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MARCH, 1900.

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THE April number will contain a special article on "**The Strathcona Horse**," special permission having been obtained from Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal for this purpose. This article will be profusely illustrated from special photographs taken for the purpose.

There will be some **Special War Photographs** (not fakes or stolen illustrations) from South Africa that have been taken for the exclusive use of The Canadian Magazine. Among these are:

THE ARRIVAL OF THE *SARDINIAN*—Frontispiece.

BELMONT BATTLEFIELD, WITH ENTRENCHMENTS MADE BY THE CANADIANS—Full page.

THE MODDER RIVER RAILWAY BRIDGE, SHOWING TEMPORARY BRIDGE BUILT BY ROYAL ENGINEERS.

A PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE MODDER RIVER.

A history of **The Red Cross**, by Lieut.-Col. G. Sterling Ryerson, M.D., Canadian Red Cross Commissioner in South Africa, is opportune.

**Twenty Years on the War Path**, by Frederic Villiers, now in South Africa, will be continued.

**The Issues of the Next General Election** will be discussed by a well-informed publicist.

**Ma Leetle Cabane**, a French Canadian Poem by Dr. Drummond, will be a feature of the issue.

**Some Distinguished Canadian Soldiers**, the first part of which was published in March, will be continued.

**The Lady Gwendolen Episode**, by Robert Barr, will be another addition to the list of famous short stories published by The Canadian Magazine.

The twelfth of the **Canadian Celebrities** will be Senator George A. Cox, whose career is most interesting.

**Sheep and Goats** will be written about by C. A. Bramble in the sixth and last article in his series on "THE BIG GAME OF CANADA." With this article there will be a colored game map of Canada, which will be very valuable.

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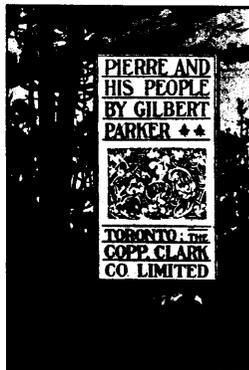
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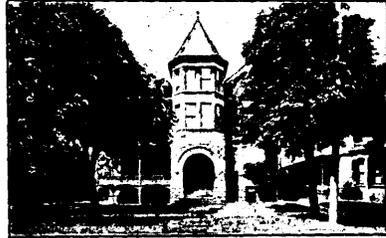
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Dec. 30, 1899. To Cash for Premiums ..... \$744,865 58  
To Cash Income on Investments ..... 148,656 81  
893,522 39

**DISBURSEMENTS**

Dec. 30, 1899. By Payments for Death Claims, Profits, etc. .... \$303,081 50  
By all other payments ..... 231,182 32  
534,263 82

Balance net Ledger Assets ..... \$3,336,710 21

**ASSETS**

Dec. 30, 1899. By Mortgages, etc. .... \$1,416,932 68  
" Debentures (market value, \$608,935 65) ..... 579,919 37  
" Stocks and Bonds (market value, \$587,391 50) ..... 559,993 62  
" Real Estate, including Company's Building ..... 334,651 79  
" Loans on Policies, etc. .... 221,665 37  
" Loans on Stocks (nearly all on call) ..... 194,821 42  
" Cash in Banks and on hand ..... 28,705 96  
\$3,336,710 21  
" Premiums Outstanding, etc. (less cost of collection) ..... 137,298 24  
" Interest and Rents, due and accrued ..... 35,074 75  
" Market value of Debentures and Stocks over cost ..... 56,394 16  
\$3,565,477 36

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Dec. 30, 1899. To Guarantee Fund ..... \$ 60,000 00  
" Assurance and Annuity Reserve Fund ..... 2,929,552 00  
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The Report containing the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, held on January 20th last, showing marked proofs of the great progress and solid prosperity of the Company, will be sent to the policy-holders. Pamphlets, explanatory of the attractive investment plans of the Company, and a copy of the Annual Report, showing its unexcelled financial position, will be furnished on application to the Head Office or any of the Company's agencies.

# Pamphlets



THE CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION PUBLISHES AN INTERESTING SET OF PAMPHLETS GIVING FULL PARTICULARS AS TO ITS DIFFERENT PLANS OF LIFE INSURANCE, AND WILL BE PLEASED TO SEND THEM ON APPLICATION TO THE HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, OR TO ANY OF THE ASSOCIATION'S AGENTS.



## Confederation Life ASSOCIATION.

W. C. MACDONALD,  
ACTUARY.

J. K. MACDONALD,  
Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE . . . TORONTO.



## STANDING OF The Ontario Mutual Life

As at January 1st, 1900.

