and bases ; but the hand which guides the spear itself is the nation's own. It is, therefore, only the literal truth to speak of a Nation in arms. Let us take the case we have just been considering to prove it. Suppose our 250,000 men were all needed at the front, far into the enemy's country. They would require another quarter-million for lines, bases, reserves and naval support. This half-million would need the services of another half-million of civilians, employed for purposes of warlike supply ; and the whole million of men, with their families and dependents, would mean that five millions of people were entirely absorbed in the war. Now, as these form a tenth of the whole purely British population, it is plain that the stress of war must be felt by all the rest, and, consequently, by the entire fabric of the Empire.

There is a well-known saying, much relished by the common cry of little whining prophets—"Happy the people who have no history !" But where is such a people to be found? What

little, solitary clan, remote from every rival, but has its tale

Of old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago ?

What tribe, among its fellows, but has its story of perpetual feud ? What nation, anywhere, but has a history to remind it of its very birth in war ? For who, or what, escapes the struggle for existence, which is the fundamental law of nature ? And war is but the recurrent crisis, which, once and again, puts all the worth of a whole people through the test of fire.

And when the next great trial comes to us, how will the Empire stand it—that's the question ? Unless it find us readier than we are now to put our armies in the field, the answer must be doubtful—if not worse. But, being ready, we have all historic warrant for believing that there is nothing in the world to fear ; for we, who rightly cling to peace which can be kept with honour and security, are ourselves the scions of a fighting stock—slow in quarrel, but resolute in war ; and of such stock as this, the great Imperial peoples always have been, are, and will be, made.

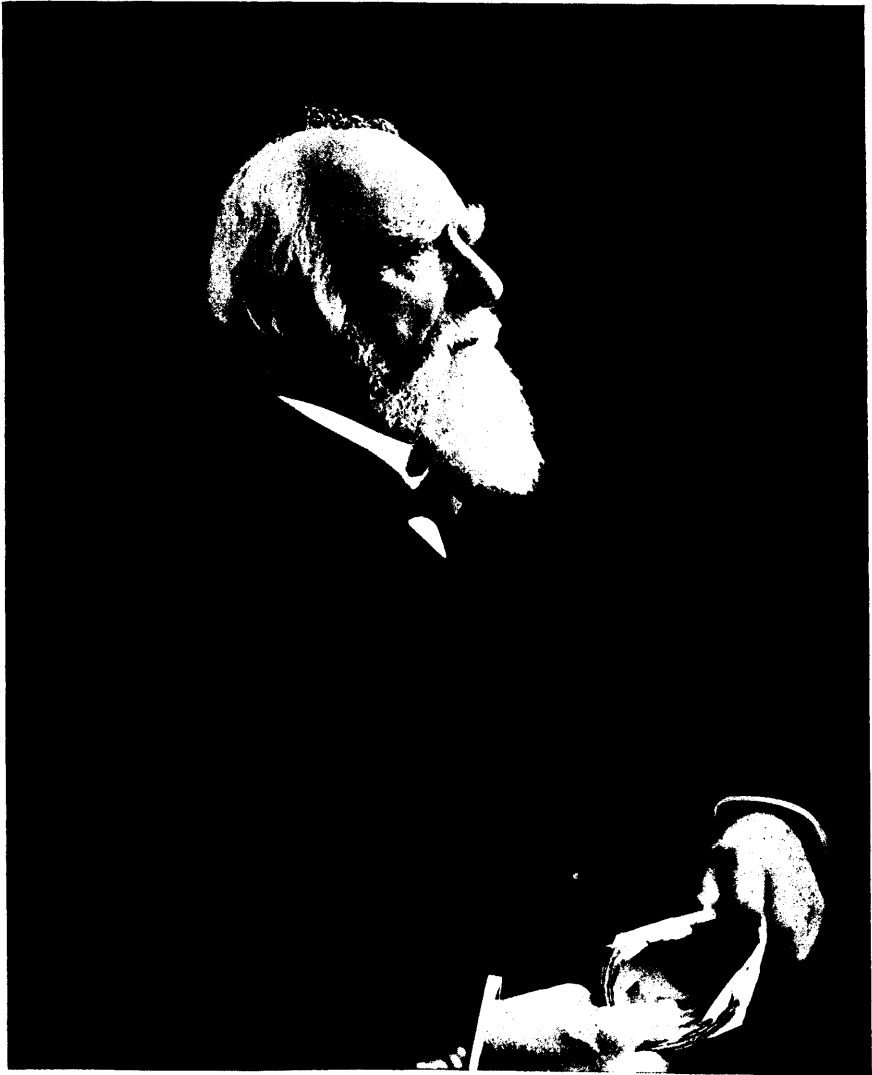


AT MODDER RIVER

LAST year he stood where lyric boughs
And April spells had hold on him ;
Last year he whispered lover's vows—
Now Afric clods lie cold on him.

A grateful country names his name,
Brave words are writ in praise for him ;
But one lone maid, unheeding fame,
Doth sorrow all her days for him.

Emily McManus.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.

STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

By Lieut. Cooper, Q.O.R.

AT various times during the hundred and forty years that Canada has been a portion of the British Empire, the loyalty of Canadians has been prominently exhibited. There have been displays both in time of war and in time of peace. War is more spectacular to the human mind than peace, and hence

the exhibitions made during war are given greater prominence by the historian and make a deeper impression upon the public mind. The exhibition of loyalty to the Empire which Canadians are now making seems to be greater than similar events which have preceded it. The exhibition is great,

but history may not give it so much prominence as we at present think.

It is doubtful, however, if any citizen of the Empire has in any age made a more timely or more generous gift to that nation than has Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal in providing for the enrolment, equipment and organization of half a thousand Canadian horsemen to serve Her Majesty in a distant part of the Empire. Generously has the British Empire done by Lord

Land and was intimately connected with the early official days of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. After representing Montreal for two terms in the Dominion Parliament, he was appointed Canadian High Commissioner in London, England, a position which he still fills to the satisfaction of the Canadian people. In 1897 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal of Glencoe and Montreal.

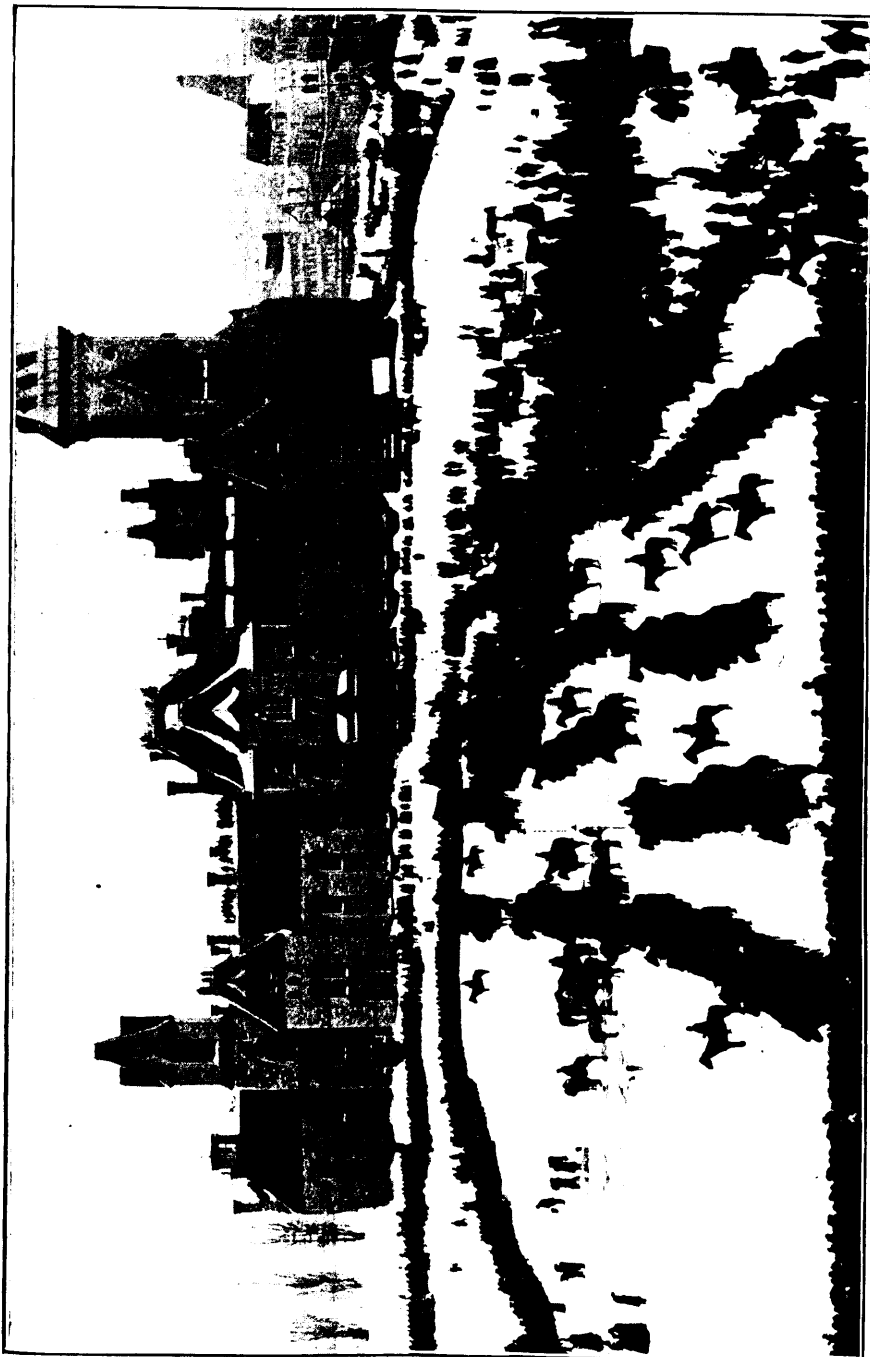


PHOTOGRAPH BY JARVIS, OTTAWA.

A PARADE IN OTTAWA EXHIBITION GROUNDS WHERE THE HORSE WERE QUARTERED FOR ORGANIZATION AND EQUIPMENT.

Strathcona, and generously and freely has Lord Strathcona done by the Empire. Under the ægis of the Union Jack in Scotland, Donald Alexander Smith spent the first eighteen years of his life. In 1838 he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Co. and learned the intricacies of North American trade in Labrador and the Northwest. In later years he took a prominent part in the organization of the Canadian Government in the newly acquired Rupert's

During the most trying period of the present war in South Africa, Lord Strathcona offered to equip a body of Canadian plainsmen for the service of the Empire, an offer which was gratefully accepted. In the early days of January negotiations were carried on between Lord Strathcona and the Imperial and Canadian Governments, and finally the whole matter was placed in the hands of the Hon. Dr. Borden, Canadian Minister of Militia and De-



PHOTOGRAPH BY JARVIS, OTTAWA.

FIRST PUBLIC PARADE OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE - PARLIAMENT HILL, OTTAWA, MARCH 8TH, 1900—PRESENTATION OF GUIDONS.
(SEE NEXT PAGE).

fence. The latter was given a free hand to make such recommendations for officers, organization and equipment as he deemed best, Lord Strathcona reserving only the right to reject or confirm what was done.

Almost the first move of which the public was apprised was the despatch, on January 20th, of Dr. McEachran, Dominion Veterinary Inspector, to the west to purchase horses for the Contingent, and from that day forward the

General Commanding, and then proceeded west to Winnipeg on January 30th. On the same day the following official paper was issued from the Militia Department :

STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

Recruiting for this Force will commence on Monday, the 5th February, and enrolment will be made at the following places :

MANITOBA.

Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie,
Brandon and Virden40 men



PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER ADDRESSING STRATHCONA'S HORSE AT PRESENTATION OF GUIDONS AT OTTAWA, ON MARCH 8TH.

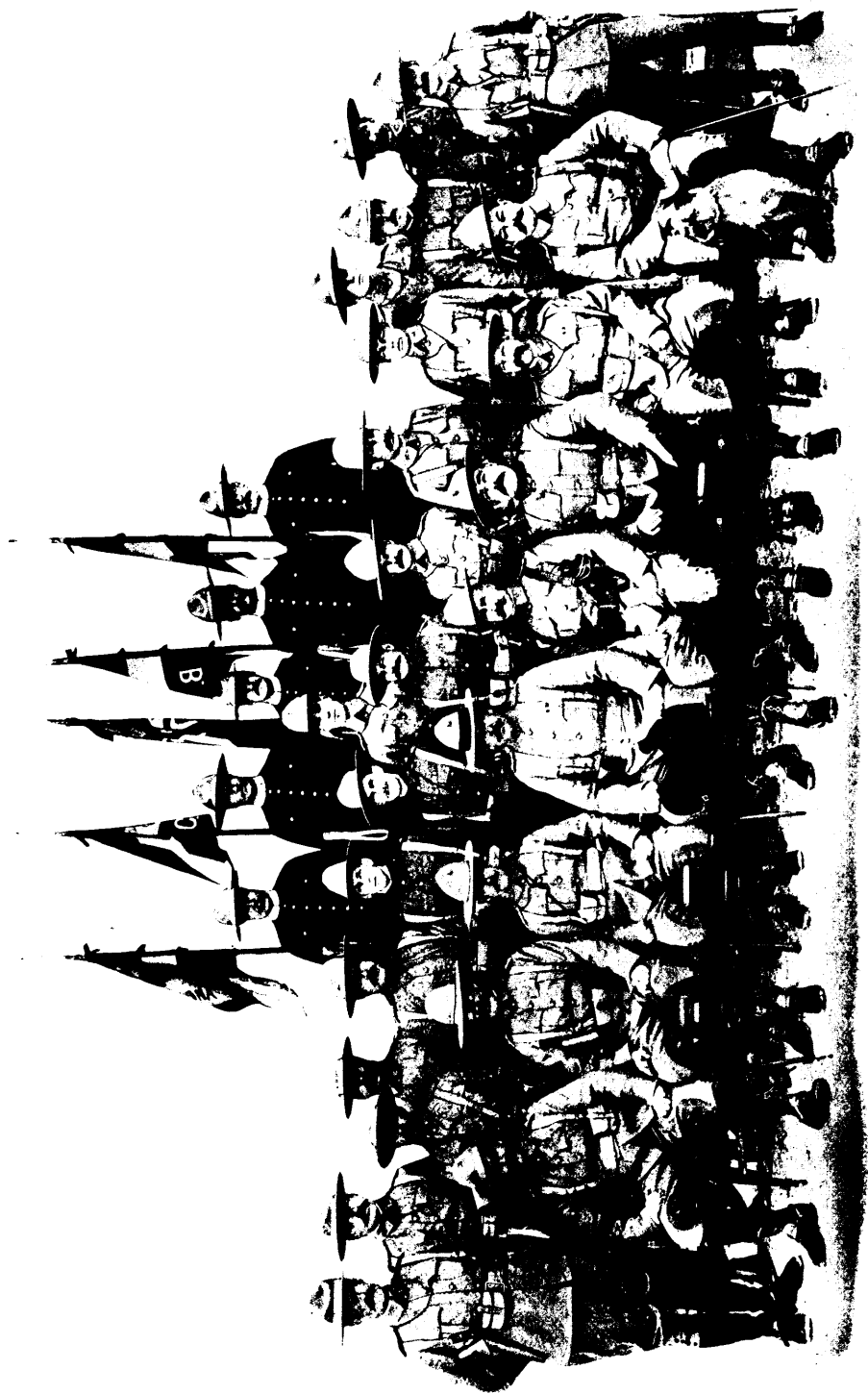
work steadily progressed. Two days later the command of the corps was offered to and accepted by Lieut.-Col. Steele, of the N.W.M.P. Col. Steele was then at Halifax preparing to sail with the Canadian Mounted Rifles, having been appointed second in command of the Second Battalion (Mounted Police and Westerners). He returned to Ottawa, consulted with the Minister of Militia and the Major-

N.W. TERRITORIES.

Moosomin40 men
Regina40 "
Prince Albert and Battleford...40 "
Calgary40 "
Edmonton40 "
Macleod20 "
Pincher Creek20 "
Lethbridge20 "
Medicine Hat and Maple Creek 20 "

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Fort Steele40 men
Nelson40 "



Capt. Macdonald, Lt. Latdlaw,
 Lt. Magee, Capt. Howard,
 Lt. Harper, Lt. Tobin, Lt. Snider, Quar.-Mast. Parker, Lt. Courtney, Lt. Strange, Lt. Leckie,
 Lt. Christie, Capt. Cartwright, Major Snider, Lt.-Col. Steele, Major Belcher, Major Jarvis, Major Laurie, Lt. Pooley,
 Lt. Falls, Adjut. Mackie,
 Capt. Cameron.

OFFICERS OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE—WITH SUDBURY FLAG AND CIVIL SERVICE GUIDONS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PITTAWAY, OTTAWA.

Golden	10 men
Revelstoke	10 "
Vernon	15 "
Kamloops	15 "
Vancouver	15 "
Victoria	15 "

Applicants must be good horsemen, good shots, unmarried, of sound constitution, and in other respects qualified.

Minimum height, 5 feet 6 inches.

Minimum chest measurement, 34 inches.

Age, between 22 and 40 years.

Enrolment will be made under the Army Act for six months, with liability of extension to one year.

Rations, clothing and equipment, including saddlery, free.

Pay, at the rates laid down for the N.W.M. Police up to the date of disembarkation in South Africa. After that date, Imperial Government rates.

All men accepted will be enrolled as "privates" and promotions will be made, as required, to the various grades.

OTTAWA, 30th January, 1900.

On February 10th, five days from the date on which recruiting commenced, Col. Steele was able to report to Ottawa that he had completed recruiting. On the night of the 9th the first detachment left Nelson for Ottawa, where the Contingent was to be outfitted. On the night of the same day at Strathcona—a name which is significant—a banquet was tendered the members of the Alberta troop. Similar events took place in the various towns from which quotas were starting. The most notable of these were at Winnipeg, a banquet being tendered to the first detachment and a reception to the second detachment proceeding to Ottawa.

By the first of March nearly all the men and horses had been concentrated in Ottawa where they were quartered in the Exhibition Grounds. Here the organization of the corps was completed, the non-commissioned officers chosen, the various troops and squadrons unified and drilled, the clothing issued, the horses shod and trained, and the officers given an opportunity to work their command into shape. Two uniforms were provided for the men, the serge to be worn in Canada and during the sea-voyage, and the khaki for active service. The serge is dark blue, the tunic having a white collar with a cord

of red below. The boots are tan, laced in the instep and at one side of the top. The great coats of Canadian frieze are long enough to come just below the top of these long boots and thus throw off any rain or snow. The hat is the Western, straight-brimmed, three-dinted felt worn by the Police, but khaki forage caps were also served out. The whole equipment is well planned and the most complete outfit ever issued to Canadian soldiers.

The ladies of the civil service at Ottawa prepared and presented to the corps several beautiful guidons. Each is made of crimson silk, with a broad white stripe through the centre on which is embroidered in crimson letters: "Strathcona's Horse." On the upper crimson bar is Lord Strathcona's motto, "Perseverance," done in crimson on a white garter. Above the garter is a Baron's coronet and tiny brown beaver on a green maple leaf. On the lower crimson bar is the squadron's designation.

THE HORSES.

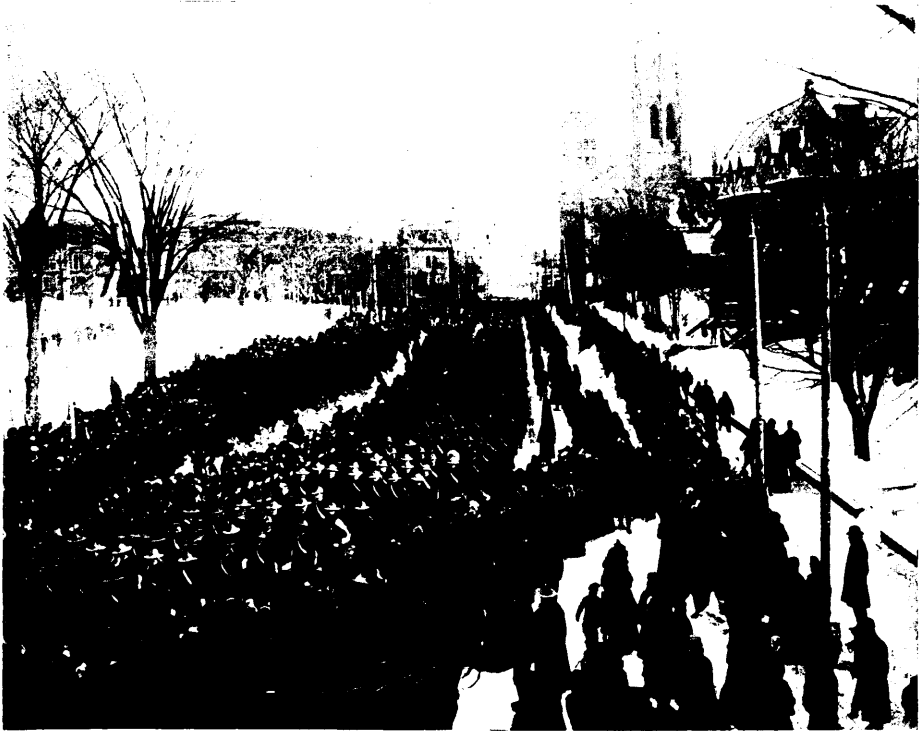
Dr. McEachran, who purchased the horses, selected those that were broken and stood between 14 hands 2 and 15 hands 2. Most of the horses are of the small size as they are supposed to be the most hardy. There has been some criticism of his work in Western newspapers, but it seems tolerably certain that he carried out his instructions and that the horses selected are the most suitable for the work. When placed alongside the artillery horses of the Second Canadian Contingent or those of the English cavalry, they will appear insignificant. Insignificance, however, does not mean lack of staying power.

THE MEN.

As to the character and quality of the men, it may be good taste to wait until they win their spurs. Nevertheless, it must be stated that they are all good riders—this was made a strong point in the selection—and most of them sure shots. Morally and physically, they are the best soldiers that have ever been enrolled in Canada. In appear-

ance they are big, husky chaps, averaging over 5 ft. 9 in. and over 150 pounds. They have not the sallow countenance of the city volunteer, but the bronze-red face of the man accustomed to live in the open air. Drawn from the prairies of Manitoba and the Territories or from the mining regions of British Columbia, they are men who are accustomed to act and think for themselves. It is safe to assert that

A few only are natives of the West. Most of them are natives of Eastern Canada or of Great Britain. Many of them have seen service in English cavalry regiments or in the Mounted Police. They are the lion's whelps, made strong and sturdy by roaming over the lion's preserves. When they meet the enemy, the impact will be such as might be caused were Cromwell's Ironsides to charge once again.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

PARADE OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE AT MONTREAL ON MARCH 12TH—EN ROUTE FROM OTTAWA TO HALIFAX.

for individual intelligence they will compare favourably with any corps in the Empire—or in the world for that matter. The work on a large farm, a cattle ranch or in a mining camp gives a man individuality and breeds in him a sturdy self-reliance which the city man gets only when managing a large business. This is the kind of training the majority of these men have had.

For example :—In one troop are to be found Mr. Beresford, cousin of the Marquis of Waterford, and formerly in the navy; Mr. Shaw, son of an English Baronet; Mr. Warren, a son of Col. Warren, R.H.A.; Mr. O'Brien, a relative of Lord Inchiquin; Hon. Mr. Cochrane, a son of the now famous Lord Dundonald, and Lord Seymour, a son of the Marquis of Hertford.



PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY, OTTAWA.

MOUNTED TROOPERS, SHOWING THE CHARACTER OF THE MOUNTS. THEY ARE SMALL SHAGGY BRONCHOS BUT CAPABLE OF GREAT ENDURANCE. EACH IS BRANDED IN THE SHOULDER WITH THE LETTER "S." THE MEXICAN CHARACTER OF THE SADDLE IS NOTEWORTHY.

OFFICERS.

In Lieut.-Col. Samuel B. Steele, Strathcona's Horse possesses an ideal commander. His father was a captain in the Royal Navy, but he himself is a native Canadian, having been born at Medonte, in the Province of Ontario. He commenced his military career as ensign in the 35th Battalion, "Simcoe Foresters," in 1866. He served in the Red River Expedition under Wolseley, and on the formation of the Mounted Police Force in 1873, he joined as troop sergeant-major, and has been with the force ever since. For his part in the pursuit of Big Bear's band in the Rebellion of 1885, he was mentioned in the despatches and promoted. In all his difficult work during the opening up of the new regions in the West, Col. Steele has won praise for bravery, intrepidity and his stern sense of duty.

Major Belcher, second in command, was five years in the Ninth Lancers, where he won prizes as the best swordsman and lancer. He joined the North-

west Mounted Police when that force was established. He has a considerable reputation for tact and force of character.

Major A. E. Snyder has been an inspector of the N.W.M.P. for fifteen years, and is well qualified.

