

EVENTS

Published Weekly.

13
Vol. 6, No. 6.

OTTAWA, AUGUST 6, 1904.

Whole No. 281.

Something of British Politics.

THE British secretary for war has announced a possible policy connected with army reform. "There will be an improvement of the militia, and, if public opinion will allow, the amalgamation of the Militia with the Line for the purpose of forming a true territorial army." An English exchange is very indignant over the "if public opinion will allow" and says that it is high time for this enervating weakness for hypothetical programmes to be given its right name and its right place. Speaking of army reform various expedients have been tried to make the Army more attractive. Mr. Broderick's experiment of changing the terms from seven years with the colours and five years with the reserve to three years with the colours and nine years with the reserve, with the offers of inducements at the end of two years to tempt men to re-enlist for a further period of five years, has broken down disastrously. Mr. Broderick thought that his recruits would accept the offer, and in practice only 15 per cent accepted them.

It would appear that there is a pressing need in England for such military experts as Generals Dundonald and Hutton. No European Power, except Austria, has a reserve with so slight a training as the British Militia. Militia battalions were sent to South Africa with officers quite untrained, "got straight from school or from their families." To quote the Commission Lord Roberts "was uneasy" when his communications were in the custody of the Militia. He reported that the training of the officers was defective, and both Lord Wolseley and General Kelly-Kenny were most emphatic on this point. One English writer declares that "if we are to have an adequate Army it is essential to abandon this practice of feeding it from ill-trained men. As an arm of home defence the Militia must be considered on its merits. As a back-door to the Army it is a serious danger."

The traditional glories of the British House of Commons are sadly bedimmed. We gave a few examples a week or two ago, and now it appears that the opposi-

tion have to plead with the government for a chance to move a vote of censure. The Liberal leader asked the government for a day to discuss a vote of censure. At a time when parliamentary votes in a critical division were depending on the government's exposition of its attitude to Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda, Mr. Akers-Douglas, as Mr. Balfour's spokesman, said that the government were opposed to any duty on raw material or food. That declaration took several hesitating Unionists into the government lobby. After that two cabinet ministers accepted office as vice-presidents in an organization for converting the country to the taxation of food and raw material. One of them openly announced that he had brought Mr. Balfour's blessing with him. Under these circumstances the leader of the opposition very properly asked for a day to discuss a vote of censure in the hope that Mr. Balfour might finally enlighten the House on the artificially obscure subject of his intentions. Mr. Balfour replied with a flippancy, for which he was taken to task by the Standard, that the Opposition could have either a part of July 21 or a part of August 1. Even this description flatters his generosity, for the offer of a fragment of July 21 was conditional on the Opposition's agree-

ing not to debate some important parts of the budget. The leader of the Opposition accepted August 1.

On August 1st the Liberal leader moved his vote of censure which brought on a debate in which Mr. Lyttleton, Lord Cecil, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour participated. The motion was rejected by a vote of 282 to 210, a majority for the government of 78. The large attendance of members indicates the importance which both sides attached to the occasion. Mr. Chamberlain urged the Premier to call a conference with the colonies to consider the subject of preferential trade. Premier Balfour rejected the idea that every member of the cabinet must agree on every point before the country. He was a free trader but free trade had more than one definition. He concluded by saying "It is our business to find out what the Colonies can give, what we can give, what they want and what we want." That seems to us a rigmarole altogether unworthy of the office Mr. Balfour holds. It means nothing and was meant to mean nothing, because Mr. Balfour knows that if the government go to the country on the direct issue of preferential trade, they will be absolutely carried.

THE AUSTRALIAN LABOR MINISTRY.



HON. HUGH MAHON.
(Postmaster-general.)



SENATOR MACGREGOR.
(Vice-president of the executive council.)



HON. HENRY B. HIGGINS, K.C.

SOME
Changes,
Sir Will
Fielding
ago. It
ism. "I
stead of
in usele-
to devote
planting
ions of t
He drew
men cult
on the fr
faith in t
the death
of praise
pley upon
into milit
ed.—

I am no
emy, but
powerful
ation a q
than by fr
amusemen
have spen
harbors,
agricultur
move. We
We could
splendidly

Canada's True Policy.

SOME attention is being paid to the Canadian Press, judging by our exchanges, to the very excellent address of Sir William Mulock delivered at the Fielding banquet in Toronto a short time ago. It was a denunciation of militarism. "Is it not much wiser" he said "instead of dissipating our financial resources in useless results for military expenditure, to devote them to the better task of transplanting to our unoccupied lands the millions of unemployed of other countries." He drew a picture of Germany with women cultivating the soil, and men in arms on the frontier, and declared "I have more faith in the life-giving plowshare than in the death-dealing sword". He had no words of praise for those who would endeavor to play upon the faint hearted to lead them into military extravagance. He continued:—