Assurance in force	- - - - -	\$26,945,441
Gain over 1898	- - - - -	3,241,462
New Business for 1899	- - - - -	4,751,026
Gain over 1898	- - - - -	1,000,672
Cash Income for year	- - - - -	1,051,396
Gain over 1898	- - - - -	132,626
Assets at close of year	- - - - -	4,375,782
Gain over 1898	- - - - -	499,214
Reserve for policy-holders' security	- - - - -	4,324,081
Gain over 1898	- - - - -	485,266
Surplus over all Liabilities	- - - - -	302,855
Gain over 1898	- - - - -	31,658

# Life!



"Love is the essence of kindness." The more good you can do for others, if done with a noble purpose, the more you will want to do. If you have the welfare of your loved ones at heart you should not rest contented until you have made sure provision for their FUTURE by insuring in a sound Company such as the North American Life.

The attractive plans offered by this Company, combined with its unexcelled financial position, make it a desirable Company in which to insure.

Something of advantage to those contemplating insurance furnished on application to the Head Office or any of its agents.

**J. L. BLAIKIE, President.**

**L. Goldman,**  
Secretary.

**Wm. McCabe,**  
Managing Director.

**North American Life, 112 to 118 King Street West, TORONTO.**

## THE Central Canada LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

Corner King and Victoria Streets, Toronto.  
President, HON. GEO. A. COX

Executors and Trustees are authorized by Law to invest in the Debentures of this Company.

The Dominion Government accepts the Debentures of this Company as security to be deposited by Life or Fire Insurance Companies doing business in Canada.

Send Post Card for Sample Debenture and Pamphlet

**Capital Paid up, \$1,250,000**  
**Reserve Fund, 385,000**

**3½%** Interest from date of deposit paid or compounded half yearly on savings deposits of \$1.00 and upwards.

**4%** Interest paid half yearly on debentures to run for one, two or three years.

During the last eleven years the Deposits and Debentures of this Company have grown

From \$ **573,770.37**  
To **4,570,131.75**

Showing an increase of **\$3,996,361.38**

**E. R. WOOD,**  
Vice-President and  
Man.-Director.

**F. W. BAILLIE,**  
Secretary.

The

# Federal Life Assurance Company



HEAD OFFICE:  
Hamilton, Can.

Capital and Assets, - - \$1,669,660.00  
 Surplus to Policyholders, - 723,257.00  
 Paid to Policyholders, - 1,800,000.00  
 Amount Insured, - - - 11,848,070.00

**DAVID DEXTER,**  
Managing Director.

# T. & G. Record.

Year.	Interest Due and Unpaid Dec. 31st.
1890	\$ 51.32
1891	29.25
1892	26.25
1893	106.77
1894	Nil.
1895	Nil.
1896	Nil.
1897	Nil.
1898	Nil.
1899	Nil.

The Temperance and General Life Assurance Company made an increase of nearly \$1,200,000 of business in its Temperance Section in 1899, and \$1,450,000 in its whole business.

**It is the Best Company for the Best Risks.**

Ask for a copy of our advocate containing Annual Report for 1899.

HON. G. W. ROSS, President. H. SUTHERLAND, Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE—Globe Building, Toronto.

## 1899

Was another Successful Year for the Progressive

# Northern Life Assurance Company of Canada.

**Its Assets Show a Gain in 2 Years of 67 PER CENT.**

**Its Interest Income Shows a Gain in 2 Years of 53 PER CENT.**

**Its Premium Income Shows a Gain Over Last Year of 106 PER CENT.**

**Its Policies Issued Show a Gain Over Last Year of 72 PER CENT.**

**Its Policies in Force Show a Gain Over Last Year of 92 PER CENT.**

**Death Claims in 2 Years and 9 Months ONLY \$4,000.**

**It has a Subscribed Capital of \$857,800.00**

**It has a Paid-Up Capital of \$208,850.00**

**It has a Total Security for Policy Holders of \$881,772.14.**

THE NORTHERN LIFE has a class of Policy Holders combining all the most favorable conditions and privileges to Policy Holders consistent with safety.

First-class territory open for General Agents who can produce business.

For further particulars enquire of any of our agents, or write to Head Office, LONDON, ONT.

**JOHN MILNE,** Managing Director.

# Canada Permanent

## Loan and Savings Company.

INCORPORATED 1855.

The Oldest and Largest Canadian Mortgage Corporation

Paid-up Capital,	-	-	-	\$2,600,000
Reserve Fund	-	-	-	1,200,000

HEAD OFFICE: Toronto Street, Toronto.

Branch Offices: Winnipeg, Man. Vancouver, B.C.

