

# EVENTS

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## Ontario General Elections.

**T**HE Ontario general elections were held on Wednesday, Jan. 25 with the result that the Ross government went to smash. The Conservatives had a sweeping victory. At the time of writing the Liberals are reported as carrying only 28 seat as against 70 Conservatives.

### Conservative seats.

Addington—Paull  
Algoma—Smyth  
Brant, North—Fisher  
Bruce, South—Clapp  
Bruce, Centre—Clarke  
Cardwell—Little  
Carleton—Kidd  
Dufferin—Lewis  
Dundas—Whitney  
Durham, E.—Preston  
Durham, W.—Devitt  
Elgin, E.—Brower  
Elgin, W.—McDiarmid  
Essex, N.—Rheanne  
Fort William—Smellie  
Frontenac—Gallagher  
Grenville—Ferguson  
Grey, C.—Lucas  
Grey, S.—Javieson  
Halton—Nixon  
Hamilton, E.—Carscalten  
Hamilton, W.—Hendrie  
Hastings, N.—Pearce  
Hastings, W.—Morrison  
Huron, S.—Eilber  
Kent, E.—Bower  
Lambton, E.—Montgomery  
Lambton, W.—Hannah  
Lanark, N.—Preston  
Lanark, S.—Matheson  
Leeds—Dargavel  
Lennox—Carscalten  
Lincoln—Jessop  
London—Beck  
Mantoulin—Gamey  
Middlesex, E.—Neeley  
Middlesex, N.—Hodgins  
Muskoka—Mahaffey  
Nipissing, E.—Lamarche  
Nipissing, W.—Aubin  
Norfolk, S.—Pratt  
Northumberland, E.—Willoughby  
Ontario, N.—Hoyle  
Ontario, S.—Calder  
Oxford, S.—Sutherland  
Parry Sound—Gauman  
Perth, N.—Torrance  
Perth, S.—Monteith  
Peterboro, W.—Bradburn  
Port Arthur—Preston

Renfrew, S.—McIarry  
Renfrew, N.—Dunlop  
Simcoe, W.—Duff  
Simcoe, C.—Thompson  
Stormont—Kerr  
Toronto, W.—Crawford  
Toronto, E.—Pyne  
Toronto, S.—Foy  
Victoria, E.—Carnegie  
Toronto, N.—Nesbitt  
Victoria, W.—Fox  
Waterloo, N.—Lackner  
Waterloo, S.—Patterson  
Welland—Fraser  
Wellington, S.—Downey  
Wellington, E.—Craig  
Wellington, W.—Tucker  
York, E.—McCowan  
York, N.—Lennox

### Liberal seats

Brant, S.—Preston  
Brockville—Graham  
Bruce, N.—Bowman  
Essex, S.—Auld  
Glengarry—McMillan  
Grey, N.—McKay  
Haldimand—Köhler  
Hastings, E.—Rathburn  
Huron, W.—Cameron  
Huron, E.—Hislop  
Kent, W.—McCoig  
Kingston—Peuse  
Middlesex, W.—Ross  
Monck—Harcourt  
Norfolk, N.—Atkinson  
Northumberland, W.—Clarke  
Ottawa—May  
Ottawa—McDongal  
Oxford, N.—Munroe  
Peel—Smith  
Peterboro, E.—Anderson  
Prescott.—Labrosse  
Prince Edward—Currie  
Russell—Racine  
Sault Ste. Marie—Smith  
Simcoe, E.—Tudhope  
Wentworth, N.—Thompson  
Wentworth, S.—Reid

Conservative gains—21—Brant, N.; Bruce S.; Durham, W.; Fort William; Grey, S.; Halton; Kent, E.; Lambton, E.; Lanark, N.; Middlesex, E.; Middlesex, N.; Nipissing, E.; Nipissing, W.; Norfolk, S.; Parry Sound; Perth S.; Peterboro, W.; Renfrew, S.; Simcoe, C.; Stormont; Wellington, E.; Welland; York, E.; York, N.

Liberal gains—3—Ottawa; Ottawa; Glengarry.

## Relations of Ottawa to Parliament.

**T**HE Capital of the Dominion bears peculiar and intimate relations to Parliament as the host. Senators and Members are essentially the guests of Ottawa. They come here thousands of miles, in many instances, to put in an enforced residence of several months duration. Many of them live at hotels, some in boarding houses, and others take rooms and, practically, live in the Houses of Parliament. In these Houses are dining rooms, barber shops, bath rooms and working apartments. There are the reference library, post office, reading rooms, telegraph offices and other conveniences.