I am not going to lie down before an enemy, but I believe we can establish a more powerful defence by increasing our population a quarter or half a million a year than by frittering millions away in needless armament. In the last eight years we have spent many millions in improving harbors, canals and railways, in aiding agriculture, settlement and internal commerce. We could have left all these undone. We could have had a force of 50,000 men, splendidly trained, armed and uniformed,

with bands playing and awakening the martial spirit that exists in every breast and leading Canadians away and astray from their true destiny. If the development of the industrial welfare of the country had been a better course than the creation of burdens, for in establishing a military service one not only created a debt for the time, but for all time—the debt invariably increasing like a rolling snowball—was it wise to change the policy in the years to come? (Applause). If the Government had left the commercial welfare of the country alone, if they had left undone the things which had attracted hundreds of thousands to the country and could only point to an increase in the standing force what then if it was a wise course in the past eight years, was it not safe to say that it is wise for us to continue along the line of peaceful development in the years to come? Canadians have a mighty task before them. They have an area as large as Europe and six million people sea-tossed over it. Every part of it promises to be of value; every part now calls for an expenditure of money, which the six millions have to supply. It is for Canadians to bring the sturdy giants from the north of Europe, the men from the loved Mother Country, and to repatriate their brothers new in the United States—to bring them with their wives and children to aid in developing their vast estates. I believe the Canadian people will face the great problem before them and will turn a deaf ear to those people who wish to fritter their money on the pomp and circumstance of war. (Loud cheers).



EVENTS

Published Weekly.

ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor.

VOL. 6. AUGUST 6, 1904. No. 6

THE monument of Robert Louis Stevenson, which owing to the illness of the sculptor, Mr. St. Gaudens, has been eight years in the making, was unveiled June 25 by Lord Rosebery, in St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh. Mr. St. Gaudens, who is one of the best of the vigorous school of American sculptors, was a close friend of Stevenson, and has already executed a fine bas-relief of him sitting up and writing in bed. The present monument, also in bas-relief, is a life-size figure of Stevenson, and was partly at least executed from life. Lord Rosebery, in a graceful speech of the kind he makes so well, pronounced no formal eulogy upon Stevenson. It was not an occasion, he said, for long speeches, and they had been made at the meeting eight years ago, when the memorial was first set on foot. Mr. Colvin, who followed, said that the ten years since Stevenson's death had decided the permanence of his reputation. No one ought to grudge so wholesome and brave a writer his present popularity, but ten years is a very short space of history. Tastes that are transitory often last longer than that, and a hundred years of admiration have sometimes given way to centuries of neglect. But one thing is certain our present admiration of Stevenson is nothing to be ashamed of, and can never seem ridiculous to a posterity that may not share it. There can be no doubt that he was an artist that tried to do great things, and tainted his art with no nastiness or greed. For this reason alone, as well as for the delight he has given us all, he deserves a memorial.

ONE effect of these popular demonstrations in favor of Lord Dundonald and of his swash-buckling speeches has been

to make the Conservatives of Ontario the centres of population very much dissatisfied with their leader Dr. R. L. Borden. To their minds Dundonald is an ideal leader. They say he is a fighter and Borden isn't. They say Mr. Borden is a very safe man, but what they want is a winner. They have been suggesting, and they have not already offered, a seat in the Canadian House of Commons to Lord Dundonald. In this connection Dr. Goldwin Smith, writing as "Bystander" in the Weekly Sun, cannot believe that General Dundonald would, for a moment, listen to the suggestion to exchange a great office in the Imperial army for the position of demagogue in an elective assembly. They have discussed the question of legibility. It is said that his being a representative peer of Scotland in the House of Lords precludes him from occupying a seat in the House of Commons. Be that as it may, the hope had come to these Ontario Conservatives of replacing Mr. Borden with Lord Dundonald. Then all would be lovely. One of their number even went so far as to put a bullet into one of the members of the Dominion government daring to criticize Lord Dundonald. All that is now left of the Dundonald episode is a feeling of dissatisfaction among the intense Conservatives with Mr. R. L. Borden as leader. Is there any of the iron of fate in the fact that an agitation born of a breach of discipline, and bred in the spirit of mischief should react on the man who promoted it and injure the very heart of their organization?

THE St. John Sun has an article based evidently on one in La Patrie entitled "Party Prospects." Ideals entirely with the decline and present fall of the Liberal party of the Dominion. It professes to see in recent events great weakening of the Liberal forces. Those men within the party who escape the sentence of physical death are discarded as no good, and "with out a following." Sir Oliver Mowat is dead, Mr. Charlton "the ablest man" passing from public life, Sir Richard Cartwright is practically superannuated, Mr. Sutherland is practically broken down

health
alive s
Sifton
The Li
Andito
saurry
is wick
which
there is
brious
paper f
from M
fact tha
parts of
the alle
Courier
spirits,
is apt t
rise to j
people o
position
summon
to form

SOME
was
people o
land dist
caught h
visitor
speedily
perhaps
than gold
bounty h
the appo
as an ins
mines w
A single
Alaswort
Those mi
ing June
of lead.
Nelson is
which Bi