Major A. M. Jarvis, like Major Snyder, is still a young man. He has, however, been inspector of the N.W.M.P. for nineteen years, having risen from the ranks. His

service in the force has been varied and his reputation is good.

Major R. C. Laurie is a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, from which he was graduated with highest honours. He served in the Rebellion of 1885, and was present at Fish Creek and Batoche.

Capt. D. M. Howard is an inspector in the N.W.M.P. of ten years' standing. In 1885 he was present with the Royal Grenadiers at Batoche.

Capt. G. W. Cameron, of Montreal, has been major of the Royal Scots for three years, and is well known as a thoroughly qualified officer.

Capt. F. L. Cartwright is a young man, and has served but four years in the N.W.M.P. Previously he was a captain in the Fourteenth Battalion Princess of Wales Own Rifles, of Kingston. He holds a long course certificate.

Lieut. R. H. B. Magee is a graduate of the Royal Military College, and has recently been on the Reserve of Officers.

Lieut. Frank Harper has been an officer in N. W. M. P.

Lieut. J. A. Benyon was a captain in the Royal Canadian Artillery.

Lieut. E. F. Mackie has been in the Ninetieth Battalion of Rifles at Winnipeg for seven years and adjutant for two years. He holds excellent Infantry and Cavalry certificates.

Lieut. Perry Fall is a qualified officer in the Manitoba Dragoons, living at Oak Lake, Man. He has had service in the Imperial Corps, and also in the Rebellion of 1885.

Lieut. M. H. White-Fraser is an ex-inspector of the N. W. M. P.

Lieut. H. D. B. Ketchen has been in the N. W. M. P. and has seen Imperial service.

Lieut. J. F. Macdonald is a captain of the Thirty-seventh Battalion, and a particularly good horseman.

Lieut. J. E. Leckie is a graduate of the Royal Military College, and has served in the Seventy-second Battalion (B. C.) since 1895.

Lieut. R. M. Courtney is another graduate of the R. M. College, and has been attached to the Sixth Fusiliers for a little more than five years.

Lieut. T. E. Pooley has been an officer in the Garrison Artillery, Victoria, for three years. He holds certificates from the Royal School of Instruction in England, and is an expert shot.

Lieut. A. E. Christie was with the Midland Battalion in 1885. For some time he has been living at Moosomin, Assa.

Lieut. A. W. Strange, a son of Major-General Strange, is a graduate of the School of Gunnery, Kingston, and served in the Rebellion of 1885. Lately he has been managing his ranch near Calgary.

Lieut. G. E. Laidlaw is a graduate of the Royal Military College, and has been on the Reserve of Officers.

Lieut. G. M. Kirkpatrick is also a graduate of the Royal Military College, and has recently been on the R. O.

Lieut. Henry Tobin is another Royal Military College graduate.

Lieut. W. Parker, quartermaster, has been in the N. W. M. P. since 1874. He was in General Strange's column in 1885.

Lieut. I. R. Snider, transport officer, is second lieutenant in the Manitoba Dragoons.

Surgeon-Lieut. C. B. Keenan is the



PHOTO. BY PITTAWAY.

A TROOPER OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE—
FULL KIT.

medical officer. He has been on the staff of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, for some time.

Vet.-Surgeon, Lieut. G. T. Stevenson.

EMBARKATION OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

By Emily P. Weaver.

STRATHCONA'S HORSE spent less than forty-eight hours in the City of Halifax en route for South Africa, but the coming of the troop had been long anticipated and the citizens were eager to give its members a hearty reception and farewell. The people "down by the sea" seem to take a special interest in the men of the West. Moreover, there is something in Lord Strathcona's generous and practical loyalty which has touched the imagination and has won for those who are to represent him at the seat of war a warm-hearted "God-speed" from all their fellow-countrymen.

The city entertained the troop on the one evening which it spent in Halifax at a smoking concert in the spacious and gaily-decorated armouries, and when the time came for its departure the civic authorities headed the procession through the streets in carriages adorned with flags.

The day was damp and cheerless, but there was keen competition for places in the armouries to witness the inspection of the men by General Lord Seymour, Sir Malachy Daly and the Minister of Militia; and crowds, unable to gain admittance, waited for hours in the streets to see the men march past.

The school children, having a half-holiday in honour of the occasion, expressed their joy and their admiration for the strangers in their usual noisy fashion. Some little time before the inspection began a pathetic procession of silent children energetically waving flags entered the hall. They were from the Deaf and Dumb School. For a moment they stood grouped together in some bewilderment, but soon their teacher marshalled them by signs to a position where they could see and enjoy everything.

At first the men stood about the

armouries in knots of two or three, smoking, talking to their friends, or helping to load rugs and packages on the express waggons that, from time to time, were driven into the hall through the thick of the crowd. Soon after one o'clock the central space was cleared of all civilians, and the men of Strathcona's Horse, and the Royal Canadian Infantry who are going to take the places of those of the First Contingent who have fallen or been disabled, assembled in full force. The bands of the Leinsters, the Princess Louise Fusiliers, the 63rd Rifles, and the 1st Canadian Artillery attended to play the troops on board the transport, and several hundred men belonging to the Leinsters, the Halifax Bearer Company and the 66th and 63rd Volunteers, acted as guard of honour. The men of the 63rd all wore shamrocks in their caps in accordance with the Queen's wish to do honour to the brave Irishmen at the front.

The troops destined for South Africa were easily distinguished by their broad-brimmed, cow-boy hats. They did not wear the khaki uniforms, which have recently become so familiar in Halifax, and in most cases their dark cloth uniforms were hidden by overcoats reaching to the tops of their boots. Strathcona's Corps was unarmed, but the infantry carried their rifles, and during the course of the inspection they were ordered to "fix bayonets."

Before all were ready for inspection, there was much marching up and down to the inspiring music of one or other of the bands, and in obedience to hoarsely shouted words of command generally unintelligible to civilians. At length the troops were drawn up in lines along the sides and ends of the hall. The inspection over they were addressed by Lord Seymour who wished them "God-speed," and a prosper-

ous campaign. Sir Malachy Daly next spoke, saying that the Strathcona Corps was a body any nation, young or old, might be proud of, and expressing his belief that they would do their duty as nobly as their fellow-countrymen who have succeeded in winning commendation from Lord Roberts himself. In conclusion, he wished that none might be tempted by the diamond or gold fields to remain in South Africa, but that all might come back bringing with them evidences of victory. The Minister of Militia spoke next. He read a telegram from Lord Strathcona, which contained a message from the Queen, expressing her confidence that the departing troops "will prove themselves worthy comrades of her Canadian soldiers who are now so gallantly fighting for the Empire's cause," and wishing them "all success and a safe return to their homes in the Dominion." The General and the officers of the troops saluted when Her Majesty's gracious message was read, and the cheering was uproarious.

After Colonel Steele's brief reply to the addresses the men took off their broad-brimmed hats, and cheered with hearty good-will for the General, the Lieutenant-Governor, and Dr. Borden; then they marched out into the crowded streets.

It was now their turn to be cheered; and one of the volunteers, Mr. Macdonald, an undergraduate of Dalhousie University, was borne to the wharf in triumph on the shoulders of his classmates. Instead of marching straight

to the pier of the Intercolonial Railway, where the *Monterey* lay, the procession took a roundabout route through the city, so that as many people as possible might have the pleasure of seeing it pass. But in many cases the spectators were not content with one sight of the departing heroes, but rushed by short cuts to meet them at different corners on their way. From many points any vessel at the Intercolonial Pier is hidden from view by great freight sheds, but the crowds possessed themselves of every coign of

vantage, and soon the opposite wharf was black with human beings, and the more adventurous even climbed on the roofs of buildings near.

The *Monterey* is a vessel of the Elder-Dempster Line, but in compliment to her new vocation of troopship, she has put on a new appearance. An extra deck has added to her height above the water. Her funnel, lately black and white, now shows the pale fawn colour, or khaki hue, which

is in use on vessels of Her Majesty's navy. To mark further the fact that she is on business of state, the Canadian flag is painted on either side of her black hull at bow and stern.

The internal arrangements of the vessel have been even more completely altered; in fact, workmen have been busy almost night and day for weeks fitting her up for the troops. The saloon used by the ship's officers has been enlarged to afford accommodation for the military officers also. It is handsomely finished, but its only strik-



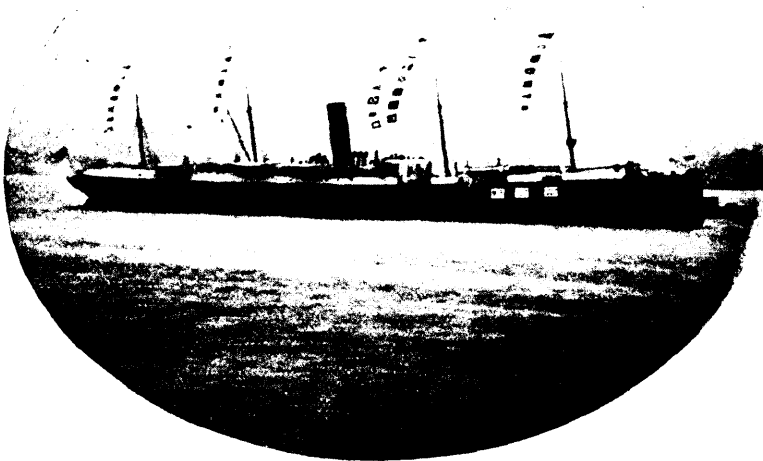
ONE OF THE GUIDONS PRESENTED BY THE LADIES OF THE CIVIL SERVICE, OTTAWA.

ing decoration is a picture of the Queen. Warm red is the prevailing hue both of woodwork and upholstery. On the upper deck is a smoking room, which is furnished with a cushioned divan round its walls and half a dozen small card-tables. The sleeping-quarters of the officers resemble the staterooms on an Atlantic liner.

The non-commissioned officers have a small saloon, or mess-room, of their own, and sleep in cabins which look almost as comfortable as those of the superior officers, except that each con-

are reached. Some accommodate more men than others, but in the smallest over a hundred men have to eat, sleep, exercise and amuse themselves when it is necessary to be under cover. The mess-tables, each for eighteen men, with benches attached, did not seem unduly close together, but looking overhead at the close rows of hammocks, which draped the whole roof, while the vessel was in port and unoccupied, one realized that there would not be any space to spare.

There is a place for everything however, and it goes without saying that everything will be in its place. Moreover, the hammocks, and even the tables and benches are movable. Their several parts, fitted together by joints and sockets, are quite firm, but they may be quickly taken down and packed away. Everything



THE MONTEREY.

Photograph taken after embarkation of troops, as the transport passed down the harbour. (Gauvin & Gentzel, Halifax).

tains from six to ten berths. The floors of these rooms are covered with linoleum, and the woodwork is stained red and varnished.

In the men's quarters all is plain new deal, quite innocent of paint or covering. There are four of these great cabins, extending from side to side of the ship. They are very low, but portholes on each side and a wide stairway to the deck admit plenty of fresh air. Nevertheless, sailors who have crossed the line say that these cabins will be oppressively hot when warm latitudes

is numbered, from the hammocks to the hat-pegs and rifle-racks, which are arranged in a square round the staircase, and as each man has the same number for all his possessions he has no difficulty in knowing what is his own.

On deck are bake-houses, wash-houses, "a medicine chest," and a hospital. The latter is a long narrow cabin with a double row of bunks down each side, a door at each end and many portholes, so that it does not lack either light or air.

Above themen's quarters are the stalls for their horses. Each animal has just space enough to hold it and no more, but in order that it may be able to change its position to some extent a sling, fastened to the roof above, is placed beneath its body. Down each side of the after-part of the ship is a double row of stalls. The horses stand facing one another, and the long row of heads on either

side of the narrow passage has a most striking and picturesque effect.

The animals were put on board on the day of their arrival in Halifax, being taken directly from the train to the boat, and before the ship sailed most of them seemed to be quietly resigning themselves to the narrowness of their new quarters.

After reaching the wharf, the troops went on board the *Monterey* to the music of the Leinster band, and though they were frequently adjured sarcastically "not to mark time on the gangway," the actual embarkation did not take much time.

There was some delay, however, before all the visitors who had gone on board to bid farewell to their friends



Dr. Borden,
Minister of Militia.

Mrs. Sinclair.

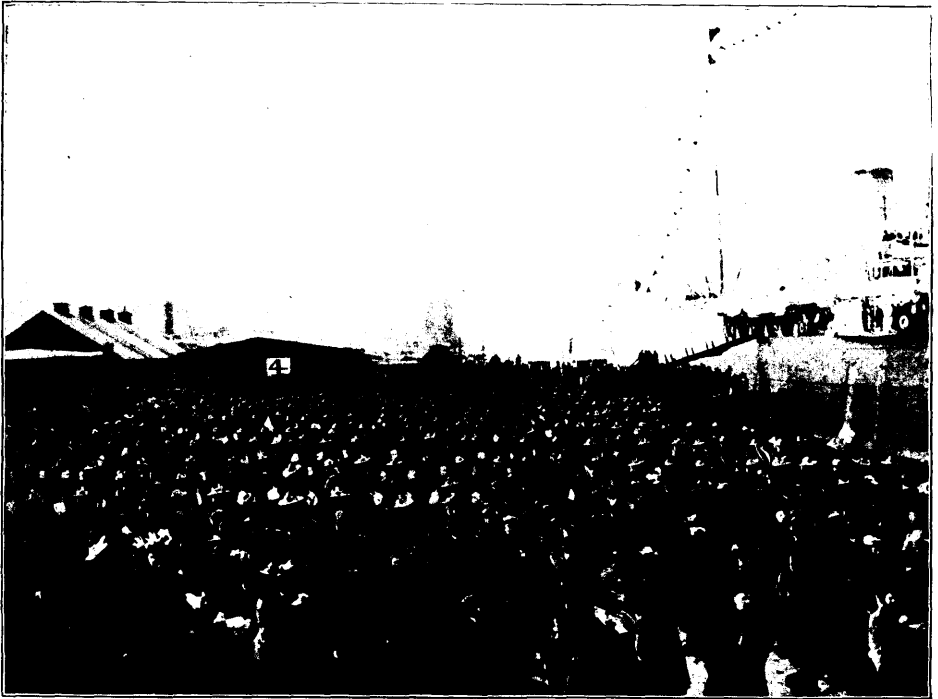
Mr. Alex. Sinclair (Elder-Dempster).
Lieut.-Col. Steele.

A GROUP ON THE MONTEREY.

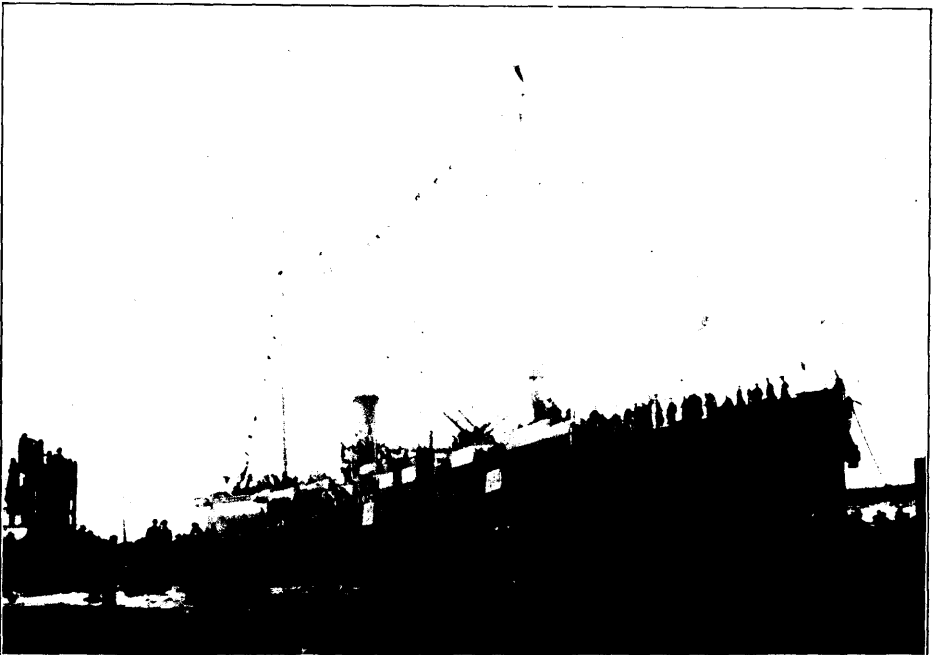
could be induced to come ashore. At the last moment a trooper brought down to the wharf a huge sack of letters, then the gangway was drawn back, and the *Monterey* slowly backed out into the stream amid the ringing cheers of all the spectators. The troopers cheered in return, and climbed high into the rigging to wave flags and handkerchiefs to those left behind.

The transport lay all night in the harbour, and the rain came down in torrents. Happily morning rose bright and fair, and the men took their last look at the Canadian shores in sunshine. They all went off in good spirits, only damped by the fear that they may be too late to have any share in the danger and glory of the war.





THE MILWAUKEE JUST BEFORE THE EMBARKATION OF MOUNTED RIFLES AT HALIFAX ON FEBRUARY 21ST.



THE MILWAUKEE AFTER THE EMBARKATION.

The Milwaukee is 470 feet long, 56.1 feet beam, and her net tonnage is 4,755. She is one of the Elder-Dempster Line. On this trip she carries a total of 641 soldiers and 660 horses, with a crew of 100 men.



BY C.A. BRAMBLE

PART VI.—SHEEP AND GOAT.

UNTIL the mountains were penetrated by the various surveying parties sent out to find a location for the proposed C.P.R., it was believed that the big-horn or mountain sheep was a remarkably scarce animal, while the white goat was supposed to inhabit but a few remote ranges in small numbers. The railway engineers found these conceptions erroneous. While locating through the Bow River Pass, fresh mountain mutton was supplied by Indian hunters, and in the Selkirks and Coast Ranges goat could be had by any one willing to do a little climbing.

The trade price of a goat skin all along the coast is \$1.50, and any number of pelts can be bought at that figure each autumn and winter, when the snows have driven the animals to ground which the Indians can get at without too much exertion. Sixty miles north of Loughborough Inlet goat may be shot within five miles of tide water, in November, and there must, naturally, be hundreds of other spots where sport could be had near the coast.

Several good authorities mention the occurrence of goat on islands off the British Columbia coast, but personally I have not run across them except on the main land, though I accept without cavil the statement that in some places shots at this game may be had from a canoe on salt water. I did not find goat on Lower Valdez Island, nor on any of the islands near Fort Wrangel, but doubtless on many of the higher islands there are goat in abundance. If my memory is correct Mr. Turner-Turner got them on an island near Fort Simpson, and Captain

Phillips-Wolley, on some island much further south, between Vancouver Island and the main land.

There is always a certain amount of satisfaction in roaming the forest and hillside, rifle in hand, and in the case of all B.C. sport the pleasure is intensified by the magnificent scenery, but the actual shooting of the white goat is not a task likely to tax the skill of a decent shot. The animals are exceedingly unsuspecting, and, notwithstanding all yarns to the contrary, are as often found on easy as on difficult ground.

The early morning is the best time to hunt, soon after sunrise, and it is advisable to keep on high ground and to work upwind. Notwithstanding their colour, or absence of it, goat are sometimes difficult to pick out, if there are patches of snow, or bleached boulders, scattered over the hillside. Each sex has two horns, which the Indians say are used with great effect against wolves. Goat and sheep invariably make off up hill when surprised by danger, and will climb some queer places if closely pressed. When attacked by wolves they are said to select a narrow ledge on which to come to bay, and in such a position of vantage have little to fear, as the horns are sharp and they use them with effect.

The winter coat of the goat is composed of long coarse white hairs, with a felted undergrowth of wool; in late spring they shed their old coats, and are not in condition to yield a pelt fit even for a mat until the following fall. Nothing more ungainly than this animal exists. It is almost grotesque in



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

its ugliness, and the billies have an air of melancholy resignation as great as that of a prize bulldog—one of the kind that look as though they had been smashed in the face with a brick.

The territory on which the goat is found is enormous. From Burrard Inlet, all up the Coast Range, to Cook's Inlet, this animal is abundant, and on most of the higher and more rugged inland ranges as well. Goat, caribou

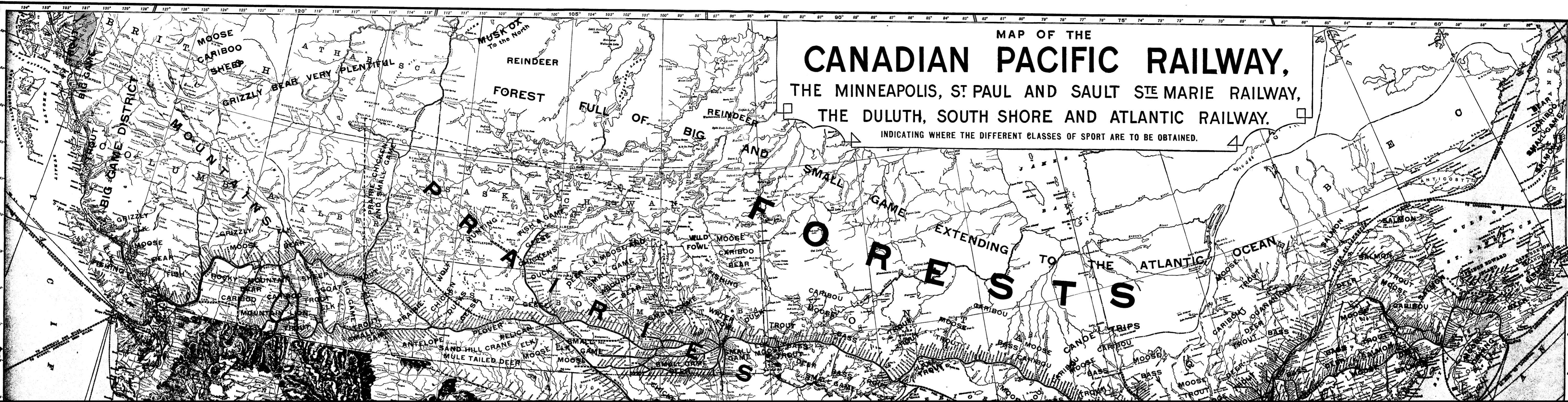
and bear are companions in some of the most savage mountain chains of the continent; yet they are found also in company with the blacktail near salt water, and with the mule deer in drier regions.

Bighorn are much more noble game than goats, but are local in their distribution. The typical sheep, O. Montana, is found in the Rockies, from the International line to a point between the Peace and Liard rivers. About the headwaters of the Stickine and Liard it is replaced by a very dark variety known as Stone's sheep, and among the Sea Alps of Alaska by an almost white variety, with long slender horns, that has been named after Doll. Neither of these northern forms is equal in size or beauty to the southern animal, though each surpasses it in value as a trophy, owing to remoteness of habitat.

Except by Indian hunters in the northern part of the Province, very few sheep fall to the rifle. Of all our Canadian game the bighorn is by far the most wary and difficult to bag. The best human eye, even assisted by a telescope, is probably hardly superior to the naked vision of a mountain ram. Their strategy is admirable, and once they have regained the higher ground after feeding during the early

MAP OF THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,
THE MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL AND SAULT STE MARIE RAILWAY,
THE DULUTH, SOUTH SHORE AND ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

INDICATING WHERE THE DIFFERENT CLASSES OF SPORT ARE TO BE OBTAINED.



morning, nothing but a combination of luck and skill will give a chance for a successful shot.

The double-barrel express rifle is a poor weapon for this class of sport, the range being generally a long one, as sporting ranges go, and the light bullet has neither the great accuracy nor the resistance to drift that is demanded. The ideal weapon is a .303 magazine rifle, made in a sporting model, and of course the soft-nosed bullet should be used.

Sheep are found, as I have said, in the Rockies, in the Bridge River country, in the Cariboo mountains, and to the south and west of the Okanagan Valley. In each of these localities the animals belong to the typical species. Just where the southern limit of the dark or Stone's sheep range begins, is not, I think, known to a certainty. All the sheep shot between the Coast Range and Dease Lake, north of the Stikine, belong to the southern form, while those from the mountains beyond the Liard are invariably of the darker variety. It may possibly be found that all the northern inland ranges carry Stone's sheep, while the bighorn found in the Sea Alps are assuredly the beautiful white sheep *O. Dallü*.

It is somewhat surprising that more men do not go in for sheep hunting. Given a taste for roughing it, and an unlimited capacity for walking and scrambling over ground that would make a fly shudder, there is no form of sport more fascinating. A run over the C.P.R. to any of the stations in the Bow or Crow's Nest passes would land the sportsman at his jumping-off place. Good ponies, packers, and the best Stoney Indian hunters available, shoved behind, and then three weeks or a month might be spent pleasantly stalking bighorn. Big bags need not be expected—nor should they be desired. A couple of good heads would be an ample reward. More kudos is to be won by a successful sheep hunt than by years of potting at mule or blacktail deer. You don't get them by accident, and every head brought down

represents honest, hard work and straight powder.