To say that ordinary municipal rules applicable to the dispensing of liquor, or the hours for keeping open a barber shop should apply to those Houses of Parliament would be manifestly absurd. Yet on Sunday last two city detectives were despatched, presumably by order of the new chief of police, to visit the House of Commons basement and spy around. They found no bar in existence, but discovered one man in the barber shop. They extorted an admission from him that he had shaved one man who was not "a member" and ordered him to appear at the police court. How the civic Dogberry discovered that it was lawful to shave "a member" and unlawful to shave attaches of the House requires explanation. How about members of the Press Gallery whose duties compel even longer hours within the build-

ing than members of the House, and who are under the rules of the Sergeant-at-Arms, permitted the same privileges downstairs as are members of the House? How about the officers of the House and the official debates reporters, and the secretaries, and others?

This action of the chief of police and these questions prove how impossible it would be to enforce some petty municipal rule within the precincts of Parliament. It would be intolerable to have detectives intruding at any hour into what is practically the club quarters of the highest court in the land. Is the keeper of the smoking room to be prohibited from selling to a member on Sunday a package of smoking tobacco? If not how will the police prevent a member of the Press Gallery or the Speaker's secretary from replenishing occasionally his tobacco pouch?

The whole attempt to place under police surveillance the men who are compelled to work and live in these Houses of Parliament is "meddlesome, and totally uncalled for. The officers of the Houses are quite competent to maintain discipline, decency and order within the precincts of Parliament.

It enforces the view that this should be made a federal district direct under government, as at Washington. The aldermen in the meantime should protest against the servants they pay making of themselves a meddlesome nuisance.

## Canada and Japanese Trade.

**A**N article appeared in the *American Review of Reviews* for Aug. 1904, pointing out the value of Oriental markets to the United States trade. Canada is not likely to neglect her opportunity in the same direction. At the present moment 100,000 tons of supplies for the Japanese army are being purchased in Canada and the United States. Over 50,000 bushels of grain are being purchased in Manitoba chargeable to the Japanese Government. These facts are obtained from an interview with Captain Cullen the travelling manager of the Imperial Marine Association of Japan given to a Vancouver newspaper last week, and, as he speaks with some authority on the war programme of Japan, we reproduce the interview in full as follows:—

“No matter what number of reinforcements Russia sends into Manchuria for the next six months Japan will still have a superior force said Capt. Orian Clyde Cullen to a Province representative this morning. Capt. Cullen came up from Victoria this morning on a flying trip and registered at the Vancouver. He explained that he was here in connection with business matters for the association—an organization formed to attend to the securing of all war supplies and munitions for the Japanese Government.

Speaking of the arming of the Manchus, Capt. Cullen said:

“From a lengthy cipher despatch which I received yesterday in Victoria, I am informed that negotiations have been completed by the Japanese Government through Marquis Oyama, Field Marshal of the First Japanese Army, with leading Manchus, for the arming of all the adult natives of Manchuria who will aid Japan's cause in the future. The Manchus have become firmly convinced that under Japan's rule Manchuria would prosper to

a far greater degree than under the iron hand of the Czar's representatives. This message also explains what was somewhat of a puzzle to me heretofore. Some time ago—in the early part of last summer and shortly after my appointment as travelling manager of the association—I received orders from Tokyo to secure as many of the discarded Springfield and Winchester rifles with which the United States troops were until recent years armed. At the time I could not think what such an up-to-date army as Japan's could want these obsolete arms for, but I managed to purchase a large number—altogether something over 100,000 and duly forwarded them.

The message stated that it was Japan's ultimate intention to arm a quarter of a million Manchus in the near future for the purpose of carrying the campaign to a successful conclusion. As the Japanese Government arsenals could not supply a sufficient number of modern arms, nor could they be purchased from other nations without considerable delay and possible complications, the discarded arms were decided on.

“Yes, the greater part of Nozi's army is already on the way north to reinforce Field Marshal Oyama, and Japan will have the largest army of modern times in Manchuria this spring. I have just completed arrangements for over 50,000 bushels of grain, mostly oats, which is to be shipped westward from Winnipeg within the next few months. Much of it will pass through Vancouver, and it is ultimately destined for the use of the army. Many thousand tons of supplies are going out in the Minnesota, the Great Northern Railway Company's mammoth freight steamer, when she sails for the Orient on her first trip. In all over 100,000 tons of supplies are being arranged for in Canada and the United States.”