### DIRECTORS

President and Managing Director, J. HERBERT MASON.

Vice-President, WILLIAM G. GOODERHAM.

EDWARD HOOPER,

SAMUEL NORDHEIMER,

W. D. MATTHEWS,

RALPH K. BURGESS,

G. W. MONK,

W. E. WELLINGTON.

Assistant Manager, Alfred J. Mason.

Superintendent, Rufus S. Hudson.

Secretary, George H. Smith.

General Agents—WINNIPEG: G. F. R. HARRIS. VANCOUVER: CESARE J. MARANI.

**DEPOSITS RECEIVED.** Interest allowed, payable or compounded half-yearly.

**DEBENTURES ISSUED** for one, two, three, four or five years, with interest coupons attached.

**MONEY LENT** on security of Real Estate Mortgages, Government and Municipal Bonds, etc.

For further particulars, apply to

J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director - - - TORONTO.

## The Manufacturers Life Insurance Company

President, GEO. GOODERHAM  
(Pres. Bank of Toronto)

Managing Director, J. F. JUNKIN

**Under the Automatic Non-Forfeiture Provision** a Policy cannot lapse as long as the surrender value is sufficient to pay the premium.

**Cash Values, Loan Values and Paid-Up Values** are guaranteed in the Policy itself.

**No Restrictions** as to Residence, Travel or Occupation.

**After One Year** the Policy is indisputable.

HEAD OFFICE:

**TORONTO, - ONT.**

The  
Ideal  
Policy.

### ASSESSMENT SYSTEM

## THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION Of New York

Is now out with a new line of up-to-date policies on a 4 per cent. reserve basis, containing features not sold by other insurance companies. Its rates are also lower than its competitors, thus giving greater security at a lower rate—the all-important features in Life Insurance.

Energetic Agents wanted in every district to sell our popular policies.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

W. J. MURRAY, Manager,  
Freehold Loan Building, TORONTO

(ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.)

# Independent Order of Foresters.

"THE BEST FRATERNAL BENEFIT SOCIETY  
IN EXISTENCE."

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The Temple Building, Cor. Richmond and Bay Streets, Toronto, Can.

OFFICE FOR EUROPE—24 Charing Cross, LONDON, ENGLAND.

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OFFICE FOR THE ATLANTIC COAST—320 Broadway, NEW YORK.

OFFICE FOR THE PACIFIC COAST—Phelan Building, 806 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

There will be no increase in the rating of members of the I.O.F. in the British military service in South Africa.

## BENEFITS GIVEN BY THE I. O. F.

Your special attention is called to this great Fraternal Benefit Society, and you are invited to become a member of it, thereby securing the following substantial benefits:

### (a) FOR YOURSELF DURING YOUR LIFETIME.

- 1.—The Social and Fraternal Privileges of the Court Room.
- 2.—Free Medical Attendance by the Court Physician, except where dispensed with by by-law of the Court. Some Courts also furnish free medicine, and in certain cases trained nurses.
- 3.—A Sick Benefit of \$3 a week for the first two weeks, \$5 per week for the next ten weeks, and, subject to the approval of the Executive Council, \$3 per week for twelve additional weeks of any illness. (The Sick and Funeral Benefits are optional. It costs \$2 to become enrolled for them; the monthly premiums run from 40c. to \$1 per month, according to age of enrolment.)
- 4.—A Total and Permanent Disability Benefit of \$250, \$500, \$1,000, \$1,500, \$2,000 or \$2,500 (or one-half the face value of your Mortuary Benefit Certificate), with exemption from the further payment of premiums or Court dues, upon total and permanent disablement by disease or accident, which may occur at any time.
- 5.—An Old Age Benefit, consisting of exemption from payment of Premiums and Court Dues after the seventieth year of age.
- 6.—An Old Age Disability Benefit of \$50, \$100, \$200, \$300, \$400 or \$500 (or one-tenth of the face value of your Mortuary Benefit Certificate), payable annually for ten years from the date after the seventieth birthday at which you are adjudged to be totally and permanently disabled by the infirmities of age. If death should occur before the ten annual payments have been made, the unpaid instalments will be paid in one sum to your beneficiaries.
- 7.—An Old Age Pension Benefit, payable annually during total and permanent disability, which you can elect to take as a substitute for the Old Age Disability Benefit upon being adjudged totally and permanently disabled by the infirmities of age. The amount of the pension is determined (a) by the value of the Mortuary Certificate held, and (b) by the age at which the total and permanent disablement occurs. On a \$5,000 certificate or policy at age 70 the annual pension would be \$546; at age 75, it would be \$729.