THE mo
Engla
who has
any great
only an
horses. H
not be see
he only i

health and spirits. The few who remain alive such as Sir William Molock, Mr. Sifton and Mr. Paterson are weaklings. The Liberals have made it a crime for the Auditor General to protect the public treasury. They have done everything that is wicked and left undone all those things which they ought to have done. And it seems there is no health in them. Such a lugubrious article has not appeared in any paper for a long time and as it emanates from Mr. Tarte we are reminded of the fact that on public platforms in different parts of the country he almost gloated over the alleged extreme state of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Such dejection, such lowness of spirits, such melancholy, such despondency is apt to prey upon the mind and to give rise to jaundice. We are afraid that the people of really bad health are of the Opposition, and that the only cure will be a summons from His Excellency asking them to form a cabinet.

SOME years ago the Kootenay district was confined in the imagination of the people of Ontario and Quebec, to the Rossland district, and gold was the fever that caught hundreds and thousands. But the visitor to the Kootenay district would speedily discover that silver and lead were perhaps greater factors in the Kootenay than gold and copper. The giving of a bounty by the Dominion government and the appointment of Mr. G. O. Buchanan as an inspector brings out the fact that the mines whose ores carry lead number 51. A single mine, called the Highland at Alasworth, will draw \$37,000 in bounty. Those mines produced during the year ending June 30, 1904, fourteen million pounds of lead. There is a smelter at Nelson. Nelson is known chiefly as the place from which Bill Galliber comes from.

THE most important sporting news in England is that the Prince of Wales, who has never been a patron of the turf to any great extent proposes to become not only an owner, but a breeder of race horses. His Royal Highness's colours will not be seen on the turf for a year or so, as he only intends running horses bred by

himself. But he is starting with the nucleus of a stud presented to him by King Edward in which the blood of Persimmon will be strongly represented.

IT is interesting to think of a direct and undoubted descendant of the nephew of the prophet Mahomet, and the head of the sacred family spending part of the season in London, as a great notable of the British empire. The Aghar Khan, a great prince, though without a principality, very wealthy, and decorated with the orders of the knighthood of the King and Emperor, is visiting in London for the season, and is constantly seen enjoying the social pleasures of the racecourse, the fete, and the banquet. He is the direct and lineal descendant of Ali, the nephew of the prophet, and as such is the head of the Mahomedans of Hindustan. It was noticed the other day that the Mahomedan Indian subjects domiciled in Johannesburg, when holding a festival to celebrate the anniversary of their settlement there under British rule. All mentioned the name of the Aghar Khan in their prayers, and had his portrait set up in the middle of a group in which they were photographed.

WHILE all the stories of telepathy between human beings remain as incapable of proof or explanation as they do at present, it is hardly to be expected that everyone will accept a story, however credibly attested, of the same mysterious sort of communication between a man and his dog. But, none the less, there are some very striking and curious suggestions in the letter recounting what purports to be an odd experience of this kind, which is contributed to the Times by Mr. Rider Haggard. Briefly, the well-known writer describes how he was disturbed by a very vivid dream, in which it seemed to him that his retriever was struggling for his life, and trying to tell him that he wanted help. The retriever's body was afterwards found in a stream, into which it seems to have been knocked by a train. Mr. Haggard does not rush to any conclusions on the matter, but is clearly inclined

to believe that this was an instance of the kind of mental telegraphy at a critical moment, of which everybody knows cases as reported to have occurred between a couple of brothers, or a husband and his wife. For all we know, science may eventually establish the possibility of such a communication between the "friend of man" and man himself, but at present it is not able to form any conclusions deserving acceptance as to the authenticity or character of such messages, even between man and man. And, in the meantime, not much good can come from laymen in matters psychological attempting to meddle with the question at all.

SAYS the County Gentleman:—The new Service rifle, it seems, with consent of all concerned, may be treated as a dead weapon at Bisley, about which the least said the better. The specifications of contract at the Birmingham Small Arms Company, it is said, have been greatly altered even within the last month, the bell-mouthed barrel having been got rid of by the straightening of the bore of the barrel back almost to the old system, while several minor changes have also been made. There are two specimens of the new arm, we believe, on the Common; one of them we have had the opportunity of examining very carefully. There is nothing we can admire in the construction of the weapon, which has cost so much money, and of its shooting the less said the better. The fact is the Small Arms Committee in the shortening of the barrel have attempted the impossible, and the sooner this is recognized the better. They have attempted to meet the demand of Tommy Atkins in South Africa, mounted for the first time on a horse for a shorter rifle. His cry impressed the authorities, but it was the cry of an uneducated youth placed in peculiar circumstances. The Committee was formed with the view of giving Tommy a shorter rifle of equal velocity, trajectory, and accuracy to his Lee-Enfield. They have made a brave struggle to achieve that result, a result that no man living in our present state of mechanical knowledge could accomplish. Hence the mess into

which the whole matter has fallen, and which it must remain until the War Office recognizes that to attempt arming the cavalryman with the same weapon as the foot soldier is a little short of madness. In attempting the impossible feat the War Office has been pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp idea that has landed them in their present difficulty and made them the laughing stock of every practical expert. They cannot be blamed for their struggle, which might be successful perhaps twenty years hence when our knowledge of ballistics has advanced. But as it is, according to all we know, the future of the new Service rifle, as Mr. Jeffrey truly remarked, must inevitably be the scrap-heap.