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ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor

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**T**HE proposed admission of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory under the former's name meets with little or no objection from the United States newspapers; but the felling is expressed that to admit Arizona and New Mexico at this time, under the name of Arizona would be a mistaken policy. The terms of the bill now before Congress seem to be agreeable to Oklahoma and Indian Territory, but in Arizona public opinion is protesting with all its might against the proposed merger with New Mexico. The governor of Arizona says that the people "would desire that their commonwealth would remain a territory rather than be joined with New Mexico"; and their delegate to Congress declared that they "would rather wait until the crack of doom." It is considered unfortunate that this opposition should jeopardize the fortunes of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, and it is thought that the bill in its present form will not pass Congress.

**P**ARLIAMENT effaced itself during the week preceding the Ontario general elections, meeting each day for a few minutes only, evidently bent on marking time until the absent Ontario members could get to work. Already two bills to amend the Railway Act of 1903 have been introduced by Mr. Maclean and Mr. Lancaster. Mr. Maclean's bill proposes to deprive the Chairman of the Railway Commission of the power conferred upon him by the Act of being the sole and undisputed judge of whatever the Commission shall choose to declare is a matter of law. It is obvious that scarcely any question can come before a court that is not a matter of law, and the Commission is by statute a court of record. As it stands, therefore, the chairman is the whole commission in every case, and if that is true why waste the public money

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by paying salaries to two dummies? There is also a two-cent fare graduated clause in the bill for which a good deal might be said, but, we suppose, it will be opposed by the railway companies. Mr. Lancaster's bill is of a trivial character.

**T**HE Hungarian Diet seems to consist chiefly of blood and thunder.

**B**Y the time the National Transcontinental Railway begins to be constructed the Canadian Northern system will be clear across the continent assisting greatly in relieving the western congestion and contributing to the prosperity of the Dominion.

**T**HE following despatch, not being marked "adv.," sent out from Halifax under date March 9, 1904, was an impudent fraud on the public, and is worthy the attention of the Ottawa government which has pledged the public funds to the concern to a substantial extent.

It has been learned that arrangements are now being made with the Marconi Wireless Company for the establishment of a press association for Canada, with headquarters at Table Head, Glace Bay. A staff of from twenty to thirty operators will be employed for the receiving and transmission of news. The association will have representatives all over Canada. It will furnish and collect only such news as will be of interest to Canadian readers. The Marconi system will be used exclusively. The news collected from the different parts of Canada will be transmitted to the association's head office in Great Britain, which will be at Poldhu, for distribution among British journals. Mr. Marconi is expected here in a month or two, when the station at Table Head will be formally opened for commercial service.

**T**HE attention of Medical Referees of Life Assurance companies is called to the following rules laid down by William Thorburn, F.R.C.S.E., in a paper upon Appendicitis, recently read before the Insurance Institute of Manchester, in respect

of an applicant seeking life assurance and who has had an attack of the disease:

(1.) If the appendix has been removed, accept at ordinary rates.

(2.) After a single attack with abscess formation, two years should elapse before acceptance.

(3.) After a single attack without supuration probably five years should elapse.

(4.) After two or more attacks the life will be unassurable, unless after a long period of quiescence. Such complications as fistula are a bar to assurance so long as they continue.

**T**HE Dominion government has decided to put a sum in the estimates for a steamship service between Vancouver, calling at Victoria, and New Zealand. The New Zealand government will give an equal amount. This decision has been reached after considerable negotiation between the two governments. It is understood that the present Australian line running to Vancouver is after the subsidy and if successful they would run to New Zealand. The government may make a with them. Canada enjoys the New

Zealand preference and a good trade may be worked up between both countries.



The Phoenix will not rise this time.



## Japan's Leadership in Asia.

**B**Y her triumph at Port Arthur Japan is believed to have won not merely a new ranking among the world powers, but also a new ascendancy in Asiatic life. "Within the last decade," says Prof. Paul S. Reinsch, of the University of Wisconsin, "there has dawned upon the Japanese mind an influence for transcending any former national experience—the feeling of a sacred mission, by which the island nation is called to act as the guardian of Asiatic civilisation, to summon the people of Asia to a realization of their unity, and to defend the ideals and treasures of Asiatic life against ruthless destruction through foreign invasion." In an endeavor to realize the significance of this portent, Professor Reinsch continues:

"It cannot be denied that the attitude of Japan, before and since the furies of war were unchained, has been unequivocal. She is fighting to prevent a European autocracy from conquering the mastery of Asia. Under the circumstances it is a perfectly natural and honorable ambition to arouse the peoples of that continent to a feeling of the value of their civilization and of the solidarity of their interests. We naturally ask ourselves the question whether, considering the character of this civilization, we have reason to fear its purposes. Yet, as represented by the great nations that are its true exponents, its first characteristic is peacefulness. China has given her civilization to the nations that surround her on all sides, without any desire to conquer them or exploit their wealth. The soldier is distinctly subordinate to the man of peace in the national ideals. India, herself, while torn by the most terrible internal dissensions, had essentially a policy and philosophy of peace; her woes, like those which have periodically overtaken China, being due to the lack of effective resistance inviting the foreign

invader and conqueror. Japan, with all the warlike spirit in her blood, has still set the ideals of peace above those of war as is seen in her national festivals, and in the temper of her artistic and social life.