It is absolutely essential to be early astir an' you would get your bighorn. They drink and nibble the short, sweet mountain grasses just above tree-line, between dawn and sunrise, but retire to the faces of the crags and the pinnacles of the ranges at a very early hour. By leaving camp, which should be pitched as near tree-line as practicable, as soon as the light permits, the stalker may once in a while discover a band of bighorn that are yet feeding. They will probably be grazing their way slowly upward, ever on the alert and ready to make for the very worst ground in the neighbourhood at the first alarm. But in this form of sport as in most others, if the game can be seen first there is a fair chance of success. Should, however, it have happened the other way, the sportsman had better give up following that particular band, nor will he be likely to get a chance at any of its members for a day or two. It is generally a hopeless task attempting to follow a band that has become alarmed or even suspicious. A bighorn can climb farther in five minutes than the best mountaineer in as many hours, and once those steadfast, yellow, telescopic eyes have detected a man, the ram will see to it that he does not draw any nearer.

Mountain sheep are exceedingly whimsical in their choice of ground. Last autumn, when in East Kootenay, I could not find any tracks of bighorn, or hear of any, in the Selkirks which flank the valley on the west, while they may be met with anywhere in the Rockies bordering it to the east. Seeing that in places the valley is but five or six miles wide, and without inhabitants, it would evidently be a simple matter for the bighorn to cross should they feel so disposed, yet there is no instance known of them doing so. Why is this? Perhaps the much deeper snows on the Selkirk range are distasteful to the game, especially as lower down on the flanks is a heavy forest growth, to which the animals

would never resort, for the bighorn insists on a clear view all around. Yet, it would not have been surprising if certain bands had taken up their abode in the Selkirks, and become gradually adapted to the surroundings. This they have never seemingly done, and to-day the big game of that range is limited to goat, caribou and bear, the latter being tolerably abundant, especially in the Slocan.

In the Rockies the snowfall is comparatively light, the timber scanty and the slopes covered with a short growth of herbage that forms admirable pasture for the wild sheep. It is a capital hunting ground, and the portion between the two lines of the C.P.R. is probably as good as any part of the chain excepting that between the headwaters of the North Saskatchewan and the Peace—a region too remote for most men, and one better suited to exploration than to sport, on account of the difficulties of access and transport.

One of the best known grounds for bighorn is that which includes the Ashnola Mountains south-west of Okanagan Lake. It may be reached by way of Sicamous Junction and Vernon, and in a year or so by the new line of the Columbia & Western, which is being pushed through the Boundary country and will tap the main line at or near Spence's Bridge. The Ashnola ground is somewhat easier to work than most sheep ranges, and a full use may be made of pack and saddle ponies, except during the actual stalking. Unfortunately it is being pretty well shot over by distinguished visitors and residents, and within a short time must fail to yield sport. The country is being proved rich in mineral wealth, and the prospector is ransacking its most inaccessible spots, so that an unusually distrustful, wary animal such as the bighorn should soon find the surroundings uncongenial. The moral of this is that those desiring to get their bighorn in the Ashnola district had better not put off the attempt too long or they may fail in their endeavour.

Another district, at present good and likely to remain so much longer than the one just described, is that of Bridge River, Lilloet. This is reached via Ashcroft. It is on the east or dry side of the Coast Range; a country of rolling highlands and bunch-grass benches. A pony may be ridden over a great part of the ground, and the climate is delightful. Big heads are scarce and record trophies hardly likely to be obtained, but as a preliminary canter before trying more difficult ground Bridge River may be recommended.

A campaign after bighorn must be most carefully planned, otherwise it will result in failure to a moral certainty. Equipment can hardly be too light. Everything will have to be packed for many miles over wretched trails. An early start ought to be made from the east, and the work of gathering useful ponies and good men undertaken systematically. It will be easier to get the cayuses than the bipeds. Men are scarce in British Columbia, and the best will not move under \$3.50 a day and all found. The loafers, infesting every railroad and mining town, are to be avoided like the profanity to which they give rise. A stranger finding himself in a western town on the hunt for good packers, and a hunter who knows his business, is in one of those positions in which wisdom is profitable to direct. One of the great mistakes made by eastern men is the implicit confidence they place in any western bar-room hunter who happens to cross their path. Even in British Columbia the number of men who are fit to lead a sportsman up to bighorn are few and far between, and do not, as a rule, pass their days drinking vile whiskey in questionable company. In the Rockies, and up north, some of the Indians are first-rate guides, but where civilization has penetrated, the Indians have deteriorated rapidly and are, as a rule, of little value. The belief that all western men are born shots and riders is general and utterly beside the facts; the percentage of first-class frontiersmen is very small. Loafers, clerks, storekeepers and others whose only

hunting has been after the immortal dollar, outnumber the quiet, observant, self-reliant hunters and trappers by such an enormous majority that nothing but a painstaking, careful search will lead to the discovery of a genuine specimen of the latter.

By far the best pack equipment is the araparajo, as a mule or pony will carry a bigger load without danger of galling, than when fitted with an ordinary pack saddle. One man in the outfit should be able to throw the diamond hitch; no other form of lashing is to be relied upon with a bulky load over a bad trail. It is the most complicated arrangement of ropes, and even fairly good packers soon forget how to throw it unless kept constantly at work.

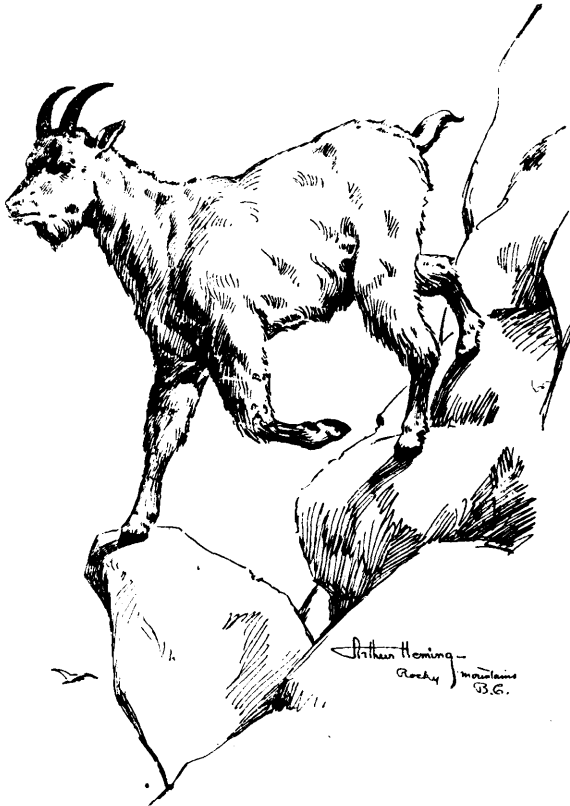
When a long expedition is projected the pack animals should not be too heavily loaded. A big, strong mule may, at a pinch, carry 300 pounds, but not for long. On some of the trails, such as that from the Stikine to Pease Lake, the packers prefer to make up the loads to weigh not more than 250 pounds, or in the case of small ponies 150 pounds may be the limit. One mare should have a bell round her neck,

and wherever she goes the mules will follow. A grey mare is usually preferred as it saves time in looking her up. One of the curses of life with a pack train is the frequent search for missing animals. Some will stray when not hobbled; and if hobbled on ranges where the forage is scanty, they fall off in flesh and strength through not getting enough food. I

had a small pack train once containing a mare that would stray when she got a chance, and on three occasions one of the horses generally went off too. I shall never forget a dance she led me: we made camp after a rather long day, and I considered she was too tired to stray for that night, so did not hobble her. Next morning she was away, and another pony had gone with her. For more than two weeks

all our efforts failed to find her. I walked and rode between 200 and 250 miles, searching every gulch and gully without seeing even a hoof-mark.

Some Indian trackers at five dollars a day did no better, and I had given up all hope of ever seeing either animal again, when one grey dawn the two animals walked composedly into camp, sleek as moles, and evidently pining



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.

for companionship. They must have remained in some small draw where they were well hidden by a scrub-growth.

An early morning start is advisable. After covering ten or fifteen miles at a fair pace, camp should be made, and the animals turned loose. By this method the ponies, or mules will keep in good hard condition without loss of strength; it would never do to start late and dawdle along until nightfall, as then the animals would fail to get their fill in time for a good night's rest.

This matter of pack-train management is a highly important one; without suitable transport arrangements the best game grounds are not likely to be reached. Tents should be small and light. Heavy canvas shelters are not required; drilling is amply sufficient to keep out rain and snow. Tenderfeet always carry a sheet iron stove, but practised voyageurs, such as the old Hudson's Bay men, never do so. Of course, there are times when a small, light, sheet-iron stove is handy, but there are also occasions when almost every other article known to civilized man would be welcome, so as transport is always limited the only way to success is to leave everything behind that can safely be dispensed with.

In the Canadian west, great heat is never met with. On a few days in July and August the temperature in the sun may be high, but the nights are invariably cool. After September has begun, the weather in the mountains is likely to be just about right for hard work. Of course it all depends upon the district. On the Pacific coast the fine dry summer weather lasts uninterruptedly until the season breaks, and then rain falls almost daily for months, in fact for fully half the year waterproof garments are needed. Inland, some autumns are all that one could wish until well into November, and again broken weather may set in before Sep-

tember closes, and the year ends without any of those delightfully dreamy days, when the cobwebs and the downy seeds of the fireweed float in the air, and the hillsides blaze with scarlet and gold. But, taking one year with another, the hunting season in the Canadian Rockies, and in the chains still further west, is usually a glorious time, with just enough freshness in the northern breeze to brace a man for work. Even an unsuccessful trip after sheep or goat will tone up a jaded system more than all the tonics known to the pharmacopœia.

In conclusion I shall offer no apology for pointing out how peculiarly favourable are the conditions under which the big game of Canada is hunted. Instead of miasma fever and enervating heat, such as hunters must face in tropical lands, we have the most absolutely healthy and enjoyable climate in the whole world; even the weakling becomes robust after living an open-air life in the Canadian forest or among the mountains of our west land. Moreover, by a kind dispensation of Providence, one of the finest railway systems on the continent passes for some 3,000 miles through a country in which big game abounds. I have seen antelope, wolves, and deer from the windows of a parlour car, and within a dozen miles of the steel bands almost anywhere between North Bay and Vancouver, good sport of one kind or another may be obtained. By writing ahead to a friend, arrangements may often be made so that, unless for a long expedition after sheep or bear, when more careful preparations may be needful, the sportsman, on stepping from a luxurious car, throws a leg over a good pony, and within a few hours is snugly encamped with squirrels and whiskey jacks, the sole visible fellow-occupants of the wilderness, outside his own party, except for the deep tracks in the sand of the nearby stream, telling of moose, or caribou, or deer, to be had for the hunting.

NAWAZ KHAN: THE GIFT OF ALLAH.*

By *W. A. Fraser.*

NAWAZ KHAN was the fighting ram of the Marris. This is a chronicle of the result of his dabbling in the affairs of the British Empire.

The Marris tribesmen were a joyous set of looting blackguards—proper Pathans. They were a small tribe; to them had come down a heritage of border feud, which, though it developed the fighting qualities of the survivors, kept the census within bounds.

Their land was fifty miles north-east of a sin-stricken *teshil* (station) named Sibi, on the Afghan border. Any tribe that lives within fifty miles of that station is sure to be bad clean through. Sibi was known as “the white man’s grave”; that was flattery—it was worse.

In September, when I passed through the land of the Marris, they despoiled me with cheerful abandon; they looted my commissariat camel with platonic freedom, and one night a lover of fine raiment came as I slept and cut the side from my tent to make a toga for his broad shoulders. Allah! that was clever.

Six footsore brigands made sandals from my leather gun-case, and then came and hobnobbed with me over a pot of tea. They were proud of their new footwear; the oak-tanned soles peeped at me joyously from beneath the square, rugged toes of the unabashed Pathans. I said nothing about this little matter—controversy might have ended with a slit in my neck; they have such a summary way of ending unpleasant arguments.

My guide, who was a first cousin to these outlaws in devilry, was the best-natured blackguard I ever travelled with; he gave me politic pointers, for he had the wisdom of the serpent.

“These dwellers in caves,” he said,

“are the unregenerate offspring of depraved camels—also of evil swine; therefore take no notice, and we will get through pleasantly enough—without trouble.”

His policy was sound; so the Marris and I remained on the very best of terms; they even showed me Nawaz Khan, the fighting ram that had bucked into oblivion every other ram from Dera Ghazi to Peshawur. And because of that they had been exalted among the ram-fighting, man-fighting, any-sort-of-fighting nations of that *kush*.

At the guide’s suggestion I gave the owner, Rahat Shah, five rupees to make silver knobs for the points of the Khan’s horns. Surely I had become a blood-brother to the cut-throat Marris. That was what the guide said; also was I safe in the sight of Allah, he assured me.

When I returned in December, Nawaz Khan, “the gift of Allah,” was gone. He had been looted, or had tumbled over a cliff. The tribe had searched at the bottom of every precipice without result. That he had been stolen was as difficult of belief as the statement that some one had made away with Buddha’s tooth from the temple at Kandy.

But Nawaz Khan was gone, of a certainty. And now there was only the memory of his many battles, and the promise of much murder for the thieves who held him.

When I reached Sibi almost the first sight I saw was a ram, joyous in much fat, taking a rise out of a tall Punjabi orderly in front of his Colonel’s tent. The ram had caught him fair in the middle, on the south side, and if the soldier had been brittle he would have broken in two. As it was, he covered much territory, before lighting on his

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head in the white sand of the Sibi plain.

The orderly was vexed at the importunate attention from the hard-headed ram. He picked himself up with Sikh dignity and reached for his gun, which stood with three inches of its iron muzzle in the soft earth.

Now a ram, when he tries for a knock-out blow and fails, usually backs up and plays a little harder the next time, but the orderly's assailant seemed to think he had carried the joke far enough—wisely, perhaps—and walked sedately over to the Colonel's dog-cart and started peeling the yellow paint from its spokes.

Something about the cut of this pugnacious sheep appeared familiar to me. I manoeuvred up to him strategically, keeping my line of retreat well open. A critical reconnaissance convinced me that it was the fighting ram of my free-booting friends who lived in the foothills of the Suleimans: there were the silver knobs of which I was the donor.

Great Scott! what was he doing here at the Colonel's tent? The whole Marris country would be in a blaze if they knew of it.

But they had looted me; therefore let them look to Allah for the return of their tribe's glory.

I asked Teniers, who was a lieutenant in the regiment, where they had *pakarao'd* the sheep.

"Such a lark!" he answered. "You know, the Colonel is a queer fish; studies his book on tactics—form D. B. Z. in his pocket all the time. Good enough chap, you know, the old fellow is—wouldn't know enough to step inside if it were raining bullets, and nothing to be gained by getting shot; but all the same, he's like one of those greaseless country carts with his squeaky voice—puts the fellows all on edge, you know.

"We don't mind fighting—like it, of course; but hang it all! when there's no fighting to be got—when all these hill fellows are like a bally lot of shepherds, plodding around with their sheep and goats, and no raiding on,

why, we want a bit of fun or else we'll go flabby.

"Now, 'Old Squeaks'—that's what the chaps call him—thinks fun, polo, and all the rest of it, you know, is all skittles; he talks about the officers blowin' their oof, and tommy-rot of that sort."

I let Teniers talk, and busied myself with his cheroot case, hunting for a decent Trichi; for I knew there was something needing a lot of explaining away, and that my young friend was leading up to it diplomatically enough. So I waited, and smoked patiently as he rattled on with his picturesquely narrative.

"Well, it seemed hopeless enough; we sat in the worst sort of luck. There was some fighting up Chitral way with Shir Afzul, Umra Khan, and that lot, but we never 'got the route.' The camp was simply dying of stagnation. If cholera had come down from the Bolan, as it did last year, it would have played the deuce with us—we were that stalled for want of fighting or something.

"There were always five or six of our fellows in hospital, and not a broken bone or a 'concussion' in the whole bally lot—nothing but flabby heart. That was what was bowling them over—*thinking*. We didn't come out here to think, did we, Braem?"

"I should say not," I replied, with an emphatic laugh.

Teniers looked at me quizzically. "Don't be a sarcastic goat," he said testily. "We can think right enough when it's needed; but fighting, or polo, or racing's the thing to keep a man fit. Good Heavens! the surgeon actually hinted that some of the fellows were malingering. It would have ended in mutiny right enough; but just then we got hold of Yusuf—"

Before my friend had time to finish the sentence there was a rushing noise, like the cutting loose of a junior cyclone, and over we went, tent and all. Jove! but it was a mix-up. The cot, a stool, a suit-case, young Teniers with a sword spitted between his legs, and myself, rolled up in several yards of canvas.

I felt some great body go crashing over me, and heard, rather indistinctly, the lieutenant's voice, muffled in the folds of the tent, saying: "It's that — ram, I bet a guinea! What in the name of Allah is he after now?"

It was the Khan, right enough. When a sergeant and two privates had sorted us from among the débris, we discovered that a small, brick-laden donkey had excited the ram's curiosity, and he had attempted to sample the stability of the groggy little legs that looked so hopelessly inadequate.

The donkey flipped about just in time to miss the rush, and Nawaz Khan's charge had carried him through our tent. When the soldiers had pitched the wrecked tent, Teniers continued the interrupted history of the advent of the ram.

"Does he do that often?" I asked.

"That's the first time he's pipped my castle," said the Lieutenant, working the sand out of his hair with a brush. "His favourite mark is a Tommy curled up on a *charpoy* asleep. Sometimes he bunts the water barrels over, too; and once he tipped the Old Man up, backing to charge something that seemed a happy mark. Squeaks was heels on, and didn't see him coming. We hid the ram for two days—the Colonel would have shot him."

"Who owns him—did one of the men *chor* him?" I asked cautiously, for the Khan's deeds made my friend a bit irrelevant to the point at issue.

"No; got him from Yusuf—you know Yusuf Khan, the camelman?"

I assented. I remembered him well. Once upon a time he had sold me a mad Bokharan as a riding camel, and the blatant thing had run away with me for twenty miles. At the end I was sea-sick, and for a week had amateur rheumatism. "Yes, I remember him," I said reminiscently, "he's a bad lot, even for a Pathan."

"Well, Yusuf wanted the contract for supplying transport camels, and came to me about it. Wanted to know what *backshish* he could give the Colonel to win his heart. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Fancy his try-

ing to work Squeaks that way. They do it among themselves, you know; everybody's got to have his *dustoor*—so he thought it was only a question of finding out the Colonel's fancy.

"Lutyens, who came up with the regiment, was with me, and we pulled old Yusuf's leg no end of a time, quizzing him as to what he had to give the Colonel. At last he mentioned that he had a fighting ram, the best between Sibi and Cabul. "By Jove! you should have seen Lutyens jump at that. He swore the Colonel was just dying to have a fighting ram; that he was a great sportsman, and revelled in that sort of thing—lived on it. I must say that I backed the Major up, I had to.

"'You'll get anything you want,' Lutyens told Yusuf, 'only bring the ram in.'

"Fancy Squeaks fighting rams—it's unholy. His aunt, or somebody, wouldn't like it.

"We put the other fellows on to the 'good thing,' and in the end Yusuf was coached properly. Also we worked the Colonel—stuffed him. It was as good as a ballet, or a brush up in the hills. The fellows came out of hospital to play the new game that was on.

"The Colonel, you know, had been down in Burma, or China, or some other heathen country with his regiment, and when they were sent up here to relieve the Tenth, neither he nor any of the others knew a word of this Pathan *baht*—Pushtu is like dummy talk to them. Of course he had passed in the thing at home, the lingo we all went through—Urdu, they call it, I think; but here it seems to be Pushtu, sheep-talk and Persian mixed. When Squeaks thinks he's telling them to clear out, they come and sit in his lap.

"We squared his *krani* (interpreter). He's a Bengali Baboo, and is afraid of everything but rupees. Lutyens frightened him to death—swore he'd ride Shahzada over him by accident if he didn't make proper talk when Yusuf brought in the lambkin.

"One day Yusuf and three other

brawny Afghans turned up with the dirt of two-score years thick upon the lot of them. Cracky! but they were fierce-looking: *jesails*, jade-handled knives the length of your arm, and all the rest of their cut-throat tools. With them came the ram, of course. He was short-clipped and gorgeous in many colours—painted up for the occasion.

“ ‘Diplomacy is the racket,’ said Lutyens; ‘play Squeaks on that.’

“You see the Colonel has a hobby that if we can humour these natives we shan’t have to fight them. It’ll be a beastly hole to live in if that ever comes about; we’d soon die off if there was no fighting to be had.

“The Old Man held a regular durbar; for the Baboo explained that Yusuf was one of the Khan of Kelat’s small chiefs, and that he wanted to make friendship with the English for his tribe. His people lived somewhere up in the Bolans near Kirta.

“They ate salt together, and touched palms with a rupee, and things went on swimmingly.

“Yusuf couldn’t understand a word the Colonel said, and the Afghan’s *baht* was all Greek to Squeaks. Lutyens had his eye on the *krani*, who was interpreting after a fashion—you know Lutyens’ eye; it’s like a cocked pistol—so we were on velvet.

“The game was, that Yusuf had brought in the ram as a peace offering; it was the thing his people prized most on earth—a sort of sacred gift. And so long as the Colonel kept the ram in the regiment, Yusuf’s people would look upon us as blood-brothers. It was all Lutyens’ doings, I swear.

“At first when the Colonel understood that he was to take the sheep, he bucked at the idea. He hates everything but a cavalry horse, you know, and only likes them because they’re useful.

“The funny part of the business was that Yusuf really got the contract for the camels; not on account of the sheep, but because the Colonel thought it a good thing to win over this head man.

“That’s how we got the ram,” said

Teniers. “He simply won’t leave the Colonel—hangs around his tent all the time, bunting the orderly. One day he chewed the tops off Squeaks’ new boots. He’s really kept us alive. And what’s odd, the Colonel’s got fond of him—we all know that; he’s never bunted the Old Man once, only the time he upset him by mistake. He just does as he likes in the regiment; they look upon him as a mascot.

“He’s a proper *budmash* (scoundrel); but what can you expect from a ram that’s been brought up among these sons of Belial when he gets into decent society?

“The Sergeants’ mess clubbed in and put that silver ring on his horn. They’re a scum lot—they looted all the refreshment-rooms coming up from Karachi; but they’d fight for the lamb until they were wiped out, I believe. That’s because he’s so properly bad; they like it.”

I said never a word about the original owners of the ram—it would be a pity to spoil sport. If Yusuf had looted him from the Marris he deserved that camel contract. I even forgave him my ride on the mad Bokharan.

Then we had a week of Sibi dulness; nothing happened, absolutely nothing—only the heat. It was terrific.

The Beluchis in the plain about Sibi went out and tilled their fields, and tended their flocks, and never a hillman swooped down on them. It looked as though little round towers of defence dotted all over the plain like huge churns might as well be levelled to the ground. The fellows squabbled among themselves, and prayed for strong-hearted infidels to come down and fight them. It was the heat—it took the life out of everything. Even the Khan lay asleep most of the time—he was getting fat.

All week the Colonel had laboured most seriously over a letter to the *Civil and Military Gazette* on the necessity for higher diplomatic knowledge among military officers in command in border districts. He made a strong point of the assertion that “diplomacy was the higher form of applied patience.” He

always wrote with a tight grip upon the pen, and his mouth twisted to one side. That's the proper military man's attitude—it's like sword play.

Incidentally, the ram mixed up with the Colonel's epic. Tuesday while he was sweating over an intricate paragraph that wouldn't go right anyhow, the Khan stalked Lutyens' fox-terrier, and shikarried him into the Colonel's tent. The table was upset, and three pages of the manuscript floated in ink. The profanity was awful. It frightened even the Khan, and he didn't show up for a day.

When the Old Man finished the article Thursday he had writer's cramp and a stiff neck. Friday the ram nibbled the letter out of his tunic pocket, as it lay on the chair, and ate it. The orderly saw him just finishing the "Yours truly, Diplomat."

Now patience was a good thing to write about in an article on diplomacy; but when it came to having a week's work chewed up by a bilious ram it was a little too much for human nature, and the Colonel's language was terrific; also he battered the ram.

All Saturday we laughed over this; for it leaked out. That night Nawaz Khan chieved a bowl of lettuce that was on Major Lutyens' dinner-table; and the four of us who were to have dined with him had to go and borrow a scrap meal from different sections of the camp. It cost Lutyens twenty-five rupees for new dishes; to say nothing of two wasted bottles of Simpkin opened on the ram's horns.

Monday joy reigned in the regiment. "The route" was out for a detachment of two companies. Where they were going nobody knew, only the Colonel. Something was on up in the hills. It couldn't be a fight, with only two companies called; it must be political. However, it was a move; and Lutyens and Teniers, who were going, were full of it.

By daylight Tuesday morning the men were on the march; and by noon the broad, flat surface of the Sibi *Put* (desert) had swallowed them up; there was only a glinting mirage where they

had gone off toward the northeast. They were heading straight for the Marris hills.