### (b) FOR YOUR BENEFICIARIES, AT YOUR DEATH.

- 8.—A Burial Benefit of \$100 (if you have taken the Old Age Pension Benefit), to insure decent interment.
- 9.—A Funeral Benefit of \$50 (if at the time of your death you are enrolled for the Sick and Funeral Benefits), to defray funeral expenses.
- 10.—A Mortuary Benefit of \$500, \$1,000, \$2,000, \$3,000, \$4,000, or \$5,000, or so much thereof as has not been previously paid to yourself.

For Full Details of the I. O. F. Benefit System, apply to any Officer or Member of the Order.

ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., S.C.R.,  
TORONTO, CANADA.

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# Hall's

Vegetable  
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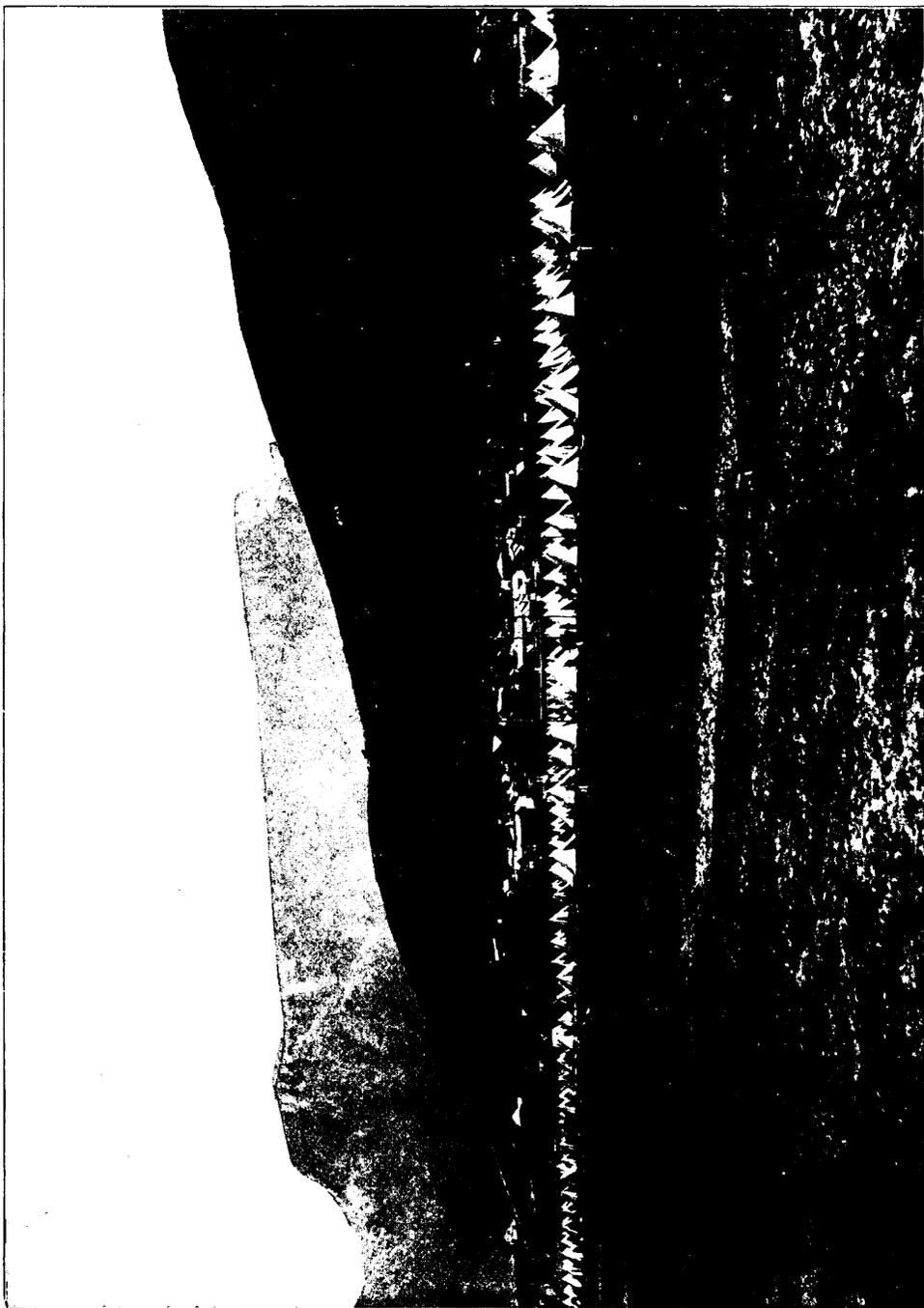
A High-class  
Preparation  
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Always restores color to gray hair, the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair grows rapidly, stops coming out, and all dandruff disappears.