The spectre of the "yellow peril" evoked by those who view with apprehension the growing prestige of Japan, is pronounced by Professor Reinsch "the most chimerical phenomenon that has appeared in political thought since the Middle Ages." It is equally fantastic, he thinks, whether regarded from the military or industrial standpoint. He writes further:

"There is in present Oriental conditions and ideas not the least vestige that can be used as a basis for alarmist prophecies. Neither China, India or Japan has ever engaged in offensive warfare of conquest. They have themselves suffered at the hands of the hordes at the memory of which the nations of Europe are still trembling; and it is one of the glories of Japan to have successfully repelled these invaders who again and again overran the rich countries of the Continent.

"The thought of an industrial peril has *prima facie* more probability. But before indulging in sensational vision it is well to remember that the Oriental nations can excel us only through efficiency, and that, in order to become dangerous competitors, they must develop our industrial and financial mechanism, they must have among their workmen the intelligence without which our highly complicated machinery would be useless. Their labor can no longer remain cheap; for, without raising the standard of living, the efficiency of European and American workmen cannot be approached. At the present time, a factory girl in Massachusetts does the work which in Japan is performed by six people. Should the Oriental manufacturer,

in the course of time, be able to turn out the coarser products, the finer articles would still be made by us. Such a development would be a distinct gain since the richer our customers and the more productive their industries the more will they be able to purchase from us. With all the development of Japanese industry in the last three decades, her imports from the Western nations have increased thirty-fold. Moreover, Japan would be the last nation to destroy the promising market of China by an overdevelopment of Chinese manufacturing industries. For, if Japan has any definite ambition, it is that of creating an active commerce throughout the Orient, and reaping the vast profits of a middle man. Should Japan be successful in the present war, the exclusive policy initiated by Russia and France would be definitely defeated. Not only has Japan given the most positive assurance of an opposite policy, but it would plainly not be to her interest to take any different course. As an Oriental nation, she is able to create the routes and organizations of commerce throughout the Orient, far more speedily and effectively than any European nation, even were it to orientalize itself."

The real source of the yellow peril, adds the writer, may be found in the ambitions of the Russian absolutist party, in the imperialistic imagination of Kaiser Wilhelm; in the French desire to expand the Indo-Chinese sphere; in the commercial and capitalistic impulse. He concludes:

"It is to be expected that these forces will attempt to annihilate the effects of a Japanese victory by preparing an international interference for the peace of Asia. But woe to the peace of the world if such an arrangement were again concluded, with the clear purpose to deny the right of the Orient to live its own life and to protect its own ideals. The last vestige of belief in international justice would be killed in the Japanese, and the entire Oriental world would be forced to realize that its safety lay alone in stubborn, fierce resistance. The real yellow peril would then arise, though even then the forces thus evoked might confine themselves to a purely defensive action. It is the present

duty of British and American diplomacy to prevent such an injustice to Japan and the consequent danger to the peace of the world. Japan is fighting our battle. This is so well understood that in Germany and France it is popularly believed that our governments are setting her on.

"The very least that the Anglo-Saxon races can do for the representative of their policy in the Orient is to counteract the diplomatic influence that would by roundabout means again deprive the Japanese of the fruits of their unexampled self-sacrifice. We do not mean to indicate that the Japanese will demand Manchuria. They are undoubtedly sincere in their promise to restore this province to China, but they have a right to demand that Russian intrigue shall forever be shut out from that country.

"The yellow peril is of our own making. There is no irrepressible conflict between Oriental and Western civilization. On the contrary, they are complementary to each other, not competitive. During the last century our own civilization, torn by internal conflicts and troubled by uncertainties has sought for broader views in Oriental thought; Japanese art has shown our artists a new way of beauty, in which, by painting light in all its splendid manifestations, a new vista of artistic possibilities has been opened up. The monistic thought of Oriental philosophy has been more and more approached and assimilated by our scientific system. Only narrow mindedness can see in this civilization a danger which we must subdue; only ignorance can consider it as worthless and vicious.