A feeling of misgiving came over me when I realized that they were going toward the Marris Pass, for the ram had gone with them.

At sunrise, Thursday, bright, glinting flashes struck our camp, thrown, from the hills to the east. It was a heliograph signal. It read:

"Surrounded by tribesmen fifteen miles up the Pass. Hard pressed. Send reinforcements."

An answer was flashed back that we'd leave immediately, and soon the remainder of the regiment was streaming across the *Put*, with two seven-pounders and a Gatling.

This is what had happened in the meantime.

After they had gone about five miles, the Colonel suddenly discovered that Nawaz Khan was complacently marching with the transport. The Old Man swore like a trooper. "Curse the brute!" he exclaimed, "am I never going to get away from that ram!" But the fellows fancied he was really pleased that the Khan had stuck to them. It was too late to turn him back, so he and the orderly plodded along together.

When they got among the hills, the natives came into the camp friendly enough. At first there were a few of them. They talked to the Colonel through the *krani*, and though the latter was a little mixed on their *baht*, he understood just enough to exchange the courtesies.

But the minute they got their eye on the ram, things changed. They soon slipped away; but our fellows didn't know that it had anything to do with the Khan—they didn't know he had been looted from the Marris.

At the next halt, farther up in the hills, quite a large body of tribesmen came in and had a palaver. Our fellows had seen them hovering about on the line of march. The Baboo couldn't explain four annas of what they said; but it was easy to see they were demanding the ram.

Then the Old Man's liking for the beast cropped up. "It was infernal cheek," he called it. "The ram was the regiment's mascot—it would be like giving up the colours. Never! he'd fight them first. If it were a sort of toll they were levying he'd pay something for the sake of peace rather than have a *tamasha*."

He ordered the Baboo to give the chief, Afzul ul Mulik, fifty rupees. The latter tucked the bag of silver in his belt, and sat on his haunches sullenly.

"What is he waiting for?" asked the Colonel.

"He wants the ram, sir."

This brought the Colonel to the end of his diplomatic tether—his choler got up, and he ordered the Marris to clear out. They went, and the troops lost sight of them.

Toward noon, as the detachment marched along the track which led over a dry watercourse up to a narrow slit in the hills, they were suddenly fired upon from in front. The hills on either side of the Pass were thronged with white-turbaned tribesmen who were sniping at the troops with long rifles.

The Colonel's men returned the fire, but most of the bullets only spatted against the rock-cover the hillmen crouched behind. "Phut! phut!" went the guns on the hillside; "p-ing-g! spit! spat!" came the leaden pills from every side, for the Pathans were closing up in the rear also. The men were in a trap.

"We've got to get out of this, and make a stand on higher ground, sir," said Lutyens.

Then the men charged up one side of the valley, and drove the Marris from the top of a hill at the point of the bayonet. It was hot work. Lutyens got a bullet in his arm, and half a dozen men dropped in the valley. There was no time to get them; they lay there under the cross-fire, as well as eight or ten of the Pathans.

It looked like bad business, and the hills all around simply swarmed with tribesmen who kept up a dropping fire.

It didn't do much harm, the range was too great; but the troops were surrounded, and it would be hot work getting out. The Marris saw they had our fellows trapped, and played a waiting game. There were hundreds of them; the hills were alive. Teniers and Sergeant Flynn volunteered to slip through the enemy that night and bring up reinforcements.

They took a heliograph with them because they could signal from the foothills in the morning, saving a twenty-mile tramp, and get word to the regiment quicker. They stole out in the darkness, and the men waited, not knowing whether they got through or not.

All night the tribesmen kept up a spitting fire—just enough to make rest impossible. That was their game—to keep the small troop hemmed in, and worry them to death.

Our fellows knew what it meant—water. The hill was like an ash heap—as dry. The water bottles wouldn't fight the heat for twenty-four hours; another twenty-four and they would parch up and choke. The men of Allah on the hills knew that, too.

Of course, if Teniers didn't get through, and the balance of the regiment didn't turn up, the detachment would have to fight its way out. It would be at terrible cost—probably not a man would get through alive. They hadn't a field gun with them—nothing but their rifles; so they couldn't shell the enemy from their path. This was a serious mistake; but the Colonel had evidently started out on a political mission, and considered guns an impediment to rapid travel. So they prayed hard that Teniers or the sergeant might get through.

They expected the natives to rush them just before daylight, but there was no attack—nothing but the wearing fire, the dribbling in of bullets, to keep them on edge.

The wounded and dead lay between the two forces. Once our men tried to slip down to bring in their wounded, but were driven back; twice the tribesmen crept down, but were repulsed

with a stiff volley—their mission was throat-cutting.

In the morning it was seen that the Marris had been at work during the night. Two stone *sangas* had been thrown up within fair range of our men; but Lutyens had also constructed a barricade, so honours were even.

About nine o'clock half-a-dozen Marris came down with a white flag—they wanted to pick up the wounded. Our fellows were glad of the chance of a truce, and the poor chaps who had lain out all night were brought in.

While this was going on, another party of eight or ten came in with a white flag also; and with them was a gigantic ram, close-clipped, and with all the glory of war paint on his strong-ribbed sides and muscular quarters. The Baboo unearthed from their muddy vocabulary that they wanted to fight the Khan.

"They're a rum lot," said Lutyens, with his arm in a sling; "while they've got us hemmed in here, and hope to starve us out, they want to put in the time pleasantly by holding sports. But it will delay matters anyway, and give Teniers a chance. If he'd been captured we'd have heard about it, I think—he must have got through.

"We'll fight them with the ram, won't we, sir?" he said to the Colonel. "It'll keep things back. We'll mark time as long as we can—I'll swear the ram has just been fed, and hold the fight off for a couple of hours till he's in good condition. He's too fat to fight anyway—the other fellow'll do him up; their brute's as fit as a fiddle."

So with the aid of the Baboo the thing was explained, in a fashion, and the fight held off until after dinner; the visitors, who were probably selecting the individual throats they meant to slit when they had persuaded our men to surrender their rifles later on, were fed with profuse hospitality.

It was a fine diplomatic play all around. Afzul Mulk reasoned that they were helping to eat up the provisions the troops had to subsist upon, therefore they would be starved into surrender the sooner. The Colonel

and his officers hoped that Teniers had escaped, and if they could delay matters with the aid of the ram long enough, the relieving force would pop in on the flank of the enemy with a machine gun or two, and save the situation.

The hillmen were receiving reinforcements all the time. They were a fine lot of blackguards, these Marris; they ate cheerily with our fellows, and viewed critically the commissariat they hoped to be placed in command of by the help of Allah and much thirst.

Lutyens, who had taken charge of the fighting arrangements, delayed bringing out the Khan as long as he dared. At last, about two o'clock, he concluded he had reached the limit; the visitors were muttering impatiently.

A sharp lookout was kept to prevent a surprise, and the *tamasha* started. The Khan was full of it. Fighting in the camp at Sibi had been stupid play; nothing fought back—here was the sport of his lambhood. The Marris ram was keen as a fox-terrier, too.

When they came together in the first round it was like the bursting of a shrapnel; but it was only a feeler evidently. They backed off a little farther next time, and with short, jerky pig-jumps, banged into each other. The flint horns cracked sharp and clear in the still mountain air.

As the sound went echoing up the cañons of the hills the tribesmen cheered with joy—it was a fight after their own hearts. The whole camp warmed to the fun; the Colonel was the most excited man in the detachment.

Lutyens was new to the game, and didn't handle his ram right. One of the tribesmen, who had been watching the Khan with loving eye, jumped up and begged, with much pantomime, to be given charge of the detachment ram.

"Let him handle him!" cried the Colonel; "we've got to win, or they'll take it as an omen that they're going to beat us."

The Pathan almost cried for joy when he put his strong fingers in the Khan's whiskers. He laid his swarthy face against the ram's Roman nose.

and the sheep knew him. It was Rahat Shah, the Khan's rightful owner; but our chaps didn't know that. They backed the rams amongst themselves. Afzul, the head man of the Marris, drew forth the Colonel's fifty rupees he had tucked in his belt, and gave Squeaks to understand he wanted to gamble on the fight. Jove! if the Colonel didn't take him up! Nobody had ever seen him make a bet in his life before.

The Khan's new handler played fair—played to win. Lutyens watched him close; but he didn't need that. He was a proper sportsman—they're all that. He gave the Khan a chance to get his wind; delayed each round as long as he could. That was what our fellows wanted.

The Khan was a bit the stronger, and at first got a lead over the other chap; but the hawk-eyes of the natives had sized up the situation pretty well. They knew that our ram was fat, inside and out, and would tire after a bit. Their ram was as hard as nails; everything in their country is, men and all. He was like a fighting boar—gaunt and rough; all muscle and pluck, with horns of steel.

The Khan's charges became perceptibly less fierce; he wavered a little as they came together like rocks in an avalanche. His hind-quarters drooped after each crash.

"This comes of you juniors always stuffing the beast with sugar or some cursed thing!" squeaked the Colonel. "You've spoiled one of the best fights ever was."

What with preliminaries, and rests between rounds, and hard fighting, the battle lasted over an hour, when finally the Khan was smashed to the earth by a glancing blow that slipped from his horns and tore along his thick neck. He'd had enough—he knew that. Not for his old master even, not for anything, would he face the music again. The tribesmen had won.

The visitors sprang to their feet and cheered the wild battle-cry of the Pathan. Up, up the hills it went, caught up and echoed from throat to throat—

hundreds of them—until the whole range rang with the pean of victory. It was impressive. Our men were awed. It was like a foreboding of disaster.

The Colonel quietly handed over the rupees to Afzul. The Marris squatted on their haunches again; and Lutyens, to show that there was no ill-will, ordered hot coffee served to them.

Rahat Shah, who had handled the Khan, got him on his feet, and started to lead him over to the little group of squatted tribesmen.

The Colonel interfered. "Take the ram away from that chap," he ordered. "I believe they're trying to walk him off."

The orderly took the Khan from the Marris and put him over with our men. Rahat Shah was astonished—indignant. He hustled the orderly a little, and there was a bit of a scuffle at first; but the ram was taken away from the persistent tribesmen.

The sitting Marris muttered among themselves and commenced to move about restlessly. Afzul was energetically trying to explain something to the Baboo.

"What's the matter?" asked the Colonel. "What does he say?"

"Not understanding his talk, sir," replied the Baboo. "His talk not of my country, therefore not understanding proper. He wanting the sheep, sir, I think."

"That's rich," retorted the Colonel; "dash his eyes! I suppose they think because the ram's beaten we won't keep him. Tell them, if you can, with my salaams, that if they want him real bad, they can come and take him in their usual *sabardasti* way—there'll be a few dead Mussulmans before they get him, though. But don't hurry it, Baboo—keep them as long as you can. I'd like to hear the music of a Gatling on their flank over there."

Now the Baboo loved to talk—all Baboos do; but the Marris didn't want talk; it was the ram they were after. Besides, they hated a Baboo worse than they did the cursed Feringees, the British.

When they saw they were getting more Baboo talk than ram, they exchanged a few fierce, hot words among themselves, standing defiantly erect, then turned away, anger flipping from every fold of their loose dress, and marched sullenly down the hill, across the valley, and up where crouched their fellows.

"Gad! they're mad," said the Colonel. "Wonder what it's all about. We'll get pepper now; get ready for them, Major."

Below, the valley was silent. The dead had been turned under the rubble of earth and broken stone, and the wounded brought into the lines. The sun was almost dipping behind the peaks in the west.

With set faces the men waited for the bloodthirsty rush that would come surely; either that, or the hiss of a shrapnel coming up the valley from the relief. Which would come first? It was time for the reinforcement, if Teniers had escaped.

They could see the tribesmen creeping closer down from the surrounding hills—drawing the death circle nearer.

"Reserve your fire," said the Colonel sternly. "Give it to them when you can smell them. We'll make as good a fight as the ram did, anyway."

"By Jove! they're mad clean through," said Lutyens, as he watched the Pathans through his field glass; "they won't even wait for the dark; and to starve us out is too slow, evidently. There they go—sniping again," as little white puffs of smoke darted out from the hillside like hot breath on a frosty morning, and the "p-s-ing-g" of the singing lead struck on his ears.

Then he swept the valley to the south with the powerful glass. Nothing moved in that direction but the white of a fluttering Marris coat, or the brown of a sheepskin vest.

Lower and lower moved the white circle of the creeping tribesmen. It was like watching the foam-wash of the incoming tide.

"Fix bayonets!" commanded Lutyens; and the shining steel was clicked into place with grim earnestness.

"They don't relish the steel," said Lutyens; "we can give them points at that game anyway." It was a grim joke, for he knew well that numbers would tell in the end; and though they might be driven back once, twice, a dozen times, the Pathan wolves would come again, and again, until every throat was cut.

The foe was down in the valley now, not three hundred yards, and slipping from rock to rock—stalking their white prey.

"When they mass for the rush," said the Major to the men, "we'll give them a volley, and another before they reach us; then it'll be the bayonet against their big knives. Gad! I almost thought—no, it couldn't be. I fancied I heard a bugle; but it's one of their cursed sheep-calls, I suppose."

The Marris were armed with smooth-worn Sniders ("gas pipes") and the long-barrelled *jesail*. More than half of them had nothing but the strong hungry knives that would rip and slash when they had broken the ranks.

Suddenly Afzul was seen to jump on a rock and wave a green and yellow banner. That was the signal for the onslaught. Pandemonium broke loose. Every rock and every hill echoed with a hundred tongues the fanatic Moslem cry.

"They're a noisy lot of beggars," said the Colonel; "just like the Burmese; but they'll fight better, I fancy."

Like a pack of hungry wolves giving cry they started up the ascent.

"Present! Steady, men—aim low! fire!" came the command sharp and clear from the Major.

A red circle of hot, belching fire darted from the black barrels of the Martinis; and the wailing hail swept down the hillside, and the white, rushing line swayed, staggered, trembled for an instant, and then swept on again, closing up the gaps that had been bitten into it by the eager teeth. The Sniders and the *jesails* vomited back an answer; but the stone barricade grabbed at the bullets, and only three men swayed drunkenly from the wall.

Half-way up the hill the Martinis coughed again; and the second volley ploughed deeper and more terribly into the Moslem foe.

Again the line wavered; there was a lull; Afzul's voice could be heard bellowing like a mountain leopard at his hesitating men.

A low moaning shriek came up the valley; there was a crash as a shrapnel burst, and an acre of bullets hissed and screeched as they cut through the air on the charging enemy's flank. "Boo-o-m-m," ponderously came the voice of the screw-gun that had thrown the shell.

"Hurrah! the relief!" cheered Lutyens, his bared sword gleaming. "Give the hounds another volley!"

Down in the valley an English bugle was sounding the charge. "Ph-u-t-t, ph-u-t-t-ph-u-t-t!" a Gatling was chirruping, and "Boo-o-m-m!" a seven-pounder was chorusing. The advancing troops were volley firing, and the white mass of turbaned tribesmen was being rolled back like a war map.

Afzul's men had come too late—the stone wall stared at them stolidly; they broke; and fold on fold the Pathan mass was pushed back, and up through the pass they had come down from.

"Just in time, eh?" panted Teniers, as he galloped up to the detachment.

The relief was complete. It was useless to follow the Marris among the hills without cavalry.

I had gone up with the regiment, and Teniers told me all about the trouble. There was a ton of guilt on my soul; for if I had spoken, had told of the ownership of the ram, all this might have been averted. How was I to break it to the Colonel? I must tell him.

That night at dinner Lutyens suddenly broke in with, "Well, we had two ripping fights to-day."

"Was this the second attack?" queried Teniers.

"No, Nawaz Khan fought the first battle. We had a truce, and the fellows came down with a sheep built like a 'blue bull,' and he did up the Khan in fine shape."

"Why in thunder did they attack you this time, then, if they got the ram?" I asked.

"They didn't get him," said the Colonel simply in his squeaky voice. "We wouldn't give him up."

"Great Scott! sir," I exclaimed; "you've forever blasted the name of the British as true sportsmen. The fundamental principle, sir, governing all ram fights, from Calcutta to Cabul, is that the victor takes the beaten ram."

The Colonel's face turned ashy pale. That he had killed a score or more tribesmen was not the cause, for that had been a fair fight; but that he had done this thing was a disgrace—he saw that.

"More than that," I exclaimed, excited by what had been said, and seizing the opportunity, "the ram belonged to them in the first place. He was the pride of their tribe. Somebody looted him, probably the man who brought him into the regiment—Yusuf."

"How do you know that, sir?" gasped the Colonel.

I explained.

"What shall we do—what shall we do?" moaned the Colonel helplessly.

"Jove!" exclaimed Lutyens, "we must put this right. We can't have these beggars taking us for a lot of welchers. They fought game enough—and they were in the right, too."

As atonement I offered to find Afzul the next day and explain matters.

I did. Taking Teniers and a white flag, I followed up the tribesmen, and found Afzul. I explained it all.

We had trounced them, we were in force, and he realized that what I said must be true. No white man could have stolen the Khan—it must have been Yusuf.

He accompanied me back to the camp.

The Khan was turned over to him, and a good indemnity paid for the dead tribesmen, for we were undoubtedly in the wrong.

"You may go through my country," said Afzul. "The fight was a good one."

TWENTY YEARS
ON THE
WAR PATH.
By -
FREDERIC VILLIERS, WAR ARTIST & CORRESPONDENT.

VI.—AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

We were holding on by the skin of our teeth in those days in Alexandria ; that is, we were only some two hundred men all told, and Arabi, the rebel, had nearly 20,000 Egyptian troops round and about and in and out the famous old historic city.

We simply held the Marina, or the actual portal of the Marine quarter of Alexandria, and, therefore, much speculation was rife as to the extent of the damage by fire by the incendiaries of the rebel force to the European quarter of the town, which had been burning for two days.

On the second day of our landing, news came into headquarters of the burning of the great square or Place of Mehemet Ali. The actual extent of the damage was not known, so Cameron, the correspondent of the *Standard*, and I resolved to penetrate as far as we could into the square. We started from the landing-stage at sundown. The British chain of sentries had not been pushed farther than the actual quay, so we soon answered our last challenge and entered seriously on our enterprise. Picking our way through the *débris* of looted shops, and stumbling here and there over dead bodies, we eventually gained one of the streets debouching on the square.

Night had set in, and but for the

fitful light from the burning houses, darkness reigned. Presently a sharp turning revealed to us a blaze of light, and we found that the street we were traversing ended in an almost incandescent mass of ruins, which entirely blocked our way. Also revealed to us were several looters and incendiaries at their infamous work, who, evidently taking us for a scouting-party, immediately vanished into the many deep shadows on either side. It was unfortunate that we were not able to advance, for these scoundrels, on finding that we were not supported, might summon up courage to attack us ; so we at once arranged some mode of defence in case of this contingency.

Cameron carried with him a Winchester repeating carbine, and being better armed than I, who only possessed a revolver, he was to drop on one knee if we were attacked and take a long-distance shot, while I, standing behind him with my revolver, was to fire at at any ruffian who might start out from the shadows of the doorways in our immediate vicinity.

When we had rehearsed this little manœuvre to our mutual satisfaction, we suddenly turned about and made our way by circuitous narrow passages to another street running parallel to the square. The howls of starving

dogs, and the shrieks of frightened cats, in addition to the thunder of the burning ruins as they fell crashing to the ground, made night appallingly hideous. Moving but slowly, owing to the *débris* strewing the way, about nine o'clock we reached the square.

Surely, never was sight more weirdly grand than that which met our gaze! One vast, scorching furnace, a glowing quadrangle of fire, the sky a lurid canopy of smoke. The famous avenue of trees—under whose grateful shade but a week before we correspondents met and discussed the situation over coffee and cigarettes—was now but a crackling, spluttering fringe of gaunt, bare, black-limbed acacias, standing out in bold relief from the glare of the tongues of flame spurting out from doorway and window of the doomed buildings around them.

We were for a moment spell-bound by the immensity of the conflagration. But soon our gaze shifted from the flaming houses to certain suspicious-looking objects lying on the ground, seemingly crouching in the ever-changing shadows of the trees, lying about in skirmishing order, apparently the only individuals beside ourselves in the burning square.

They had not yet shown any aggressive symptoms towards us, so Cameron and I agreed to slowly approach them. Stealing along in the shadow of the houses on the left flank of the square we at length came opposite to them. At the same time a thrill of horror passed through us, for a ghastly sight met our gaze. Stuck up against the trees, or lying on the ground, were mutilated bodies, headless and armless, dragged, no doubt, from their place of execution to the centre of the great square, where, before the final bonfire, the wretched victims had evidently been the sport of Arabi's fanatical followers.

I looked at Cameron. "Here's local colour," said I, "for the British breakfast-table in your telegrams of tomorrow morning."

Oh, how lucky that we were the only correspondents on the spot, we

agreed, and moved nearer to take in the horrible details of this shocking massacre, when suddenly Cameron clutched my arm and we stopped. A strange expression came stealing over my comrade's face, and he mumbled something to himself.

"What was that?" said I.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "Look!"

"No! Surely! I gasped, for our local colour had faded. We were among them now, and we found that Arabi's supposed victims were simply dress-makers' dummies, no doubt looted from the tailors' shops in the square, and, denuded of their finery by the retreating soldiers, had been left to perish in the flames.

With the exception of the Tribunal, the English Church of St. Mark's and the Club Mehemet Ali, all the buildings in the square were burning fiercely. The shops for many hundred yards up the Rue de Rhamlêh, which flanks the Tribunal and runs parallel to the club, were smouldering ruins, with the exception of one little shop—a tobacco store—next to which was once the British Consulate, but now simply an incandescent sheet of glowing embers. On the lamp of the shop—which by some miraculous chance had passed through the ordeal of fire unscathed—was the name in large white letters of the then British Prime Minister. Many years afterwards, when I revisited Alexandria, I bought some cigarettes in this very same little shop. Its lamp with its staring white letters, "Magazine Gladstone," hung over the doorway.

The difficulty, and probably danger, of this night's adventure, was in the act of returning to the quay. We, of course, avoided the streets by which we had advanced, and stole along the by-ways and less familiar routes towards the Marina. In one of these narrow by-ways we heard the sound of hurried footsteps coming up a side street. We at once came to a halt, and then took the defensive position already agreed upon between us.

Near a door, the shadow of which we were courting, lay the dead body

of a sleek-looking Greek shopkeeper; a bullet had smashed his skull and his face was black with flies. He had been wantonly murdered and robbed, for his pockets were turned inside out. This ghastly evidence of the treatment of stray Europeans by Arabi's followers made our blood boil, and we determined to sell our lives dearly.

I could hear Cameron cock his Winchester. I drew my revolver, and we waited for the coming trouble. Presently, about three hundred yards away, a body of men wheeled round from a byway, turning into our street. I heard Cameron breathe more quickly, and I could feel my heart thumping against my ribs as we both braced up for the crisis. As the men marched towards us, through the flickering lights and shadows still thrown by the burning houses across our street, it was difficult for us for the moment to make out the cut of their uniforms.

Pleasantly a tongue of flame leaped up from out of the window of the shop opposite to us, and our hiding-place was at once revealed to the enemy. Then a loud, clear voice shouted: "Halt! Who goes there?" Cameron lowered his carbine, and joyously leaping to his feet, answered: "Friends!" and then we both sped forward towards the little force.

To our supreme satisfaction we discovered it to be a contingent of American blue-jackets, under the command of Lieutenant Goodrich, United States Navy, who, by courtesy of the Admiral of the American Squadron in Egyptian waters, had landed to assist the small force of British marines and sailors in keeping order in the anarchical stricken city. Luckily we were able to be of service to our newly-made friends, by informing them of the state of the square, and suggesting the Club Mehemet Ali for their headquarters. Goodrich eventually took our advice, and occupied the club, finding it an excellent base of operation for his patrol.

That smart, genial American officer, now Commander Goodrich, I met years afterwards in Corea during the war between China and Japan, when

he reminded me of the Alexandria incident. The Mehemet Ali Club was probably saved from destruction by Goodrich's bluejackets, and yet, when some of the members returned to their club after the city had assumed its normal state of peacefulness, they complained that the bins in the cellars were not as full as when the steward closed its door before seeking safety on board the refugee steamer in the harbour.

In answer to these gentlemen all that I can say is, that in hot and thirsty times like those of the first days of the occupation of Alexandria, well-stocked cellars were temptations to the best disciplined troops. But not being myself under strict discipline, I confess that I found the Club Mehemet Ali a great convenience when I wanted to quench my thirst.

On our return to the quay after this little adventure Cameron was hauled over the coals by the authorities for "his foolhardiness." Nevertheless, there was one satisfaction, he had an interesting item of news for his journal, for we were the first correspondents who had penetrated so far into the town. Scares in those days were common. Often some of our bluejackets and marines were pushed forward into the city to occupy a few points of vantage when, probably, some disquieting news would reach the Admiral of the advance of overwhelming forces of the enemy, and our men would be hurriedly ordered to return to the quay to be under cover of the guns of our ships. So slight was our hold in the early days of the occupation that we had to spike the guns at Fort Kumeldik—a position dominating the inner harbour of Alexandria—in case Arabi might attempt to re-occupy the position.