AS an amendment to Supply, Mr. R. Borden moved the following resolution in the House of Commons at Ottawa:—"That in making appointments to public offices and particularly to those of a representative nature, party services should alone be considered, but selections should be made with regard to capacity and personal character." This came on the heels of rather a warm discussion over the appointment of Mr. J. B. Jackson to an office under the Department of Trade and Commerce. During the local election in St. Oxford, Mr. Jackson earned an uneven notoriety. Sir Richard Cartwright was responsible for the appointment, and did not pretend to say that Mr. Jackson's name did not outrun his discretion in that election, but he testified that Mr. Jackson was an intelligent and capable official and that whatever faults Mr. Jackson had on the election matter, his capacity and character warranted him employment by the department. What strikes us is that the government made a serious tactical blunder. The government might have accepted the amendment and allowed it to be declared unanimously that selections to be made should be made with regard to capacity and personal character. The leader of the House has before this accepted amendments to Supply. This purges them

anything in the nature of censure. Sir John Macdonald was always eager to find an amendment to Supply that he could accept. On this occasion by voting against it the Ministerialists have been placed in a rather awkward position.

THE following is from the London, Eng., Speaker of July 23: "Lord Dundonald addressed a meeting at Toronto last week, scolded the Dominion Government for its 'd-plorable neglect,' and described himself as appealing from the Govern-



FAREWELL.

As it might have been.

—Saturday Night

ment to the people of Canada. A great many of the opponents of the Government were present, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier's name was hissed. But Lord Dundonald's attack was apparently a surprise to his hosts, for the Ottawa correspondent of the Standard reports a conversation in which Lord Dundonald's chairman explained that both parties had a share in arranging the meeting and that this political attack was unexpected. An alarming statement was made by the Times correspondent on Monday to the effect that Lord Dundonald was to make another speech at Montreal next week. Under these circumstances Mr. Lloyd-George acted very properly on Tuesday in moving the adjournment of the House to call attention to Lord Dundonald's conduct. Lord Dundonald though no longer in command of the Canadian Militia, is still an officer in the Army, and a series of inflammatory speeches by a British officer against a Colonial Government is obviously full of danger and embarrassment for the relations of the colonies and the mother country. Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Winston Churchill put their case temperately, but Mr. Arnold-Forster seemed to think that he was doing his party some good by making a flamboyant and quite irrelevant speech before he came to the rather tame conclusion that he was acting as the Opposition had suggested. The Government have asked Lord Dundonald to discontinue his rhetoric and to come home. If the Opposition have succeeded in making the Government do this, they have rendered a great service to the Empire. If they have not, why did not Mr. Arnold-Forster save everybody's trouble by announcing a little earlier that Lord Dundonald, whose resignation is now six weeks old, had been asked to come home?

COL. SAM HUGHES scouts the idea that Canadian territory belongs to Canada. If the Colonel owns any real estate and some Englishman came along and said he owned it there would be ground for a repetition of that famous fight where "we got our blow in first."

THERE is a growing feeling that greater safeguards should surround the calling out of the militia in aid of the civil power. Mr. Logan, whose portrait is presented on the cover this week, moved a very proper amendment to the Militia Bill, throwing the responsibility for the calling out of the troops upon the municipal authorities. There were two reasons for this, first, that the authorities representing the people are the proper responsible persons to act, and, second, the municipality must, under the statute, foot the bill. The existing law permits two justices of the peace to override the mayor or warden. Mr. Logan's amendment also provided that in case of a refusal of the mayor or warden an application may be made to a judge who would decide. The aim of the amendment was to prevent hasty or improper calling out of troops to shoot down their fellow-citizens. It was stated in parliament on Tuesday that in the Sydney, N. S. strike the militia were called out by three irresponsible magistrates. The Minister of Militia as well as the leader of the Opposition supported the principle embodied in Mr. Logan's amendment, and the bill will be amended accordingly. The stalwart member for Cumberland is to be congratulated on accomplishing a very important reform which will in history be known as The Logan Amendment and which will perpetuate the name of the young and popular member from Nova Scotia.

D. R. To a
utteran
history
Ragica
cus int
Federa
establis
Gladsto
treme
same go
went of
ing up
fest in
from w
est wor
Thought
on Hon
Union is
ism, th
This he
his con
would r
ter on t
old Tori
Radical
able to
force his
goes out
party of
which he
into pow
sent his
good.
Mr. CH
believes
ger of di
of dissol
nstrum
us that t
gloriously

The Game He Plays.