"We can imagine no greater political crime, not only against the Orient, but against ourselves, than the attempt to turn Oriental civilization from its natural course of development into alien channels, to destroy its broad and noble ideals, its peaceful and industrial life, in order to force it into a sham similitude with our system, with the result that its millions will be doomed to a new slavery to alien capital, or to the warlike ambitions of a victorious czarism. Nor has there ever appeared in political discussion a greater folly than the effort to conjure up the phantom of a great warlike movement on the part of these essentially peaceful societies, and to preach the Machiavellian doctrine, 'Destroy them before they can destroy us.'"





## *British Elections in Sight.*

**T**HE belief in an early dissolution is so generally held today that it may be said to have penetrated both parties and to be a very serious fact in the situation. So far as the Government is concerned it is said that two influences have been at work. Mr. Chamberlain strongly urged that the Ministry should go out on the Address, which would constitute its electoral programme. An Aliens Bill would be the modest stand-by of this strange adventure; for Mr. Chamberlain's argument is that this measure, useful as a general electoral promise, would be valueless as an Act, a conclusion in which most politicians would be inclined to agree with him. Mr. Chamberlain is an expert in the art of promising things which somehow he does not find time or opportunity to provide, and it would be interesting to find aliens going the way of old age pensions. But it is said that the plan has not been accepted. This does not imply that the Government are going on to the end of the Session. For that it is difficult to find any adequate preparation, and in the absence of a serious attempt to carry through a Spring dissolution is the obvious way out of Mr. Balfour's difficulties.

These largely arise from the altered relationship between him and the Chamberlain party. It is idle to ignore two factors in the personal and internal situation in the late Unionist Party, the conflicting wills and interests of the two fac-

tions, and the weakening of the personalities between the two leaders. Mr. Chamberlain's lieutenants do not disguise their feeling about the present Ministry, its weakness, its reliance on the personality of the Prime Minister, and speak with insistence of a dissolution. On his part Mr. Chamberlain does not abate anything of his protectionist doctrine. He talked pure protection at Preston, with all the old fallacies dressed up to suit a desperately bad case. And on his side the Prime Minister tries to slip out of the worst implications of the protectionist doctrine, to keep the candidates in bounds, by saying that Retaliation and a Colonial Conference represent the limits of true-blue Ministerialism. Moreover, he for once steps into the arena of the journalistic fight, and tries, too late, to establish a patronised press of his own as against the Chamberlainite combination. These manoeuvres point to a real change of tactics on the Ministerial side. Formerly inert or merely defensive, as against the bolder developments of Chamberlainism, they are becoming hostile and active. Mr. Chamberlain's hostilities are thoroughly well known, and though it would probably be untrue to say that he has the Ministerial situation absolutely in his hands—for there is the entanglement with his son—he can certainly stop a dilatory policy when it is clearly, even ostentatiously, pointed at the heart of his own movement.

## "A Matter of no Importance."

"Great Scott, how time flies," remarked Hislop as he and Langham seated themselves in the tent. "Why, old chap, it must be quite ten years since we last met!"

"Nearer eleven!" amended Langham, as he lit his pipe.

"By Jove, so it is! You went to India in '89, shortly before my first mar—"

"And been grilling there ever since!" supplemented Langham quickly.

"Oh, but ever since that big hill fight at Aswi, they think no end of you at home," demurred the other man a little enviously, "and now you have been given a brigade in Africa! Oh, you've done well, whereas I have done nothing—nothing, that is, but get married twice!" added Hislop, laughing boisterously.

"Ah, yes—you've been married twice!" said Langham, with a queer look in his eyes, and the hand that held the pipe trembled slightly.

"To Rose Julian first—you remember Rose? Of course you do—why you were sweet on Rose yourself once!" cried Hislop, with one of his noisy laughs.

Langham's face whitened a little and his hand still trembled as he shook the ashes from his pipe.

"And she—she died," he said, ignoring his imputation.

"Six months after we married," explained Hislop, moderating his voice with obvious effort. "You see," he went on confidentially, "it was all a beastly mistake—our marriage, I mean. Rose never said anything, but I've often thought she had a row with some other 'johnnie,' and married me out of pique. At any rate ruined my temper and her health—she developed nerves and insomnia and one day there was an 'accident' with a laudanum bottle.

Awfully rough on me!" he added ruefully.

"Of course," agreed Langham with grim sarcasm; but his face was very white as he spoke, and for some moments he gazed out silently into the gathering gloom.

Far away in front stretched the long lines of the camp, its avenues of tents rising dim and undefined in the growing darkness, like ghosts in a fog; while occasionally the snap of a Boer rifle broke the silence as some daring sniper made long pot-shots at the wearied camp.

But Langham hardly thought of these things, or, if he did, they but symbolised the points in his own misery, for the dropping shots were as clods falling on the coffin of long buried hopes.

"She had a row with some other 'johnnie' and married me out of pique."