I remember the morning only too well, on which a force of marines formed up on the landside of the fort, while four or five bluejackets under command of a midshipmite ran up the glacis and commenced spiking the guns.

Why, I don't know, for the enemy was not within sight, but there was a

touch of the dare-devil about the way the men went to work that impressed me immensely, so I joined the midshipmite, thinking a sketch or two would be of interest to the public.

From gun to gun the men sprang actively with hammer and nail. Below, standing at ease, were the marines, with an unusual look of expectancy on their faces which attracted my attention and made me wonder. I was trying to put as much action as I could into my sketch when the midshipmite, as his men hurried down the slope, said :

"Now, sir, be quick, we can't wait any longer."

"Never mind," said I, "I'll finish my sketch."

"Don't be foolish, sir, come along."

"All right, you needn't trouble, I will follow directly."

"Well, if you want to be blown up that's not my affair."

"Blown up! Why, nonsense!" I was about to reply, when a bluejacket brushing by me said: "Yes; the blooming place is mined, and we shall be sent sky-high in a moment."

I didn't wait any longer, and I think I arrived in the vicinity of the expectant marines as soon as, if not before the midshipmite.

I laughed then, the whole scene was so ludicrous; the audience below, and I fooling around with a handful of bluejackets and a little midshipmite, the actors in a farce that might so easily have ended in a tragedy. After the spiking the marines filed off, with a Gatling dragged by bluejackets marching through the town by way of the Rue des Sœurs. We then began taking prisoners, looters and incendiaries, the cut-throats and scum of Alexandria, until we got such an evil-looking crowd in our wake that we realized that if we were attacked in front these blackguards would constitute a source of danger in our rear. So, *pour encourager les autres*, when they were caught red-handed with firebrands or valuable plunder they were shot without further hesitation. I believe that that fusilade, though terri-

ble and unpleasant duty enough, paralyzed the remaining ruffians who were firing the houses, and saved Alexandria from being a complete cinder heap.

It was bad enough as it was. The hissing and crackle and crash of the falling and burning houses came upon our ears wherever we turned. The Rue des Sœurs is a broad street, and the main thoroughfare leading to the Place of Mehemet Ali.

As we slowly advanced many poor wretched European Christians, who had been hiding from the fanatical soldiers of Arabi, emerged coweringly from their cellars and hiding-places, and falling on their bended knees poured a torrent of thanks and blessings upon us for their safe delivery. One poor Italian appeared at a second-floor window. I seem to see his face now, as pale, emaciated, and almost fainting, he fell hanging half-way over the window-sill and feebly cried :

"Viva! Viva L'Angleterra!"

Tommy Atkins could not stand this, so two of the marines rushed up the staircase and brought the half-dead man down. Many a good-natured Tommy went short of his ration, for the Italian, not daring to move from the house, had been without food or water for days.

Quite a small Jewish colony, having taken sanctuary in their tabernacle, had luckily not attracted the attentions of Arabi's scoundrels, and now came panting into our lines. Many of them were women. Tommy Atkins' gallantry is always of the best, and the famished females were regaled with canned beef and hard tack, as they were passed to the rear.

Men and women were not the only sufferers in that burning city; domestic animals also had suffered miserably during those five days of anarchy. The poor starving brutes would also fawn upon us as their deliverers, and come crouchingly yelping or mewling into our ranks, for the water had been cut off from the city as well as the food supply, and the town was as dry and as parched and as bare of sustenance

as the skeleton of a camel on the sands of the desert.

I did an almost heroic deed that day, though asinine enough; some ill-natured people might even say a brotherly act. Down one of the side-streets I saw two Arabs struggling with a donkey, across whose back was a pole to which, on either side, were slung panniers loaded, apparently, with valuable loot. Not knowing but that the Arabs were armed, as I hurried forward, I fired my revolver over their heads just as a revenue-cutter fires a shot to make a struggling craft heave to. The Arabs, however, did not heave to; they ran away, leaving the ass with his burden standing in the road. Approaching the animal, I found the poor brute covered with sores, and the cruel weals on his flank showed that his late masters were inhuman monsters. The

panniers were loaded with offal from a slaughter-house, and the heavy burdens straining the yoke had bent the brute's back like the inner curve of a bow.

He stood patiently, with his ears cocked as much as to say:

"And now, what's next?"

I immediately cut the thongs holding the panniers, and then an incident occurred which I could not have believed if related to me by the most trustworthy informant. As the contents of the panniers fell with a splash on the cobbles, the poor brute gave a deep sigh, and his spinal column, relieved from the strain, slowly but completely straightened. That donkey became a tender care with me, much to the amusement of Tommy Atkins, and he eventually enlisted as transport animal in the service of the *Graphic*.

To be Continued.

THE RED CROSS.

WHAT IT MEANS, WHAT IT HAS DONE, AND WHAT IT IS DOING IN THE WORLD.

*By Lieut.-Colonel G. Sterling Ryerson, M.D.**

THE spontaneous outburst of loyalty evoked by the South African war found its expression in a desire to do something. Almost every young, able-bodied man wished to serve his Queen and Country at the front. Most energetic and sympathetic young women sighed to bind the wounds and soothe the dying hours of British heroes. Other older and more practical persons, knowing that all cannot serve their country in the field, set to work to put in motion the machinery of the Red Cross Society, to afford practical relief to those whom duty and chance called to the front.

Students of military medicine have no difficulty in recalling the awful methods of treatment adopted by the surgeons of the armies of old. In the

auditorium of the faculty of medicine of Paris a large part of the wall d'en face is decorated with a mural painting by Jerome, of a battle scene. It represents Paré in the act of amputating the leg of a man by the old sickle knife, while the King hands him the red-hot cauterizing iron wherewith to sear the bleeding, palpitating stump. The unfortunate patient is held down by strong men, with whom he struggles in his agony. Beneath the painting is the legend "Le Roi hâte leurs efforts ce récompense leur zèle." In our days kings and war offices have not been so prompt to recompense the zeal of the medical department. On the contrary, the army doctor has been severely overlooked. Time brings its revenges. The South African war

* Canadian Red Cross Commissioner in South Africa.

brings this revenge that the much-abused army doctor heaps coals of fire on the heads of his detractors, by doing everything which lies in his power to allay pain and alleviate suffering; and fearlessly exposing his life for others. But zealous and efficient as may be the medical department of the army, there is still room for voluntary aid. No nation has yet found it possible to maintain a medical department large enough to meet the requirements of an army in the field. Therefore organized voluntary assistance is a necessity of war.

One has only to recall the scenes of horror of the Crimean war, when across the mental view there flits the gentle form of the "lady with the lamp," Florence Nightingale. An old general medical officer once told me that the most awful night of his life was that which followed the battle of the Alma. Thousands of British soldiers lay stricken on the field. Without adequate assistance he could do but little. The air was filled with the shrieks and cries of the wounded. Soon there came another horror. Cholera stalked abroad and laid his cold hand on many a brave heart, which soon was stilled.

The scenes of the Crimea were repeated in the war between France and Sardinia on the one side and Austria on the other in 1859-60. It had its culmination in the great battle of Solferino, which took place on 24th June, 1859. Three hundred thousand men faced each other in deadly array. On a line five miles long, for fifteen hours, the cannon roared, the muskets cracked, the cavalry charged and the bayonet drank deep draughts of blood. As the wounded lay on the ground the artillery and cavalry charged over them. The dead and wounded lay commingled in heaps. When all was done and the echoes of the cannon had died away in the stillness of an Alpine night, there arose other sounds, the wailing of the wounded. The victorious French lost 17,000 men and the Austrians 20,000 killed and wounded. "'Twas a glorious victory." What pen can describe the horrors revealed by the rising sun

after a night of rain? Ambulances and doctors were few and far between. The wounded lay on the ground until lock-jaw, gangrene and exhaustion carried them off. Castiglione, Solferino and other towns were soon filled to overflowing with those able to crawl. At first the townspeople viewed them with compassion, and brought clean water, soups and charpie, but there seemed no end, and the most charitable wearied in well-doing. The wounded lay about the streets, starving and neglected, piteously begging for food and water. I shall forbear to relate the awful scenes in the hospitals. Voluntary aid began to arrive. One Canadian doctor came from Paris to render what assistance he could, the late Dr. Norman Bethune. Thousands of lives were wasted for lack of timely aid.

It happened that among the civilians who chanced to be present was a Swiss gentleman of means named Henri Dunant who with his servant was travelling in Northern Italy. He was so deeply impressed with the horrors of the situation, the necessity for organized voluntary aid appealed irresistibly to him, that he set to work to organize. After the war he travelled from Court to Court in Europe endeavoring to obtain support and endorsement for a scheme of international benevolence and relief in war. He was so far successful that in 1863 a conference was held at Geneva of representatives of the Great Powers and of certain humane bodies, particularly the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. On the 24th October, 1864, the convention of Geneva was ratified by the high signatory powers. By its provisions all hospitals, hospital material, medical officers and attendants became neutral. A surgeon in discharge of his duties cannot be held as a prisoner. Hence we read of all medical officers, medical corps, attendants and wounded passing into the hands of the Boers at Dundee. When the patients were sufficiently recovered the medical officers and men of the army medical corps were returned unharmed to the British lines. When on duty during an action, a brassard or

armband, a red cross on a white ground, is worn by medical officers, who must not at the same time carry arms. All hospitals are indicated by a large flag bearing a red cross, with arms of equal length, on a white ground, being the reverse of the Swiss national ensign, white on a red ground. This flag was adopted out of compliment to Switzerland in which country the conference was held. All persons in attendance on or in houses sheltering wounded are protected by the red cross flag. The Red Cross Society is an international organization having its headquarters at Geneva. Each country has its own central committee, which is autonomous, with sub-committees in various towns and cities. It is the only officially authorized channel of communication of voluntary aid in war. The funds and stores at the seat of war are administered by a chief commissioner with the aid of local committees, the whole working in consonance with the principal medical officer.

The establishment of a Colonial Branch was a step in a new direction. Until the Canadian branch of the British Red Cross Society was formed by the writer in 1897, no colonial branch had been formed by any country. The appointment of a Canadian Red Cross commissioner is the necessary corollary of the organization of the branch. Like the sending of the Canadian Contingent, it is another concession to the new Imperialism. Under the convention colonies cannot establish independent committees. The British Red Cross Society has expended very large sums of money in giving practical aid in war. Beginning with the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, it sent stores, money and surgical aid to the seat of war. The Russo-Turkish war, 1878; the Egyptian war, 1881-1885; the Soudan war, the Matabili war and the Turco-Greek war afforded opportunities for work of which it availed itself. During the present South African war, it works on a large scale, maintaining two hospital ships and three hospital trains, which have been fitted up in a

most complete manner at great expense. It sends out also large quantities of medical and personal comforts.

The Canadian Contingent has been abundantly supplied with cash, medical and personal comforts by its aid. The Red Cross Society seeks to alleviate distress and suffering in war irrespective of nationality, colour or creed. A wounded Boer is as safe under the Red Cross as a wounded Britisher or a Kaffir.

The Red Cross is the emblem of the greatest organization of humane endeavour in the world, and it is fitting that the close of the marvellous nineteenth century should see it doing its greatest work on the blood-stained fields of South Africa, a sign of hope and help for the sick and wounded in war. I ask the reader to contrast the condition of affairs before and after its adoption by all civilized nations. If it is no longer legitimate to shell hospitals and murder the helpless sick and wounded in their beds, it is because of the humane and civilizing propaganda of the Red Cross Society. Nations at war are satisfied to put armies *hors de combat* without exterminating them. Humanity can never pay its debt of gratitude to Henri Dunant. Yet he was discovered a few years ago a pauper in an almshouse, having spent his all in furthering his humane scheme. Needless to say no sooner were his needs known than money flowed in, so that he is now surrounded by every comfort. How few of the world's benefactors are rewarded in accordance with their merits! 'To the Red Cross flag thousands owe their lives. Untold suffering has been prevented by its strength and influence. How many more widows and orphans would have been made but for its protecting folds! It is idle to say there will be no more war. While man has pugnacity he will fight and enjoy fighting. Only when he becomes an angel, will wars cease. Let us be thankful that in the Red Cross Society there exists an organization which mitigates the effect of his inborn destructiveness. It deserves the cordial support of the public.

THE ISSUES OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.

By a Political Onlooker.

THE issues on which the parties must shortly face each other are in process of crystallization. Four years have materially modified the situation. The two old parties find themselves in undisturbed possession of the field. The threatened eruption of a third party, a farmer's party, has subsided. The Liberals and the Conservatives, however, no longer represent exactly what they did when the electors last went to the polls. Each has gained, each has lost, something.

The Conservatives are not, as before, the champions of Protection against a radical onslaught, nor are they the sole exponents of the Imperial idea. The prestige long enjoyed as the only party of experience in affairs of state they must now share with their opponents. On the other hand, the schism caused by the school question has, in large measure, healed. Sir Charles Tupper, both in vigour and adroitness, has not been found wanting and has repaired the fallen fortunes of his party with undoubted skill. Suffering as they do, in and out of Parliament, for lack of fresh reinforcements of capable men, the Conservatives have been able to preserve a certain continuity of policy, and to avoid such serious mistakes as would compromise them hopelessly in the country. If a popular movement for a change of Government should set in, the Conservatives have not by any act of theirs since 1896 rendered themselves ineligible to take advantage of a turn in the tide.

The losses and the gains of the Liberals are not less remarkable. The vehement forces that stoutly fought Protection for twenty years cannot today be rallied by the same cries. That scrupulous regard for rigid economy and other Utopian measures favoured by a courageous and irresponsible Opposition are pushed aside by the exi-

gencies of a constructive policy. It is often declared that Liberalism, from its essence, is wanting in solidarity and is consequently more sensitive to attack. This, perhaps, is a stale aphorism as applied to Canadian Liberals. A more vital point is the hesitancy in endorsing new departures by the leaders, a slight timidity in adapting themselves to sudden and unforeseen emergencies. Allowing for all these factors, it is probable that the Liberal party is at the zenith of its power. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has not declined in popularity with the English electors. Vested interests, apt in former days to be alarmed and suspicious, are quiescent if not favourable. The Imperial element, prone to passion in its resentments and attachments, has been soothed. The commercial condition of the country is sound and healthy, and few individual electors are above the weakness of ascribing good times or bad crops to a Government.

As an issue, the tariff has not wholly disappeared. That the agitation for lower duties will once more blaze into discontent is extremely improbable. The Liberals stand to lose few, if any, votes from disappointed freetraders. The Conservatives ought to have the first claim upon the Protectionist interests. But the Liberal Protectionists, formerly known as National Policy Reformers, are believed to have returned to the old allegiance. The Conservative Protectionists will, one may expect, adhere to their party. But active co-operation, to the extent hitherto displayed, is well-nigh impossible. A promise of higher duties from men who are not in power is scarcely as seductive as a promise from the men who are in to let the present basis stand. A threat of great tariff reductions would solidify Protection. It will not be seriously uttered on the eve of an election. The tariff,

then, has relatively declined in potency as an issue.

The question of a Preferential Zollverein within the Empire has emerged from the clouds. One step toward it has been taken. Some prestige and political strength accrued to the Liberals by reason of the approbation evoked in England and by the abrogation of the two treaties with foreign countries which had barred all progress toward Imperial commercial union. An obvious move for the Conservatives is a bold declaration for Protection within the Empire. The success of such a policy is doubtful while English politicians shrink from the cry against the small loaf. Moreover English attention is now absorbed by the war, by the crisis in the church, and by other matters to the exclusion of a new commercial question of such magnitude. In Canada, too, the materials are not present for creating a movement along this line sufficiently strong to displace a Government. There is hardly time to develop them.

A more conceivable extension of the Imperial movement in Canada is not Trade but Defence. The despatch of forces to join the British army at the Cape is rapidly forcing this issue to front. Such a policy would be hailed with enthusiasm in England, an effect not to be despised even for the baser motive of commercial benefit. Both parties here would not ordinarily be slow in seizing such an opportunity. The Conservatives would respond more unitedly perhaps; but the Liberals possess the advantage of being able to act. The obstacle that confronts the Liberals in presenting a carefully-thought-out plan of Imperial Defence merits attention. It will figure in the campaign.

From racial or religious commotion, in one form or another, we are never entirely free. Like Disestablishment, or the abolition of the House of Lords in England, it crops up periodically. The French Canadians are so conspicuous an element in the Liberal party that a counter movement would inevitably in

time define itself. To concentrate and use such an agitation is hazardous. No political leader of eminence cares to undertake it. The French Canadian attitude toward the Imperial wars calls for diplomatic handling, and the Liberals are to some extent hampered in dealing with Imperial obligations of a large character on this account. How far, therefore, the Government can reflect the British sentiment and retain its own followers the future alone will show.

There are, of course, minor issues. Increase of national wealth has developed the power and influence of railway and other corporations, and an anti-capitalist wave—a reflex of the Bryan oratory in the United States—is rolling into Canada. The crime of inconsistency: why A., who promised certain reforms in 1890, is not prepared to carry them out in 1900; why B., who advocated prohibition in his youth, now weakly descants upon mere temperance—these and similar enormities will form the staple of much wearisome iteration. Such discussions content the elements in both parties whose votes are never in doubt. Reference will again be made to reciprocity, and the breakdown of the proposed Quebec Treaty. In the main, however, we shall find the determining issues of the campaign in Imperialism, in racial jealousy, and in the tariff.

The personal element counts for less than it did. The counterparts of George Brown, Sir John Macdonald and Joseph Howe, the arbiters rather than the creatures of the political conditions they lived under, are not to be found to-day. There is still popular leadership, but it could not bear the strain which George Brown risked when he entered the Coalition, or Sir John Macdonald when he refused to pardon Riel. Despite the lugubrious reflections of those who attach undue weight to the past, it is questionable if Canadian politics contained abler men than we find now. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is surrounded by several associates of exceptional ability. Sir Charles Tupper could, if summoned, form a Min-

istry at least as strong as those of his predecessors. The enchanter's wand that swept the Conservatives away in 1874, and inflicted a lasting defeat upon the Liberals in 1878, exists no longer. The parties are more evenly divided. Parliamentary majorities are smaller when Governments emerge from a general election. The coming

elections will be keenly fought, and a majority of fifty either way does not seem probable. The manipulation of the issues, equally with the issues themselves, will mark out the victors. A name to conjure with, obscuring issues and drawing men by the force of sheer attraction, is not readily discernible on either side.

THE NOBLESSE OF THE OLD REGIME.

By *W. Bennett Munro.*

*Sur cette terre encore sauvage
Les vieux titres sont inconnus
La noblesse est dans le courage,
Dans les talents, dans les vertus.*
—ANGERS.

OF the many quaint institutions which serve to stamp with a peculiar personality, the administration of the Old Regime in Canada, perhaps none should more interest the student of historical oddities than that of the *Noblesse Canadienne*.

For in probably no other of the various quasi-feudal institutions implanted in New France, does the true tenor of the prae-revolutionary French colonial policy more clearly manifest its shadowy tendencies than in the efforts of the Royal government during more than a century and a half to establish in its North American colony some prototype of the French aristocracy.

And that the French government should have made an effort in this direction, was not unnatural. In that conglomeration of elements which made up the population of seventeenth century France, the "privileged" class or classes, landed and landless, formed no inconsiderable portion; it was from this class that the higher officials of government were drawn, and it is not strange that Henry IV. and his more illustrious successor, Louis XIV., should have looked upon an upper class as an essential of any colonial population.

Consequently, when on January 12th,

1598, *Sieur de la Roche*, a nobleman of Brittany, was made first "Lieutenant-General and Governor" of the countries of "Canada, Hochelaga, Newfoundland, Labrador, the River of the Grand Bay, of Norembegue and adjacent territories," he was given powers "to grant to gentlemen, and to those whom he shall consider persons of merit, fiefs, Seigniories, Chattellenies, Earldoms, Vicounties, Baronies and other dignities."

But as every student of Canadian history knows, the loftily-conceived project of the Marquis came to an inglorious end in the abandonment of a few Rouen convicts on the barren sands of Sable Island.

However, in 1627, even more extensive powers were granted to the newly-organized Company of One Hundred Associates, the Directors of which which were empowered by their charter "to distribute the lands of the colony to those who will inhabit the country, and to others, and to give and grant them such titles and honours, rights and powers as they may deem proper, essential and necessary, according to the quality, condition and merits of the individual."¹

¹Acte pour l'établissement de la Compagnie des Cent Associés. Ed. and Ord., I., p. 4.

The Company did not, however, take advantage of the powers thus conferred, and in the charters of subsequent companies the right was omitted. From 1663 onward the King retained the power of granting patents of nobility wholly in his own hands, although in almost every case the grant was made upon the recommendation either of the officials of the Company, or of the Royal officials in the colony.

The *noblesse* of the colony was made up of two parts :

(I) Those members of French noble families, who came out to Canada retaining their rank. Some of these came out as administrative officials, but the majority were officers of the Regiment de Carignan-Salieres, which was sent out to the colony in 1764, to take the leading part in De Tracy's expedition against the Iroquois. Few of this class ever became permanently located in the colony. The administrative officials returned to France as their terms of office expired, while many of the Carignan officers went back on the disbandment of the regiment. In a report sent to the King by the Intendant in 1667, it was said that, "The *noblesse* of New France is composed of four ancient families, and of four others whom the King has honoured with grants.¹ The first four were, probably, Potherie, Tilly, Repentigny, and D'Aillebout, all of whom were representatives of old and prominent families in France. The other four cannot be definitely ascertained.

(II) Those who received their patents of nobility in the colony. It must be borne in mind that the grant of a Seigniorship did not, in itself, entail any grant of nobility. But the colonial noble, unlike his French prototype, was invariably first a Seignior; in other words, the grant of a Seigniorship was always a prerequisite of a patent of nobility. France, on the other hand, fairly swarmed with landless aristocracy.

In all, there were some five grades

¹Talon, *Memoire sur l'etat present du Canada*, Oct. 27, 1667, *Correspondance Generale*, Vol. II.

in the colonial scale—Comteships, Baronies, Chattellenies, Marquisates, and ordinary *gentilhommes*, ranking in the order given. No patent of nobility, however, conferred any special pecuniary rights, privileges or exemptions, and it was in this feature that the noblesse of New France distinguished itself most prominently from that of Old.

I. COMTESHIPS.—Of these there were only two.

(a) *D'Orsainville*. In 1675 the King, in recognition of the services performed by Jean Talon, "Intendant of Justice and Police in New France," and in order "to prove to him more and more his affection and satisfaction," raised the Barony of Des Islets, into which Talon's Seigniorship had some years previously been converted, to the further dignity of a Comteship.¹

(b) *St. Laurent*. In 1636 the Seigniorship of St. Laurent, on the Island of Orleans, had been granted to one Jacques Castillon,² from whom it passed to M. Francois Berthelot, at one time a secretary of the Royal Powder Works in France, and in whose favour it was erected into a Comteship in 1676.³

II. BARONIES.—Of which there were five in all.

(1) *Cape Tourmente*, including the Island of Orleans and adjacent islands, was granted *en Seigneurie* to Guillaume de Caen in 1624 and raised to the rank of a Barony in the same year. A small clearance at the head of the Cape was the extent of De Caen's enterprise, and both the grant and the title were revoked in 1627 on the grant of the colony to the Company of One Hundred Associates.

(2) *Poboncoup*. The Sieur D'Entremont who went to Acadia with Charles Amadis de la Tour received in 1651 the Barony of Poboncoup.

(3) *Des Islets*. Of the few French officials who by the pursuance of a

¹Tit. des Seig. I. p. 444.

²Tit. des Seig. I. 350.

³Titles and Documents (1853) II. 32. The preamble of this patent recites the King's appreciation of Berthelot's enterprise in "having cleared much of his grant and having peopled it with more than a thousand inhabitants."

loyal and unselfish course sought the good of the colony rather than the augmentation of their own wealth and power, not the least prominent was Jean Talon, first Intendant of New France. Shortly after his arrival in the colony, Talon received a grant of certain lands near Quebec and, unlike many other Seigniorial proprietors, at once proceeded to clear and develop his grant, and in this he succeeded so well that three small villages had sprung up within the limits of his Seigniorie. In 1667 he proposed to the King that his settlements should be given recognition through the grant of some title of honour to their founder, "in order," as he modestly says, "that by such example the officers and richer Seigniors may be filled with zeal for the colonization of their grants, in the hope of being themselves recompensed with titles."¹

This suggestion appears to have been favourably received, and on the 14th of March, 1671, letters patent were issued naming the three villages "Bourg Royal," "Bourg Reine" and "Bourg Talon," and elevating Talon's Seigniorie into the Barony des Islets.² A special provision in the grant, however, required that no additional rents or charges should be imposed upon the *censitaires* or *habitants* of the Seigniorie and Barony by reason of the change. The only special privileges which, in fact, accompanied the title were that the King waived his customary right of escheat in default of male heirs, and that the Seignior might now "establish prisons, a gallows on four posts, and a set of common stocks surmounted by his coat-of-arms."³

(4) *Portneuf*. The fourth baronial grant, in point of time, was that of Portneuf, which had been granted *en Seigneurie* to the Sieur de la Potherie in 1647,⁴ but which had been since acquired by René Robineau, a son of

one of the directors of the Company of One Hundred Associates. The King granted him a patent in 1681, which, after reciting the enterprise shown by Robineau in erecting "a stately manor house, a beautiful chapel for divine service, together with mills, stables and storehouses," conferred upon him the title of Baron de Portneuf.