DR. GOLDWIN SMITH writes as follows in his paper, the Sun:—

To understand Mr. Chamberlain and his utterances, we must always remember his history. He set out an extreme Socialistic Radical, the importer of the American caucus into England, a Home Ruler of the Federationist type and an advocate of disestablishment. He was taken into the Gladstone as a representative of the extreme Radical wing. He then played the same game that he is playing now. He went outside the Ministry and began working up a party of his own with the manifest intention of supplanting his chief, from whom his intrigues drew the bitterest words that Gladstone ever uttered. Though an avowed Home Ruler, he bolted on Home Rule and went over, not only to Unionism, but to Imperialism and Toryism, the reverse of his early professions. This he did without any frank avowal of his change such as an honest convert would make. He might have been Premier on the death of Salisbury. But the old Tories had not forgotten his early Radicalism, nor was he socially acceptable to that class. He has therefore, to force his way to the leadership. Again he goes outside of the Ministry and forms a party of his own upon his fiscal system, which he no doubt hopes will carry him into power. That is his game, but at present his chances of winning it are not good.

Mr. Chamberlain's talk is wild. Who believes that the Empire was ever in danger of disruption or that it is on the verge of dissolution now for want of his fiscal nostrum? Was he not the other day telling us that the unity of the Empire had been gloriously displayed and confirmed by his

South African war? Is there now the slightest reason to apprehend dissolution from any fiscal cause? Of the two, Mr. Chamberlain's own electricity, by galvanizing into activity all the dormant matters of possible dispute is more likely to lead to dissolution than the tariffs. To call the States of the American Union "scattered sister States" and tell us to follow their example by making a united Empire, is surely to talk as great nonsense as ever was talked by a very clever man.



HON. JOHN C. WATSON.
(Prime minister of the Australian Commonwealth.)

Jaques.

A short story by Oliver Onions

NOT for ten years had the old Hermit of the inn signboard had such a buffeting by the wind; but while roofs had been lifted off, trees torn out of the ground and stones and boulders flung far and wide as if from some destructive engine, he had still swung, though creaking disuually. Already during the afternoon the work of the storm had been dreadfully visible. Carts had been overturned and smashed; cattle had been maimed by flying stones and implements and timber; and the swollen river meeting the stone bridge had fetched down a great piece of a buttress, and now that night had fallen and the storm had increased in fury, foamed and thundered against the obstruction. The hamlet was sheltered from the full force of the gale partly by the hills and partly by the great Scar from which it takes its name; yet not a woman or child had ventured a'road all day. Half the cottage fires were quenched by the wind that shrieked and howled in the chimneys. Blinds fluttered within the rattling casements; lamp glasses were blackened by the unsteady flames; candles guttered in five minutes to shapeless masses of tallow. Children clung to the skirts of their mothers, refusing to go to bed; and men wondered how the "Hermit" their nightly meeting-place had fared directly in the path of the storm.

None knew who had started the rumour but towards seven o'clock word was passed that Robert Jaques had donned a great coat and twisted a handkerchief about his neck, and was prepared to set forth to the

"Hermit." The lamp flames leaped dangerously as men, entering their neighbours' cottages, told or received the word, and for a moment the havoc the storm had wrought on property was forgotten.

"Why, Robert hasn't set foot i' the 'Hermit' this eight year," said William Wilson, the wheelwright.

"Eight? 'Tis ten," James the blacksmith answered. "It were th' year Stephen Tail were blown over th' Scar. That's ten year, and just such another right as this."

"Ay, it'll be ten; times ha changed since then. We were company i' them days; it's never been th' same ion' Robert stopped going."

"Then how comes he's going to-night?"

"Maybe they had a bit o' difference. Robert doesna talk much, but it's another matter when a man's house is maybe tumbling about his ears. Christopher'll be alone, and it'll be awful down yonder to-night."

"If Robert goes we mann all go."

"Ay, we maun all go."

They buttoned themselves in great-coats again the lamp flames leaped; the doors were closed again, and the women and the children were left to listen to the hundred different noises of the tempest.

By eight o'clock a dozen men were making their way down the village street, sometimes flung suddenly forward into short runs, sometimes forced back. The moon was brilliant, and the low clouds travelled at a tremendous pace, so that one moment the hills across the valley could

be faintly seen and the next they would be blotted out and the light would reveal close at hand a broken plough under a wail, or a gap in the roof. When they passed the new iron roof of the schoolhouse wedged away up a ravine and humming like a great top, men put their arms about their neighbours' necks and bawled: "Look!"

They bent double to have the shelter of the walls, and before passing out at the bottom of the village they gathered themselves into a compact body, for another moment of moonlight had shown them the plantation of thirty trees roaring, swinging and striking the road with a smash of branches at each swing. They were flung through the plunging branches: a man went down struck on the head; his comrades took him up, and issuing from the shelter of the Scar they came full into the storm.