Hislop's careless words rang through Langham's brain with maddening persistence. Why should he care whom she had married. She had satisfied her "pique" as Hislop phrased it, as many another woman had done before her; and he had suffered as many a man had done before and would do after him. Why should it trouble him now? Why should he be upset by the blundering, if accurate, speculation of the man before him? Were all his efforts, all those years of fierce repression to count for nothing now? All those years through which he had sweated and fought and striven for the "waters of Lethe"—were they all to vanish now before the random speculation of the man before him?

"No!" his brain answered fiercely, but his heart whispered "Yes!" And the heart won, and it generally does in the end.

For lo, as he sat there looking out

through the opening in the tent, the memory of those ten bitter years, "years that the locusts had eaten," faded away, and in their place there came stealing back those other days that had gone before—the days when she loved him—the days when, as Hislop expressed it, he, Langham had been "sweet" on her!

It all came back to him now as he gazed straight in front with blind unseeing eyes—all, even the last trivial quarrel which had sundered them forever. Every detail passed across his brain like the pictures in a cinematograph—even the glint of gold in her hair, the light in her eyes, the tenderness in her voice, all came back.

"But what is the use?" he thought dully. "She is dead—dead—dead. The light went out of those dear eyes long years ago; it was ten years since a dose of laudanum silenced forever the tenderness in her voice and—"

"Yes, as I was saying," broke in Hislop—"it was a mistake from beginning to end. Rose's tastes and mine were utterly dissimilar. I was fond of sport, whereas she cared for nothing but books and social problems, and—and—well, rot of that sort."

He paused for a moment. The firing on the heights increased in volume and something went zip-zip through the top of the tent.

"Now," continued Hislop, with a casual glance at the bullet hole, "my present wife is absolutely different—suits me down to the ground. She was one of the Bishops—remember the Bishop of Bovoncourt? Of course you do! Ripping girls on a horse, hardest riders in the country, and Fanny, my wife—why, she can give me points in a twenty mile walk!"

"You are to be envied," said Langham drily.

For a moment Hislop paused and glanced at him doubtfully; then his overweening self-satisfaction as quickly dismissed suspicion.

"Yes," he agreed complacently, "on the whole I think I am. Pity you didn't marry Rose, old chap,"—generously—"your tastes were similar, and, by Jove,—I always thought it was you she cared

for—on my honour I did! No one could have been more surprised than I was when she accepted me on the night of her sister's ball. Do you remember Lady Glendon's ball, Langham—the one just before you went abroad?"

"I wasn't there," said Langham a little hoarsely.

"I remember it so well," continued Hislop, blissfully unconscious of his companion's remark: "it was on the eighteenth of December, the night before the Venner Steeplechases, and—by Jove, how curious!—tonight is also the eighteenth of December—exactly the tent anniversary of the ball." Langham started quickly, but said nothing.

"What a rattling affair it was," continued Hislop enthusiastically. "Do you remember the supper?"

"I have said I wasn't invited," repeated Langham in a dry, level voice.

"Ah? Not invited. Oh!"

In a moment Hislop had sprung to his feet, and was looking down at his companion rather shamefacedly.

"I say old, chap," he said at length. "I hope you will forgive me. I've got to own up that it was through my beastly stupidity you received no invitation to Lady Glendon's ball."

"Your stupidity?"

"It's rather difficult to explain. At first I thought of writing, but at that time you were in some outlandish place or other with no postal address, and then the whole thing slipped from my memory until now!"

"Yes?"

"Well, the truth of the matter is this," continued Hislop ruefully. "Rose asked me to post your invitation to Lady Glendon's ball, and I forgot all about it."

"You forgot—all about it."

The words came through Langham's lips slowly, and in the flickering candle light his face seemed to have grown horribly grey and old.

"I was playing billiards with Glendon," explained Hislop, "and afterwards we helped the ladies with the invitations. The printer made a mess of the date and the error wasn't discovered until too late to be rectified, so we spent the evening

helping Rose and her sister to alter the date on the cards."

"Go on," said Langham, in a dry hard voice.

"When all had been sent to the post as we thought, one was found on the floor. It was your invitation which Rose had dropped. They asked me to post it or, my way home and—well, old chap, I forgot it."

He looked at Langham as he spoke, expecting some remark; but none came from the man who sat gazing, gazing with hard wide open eyes into the deepening shadows.

"Afterwards it must have got mixed with some other papers and been put away; at any rate I only came across it again six months after Rose's death. I'm awfully sorry, old chap."

"Awfully sorry!" repeated Langham vaguely, as Hislop rose and opened a battered writing case. "I thought we should meet some day," he said, handing a large envelope to Langham. "therefore I have always kept it carefully. It's a lucky thing," he added with a laugh, "that it was a matter of no importance."