(5) *Longueill*. But the last, and in many ways the most important, was that of the Barony of Longueill. In 1642 Charles Lemoyne, the son of a Dieppe innkeeper, arrived in the colony and settled in Montreal, where he distinguished himself on several occasions in incursions against the Iroquois. Fourteen years after his arrival he received the grant of a Seigniorie, which was given the name of Longueill, after the family seat of one of his French ancestors, and in 1668 letters of *noblesse* were granted by the King on Talon's recommendation. Charles Lemoyne had several sons,² one of whom, Jean Baptiste Lemoyne, became the founder of New Orleans and was for many years Governor of Louisiana. Another, Charles, distinguished himself in the defence of Quebec, and on the death of his father in 1685 came into possession of the Seigniorie of Longueill, which he greatly augmented both by purchase and by grant, until in 1700 the King consolidated the now extensive estate into the Barony of Longueill. The Baron de Longueill was one of the few very prosperous Seigniors. He erected a spacious stone chateau on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, nearly opposite Montreal, together with a mill and church, and maintained a large retinue.³

Of the numerous titles granted in Canada by the French Crown that of the Baron de Longueill alone survives, having been recognized by Her Majesty in 1880. Charles Colmore Grant, the

¹Titles and Documents, II. 710.

²See Jodoin et Vincent *Histoire de Longueill*, Chs. I.-II.

³Frontenac speaks of this chateau in one of his despatches, "*Son fort et sa maison nous donnent une idee des chateaux de France fortifies.*" It was built of stone, was flanked by four towers, and the size is given at 170x210 feet. Cf. Jodoin *Histoire de Longueill*, p. 169.

¹Talon to Colbert, Oct. 27, 1667, *Corr. Gen.*, Vol. II.

²Tit. des Seig. I. 444, also Titles and Docs., II. 20.

³Cf. Charlevoix, *Hist. du Can.* I. 424-5.

⁴Tit. des Seig. I. 364.

seventh Baron, died last year, and in accordance with the French practice, which does not recognize the law of primogeniture in its strict sense, the title in default of nearer heirs passed to his half-brother, Reginald Charles D'Iberville Grant, who resides now in Paris.

The Barony and Seigniorship of Longueuil takes in an extent of some one hundred and fifty square miles, running in a direct line from the St. Lawrence to the Richelieu and including the important towns of Longueuil and St. Johns.

III. *Chattelienies*. Only one grant of a *Chatellenie* was made, namely: to Louis D'Ailleboust, Seignior of Coulonge in 1656, on the recommendation of the Company of One Hundred Associates.¹

IV. *Marquisates*. Of *Marquisates* two only can be found. In 1648 Jacques Le Neuf de la Potherie received by royal grant a small fief near Three Rivers, and a number of years later this was elevated to the dignity of a *Marquisate*, the owner assuming the title of Marquis de Dusable.

The other *Marquisate* was unique in that the grantee was never a resident of the colony. Towards the close of the third quarter of the seventeenth century the Royal treasury had become depleted and the "Most Christian King"² found himself quite prepared to grant titles for a consideration. In France many were in this way disposed of, but Canada did not prove as profitable a field. However, the *Marquisate* of Miscou was acquired by one "Michel de St. Martin, a prothonotary of St. Liege and a Doctor of Theology of the University of Rome." No further trace either of the Marquis or his *Marquisate* have I been able to find, but it is certain that he never set foot in the colony.

V. The *gentilshommes*. Although

the term *gentilshommes* is sometimes used to include the whole range of aristocratic population, it had special reference to the class of lesser nobility which constituted a very considerable element in the colony. Among the earlier grants of letters of *noblesse* was that to Pierre Boucher in 1661, as a mark of appreciation of his courageous defence of Three Rivers some time previously. Boucher unfortunately lost his title in 1666 on a technicality, but obtained restoration some time later, De Tracy having in 1667 asked the King for grants in favour of Bourdon, D'Auteuil, Juchereau de St. Denis, and a regrant to Boucher.¹ Talon in the same year made request on behalf of Godefroy, Lemoyne, Couillard, Denis and Amyot.² All of these requests appear to have been successful as were numerous requests by various Governors and Intendants from time to time subsequently, among the recipients of letters in this way being Berthelot, De Caen, Contrecoeur, D'Amours, La Fontaine, Hertel de Rouville, Deschailions and La Perriere, the last three being in recognition of the services rendered by those seigniors in the Deerfield and Haverhill raids.³ Letters of *noblesse* might also be purchased. For example Jacques Le Ber a Montreal shopkeeper became a *gentilhomme* at a cost to himself of 6,000 livres.⁴ But such cases were very few for dire poverty was one of the chief attributes of the colonial aristocrat. Successive Governors and Intendants refer to this feature in their reports. Duchesneau refers in 1679 to the "miserable poverty of our *gentilshommes*" whom he says, "run into debt on all hands and allow their children to run wild among the Indians in the depths of the forest."⁵ Six years later, Governor DeDenonville warned the King that his colonial *noblesse* were "a most beggarly lot

¹Report of Inspector-General to Seign. Commission 1842.

²It is in this way that Louis XIV. is referred to in all grants.

³Maps of this period show an island of *Miscou* or *Mischou* at the entrance of the *Baie des Chaleurs*. See Dionne Art. in *Canada Francais*, Vol. VII. (1889), p. 435.

¹Tracy to Colbert, Corr. Gen. Vol. II.

²Talon to Colbert, Oct. 27, 1667, C. G. Vol. II.

³Daniels' *Histoire des Grandes Familles du Canada*.

⁴Faillon *Vie de Mme. La Ber*. P. 325.

⁵Duchesneau to Colbert, 10 Nov. 1679, C. G. Vol. V.

who could not get credit for a single crown piece."¹ Next year the same Governor implores the King for pecuniary assistance to keep some noble families from starvation. "They come to me," he says, "with tears in their eyes and if something is not done they will all turn bandits."²

The King granted some small assistance with the reply that the poverty of the *noblesse* arose from their "desire to have an honourable living without doing any work."³ But the few hundred crowns granted in charity by the King did not last long, for in the very next year the Intendant Champigny describes "the piteous condition of the children of the *noblesse*, roaming around all summer with nothing on them but a shirt. We must give them corn at once or they will starve."⁴ Concluding his appeals, he advises the King, "to grant no more patents of nobility unless he wishes to multiply beggars."⁵

The King in response to this urgent advice agreed to give no more patents, and made a praiseworthy effort to improve the lot of those already ennobled in three ways.

1. By granting alms sufficient for temporary needs.

2. By giving the sons of the *noblesse* commissions in his body-guard.

3. By granting *congés*, or permits to trade without loss of title. All three, however, availed little. The Royal alms were speedily squandered, the number of needy young *gentilshommes* far exceeded the number of available commissions, while retail trading was a vocation for which the members of the *noblesse* had neither the desire nor, what was even more important, the necessary capital.

¹De Denonville to Colbert, 13 Nov. 1685, C. Gen. Vol. VII.

²De Denonville to Colbert, 10 Nov. 1686, Corr. Gen. Vol VIII.

³Colbert to Denonville, N.Y. Col. Docs., IX., 317-8.

⁴Champigny to Minister, 26 Aug., 1687, Corr. Gen., Vol. IX.

⁵Champigny to Colbert, 10 May, 1691, Corr. Gen., Vol. XI.

In 1690, Frontenac, who had returned to restore the prestige of the French name, so sadly lowered by his two incompetent predecessors, applied for letters of nobility for one Francois Hertel. The King, apparently, having reconsidered his decision of a ten years previously, sent along the desired patent, but on its arrival Hertel was not sufficiently endowed with this world's goods to raise the small fee required. The Governor brought the matter to the King's notice, and suggested that, on account of Hertel's poverty, the fee be dispensed with. But this was more than even the "Most Christian King" could endure.

"If this man," says Colbert in reply, "is not able to pay the cost of letters of nobility when granted to him, how does he expect to maintain the dignity of the position? His Majesty is not going to create nobles if such only serves to make their children useless *gentilshommes* rather than useful labourers."¹

It was not in the arts of peace, but in the arts of war that the Canadian *gentilhomme* found his true avocation. With courage, endurance and dash, he was a soldier *par excellence*, and nothing suited him better than to rally around him his devoted *gensitaires*, and with these and any adventurers, or Indians, who might wish to join in the hope of plunder and scalps, to swoop down like a bird of prey upon some lonely hamlet of New England. The atrocities which darkened the northern districts of the English colonies during the earlier part of the eighteenth century, and which called forth from honest old Peter Schuyler, in his remonstrance to Vaudreuil, "the feeling of indignation that a war between Christian princes has degenerated into a savage and boundless butchery," showed that the feudal *gentilhomme* of New France had equalled his prototype of mediæval days in barbarity, as well as in courage. "How New England hated him," says Parkman, "let her records tell."

¹Hertel received his patent some years later (1712).

With the cession of the colony to Britain, many, perhaps the majority of the *noblesse*, returned to France. Of those who remained, many, by their loyalty to the new Sovereign in times of danger, gained the confidence of their new rulers, while they retained the respect of the *habitant* as of old.

The early colonial legislative assemblies numbered many of them among their members, while several of

the most prominent families of Lower Canada still preserve the ancient names.

And while many a blood-streak on our early annals may be laid to his charge, those whose natures instinctively turn to men of courage, dash and spirit, will find much to admire in that unique individual—the *gentilhomme* of the Old Regime.

THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY.

By Franklin Gadsby.

NO doubt The Devil was feeling blue
On that sultry summer day ;
He had eaten too freely of brimstone stew,
A thing that even a devil can't do
Without incurring the pang or two
That epicures have to pay.

And the fire was wretchedly hard to stoke,
(A perjuring Dreyfus group)
And the more the demons essayed to poke,
The more the rascally knaves would smoke,
And the more The Devil would sneeze and choke,
And cough and stifle and whoop.

Then Beelzebub spoke, " No wonder your hipped !"
(This chap was an unctuous fraud)
" Such a sulphurous dungeon ! Such a sweltering crypt !
What marvel Your Majesty's larynx is gripped ?
What marvel Your Majesty's liver is nipped ?
Why not take a walk abroad ?"

" Hurrah !" said The Devil. " But where shall I go ?
The day has gone past and the hour
When I could navigate to and fro
With a cloven hoof and a lurid glow,
With my horns aloft and my tail alow,
Roaring for folk to devour."

" Too true !" said his aide, " You're under a ban
And loathsome to modern eyes ;
But here are the togs of a naval man
Who fought like the devil and never ran
And died of gin fever at Ispahan—
'Twill make you a proper disguise."

And the Admiral's outfit was passing neat
And it fitted him to a T ,
It clipped him close like a winding sheet,
With a shot to clinch it at head and feet,
Such as sailors wear who are fishes' meat
In the depths of the hungry sea.

A billycock hat, and a swallow tail coat,
And trousers with stripes of gold,

And a clanking sword. How the demons gloat !
 No smarter chieftain was ever afloat
 Than he who fought, as his straps denote,
 For,—'twouldn't be right if I told.
 But when The Devil had donned this gear
 His mirth had a sudden check,
 For his tail stood out a yard in the rear
 And it wasn't a tail that you'd like, I fear—
 But at last he shouted, " I'll stow it here
 • Like a lanyard about my neck !"
 And he swaggered about in a way to appal,
 And he vented a quarter-deck curse ;
 He jibed like a ship in the clutch of a squall ;
 "Avast" and "Belay" and "Stand off" he would bawl,
 And "Lubbers" and "Demme" and that wasn't all,—
 He swore like a fishwife or worse.
 Then swift to his look-out, The Devil sprung
 And peeped through a lava flue ;
 And his sinister glance through the earth he flung
 To a bay where the petrels and curlews hung
 Out where the ponderous flagship swung
 A big, black blot on the blue.
 So he figured a mystical pass in the air
 And the flagship was under his will ;
 In a jiffy the Admiral's cabin was bare
 And all of him left was an odour of hair
 Something stronger than singed, and an empty armchair,
 And a treatise on Squadron Drill.
 And the captain was cleverly kept in the dark,
 For he chuckled, " Well, I'll be blowed
 If the Admiral isn't ashore on a lark !
 I'll bet it's a hussy—the bleary old shark !"
 This last is a purely respectful remark
 When the bosses are out of the road.
 So when His Wickedness clambered aboard
 They tendered a formal salute ;
 The bandsmen blared a strepitant chord,
 The bunting blossomed, the pennant soared,
 The forward turret its welcome roared
 To The One in the Admiral's suit.
 It tickled The Devil and swelled his head
 And he felt absurdly brave ;
 But he didn't reveal by ought that he said
 That he wasn't accustomed to powder and lead,
 Though he secretly muttered, " They paint things red
 Who rule on the azure wave !"
 He ordered the jackies a ration of grog—
 They call it splicing the brace ;
 Salt water's no boon to a rabid sea-dog,
 Your sailor abhors it as much as a fog.
 " Meanwhile," thought the Devil, " I'll just take a jog
 All over this curious place."

All over that eight-day clock he browsed,
 He sneered, he snorted, he laughed,
 Into the foc'sle he quietly moused,
 The mess-room too, where the staff caroused,
 He saw where the powder and shot was housed
 And the high explosives aft.

And while The Devil was poking about—
 From keelson to trucks he climbed—
 Aloft where the hurricanes raven and shout,
 Where the topmast reels and the pennants flout,
 Then alow to the stokers, a red raddled rout
 And the fiery crater they primed.

“O ho !” thought The Devil, “Ye brave troglodytes
 Who shrivel like parchment here,
 When ye come to *my* place I'll grant ye your rights
 And let ye off easy for the days and the nights
 Ye've been tanning afloat, sweetly blasphemous wights—
 Of Satan have never a fear !”

He was off up the ladder—a couple of jumps,—
 In sick bay he ventured a squint ;
 He sniffed the iodoform, saw several stumps,
 Heard never a groan, for sailors are trumps,
 And felt a few craniums with fractures and lumps
 For shrapnel makes many a dint.

And last he entered that secret room
 Whence the dread torpedo goes ;
 And there in its prison he saw it loom,
 All tense to ravish some good ship's womb,
 A ghoulish murderer, heavy with doom,
 With a blood-red battle nose !

Then back to the iron-shod deck he came
 And ordered a bit of a scrap ;
 “Bombard me the village of What's-Its-Name !
 Dismantle the church ! Set the houses aflame !
 Kill and demolish ! Get into the game !”
 And they battered it off the map.

Hurrah for the navy ! Oh glorious life !
 Be dammed to the stolid land !
 Hurrah for Sorrow and Death and Strife !
 The tuck of the drum, the screech of the fife !
 The bullet, the cutlass, the pike and the knife !
 Hurrah for the levin brand !

But The Devil of fighting had had enough,
 And he freed the crew of his spell.
 Aghast they watched the Old Serpent slough !
 The Admiral's togs disappeared in a puff !
 And there was The Devil, stripped to the buff,
 The High Muckamuck of Hell !

And all incandescent he jumped in the drink
 And fled on a seething crest ;
 But just ere he dived he paused on the brink,
 Put his tongue in his cheek and tipped them a wink,
 And said, “You'll excuse me, but truly I think
 I fancy my own Hell best !”

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THINKING Canadians are not likely to approve of all the loyalty gush that has been written recently, or to approve of every sentiment that has been expressed in the numerous patriotic and loyal speeches made inside and outside the Houses of Parliament. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the rolling back of the war-cloud in South Africa has gladdened the hearts of the Canadian people. When it was learned that Lord Roberts had cornered the Boers at Modder River and that the Canadians had shared the honours in two engagements, the nation was proud and relieved. When the news of General Buller's final success in his trying week was published, and it was known that General White and his gallant garrison were safe, the people shouted for joy. From Halifax to Victoria there was rejoicing. The Union Jack was hoisted with greater goodwill and unanimity than at any time during the past thirty years, with perhaps an exception in favour of the Queen's Jubilee of 1897. The evidence of sympathetic British sentiment was overwhelming.

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Had there been no Canadian Contingents in South Africa there might have been less enthusiasm when such good news was received. Had there been no Canadian blood spilled at Paardeburg and Modder River there might have been less interest in these events. When these engagements occurred there were nearly two thousand Canadian soldiers in South Africa, and one thousand of these were in the firing line. Hence our interest in these battles was vital indeed. With our joy over victories won, was sorrow and pride for those of our flesh and blood who

fought and bled for race and Queen. That our interest was not selfish, however, was amply proven by the much more enthusiastic joy and pride which we felt when Ladysmith was relieved. In this case the joy and the pride were not hallowed with sorrow, but they were, nevertheless, sincere and deep-seated. They indicated that British sentiment in this country is strong, very strong.

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In this, the hour of victory, Canadians of British origin and British sentiment must bear themselves with caution and restraint. Those of us who are French Canadians cannot feel the same enthusiasm and the same delirious British joy. It would be unnatural if they could. With the British-Canadian this enthusiasm is spontaneous; with the French Canadian this enthusiasm can be a result only of the exercise of reason. Spontaneous enthusiasm must wait patiently on enthusiasm which is the product of reasoning. There is a need of patience, for, in the words of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, "The work of union and harmony between the chief races in this country is not yet complete." Nor will it be completed until each race learns that the obligation, the burden, and the duty are not one side or the other, but on both.

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This was the keynote of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's magnificent oration delivered in the House on March 13th. The Government's action in sending two Canadian Contingents to South Africa without calling Parliament together was challenged by Mr. Henri Bourassa, M.P. After proving that the constitution had not been violated by such

action, Sir Wilfrid proceeded to justify the Government's action. He said :

"In the matter in hand, had we not ample justification to believe that our course would be justified by Parliament? As soon as Parliament met we submitted our action to it. We laid before it everything that we had done. Our resolution stood the fire of a long discussion, and the principle of our action was approved unanimously by this House. The resolution introduced by the Finance Minister to cover the expenditure incurred in sending the contingents to Africa has received the unanimous sanction of this House. What avails it to-day, then, to say that we have not behind us the force of public opinion, that we were not to be guided solely by the voice of the press? Public opinion has more than one means of expressing itself. There is not only the press, but there is what is heard on the street and in private conversation, and what one can feel in the air. We knew that public opinion was with us. It is true that my honourable friend has stated on another occasion, I believe, that it is a weak thing to be guided by public opinion. Well, sir, I do not look on it as a weak thing. If public opinion were to ask something against one's honour, or one's sense of right, or one's sense of dignity, it would be a weak thing indeed to follow public opinion; but if the voice of the people asks for a thing that is right and honourable, would it not, then, be a good thing to follow the voice of public opinion? It would be a weak thing not to follow the voice of public opinion.

"I put this question to my honourable friend: What would be the condition of this country to-day if we had refused to obey the voice of public opinion? If we had refused at that time to do what was, in my judgment, our imperative duty, it is only too true that a most dangerous agitation would have arisen—an agitation which, according to all human probability, would have ended in a line of cleavage upon racial lines. A greater calamity could never take place in Canada. My honourable friend and I have long been on terms of intimacy. He has long been a political friend and supporter of mine. He knows as well as any man in this House knows, that if there is one thing to which I have given my political life it is to try to promote the unity and harmony and amity between the diverse elements of this country. My friends can desert me, they can withdraw their confidence from me, they can withdraw the trust which they have placed in my hands, but never shall I deviate from that line of policy. Whatever may be the consequences, whether loss of prestige, loss of popularity, or loss of power, I feel that I am in the right, and I know that a time will come when every man, my honourable friend himself included, will render me full justice in that respect."

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Sir Wilfrid then dealt with the justness of the war forced upon the British

by President Kruger, and then proceeded to deny that Canada's military aid was the result of pressure from Downing Street. On the latter point his explanation was hardly as convincing as his arguments in support of his view of the justness of Britain's determination to crush Krugerism.

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When he proceeded to explain Canada's position as to future wars he did not set quite so high a standard for himself as in some other of his declarations. What he stated was to the effect that, "if it should be the will of the people of Canada, at any future stage, to take part in any war of England, the people of Canada will have to have their way." A far-seeing statesman may sometimes prefer to step down and out rather than yield to a temporary frenzy of the people.

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With regard to the effect of the Canadian Contingents on future Imperial constitutional relations, he said, "If we are to be compelled to take part in the wars of Britain, I have no hesitation in saying that. . . sharing the burden we should also share the responsibility." He thought that in such a case the colonies should be called to the Imperial counsels. Then he added most significantly that "there is no occasion to demand that representation to-day." In other words, Sir Wilfrid agrees to some extent with both the Imperialists and the anti-Imperialists.

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In concluding, what must ever remain a remarkable and memorable speech, the Premier said :

"Nor is that all. The work of union and harmony between the chief races of this country is not yet complete. We know by the unfortunate occurrences that took place only last week that there is much to do in that way. But there is no bond of union so strong as the bond created by common dangers faced in common. To-day there are men in South Africa representing the two branches of the Canadian family, fighting side by side for the honour of Canada. Already some of them have fallen, giving to their country the last full measure of devotion. Their remains have been laid in the same grave, there to remain

to the end of time in that last fraternal embrace. Can we not hope, I ask my honourable friend himself, that in that grave shall be buried the last vestiges of our former antagonism? If such shall be the result, if we can indulge that hope, if we can believe that in that grave shall be buried the former contentions, the sending of the contingent would be the greatest service ever rendered to Canada since Confederation. These are the motives, at all events, which guided us, these are the thoughts which inspired us, and they are thoughts which ought to commend themselves to the heart and judgment of my honourable friend."

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An English writer states that in the porch of a country church in England, she recently saw a card headed by the text, "How dreadful is this place.

This is none other but the House of God." This motto with slight change might be put up in the main building on Parliament Hill. "How dreadful is this place. This is none other but the House of Commons." It is a somewhat doubtful place. During the past month there have been scenes in it which discredit the democratic institutions of which we boast, and speeches delivered which would disgust any person but a politician. The country must be thankful to Sir Wilfrid Laurier for having, by the dignified and noble speech just quoted, done something toward reclaiming the session's discussions from mediocrity.

John A. Cooper.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

"A GALLANT deed worthy of our colonial comrades." Lord Roberts' despatch containing these words, and the deed it described, struck a deep note in the Canadian heart which will vibrate for ever. Our boys, representing fairly the intelligence, the physique, the dash, the tenacity, and the inexperience of Canadians, were tested at a critical moment against a desperate foe, and were found worthy. The best of the British regiments are in South Africa; many are injured to war and all have long and glorious traditions; but even judged by the standard of these men our boys were not found wanting. Lord Roberts was proud to call them comrades. But about these things one does not speak much. Both the sorrow and the glow of satisfaction are experiences too intimate to be publicly paraded. In some quarters these things were not realized, or we should never have seen in print some of the articles that appeared nor heard some of the thoughtless remarks. Those who fell were

hardly cold before they were stripped by those who would build metaphysical foundations of empire with their bones; and others so far forgot themselves as to dilate upon the value of such things as a national advertisement, being sure that henceforth our immigration literature would be in greater demand and our food products more popular. They were willing to make a blood-and-bones poster out of their heroes. But these were the thoughtless; with the great mass, who said nothing, there abides a sense of proved worthiness.

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Of the war in general it may be said that events are bringing an ample and rapid fulfilment of the promise of the first movements under the new leadership. Last month at the time of writing Lord Roberts was at Jacobsdal, a few miles within the Free State border, while General Cronje was making his clever retreat through the British lines. To-day Lord Roberts

is in Bloemfontein and General Cronje and his army are prisoners at Cape Town; Ladysmith has been relieved and the scene of operations in Natal has been transferred to the hills near Glencoe on the north and to the passes of the Drakensberg Mountains on the west. At Mafeking alone are the Boers the aggressors. The general situation is most favourable for the British arms. What the British have gained the Boers seem to have lost—a comprehensiveness and unity of action. Not only are hundreds of the Free State soldiers laying down their arms, but the Boer strategy seems to have lost its definiteness and masterfulness. What may be developing we cannot yet tell. Dogged resistance is to be expected, but from the positions the British now occupy there are so many ways of outflanking any positions the depleted Boer forces may attempt to hold that it is hard to believe any very serious checks can occur until the remnant of the Boer army is finally cornered at Pretoria, or wherever else the last stand may be made. After that there may be peace, or there may be months of guerilla warfare.