The kitchen of the "Hermit" looked as if a bomb had burst in it. The floor was ankle deep in lime and scot and stone and mortar; the remains of the chimney-stack that had come down during the day; and a great fire roared, now up the wrecked and gaping flue, now out almost in the middle of the room as the wind roared in the throat of the chimney. A tree or bush had lodged against the door beneath the signboard, and its branches rubbed and scratched continually; and the landlord, alone, would sing and shout for a moment, drinking brandy from a bottle, then would cease and pick his fingers, terrified, and looking vacantly before him.

The fire was monstrous. It had charred the settle, blistered the table of painted deal, and was already on the point of setting fire to another fuel-heap in the chimney-corner. The fitches on the ceiling had been caught, and frizzled and dropped fat and filled the place with a powerful odour. Part of the landlord's beard had been singed away, and his face was fouled with perspiration, grime and the fat that had trickled down his bald, lean head.

He stopped suddenly as he was about to fling another billet on the fire and listened. The billet fell from his hands as he cried "Keep away! keep away!" There was a lull for a moment and another scarp-

ing at the door. He seized the poker as the fastenings rattled, listened again, and sank into a chair.

"Nay—'tis naugh, but th' tree—bark how she wuthers!—Nay, hark!"

Again he picked his fingers and listened; then he rose and flung the billet on the fire. The fire lapped hungrily at the log, and he was beginning to sing wildly again when again he stopped. There was sharp tapping at the window-pane and he stood rigid.

"Open Christopher, man!"

The sound was carried away, but Wilson's face and other faces showed at the window. Slowly the demented look on the landlord's face relaxed; he approached the window and bawled, and made signs that they must go round to the back. The faces disappeared, the landlord gave a great sigh; then suddenly he pulled the now blazing billet from the fire and cast water on it. Quickly he wiped the sweat and grime from his face, as if ashamed to be caught half crazy, and then Wilson stood in the larder doorway, the other men behind him.

"Nay, Christopher! art mad. Thou'll burn th' place down!"

The landlord looked foolish and picked his fingers again; he muttered something: "Loney . . . company. . . a bit o' fire's company. . . a'most feared. . ."

"Fire a good servant and a bad master; sitha at the fitches! Help me rake half o' this off, James, and tend Robert, some o' ye."

He set about quenching the greater part of the fire, and talked as he worked. "We ha' brought thee a stranger, Christopher, or all but—Robert Jaques. He got a knock coming through the plantation, but a drop o' brandy'll set him alright. Dear, dear! Th' half o' th' house must ha' come down the chimney, but th' walls is standing. Ay, thou's right, 'tis a bad night, but there's no cause to set th' place afire."

Two or three men had set Robert Jaques in a chair and were tending him. The bough had struck him on the forehead, he was white and dazed looking and his hand made a feeble attempt to repulse the brandy they gave him. He was a strong,

resolute looking man of forty, with close-cropped black beard, turning grey, and a firmly-locked mouth and jaw. His colour returned a little as the brandy restored him.

The landlord had made himself almost fit to be seen again, and his fingers played with the bottle on the table

"I declare I ha' a'most finished it," he said, with a shaky laugh; "but I couldna' get drunk to-night, try how I would. Thou kens where it's kept? Thompson: th' 'Hermit' pays for everything to-night. Eh, I were a'most feared; ay, th' 'Hermit' pays, and glad for th' company. 'Twill do, Wilson, put th' broom at th' back o' th' door and draw up. Now, Robert."

The men drew forward their chairs in a ring about the new swept hearth, and Thompson returned with more brandy.

"Now, Robert, art feeling better?"

Jaques was moving his lips slightly, as a man does who would recognize a taste, then he spat.

"Ye ha' gi'en me brandy," he said in a weak voice; "I can taste it."

"Thou needed it, art better now?—Nay, sitha, he's off again; gie him a stiff dose, Thompson.

Again Jaques opened his eyes and tried to rise. "I maun be off," he muttered.

"Nay, thou maun bide while we all go."

"And that winna be yet a bit," the landlord cried. "Hark!" There was a crash up stairs and the banging of doors and knocking of furniture in distant parts of the house; the landlord laughed easier now.

"Gi'e me some more brandy, and fill again, all o' ye: I canna bide to think o' the damage. I'm a ruined man to-night, but I can wait till morn. I'm better now, myself. Did I tell ye, Wilson, I were a-most feared, alone? Ay, I'm better now. . . And o' think o' Robert coming to-night! How long is it sin' Robert's . . . Ten year? . . . I'll lay he's forgotten th' songs, and tales and th' old times! Not 'i' 'tn' owd 'Hermit' for ten year! 'Tis Robert's been the hermit; haw, haw! We maun roast th' fatted cauf now we ha' gotten him back."

"Thou's wel-nigh roasted the fitches," Wilson said.