Langham took the letter and for some moments looked silently at the handwriting of the woman who had died ten years before—the woman he had so passionately loved.

Vereker Langham, Esq.,

Sturges Chambers,

Piccadilly

Outside the darkness had increased, and the bullets of the Boer snipers were pattering with deadly persistency amongst the long line of canvas.

But death held no place in Langham's thoughts as he drew the guttering candle closer and opened the envelope with unsteady fingers.

Inside lay an ordinary invitation card with the original printed date—January 2nd—erased, and another—December 18th—substituted in the writing of the woman who had died. The year had been added—1899

What misery might have been saved—how different the world might be now—

had that little card reached its destination ten years earlier?

Then suddenly the peculiarity of the date struck him.

"The eighteenth of December, 1899!" he repeated, wondering. Why, tonight was the eighteenth of December, 1899. The card had been dated ten years in advance.

"How extraordinary," he cried, pointing out the error to Hislop.

"The eighteenth of December, 1899! By Jove! Of course it should have been 1889!" Hislop cried. "But what an extraordinary mistake for Rose to make, and why have you put the year at all?"

"I don't know," said Langham slowly; it's very strange; it—" He stopped short as he turned the card over and read the words that were scribbled on the back—

"If you still care for me come at eleven I shall be waiting. ROSE."

For a moment the world seemed to rock beneath his feet, and in his ears there was a great rushing and roaring of sound, through which the tap tap of the Boer rifle came like the driving of nails into a coffin.

Then suddenly Langham's brain cleared and he grew strangely calm. In a flash he understood it all—

"If you still care for me come at eleven!"

Those few words had been her peace offering; that one phrase laid her pride in the dust; and he—he had placed her in the ordinary rank of women, whilst she—had waited and waited for the man that never came.

Just a scrap of paper, a few lines of print an altered date—and yet it had ruined two lives!

He regarded it for a moment stupidly; then suddenly his thoughts reverted to the man whose negligence had been so disastrous, and just for that moment Hislop was nearer death than he had ever been from the rifles of the Boer forces.

"What is wrong?" he cried, startled by the color of Langham's face. "I hope there was nothing on the card of—"

"Nothing," said Langham dully. "It was as you say a matter of no importance."

"You— Great Heavens!" cried Hislop

suddenly, as he sprang to his feet with a gesture of horror. "Do you see her—do you see her" he whispered hoarsely.

"She is standing beside you."

"Who" Langham glanced behind him as he spoke, but could hear or see nothing save the patter of the Boer rifle away in the darkness and the face of a cheap alarm clock that hung at the back of the tent.

He mechanically noted the time. it wanted twenty seconds of eleven.

"Rose, Rose," cried Hislop, his burly frame shaking absurdly. "Don't you see her" She is standing beside you—she points to the card in your hand—she—"

Langham looked down quickly, but could see nothing nothing—nothing except the words she had written ten years before—

"If you still care for me come at eleven. I shall be waiting."

Then, even as he raised his head, something came through the tent with a "zip" and struck him on the forehead.

For a moment Langham grew rigid, then pitched forward heavily on his face. As he fell the clock began to strike eleven.

NOLAN OF CASTLEKNOCK



Whitney and Foy rejoice over the victory

EVENTS.



Hunter's cartoon of the Governor starting the race. The younger man proved too fast

## A Pleasant Custom.

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Thame are in the middle of their usual "Friday Dinner" Canon Tibshelf, gleaming in a highly polished manner, sits on his hostess's right; Major Spennymoor, who looks a little stiff after having sat so long on Boards, on her left.

Thame, with the endurance one expects of a man who knows for a fact that his ancestors were Vikings, nods and smiles at Miss Auriole Ruswarp, the sculptor, on his left, and at Mrs. Tibshelf on his right, who are both talking at the same time.

A new sweet, makes its appearance and an eager curiosity brings a sudden calm. Thame (seeing his chance and taking it): I suppose you all did the right and proper thing on New Year's Eve. Whar?

Mrs. Thame (with a delicious little laugh) O, my dear Canon, what is Eustache going to say now?

The Canon (who dislikes his host's idiotic conversation as much as he appreciates his cook): Ah, my dear Mrs. Thame, Ah!

Miss Ruswarp: Let me see, now. What did I do on New Year's Eve? I think I had indigestion, and went to bed early, or—Really, how absurd! Do you know I can't remember.

Mrs. Tibshelf (primly): What, may I ask, is the right and proper thing to do on the eve of New Year according to Mr. Eustace Thame?