Lord Roberts' march on Bloemfontein was a fine achievement from every point of view. All departments of the British army displayed their capacity. The generalship was brilliant, the transport and supply adequate, and the fighting and marching powers of the men splendid. And a finishing touch was given to everything by the tact and statesmanship of Lord Roberts. It is easy to understand his great popularity. In Natal, General Buller's undaunted perseverance at last carried him through the Boer lines to the sorely-needed relief of heroic Ladysmith. The critical action, the capture of Pieter's hill, took place on the anniversary of Majuba, as did also the surrender of Cronje. How that defeat nineteen years before had rankled in the breasts of the British people was disclosed by the intense satisfaction that it had been so dramatically "aven-

ged." The word has a reprehensible sound, but the desire on the part of a people to have it shown that a disaster does not imply national inferiority is not necessarily reprehensible. A nation's confidence in itself is its most valuable possession, and this confidence, for its own security, seeks justification before the world. With this may be mixed many unworthy motives, but the fundamental element is a deep need of human nature. Here again, what the British have gained the Boers have lost. There is pathos in the Boer position. We may condemn their injustice, bigotry, arrogance and treachery, but we must accord them our admiration for those many qualities that take all discredit from defeat and yet leave it the harder to endure. As the British had their Majuba, the Boers have now their Paardeberg and Pieter's hill. Yet it is better for South Africa, and we must believe, better for themselves, that British policy should prevail.



President Kruger has not lost his astuteness. His telegram to Lord Salisbury on the subject of peace is typical. As with many of his despatches to Mr. Chamberlain before the war began, so in this case, we must suppose that he wrote more for the effect upon his own followers and on other nations than upon the British Government. To read over the ante-bellum correspondence is to see how well adapted it was to arouse the Boers. In the present juncture he needed a fresh rallying-cry. There was defection from the Boer ranks, and there was the danger of disheartenment. President Kruger's policy was to stir his soldiers to desperation. Nothing could do this like an official declaration by the British Government that loss of independence was the inevitable penalty of submission. He framed a telegram that was certain to bring forth that declaration. Only in this way can we explain his telegram and yet credit him with any great intelligence. Lord Salisbury's reply was

what was to be expected. Another object of the telegram was to influence other nations to interfere. A formal appeal had already been made to them. It is strange that the United States alone should have acted upon that appeal. The temper of the Government and of the British people was so well known that it is difficult to understand how President McKinley could have anticipated that his offer would be entertained. The coming Presidential elections must be made to explain many things these days.



Last month Russia showed that she was inclined to take advantage of Britain's difficulties in order to push claims in conflict with British interests. Little further has developed in this direction, although evidences of Russia's activity in Persia and Asia Minor have been found. France, however, has manifested a popular hostility to England that is somewhat surprising. Not only have there been street demonstrations, but the press has teemed with bitter articles. Interviews with prominent officials gave hints of elaborate preparations against Britain, but when President Kruger made his appeal for interference the French Government acted with the strictest propriety, and it is probable there are no fixed designs against Britain. There is no doubt the French people would welcome a good opportunity to settle old scores, but if there were no other reasons against it at the present time, their anxiety to make a success of their Exhibition, in which such vast amounts of money have been invested, would be sufficient. The peace of the world is not likely to be disturbed in any new quarter for some months at least. China continues to attract attention, and it would seem that the United States is beginning to take a more active interest there. The announcement made by Mr. Brodrick in the House of Commons on March 8th that papers would be presented dealing with the joint efforts of the United States and Britain to secure an agree-

ment among the powers for equal trade opportunities throughout the whole of China is gratifying, and is another indication of those common interests which should keep the two Anglo-Saxon nations upon the best of terms. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty was amended in committee, but has not yet been finally dealt with by the Senate.



Again is the Pacific Cable Scheme in danger of being thwarted. This time Australia stands in the way. The scheme of uniting Canada and Australia by a cable, which might ultimately be extended to South Africa and from there through the Bermudas, back to Canada again, to make connection with the Atlantic lines to the United Kingdom, is a peculiarly Canadian scheme, inasmuch as the initiative came from Canada, and also the only determined and consistent support. With branch lines from Australia to Hong Kong and India it would be possible in this way to connect all the important parts of the Empire by a line which would nowhere touch upon foreign soil. The advantages from an Imperial standpoint are patent. It would also, undoubtedly, be of great benefit to Canada, for it would facilitate trade with Australia, the Far East, and, indeed, with all other parts of the Empire, and would in a very important way put Canada on the highway from Europe to China and Australia. We cannot afford to be side-tracked, and every consideration of national interest urges us to secure the construction of such a line. The link between our Pacific coast and Australia is the immediate object. The obstacles have been the indifference of the Australian and Imperial Governments and the active opposition of the Eastern Cable Company, which now enjoys a monopoly of the cable business with the Far East. The fight of this company to maintain its monopoly has been conducted with great ability and resource. To what extent they have influenced the officials and the members of Parliament in England and

Australia cannot be determined. Certain it is, however, that Canada has not yet succeeded in fully persuading the Imperial authorities that the Pacific cable is an Imperial question of the first magnitude, and therefore entitled to adequate support, nor the Australian authorities that it is so much more to their interest than to England's or Canada's that they should be enthusiastic in its favour. The history of the question is pretty well known. Had the British Government taken legislative action at the last session, the matter would have been settled; but it was not settled, and in the meantime Australia has been pondering over an offer made by the Eastern Extension Company and is more than half inclined to accept it. This offer is to the effect that the Eastern Extension Company will lay a cable from Australia to South Africa without asking any bonus, and will reduce the

cable rate to England from 4s. 9d. to 4s. a word, provided that the company is allowed to establish its own offices throughout Australia. At present all the telegraph lines are under Government control, and in the event of the Pacific Cable being laid by the Governments interested, the tendency would be to send all business from the Government telegraph offices to the Government cable line, and the company would seriously suffer. But if the company can get its own offices everywhere, and can offer Australia an alternative route to England by way of South Africa, and a cheaper rate, it feels confident, either that it can take away the chief motive for building a Government line, and so the project will not be carried out, or that it can retain its full share of business through its own offices. If we want the cable we must let it be known how much in earnest we are.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE ENGLISH IN AFRICA.*

IN a carefully written book the Hon. Mr. Mills deals exhaustively with the British expansion that during the past twenty years has taken place in Africa. It is not one of the prolific brood of books that have received a recent and rapid incubation in consequence of the South African War, but is the work of years of thought and reading on the questions involved. Beginning with a chapter on the capacity of Britain for colonization, in which he makes reference to the paramount importance of British command of the sea, he goes on to speak of the English in Egypt, the history of the Soudan, and the various colonies on the east and west coasts. Coming to South African matters, Mr. Mills is,

as might be expected, full of information and insight. He is here both the practical statesman and the historian, and he has had access to Government documents that have enabled him to handle this part of his subject in a way which will render his work a valuable book of reference. His treatment of the various matters in dispute is less that of a partizan than of a philosophical observer; for instance, while no doubt is left on the mind of the reader as to the justice of the present war, the author shows him all that can be said in defence of Gladstone's unfortunate policy after Majuba. As a whole the book will be welcomed by the student and the publicist as well as by the general reader.



RED POTTAGE.

For the moment Miss Cholmondeley has succeeded the other superlatively clever writers of her own sex—Sarah

* The English in Africa. By Hon. David Mills, Minister of Justice for the Dominion of Canada. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

Grand, Beatrice Harraden, Miss Fowler—who have caught a passing taste and produced successively the “novel of the day.” In “Red Pottage” * we have materials that are being rapidly worked out: the selfish or profligate man who is untrue to women, and the heroines who allow drawing-room railery, morbid passion, or contact with the rougher aspects of social distress to get on their nerves. In a setting of witty, even brilliant, dialogue, of neat epigram, of a certain kind of finished writing, we are amused to the extent of forgetting that the people who amuse us are unreal, that the analysis of their motives and conduct is shallow, and their passion a sham. But we move (nearly always) in high society which is a great comfort. We have a bishop who misses engagements with his clergy in order to console an hysterical young woman, and a young peer who kills himself because his wife’s lover (who had drawn lots and lost) is too cowardly to face suicide. But eternal justice is not satisfied, and just when we hope he will forget the past (as the reader is inclined to do, for the bishop has said so) the lover screws his courage up to the sticking point, breaks the ice in an artificial lake and plunges in. From the effects of this (a solemn warning to boastful persons who ultimately ruin sound constitutions by the morning tub with a frozen surface) and grief, the lover dies. The heroine who for the second time is heartbroken, travels abroad and finally subsides into matrimony on a safe and colonial basis. The authoress deals seriously with these episodes, and in common civility we must take them seriously too, but the temptation to apply the banter and the satire of the other parts of the book to the lugubrious chapters is well-nigh irresistible. There are serious-minded persons who would say in their haste that such novels are mischievous. In truth they are very diverting, because they reflect certain moods of the feminine temperament, are brightly and cleverly written, and if the

tragedy suggests the light opera they invariably succeed in the main purpose of modern fiction—to withdraw the weary mind from sordid cares to a world which is all the more enchanting because it does not exist outside the imagination. Why should the critics complain of the popularity that carries novels like “Red Pottage” to the *n*th degree of circulation, while better books groan upon the shelves? With the present taste for Scott-and-water romances there is no reason why the Thackeray - Eliot - and - water novel should not flourish. It will have its day and cease to be.



ANOTHER LIFE OF DISRAELI.

A new biography of Lord Beaconsfield cannot fail to be interesting. The world awaits the publication of the dead statesman’s papers held in trust by his secretary, Lord Rowton. But that will not be during the present reign. Mr. Harold Gorst, the son of Sir John Gorst, Vice-President of the Council in Lord Salisbury’s Ministry, has just written a pleasant and informing eulogy of Disraeli * It is, needless to say, entirely from the Conservative standpoint, although the author avoids as far as possible party references and diatribes. There is a freshness of style about the book which renders it attractive to the average reader who requires, and has often sought in vain, a summary of Disraeli’s career from a sympathetic observer. “My father,” says Mr. Gorst, “enjoyed considerable political intimacy with Disraeli from 1870. I am indebted to him for information that could not have been obtained elsewhere.” In the main, however, the book is based upon published material. Since the publication of Froude’s biography two works that throw light on passages in Disraeli’s life have appeared. One is the gossipy book of anecdotes by Sir William Fraser, and the other the Peel Letters. In the latter we have the correspondence which passed between Peel and Disraeli in

* Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

* The Earl of Beaconsfield. By Harold E. Gorst. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

1841 on which is based the charge that the latter told a falsehood to the House of Commons in 1846 when he denied that he had ever applied to Peel for an office. On this point we may quote Mr. Gorst's own words :

"It has often been asserted that he relied upon the fact that Peel was too much of a gentleman to produce the incriminating letter . . . and thus give Disraeli the lie direct. But a careful scrutiny of this letter . . . must convince every reader that it does not actually contain an application for office. The writer recalls himself to Sir Robert Peel's memory, and sets forth the services which he thinks are entitled to recognition, and he acknowledges that if they are left unrecognized he will feel himself humiliated in the eyes of the party, but he does not ask for a place, nor does he use any words which can be positively construed into such an application . . . The point which needs emphasis and which justifies Disraeli's subsequent denial is the substantial truth of his assertion that no application for office was made on that occasion."

Mr. Gorst's explanation may prove satisfactory to the Tory admirers of Disraeli. That it disposes of the incident in a way to clear Disraeli of responsibility for deception is a question which only a strictly impartial judge could decide.

SPEAKER DENISON'S CAREER.

The materials found among Lord Ossington's papers after his death in 1873, contained his journal,* an informal record of the chief points which had come before him for decision during his fifteen years' occupancy of the Speakership. The volume is of much value to students of parliamentary procedure and the higher politics. It throws a flood of light upon the way in which the Speakers of the British House of Commons discharge their duties, imparting to the office a weight and dignity which help not a little to raise the assembly in popular estimation. We get behind the scenes, as it were, and find that while Mr. Denison was a Whig, attached to the views of that element, and personally on terms

of great intimacy with Palmerston and Gladstone, he was in no sense what we would now call a party man. That he formed his opinions as freely as an ordinary member on political questions and that he was not deprived by the responsibilities incident to his office of the privilege of quiet participation in political affairs is manifest. What we in Canada must soon consider is the propriety of making the office of Speaker a permanent one as far as the health and wishes of the incumbent may permit. There seems no reason why a Speaker should go in and out of the chair with every party change, so that the authority of the chair is reduced to a minimum while the control of the party leaders in the House is proportionately increased. Speaker Denison carefully prepared himself for his work by a study of the precedents and forms that ought to govern his decisions, and by a perusal in advance each day of the order-paper, considering what points might arise and how they should be dealt with. There is a curious episode (p. 170) which bears a close resemblance to a scene in the Canadian House of Commons a few days ago. Objection was taken, when the House was in a great state of excitement, to the use of the words "calumnious charges" applied to Mr. Layard by Mr. Gaythorne Hardy. Mr. Layard "jumped up and required that the words should be taken down." Both Palmerston and Gladstone thought the demand a proper one. But the Speaker counselled moderation, and would not comply with the request. There is food for reflection here by Speaker Bain and a good many other Canadian parliamentarians.

MR. CARMAN'S NEW NOVEL.*

Mr. Albert Carman has written a novel (his first, we believe) which will probably attract not a little attention. A young student at a Canadian college, who has been bred a Methodist, but

* Notes from My Journal when Speaker of the House of Commons. By Rt. Hon. J. E. Denison, Lord Ossington. London: John Murray.

* The Preparation of Ryerson Embury. By Albert R. Carman. Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate.

who turns with distaste from emotional religion and becomes a free-thinker, is the central figure in the tale. Ryerson Embury, for such is his suggestive name, possesses an embarrassing knack of overturning most of the conventional gods of our time and of emerging with cheerful audacity from the ruin he has made. Mr. Carman gives the dry bones of orthodox theology a gentle but decided shake as he passes to the evident purpose of his book—a merciless scrutiny of our economic conditions, with Henry George as a possible saviour of society and practical interpreter of Christ's religion. But the interest in the story is not entirely subordinated to these highly controversial questions. The various types of society in a small university town, fathoms deep in malicious gossip, in petty ambition and in narrow ideals of religious life, are well drawn. Embury's love affair with the gentle Methodist girl, who shuns him when he casts off the church, is related with delicacy and real tenderness, while the hero himself, despite his gold medal and his oratorical feats, is emphatically not a prig. In fact, his very natural flirtation with Rosie Fitzgerald, the tavern-keeper's handsome daughter, saves him both from the charge of priggishness and from the inanities of a hopeless lover. But the strong point in the book is the strike among the workpeople which is described with insight and sympathy so that we are lifted at once from the trite, though lively enough, disputations on social and religious matters to a stage where the real drama of life is played. Embury is impressed by the misery of the scenes about him to champion the cause of the strikers with the consequent wreck of his own prospects in the town, and if the reader is not equally ready to swallow the George doctrine as a panacea for industrial ills, he must, at least, recognize the picture as a true one. The Rev. Tommy Tracey, the socialistic parson, with his honourable poverty and fervent zeal, narrowly escapes being the best character in the book. The dialogue is

brightly written, and if the author would abandon the seductive quotation-marks and correct an occasional tendency to a loose phrase he would satisfy the severer critics, for the book is an excellent piece of work with many inviting qualities. Mr. Carman is a leader writer for the *Montreal Star*, and his connection with a distinguished theologian in the Methodist Church imparts a piquant interest to a book which, apart from its boldness and force, is a creditable display of talent and industry.



SCOTTISH-CANADIAN POETS.

It was not to Scotland that the term "a nest of singing birds" was applied, although it well might have been at more than one period of her literary history. To Canada the Scots have carried their love of song, and the volume of verse by Scottish-Canadian writers, which has just been published under the auspices of the Caledonian Society of Toronto * affords striking evidence of the extent to which the poetic spirit has seized hold of this shrewd and vigorous people. The collection now issued contains selections from the poetic efforts of no less than thirty-seven writers. That the sources are not yet exhausted may be inferred from the fact that the book is described as "volume one." In it we find a number of stirring patriotic pieces indicating that love of country is not a virtue limited by the Scotch to the land of their fathers. Poems inspired by nature, by the affections, or by the commoner aspects of life are numerous, and it is perhaps noteworthy that joy rather than sorrow is the prevailing tone. Dr. Daniel Clark contributes an introduction in which he sums up with candour some of the considerations that touch true poetry, adding a wise reflection that provides an excellent excuse for this volume, if one were needed: "We are not asked to go into raptures over mediocrity even when

* Selections from *Scottish-Canadian Poets*, with an introduction by Dr. Daniel Clark. Toronto: Imrie, Graham & Co.

displayed in fellow-countrymen, but it is unpatriotic to neglect and fail to appreciate the heart-outpourings in verse of our sons and daughters when their work is of such an excellent standard that any country should be proud of it."

A CLERGYMAN ON CREED.

Canon Low, a prominent Anglican divine in the Ottawa diocese, has published a series of lectures delivered by him, and which he entitles "The Old Faith and the New Philosophy." Canon Low applies himself with vigour and address to the question of the attitude of the Church to-day toward the liberal thinking that is now the rule among the people. His book is an exceedingly valuable and able one. There is a preface by Principal Grant, of Kingston. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs.)

LADYSMITH DURING THE SIEGE.

One cannot read Mr. Steevens' posthumous book * without a melancholy feeling. The literary side of journalism lost a valuable man when this brave and accomplished fellow was laid in the

* From Cape Town to Ladysmith. By G.W. Steevens. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

cemetery of Ladysmith at dead of night with the Boer searchlight shining upon the burial party. But the book itself, incomplete and brief as it is, fully sustains the reputation won by the author in his American, Egyptian and Indian sketches. He possessed a wonderful faculty for terse, graphic description, illumined by humour and true insight—a whole chapter in one paragraph. Inscrutable is that fate which cut off in early life a man who would have set a standard in descriptive newspaper writing which only those possessing keen grasp, vivid insight and ripe scholarship could have equalled. Here Steevens shows us, in a series of rapid pictures like the cinematograph, Cape Town at the outbreak of war, the race tension, the long and dreary railway journey, the painful uncertainty in the up-country, the colonial dread that British policy would falter, the brilliancy of battle and the incidents that bring out its horror and misery, the long drawn-out siege and how the prisoners cooped up in Ladysmith bore it. Realism, brought out in sharp, strong strokes, is conspicuous in every line. The dead man's friend, Mr. Vernon Blackburn, adds a chapter which is written with taste and feeling.

IDLE MOMENTS.

THE FOX I DIDN'T GET.

EACH wild animal has its own distinguishing peculiarity, but the fox, whose whole character is made up of distinguishing peculiarities. Above all else he is a gay deceiver; he is foxy, so to speak. He despises the cunning of men, circumvents their devices for his capture. But to the story.

There was once a fox. I do not think he was different in any way from the rest of his family and tribe, but I had met him on several occasions and he lived quite near; we were neighbours, as it were, though not on speaking terms. He seemed to think some evil of me, or thought himself above me, for he shunned my company.

Then the autumn came, and I resolved on a closer acquaintance, so I got me a trap. It was a good trap, and guaranteed to hold any fox that got into it. So the only thing remaining to be done was to get him into it. But how? I put out some bait, he took it. I put out more and the trap again; he took the bait, but ignored the trap which was waiting to welcome him, and from the way in which he approached it I should say he knew all about it. I put out more bait and borrowed another trap, and again he conquered. I was out of bait and patience, but defeat only nerved me to further efforts. I *would* have that fox.

One morning very early I went out deer hunting and, passing through the range of mine enemy the fox, was both surprised and delighted to see him come loping down a hill directly towards me. Now at last it was my turn. I fired, and missed; he was not thirty yards away. Again I fired, and over he went. I ran to the spot; there he lay, and, as I had judged, a very fine animal. I took him up by the hind leg; how heavy he was! What a fine pelt! I would skin him here. So I laid him down, and went back to recover my empty shells, which I always re-loaded. When I returned to the rock on which I had laid my prize he was not there. It must be some other rock. I looked around. No, there was no mistake; there could be no doubt the fox was gone.

Gentle friends, imagine my state of mind, to have him in my hands and then let him escape. I could find no hair; he had not been touched by the bullets, and when I had gone away he had sneaked off. Though I tried trap and poison and hunted that part of the country early and late, I never met him again.

This is why I maintain that the fox of to-day is capable of sustaining the record made by his ancestors.

J. Harmon Patterson.



BILLY'S CATTLE.

Billy was a remittance-man, he never denied that. How could he ride the finest horses and drink the finest liquors without a remittance from home at regular intervals? As for cattle—well, that was an afterthought. Good whiskey, Robert Barr declares, is dear in Canada, and experience has proved that fast horses are not cheap. Hence instead of a thousand frisky steers, roaming over the green grassy slopes of the North-West Territories, as his father fondly pictured, brave Billy could count only twenty head bearing his particular brand, and even this number included the lost brindle calf.

Picture, then, if you can, Billy's consternation when, on riding into town one evening, to find a telegram from his father, terse but to the point. The old gentleman had landed in Halifax, and would be with him in a week's time. Calling for a drink of something hot to bear up against the terrible shock, he read the awful message again. There was no mistake, so he called for another drink, and this time he was joined by a couple of sturdy cow-punchers, who were looking for work and drinks. Gradually a ray of light began to steal above his mental horizon, and calling for another "wet," he unfolded his plan to his bibulous associates. That evening the rising moon saw three men slowly making their way towards Billy's shack, each full of happiness and rye.

That was a beautiful morning, the one on which Billy's father arrived, and the meeting between parent and child was really an affecting one. After a splendid drive behind the finest team of "bloods" in the district, the old gentleman was regaled at the shack with hot buns, choice bits of bacon, and a round of juicy beef, which, Billy was careful to explain, "was right off one of his own steers." In the afternoon the proud pater was shown a coyote, an exhibition of roping by the two cow-punchers, and other curiosities peculiar to Western life.

Next day the old gentleman was taken out shooting, and after killing a brace of duck, came home quite charmed with this healthy life of the rancher. Another day he made a trip up to the mountains, bringing home a number of pieces of quartz, which he still exhibits to admiring friends in the old land.

At the end of a week Billy decided to play his trump card. Accordingly, the old man was taken out to see his cattle, which the two satellites had been rounding up during the last two days from all points of the horizon. What a sight that was! "Like the waves of the sea," the old man described it to his club-mates when he returned. Of course, he wondered why

they should have so many different brands, but Billy soon explained this by saying that he had bought out all these brands, and hoped soon to have a monopoly in that line, which, you must admit, was very ingenious. When a young calf was branded as an object lesson, the old man's happiness was complete, and the next day he started for the old land, fully decided to invest some money in this paying business himself.

But though absent, Billy's father was not forgotten, and the whole district rejoiced a month later when the promising son received a double-postage epistle which concluded with this striking sentence, written in the author's happiest style :

"You have a fine lot of cattle now, my son, but your dwelling needs more comfort. Find enclosed a cheque for £500, half of which I should be glad to have you accept for the aforesaid purpose, and the other half I should like you to invest in stock for me, if it would not inconvenience you in your own business relations. Wishing you continued success, I remain,

"Your affectionate father."

And Billy, noble-spirited fellow that he was, sent back a suitable reply, acknowledging the cheque, and saying that he would not be inconvenienced in the least.

W. E. E.

A WITTY PRIEST.

"Don't tell me that there's no humor in business. It's chock full of humor. Let me give you a case in point."

Thus spoke Griggson, and as he has travelled the Dominion from Halifax to Victoria many times, has a keen power of observation, and generally talks entertainingly. I, like a sensible man, lit a fresh cigar, and, tucking my pillow into a comfortable position in the corner of the Pullman seat, prepared to listen.

"You know that at one time I was junior member of a firm which manufactured church organs. One day the

firm received a letter of enquiry about an organ 'suitable for a small chapel.' The letter bore the seal of a Roman Catholic Archbishop, and was dated from a city which boasts, in addition to an Archiepiscopal see, an important university and a Dominion penitentiary. The letter stated that all communications must be addressed to the Rev. Father B——, at 'The Palace.'

"Now, an order for the smallest kind of church organ is a big thing in the trade, seldom less than \$1,000; so I, as the organ expert of the business, was hurried off by the first train to look into the matter and book the order if possible.

"On my arrival at 'the Palace' I was ushered into the waiting-room, and in due course Father B—— presented himself. He was a handsome young Irish priest, clean-shaven and tonsured, of course; high coloured, clear blue eyes and short crisp black curls. That would about describe his appearance. His manner was calm, deliberate and courteous, and he spoke with a delicious, cultivated brogue.

"After introducing ourselves, we entered into business, and after studying catalogues for awhile, we came to discussing a certain class of instrument.

"Now this instrument could be furnished in either of two designs of cases, and these caused a slight difference in the price. 'Now,' said I, 'Father B——, which style of case do you prefer, the pipe front or the canopy front?'

"'Shure,' said he, 'that makes no difference at all, at all.'

"Now most customers are very particular about these little details, and his answer puzzled me; besides, in the interests of our business I wished the design of the instrument to harmonize as nearly as possible with the building which it was to adorn, so as to influence future possible orders. I explained this to him.