"Well, no more than Robert did, th' time he set th' room ablaze wi' brandy: dost mind that night, Robert? . . . At a guess, now, how much had ye drank that night?"

The landlord's spirits were improving moment by moment, but Robert Jaques replied faintly: "More than I shall ever sup again. My head!"

"Gi'e him another drop."

"Nay, I winna touch it. . . I came to see if the 'hermit' were standing; I maun be off."

"And th' 'Hermit' is standing—standing good brandy—haw haw! If 'thou's th' old Robert, 'thou's a year or two to catch up, a doctor wad bid him, wadn't he, mates?"

"I'll ha' milk to wash this damned taste out!"

The landlord winked as he went for the milk. In a minute or so he returned, and Jaques took a deep draught. He set down the mug, and turned with a heavy frown on the landlord.

"That's laced, Christopher Wade."

"To be sure it is," Wade creid with great heartiness, slapping him on the knee. He's his own colour now again, is'nt he? His cheeks is red again. Come Robert, a bad night outside, a warm hearth inside; th' old friends as is th' best friends, and naught to pay."

"I were never backward a paying," Jaques said, flushing.

"That ye never were; nor at singing nor aught companionable."

"But did I ever make a man sup ageean his will?"

There was a sudden outbreak of laughter apparently at some escapade of Jaques' that he himself had forgotten.

"He's forgotten about old Matthy Dean!" the landlord cried; "he owes us one for that."

Jaques' head turned this way and that; then slowly he remembered. Slowly he sat up, removed the handkerchief from his throat, and tied it about his wrist.

"That's to remember," he said. "I'll pay what I owe Christopher Wade, and go.—A glass of brandy."

There was a sound of bursting wood outside; a roof-stone had split the sign-

board from top to bottom, and another whirl down the dismantled chimney scattered the embers on the hearth. The fury of the wind seemed to remind the men anew of the damage that they had one and all sustained. Nerves could not have endured to sit quietly and think of it; and suddenly a man broke out into a song. Soon the songs and choruses in the kitchen drowned much of the noise outside, and even Wilson was fain to occupy his imagination with any diversion. Slowly the resolute look passed from Jaques' face, and in its place appeared the old complaisant look of the boon companion. He was flushed and now and then he giggled a little. Wade, now uproarious, shouted that "that was the Robert they kenned."

"Ken? And well ye should ken him," Jaques replied, flattered and giggling anew. "There ha-na such a spirit set foot i' th' 'Hermit' sin' Robert were here last, eh, James? For fun and divilment, James, eh?"

His eyes shone brilliantly with the double light of the fire and brandy. For a moment he fumbled with the handkerchief on his wrist, then he swayed a little. The regaining of his balance seemed to occupy him, and when he was upright again he had forgotten whatever he had to remember.

"Him," the landlord cried, "him that was always that ready wi' a jest or an answer! Nay, Robert, ye ha' need us shameful. Let's fine him, lads!"

"Ay, I were a rum one," Jaques chuckled to himself; "no milk then, Christopher, what?"

"Milk!" Wade said scornfully,—"Let's try him, lads, an' see what he has to say for himself; that would ha' been sport wi' th' old Robert. Come, I'll be th' judge; yon's th' dock where he's sitting. James shall prosecute, and Thompson shall defend him."

"Let's fill up first." The jest took hold of the company, and Jaques sat, his head wagging slowly and heavily, his eyes now cloudy with sleep and his hurt, now bright with the unaccustomed liquor. One heavy

arm hung over the back of his chair, and his head was sank on his chest. His money lay on the table before him, and he offered wagers. His pipe went out constantly, and he burned his fingers lighting it again. When James described his comfort in exaggerated terms, he made weak little noises of delight, and when Thompson defended him, he dozed. Christopher Wade in the judge's chair, was sound asleep having begun his potations earlier than the rest; and outside the storm howled monotonously.

"Ay, he shall ha' a chance to speak. Wakken the judge up, James."

The landlord was wakened, shook himself crossly, and immediately went to sleep again, breaking into a high snore that continued thenceforward. Jaques lifted himself up, swayed, and began to speak.

"O, aye," he said with a hiccough, "'th' prisoner always has a chance to speak—I'll all courts th' prisoner maun ha' a chance to speak; eh, Wilson? . . . They canna tell me aught about courts; I ha' served o' a grand jury twice. . . . A crown, now, not a man here can say as much. . . . Where am I? I ken. . . . James called me a 'gallus deserter' he-he-he! I thought o' summat to say or that. . . . I ha' th' handkerchief to think me on, an' all. . . . He-be! Robert's th' lad for a bit o' fun yet."

The drunken man lurched forward, steadied himself against the sleeping landlord, bent forward with a grotesque gesture to listen to his snoring, and winked two or three times at the company.