Thame: Whar? O, no; not only according to me, don't-cher-know, but right hang back to the beginnin'. Whar? I mean, the thing our fellers have done all through the pages of history, the fellers who couldn't go to bed without a tin-opener, the fellers who merely picked up the mat

before makin' a public appearance, and the fellers who didn't even do that. Make resolutions, don't yer see? Whar?

Mrs. Thame (with another beam at the Canon): I'm sure he'd have made his fortune on the stage.

The Canon: It's quite possible; indeed more than possible. (To the butler) Thank you, half a glass.)

Miss Ruswarp Did I? Let me see. I know I read about the death of Sherlock Holmes somewhere, and thanked Heaven; and I believe I took a teaspoonful of quinine for a particularly active cold; but whether I made resolutions or not—I usually do—yes, I must have done! As a matter of fact I did. It comes back to me: I resolved firmly— However, that doesn't matter.

Mrs. Tibshelf (gravely): I do not think that the making of resolutions upon the eve of a new year is a matter for levity. Myself, I draw out a list of resolutions, and commence resolving quite early in the evening in order to finish ere the clock announce the demise of the old and the birth of the new year, both doing well. I mean—

Thame: A slip, I knew. Whar? Nearly said it myself by one of those premeditated accidents which we conversationalists fall into the habit of makin'. Whar?

Mrs. Tibshelf: And you, do you, too, make resolutions, Mr. Thame?

Mrs. Thame (with her head on one side) Dear Eustace, he is really incorrigibility itself, is he not, dear Canon?

The Canon: I suppose he is. Yes.

Major Spennymoor (suddenly): Quite. Quite.

Thame: I? Well, of course. Rather! I never miss anythin' of that kind. I go under ladders religiously, I cross my fingers

when I meet boss eyes—do y' follow?—and so on. Whar? Just as usual, I waited until a quarter to twelve on New Year's Eve, and then I just resolved for "all I was worth.

Miss Ruswarp: Dear me, you don't say so. I should never have thought—in fact I would have betted—that you—O, well, I give it up. I have studied men for years; psychology is my pet subject, but I know nothing, absolutely nothing.

Mrs. Tibshelf: Miss Ruswarp implies, I think, that she would never have supposed that a man of your outwardly fluffy temperament—

Thame (with a roar of delight): Fluffy! Whar? Whar?

Miss Ruswarp: It suits you, though, exactly.

Mrs. Tibshelf: Of your outwardly fluffy temperament contained elements so serious—

Thame: But I don't take it seriously, yer know. Whar?

Mrs. Tibshelf: You do not take the making of resolutions seriously?

Thame: Good Lord, no. If I did, I shouldn't make 'em.

Mrs. Thame: His laugh always takes me to the sunny slopes of Capri, the coves of the Italian coast.

The Canon (frightfully uncomfortable): Indeed.

Major Spennymore: I know those coves. And the bounders—

The Canon (bowing gratefully): I thank you sir.

Major Spennymoor: Notertall.

Mrs. Tibshelf: I cannot understand. I do not follow you. You do make resolutions but you do not make them seriously. Do you wish us to understand Mr. Thame, that you make resolutions without the remotest intention of keeping them?

Thame: You plump it ~~pat~~ into the empty nut-shell, dear lady. Whar? I am one of those fellers who take a pride in all the dear old Saxon customs. Do you follow? You know—the mistletoe bough, the ring-in' glass, cows lyin' down, swallows flyin' low, red sk' at night and all those. Whar? Especially the good old custom of makin' resolutions. I was taught to make 'em at my mother's knee, and I've done it ever since. Why, I'd no more thin k of lettin' a New Year's Eve go by without goin' through that good old ceremony than I would of chuckin' mince pies. Whar?

Mrs. Tibshelf: But then, if you do not mind gratifying what I think I may term a very natural curiosity, what form does your resolution-making take?

Thame: I dunno. The ordinary form. Whar? I do it just as I was taught, y'know. Just as everybody else does it—just as you do it and the others here. Whar?

Mrs. Tibshelf: Yes, but we want details.

Thame: Wel, I mean I make half a dozen resolutions—

Mrs. Tibshelf: Define, define!

Thame: O, you know—cry off too much whisky, knock off a cigar now and then in order to give the ninepence to a hospital. O, you know. Whar? You do 'em. Whar?

Mrs. Tibshelf: I see.

Thame: Well, havin' made 'em and kept up the dear old English custom, I—

Mrs. Tibshelf: Well, well?

Thame: I break 'em and sing "Auld lang syne," just as you do and everybody else does. Whar?

(And then the Stilton enter with the butler and breaks a painful silence.)

COSMO HAMILTON.