"'Shure the architecture doesn't matter at all. If anything it's composite, as it was built at different times by members of the congregation themselves. I never knew a congre-

gation that bothered liss about architecture. No use your trying to impress any of thim that way, Mr. G——.

"Well, I let it go at that, and decided on the cheapest case. Then arose another point. Should it, or should it not, have a Trumpet stop—a very loud stop, which is expensive, and not needed unless the choir is unusually large. As it had been stated that the organ was for a small chapel, I thought the extra expense might be saved; but, as a matter of form, I first asked him if his choir was a strong one. His answer made me giddy.

"'About three hundred voices, Mr. G——.'

"Was the man mad, I asked myself. Why the largest cathedrals have no choirs of such size. I gasped, and exclaimed 'Three hundred voices, Father B——?'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'Three hundred voices—male voices.'

"At this I nearly fainted; but, taking pity on my perplexity, he added, 'You see, Mr. G——, it's for the Roman Catholic Chapel in the Penitentiary, of which I am chaplain.'

"After I had recovered we came to the question of price, which I stated as \$1,100.

"'Now, that's out of the question,' said Father B——. 'You see the expenses for the Catholic and Protestant sections of the penitentiary are apportioned on a per capita basis, and the Protestant chapel has just been granted an organ costing \$1,000. As our convicts are less in number than the Protestants, we cannot ask for more, and, really, we are not even entitled to as much; but as, by the grace of Providence, we are rapidly catching up to them, I think we may safely ask the \$1,000.'

H. H. G.

LOVE AND THE WOMAN.

THE WOMAN: "But must I love?"

LOVE: "Yes, if you would be a true womanly woman."

THE WOMAN: "Does Love demand much?"

LOVE: "Yea, all things."

THE WOMAN: "How much need I give?"

LOVE: "All things."

THE WOMAN: "What are all things?"

LOVE: "Your life, your love, your faith and trust, your very soul; perhaps your good name, and maybe even your hope of heaven."

THE WOMAN: "Then Love is a sacrifice and a giving up?"

LOVE: "Yes, when you are a woman it is."

THE WOMAN: "And what will I get in return?"

LOVE: "Perhaps Love, maybe nothing; certainly the pleasure of loving."

THE WOMAN: "What are the inducements to loving?"

LOVE: "None other than those you yourself create."

THE WOMAN: "When shall I create them?"

LOVE: "When you give your heart over to loving."

THE WOMAN: "But must I give my heart over to loving?"

LOVE: "You are a woman."

THE WOMAN: "Know you no women who love not?"

LOVE: "None. I am Love."

THE WOMAN: "And think you none can live without you?"

LOVE: "None who are women."

THE WOMAN: "But I, I will live my life without you."

LOVE: "Nay, nay, even now I am with you."

THE WOMAN: "Love, you are bold."

LOVE: "It is my nature so to be."

THE WOMAN: "Love, you are persistent."

LOVE: "Thus I gain my point."

THE WOMAN: "Love, you are very sweet."

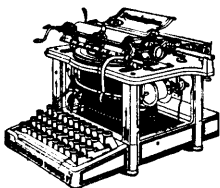
LOVE: "Thus I win you."

THE WOMAN: "Love, I love you."

LOVE: "Thus I have you, bind you, hold you for ever and evermore."

Jean Lyall.

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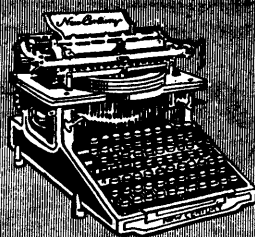
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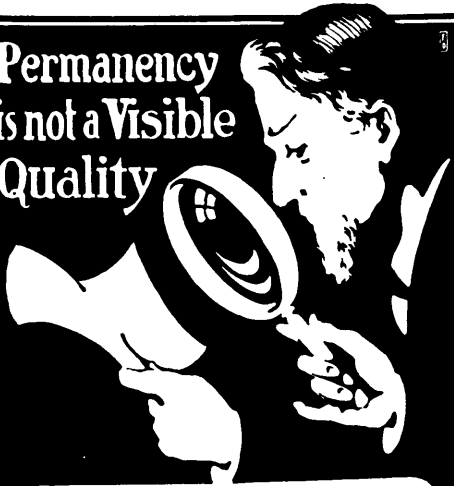
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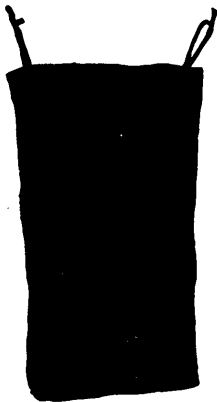


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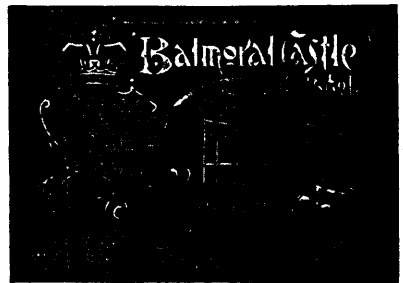
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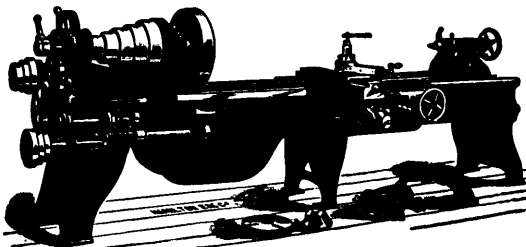


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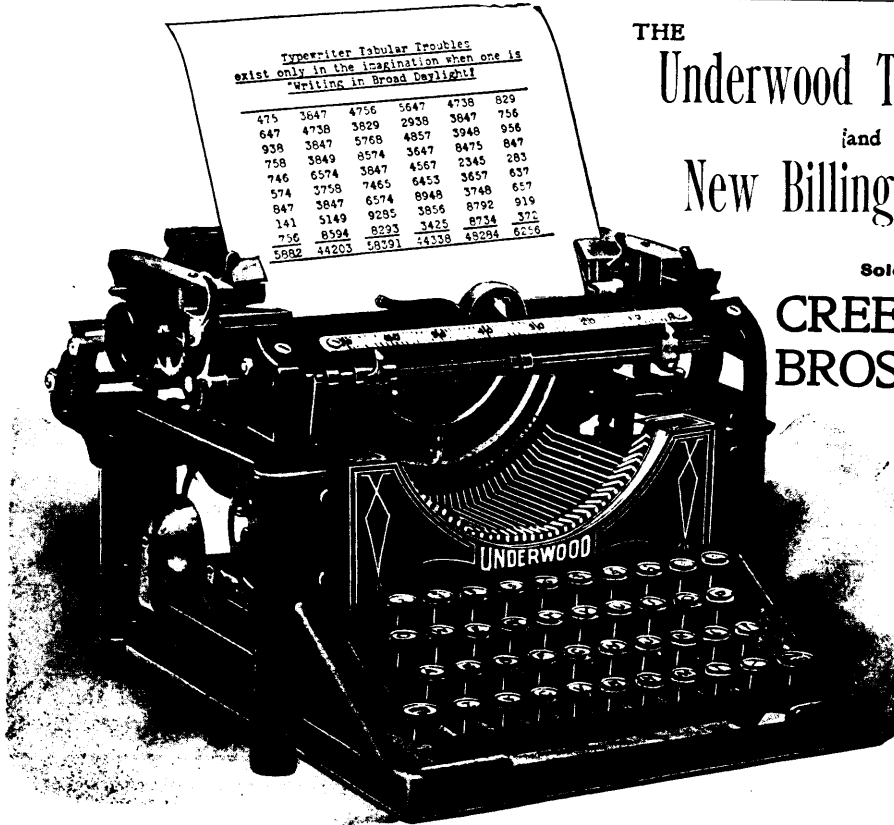
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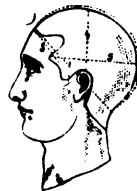
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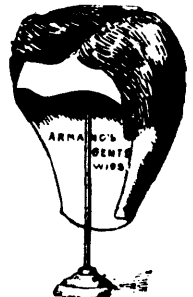
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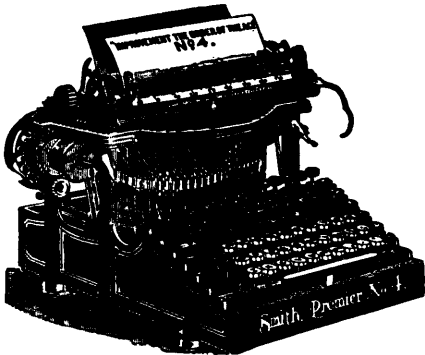
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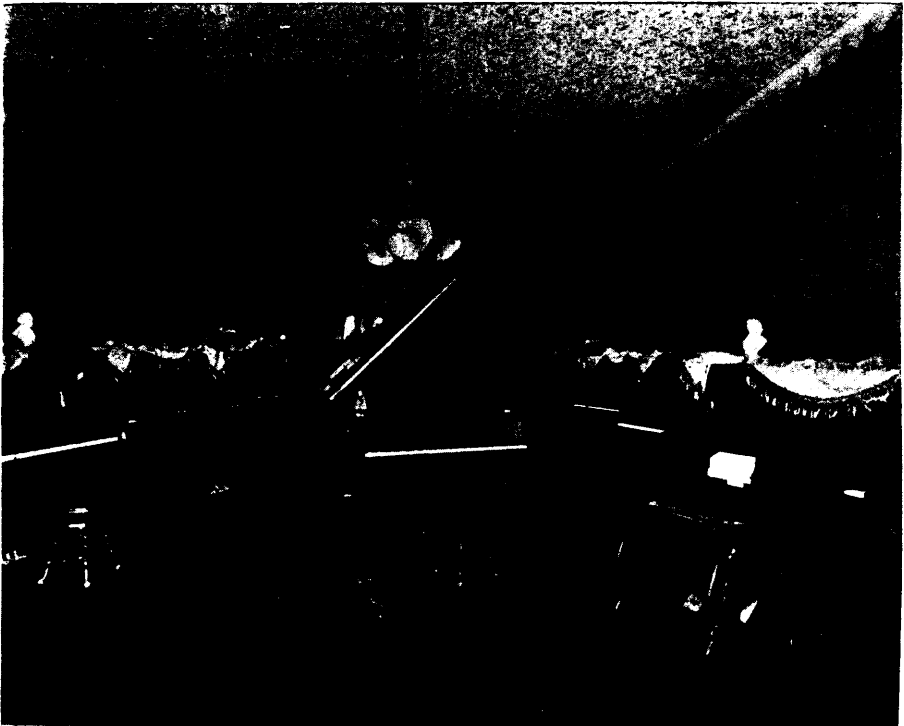
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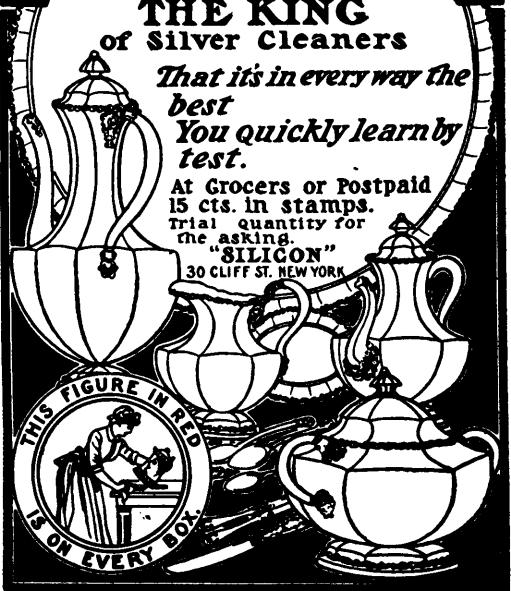
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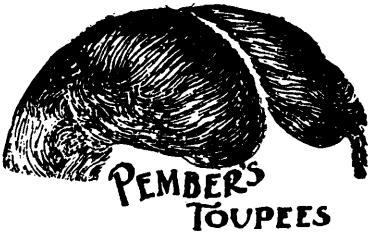
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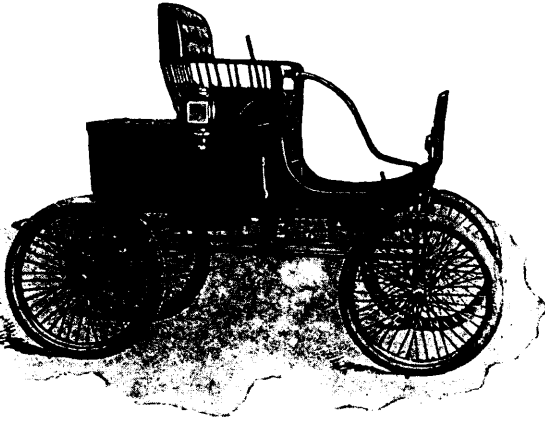
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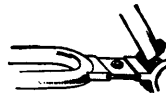
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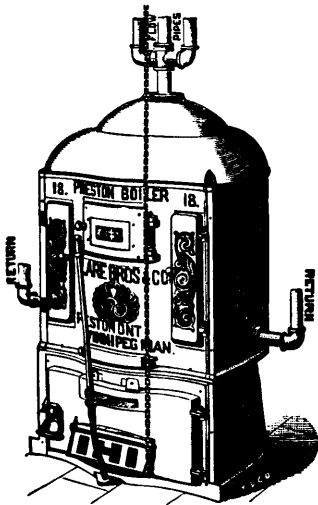
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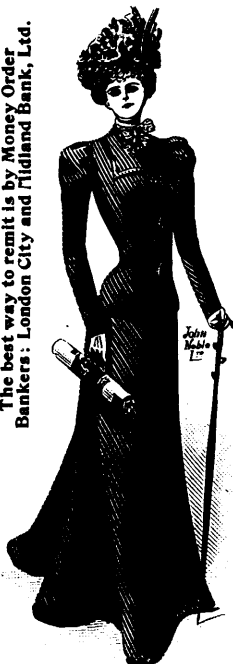
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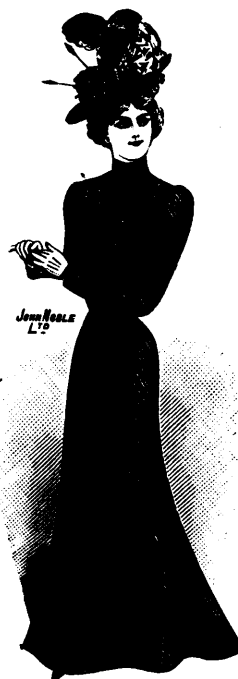


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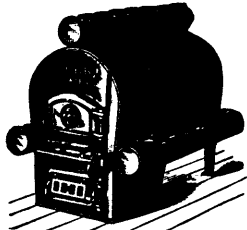
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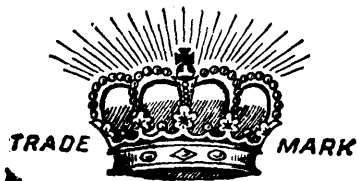
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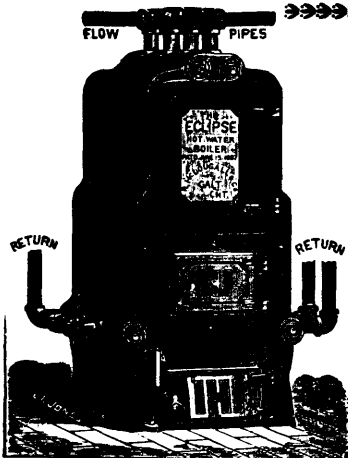
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The cheapness of the acetylene gas is one of its great features. For the production of the same amount of light it costs less than coal oil, when to the price of the material there are added the breakages and the cleaning and handling of coal oil lamps, not to speak of the superiority of the light produced by acetylene gas.

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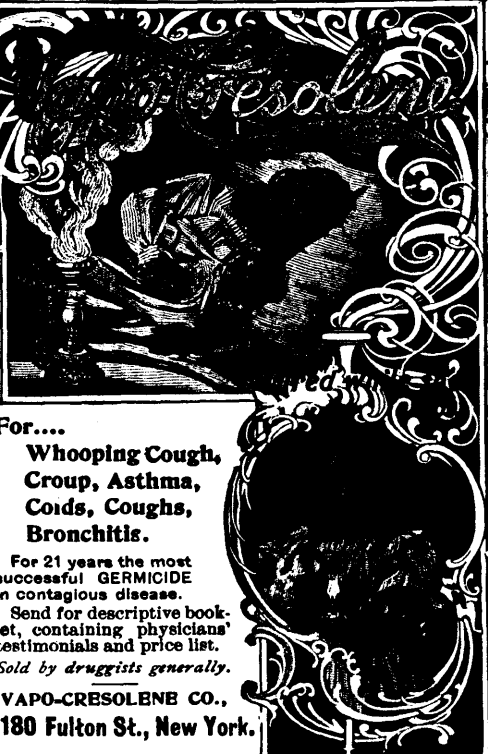
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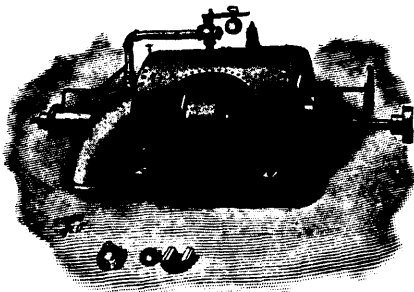
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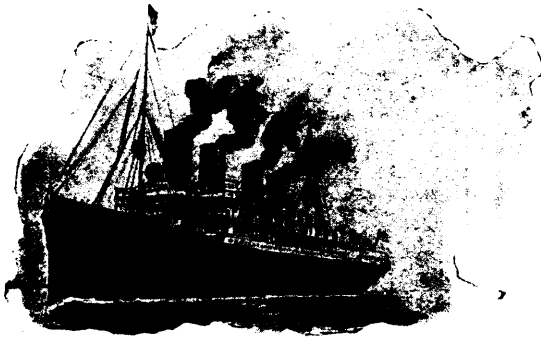


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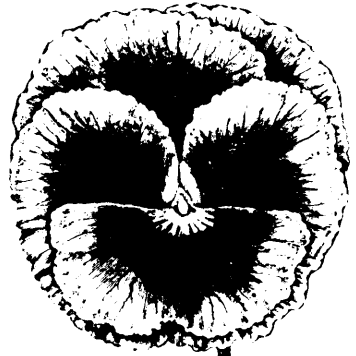
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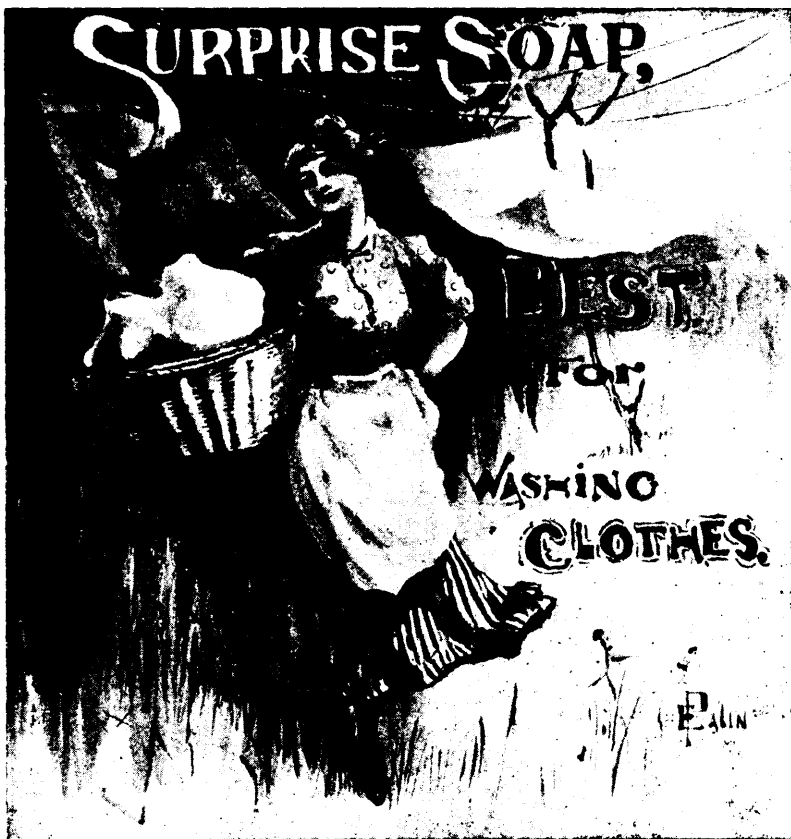
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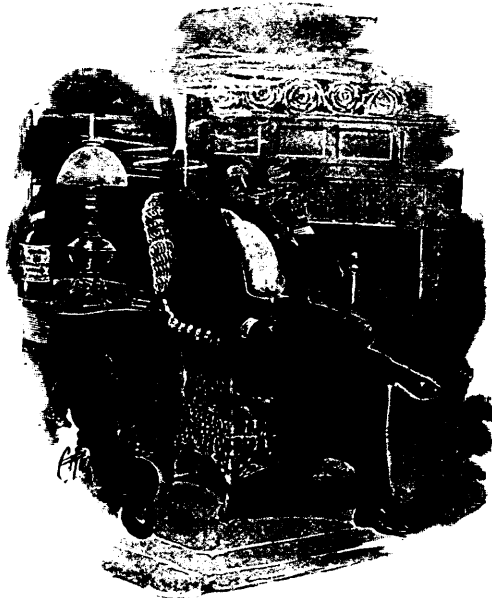
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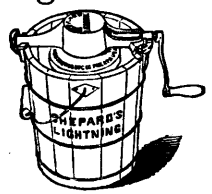
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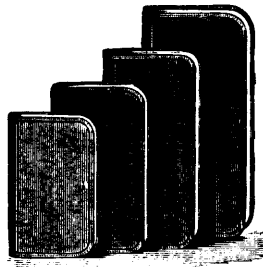
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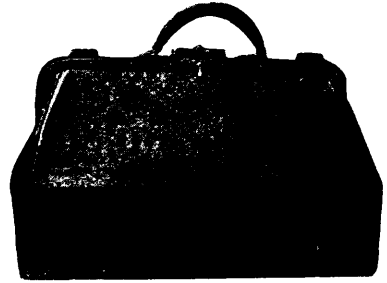
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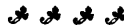
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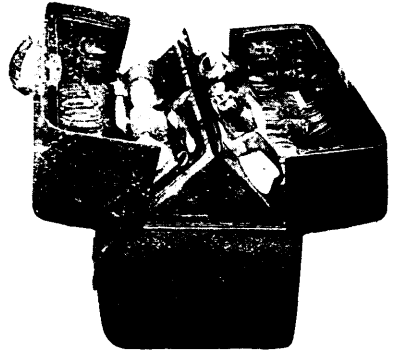
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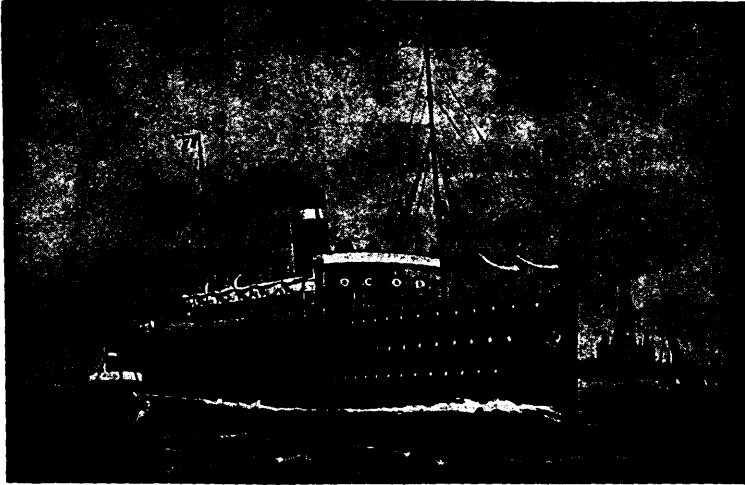
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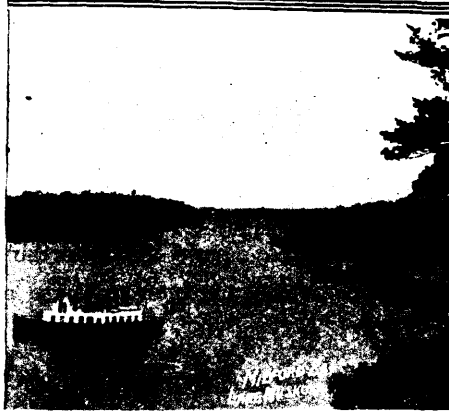
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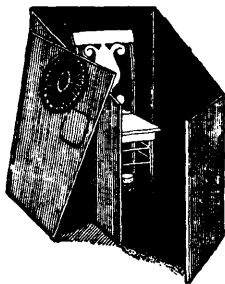
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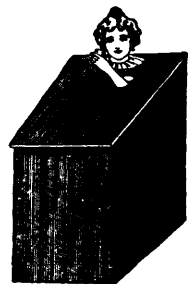
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