"I'll ha' a bit o' fun wi' him while he's asleep. We maun let it go any further if I tell ye. . . . Stephen Tait called him a thickhead, he-he! And he said. . . . did Christopher. . . . Hear it biaw! . . . He were blown over th' Scar, were Stephen. Who says he were na? who says he were na? Where were Robert Jaques at th' time? Let em tell me that. . . . Robert kens more than any o' em. . . . I'm drunken, but I ken courts—grand jury twice. . . . we're all friends here, if anybody wants to bet a crown I'll tell ye the joke. Let him

wakken Chrisopher up and ask him this question I'm going to tell ye; a crown he jumps up as if th' Devil had him. . . Robert's th' lad for a bit o' fun yet. . . 'Christopher' ye'll say. . . "

Wilson had set down his glass and was looking piercingly on the face of the drunken man. Suddenly he arose and thrust Jaques back into the chair.

"Sit down, he said "and answer me "

"Ay. . . I were going to tell ye. . . "

The crown piece slipped from his fingers as Wilson shook him, and rolled across the floor.

"Nav. I ha' lost it," Jaques muttered: "I'd ha' wagered a crown Christopher 'd ah' jumped. . . as if th' Devil had him. . . thickhead! . . . it werena so thick. . . "

Wilson had whispered to one or two o' the men and now looked heavily down on Jaques. He spoke low and perfectly sob-

erly, and a great dreal had gathered on his brow.

"Robert Jaques we winna hear ye to-night. What's said i' liquor may pass wi' th' liquor we winna hear ye. Gin ve ha' aught say i' t' morning—listen, man we're going home. We're going to find thee i' th' road wi' a cut head—Nay, 'tis no use; bring him out o' this some o' ye. . . "

He took the jug of water from the table. The jaw of the snoring landlord had dropped, and his breathing came heavily and short. His bald head shone in the light of the lamp, and the men glanced fearfully at him as they took Jaques by the shoulders. None spoke. They passed through the larder and sculleries to the back door of the inn. The wind had fallen somewhat, but the clouds sped ceaselessly across the sky, and a dog howled in a kennel.



NOTIFYING THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT—From the Journal (Detroit).

(Mr. Davis is a multi-millionaire, and it is said that the committee will "hold him up" for a ten-dollar contribution to the campaign fund.)

Wils
the inn
ly he d
over li
ment t
the fou
his skin
ported b
"Happ
son said
going h
th' road
under a
ha' gi'e
hasna b
lost the
gin thou
me what
thee abo
Jaques
wind: a
face ver
again.
"Ye st
night."
Nowhe
stand, in
Jaques
"And
mit' Wi
"Thon
pher wer

son.
(Minist

Wilson set Jaques with his back against the inner wall of an outhouse, and suddenly he dashed the contents of the water-jug over his head and shoulders. For a moment the drunken man seemed to slough the fumes of the liquor as a snake sloughs his skin; he shivered and two men supported him.

"Happen we can talk to him now," Wilson said.—"Listen, Robert Jaques. We're going home. We're going to find thee o' th' road wi' a cut i' thy head, lying under a wall. If anybody smells thee, we ha' gien face a drop o' brandy. Thou hasna been nigh th' 'Hermit' to-night; we lost thee o' th' road. There's th' trough gin thou doesna understand—And now tell me what answer thou'll ha' when folk ask thee about Stephen Tait."

Jaques teeth knocked together in the cold wind; a burst of moonlight showed his face very white; then the shed was dark again.

"Ye say I ha' no been to th' 'Hermit' to-night."

Nowhere nigh. Come, ye maun understand, man."

Jaques put his hand on his head.

"And why dinna ye come to th' 'Hermit'?" Wilson demanded.

"Thou kens, William—me and Christopher were mates—"

"We dinna want th' answer thou'll gie to us, for we ha'na ask thee. What wilt say to others? I'll tell thee. Thou'll say these words: 'A man wi' a wife and bairns canna spend money i' drink.' 'Say it.'"

Again Jaques made the pitiful gesture with his hand to his injured head, and in doing so noticed the handkerchief about his wrist. "I mind summat," he said in a low voice; "I canna think for my head warking. What did ye ask me?"

The question was repeated sternly and Jaques gave a loud cry.

"I ha' done it! I ha' done it—I kenned I should—I never could ho'd, drunk. . ."

"'A man wi' a wife and bairns canna spend money i' drink'."

"Dinnat, Wil-oh, dinnat. I Len I ha' been drank; but tell me, i' th' name o' God, ha' I said that?"

Again the moonlight broke forth. It lighted the face of Jaques brilliantly; the faces of the other men were lost in the darkness of the shed.

Then Wilson's voice was heard.

"Has he said it?"

And from the darkness came the voices of the men as they muttered, one after another. "'N'ay, if he did, I didna hear it.'"

THE AUSTRALIAN LABOR MINISTER.



HON. E. L. BATCHELOR.
(Minister for home affairs.)



HON. W. M. HUGHES.
(Minister of external affairs.)



HON. ANDREW FISHER.
(Minister for trade and
customs.)



SENATOR DAWSON.
(Minister for defense.)