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THE FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT IN CAMP AT CAPETOWN.

TABLE MOUNTAIN IN BACKGROUND.

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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MARCH, 1900

No. 5

BRITISH POLICY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

*By J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S., F.R.Hist.S.*

IN all the history of colonization there is no such remarkable kaleidoscope of changing government, shifting policies and varied conditions as the records of South Africa, during the present century, exhibit. Governor succeeded Governor, and in his turn was recalled; the missionaries and local natives were supported against the Dutch settlers and the latter seriously angered; the Dutch were protected against external native raids and the Kaffirs stirred into nine wars within fifty years; territory was annexed and then abandoned; opportunities were lost and sought for again at the point of the bayonet; slavery was abolished, and the Dutch farmers allowed in thousands to leave Cape Colony and to establish slavery under another name in other regions; the Orange River country was annexed and then abandoned; the Transvaal was treated in the same way. Yet through it all runs the thread of an honest purpose; the desire to protect inferior and down-trodden races; a consistent aversion to unnecessary expansion of territory; a wish to develop liberty and to prevent oppression.

Like so many of England's Colonial Governors, those of the Cape were, from the time of Lord Caledon's arrival in 1807, men of character, standing and ability. They might make mistakes in policy, they might occasionally be led astray by local advisers, and

they were always liable to censure or recall from a Colonial Office which too often judged local conditions from the standpoint of Downing Street. But their intentions were good. They were never known to be even charged with corruption and they usually had a degree of experience in public life which was naturally useful to a new country and its crude institutions.

Lord Caledon was an enthusiastic Irish nobleman, who improved the postal system and established Circuit Courts for the better administration of justice in outlying districts of the Cape. Sir John Cradock, who came out in 1811, established schools in the country regions and tried to control the nomadic tendencies of the Dutch farmers by making them freeholders of farms ranging from 6,000 to 20,000 acres in extent. Lord Charles Somerset, a brother of the Duke of Beaufort and of Lord Raglan, the well-known Crimean General of after years, was appointed in 1814, and carried out many measures of value to the infant colony. He founded new townships, promoted industrial development, encouraged the importation of sheep and himself brought out Merinos which he established in local breeding-farms. At the same time he broached and carried out the important scheme of English immigration known in its result as the Albany Settlement and as one of the chief factors in the progress of the

period. Though somewhat unpopular and arbitrary, he certainly did good service to the community.

In 1826 Sir Lowry Cole succeeded to the position and attempted for a time the difficult and dangerous task of unifying the population. Eight years afterwards General Sir Benjamin D'Urban, who had seen military service in Canada and elsewhere, was appointed to carry out the slave emancipation policy. Then came Sir George Napier, under whose régime a splendid system of roads was created and, in 1847, General Sir Harry Smith, a most popular and able Governor. He was followed by Sir George Cathcart in 1852. All of these rulers had to deal with native or Boer wars, and none of them had much time to spare for the special cultivation of material progress in the harassed country. From 1854 to 1861 Sir George Grey administered the affairs of the colony, and to this remarkable man South Africa owes much and would have owed more had he not been hampered and over-ruled at every turn by Imperial fears of a policy of expansion and by Imperial objections to the assumption of further responsibilities.

This was the period when Little Englanders abounded in the Mother Country; when Tories and Radicals were agreed in opposing any added links to the chain of Empire; when the masses believed that the manufacturing industries and commerce which they saw advancing by leaps and bounds on every side were entirely independent of political boundaries and national allegiance; when the markets of the world seemed for a time to belong to England and the markets of the Colonies were, in comparison, absolutely insignificant; when public men like John Bright and Richard Cobden, Cornwall Lewis and Sir William Molesworth, Lord Brougham and Lord Ellenborough, Robert Lowe and even Lord John Russell, spoke of a future in which the Colonies would be independent and of a present which was simply preliminary to a destiny which they did not regret. The popular idol of that

day was Trade, as the popular idol of the last days of the century is Empire. The swing of the pendulum has come indeed, but it has brought with it a war which the acceptance of Sir George Grey's policy of that time might have prevented.

There is, of course, much to excuse this view of the Colonies in and about 1850. The British-American Provinces were still in a dissatisfied and disorganized condition from the rebellion of 1837, the racial troubles of 1848 and the fiscal difficulties which had followed the repeal of the Corn Laws in England. The value and resources of Australia were practically unknown. It was still the home of convicts and had only just entered upon a period of rushing settlement and turbulent mining success in which the problems of government were extremely complicated. South Africa had been the scene of nothing but war and trouble. All the later Governors had been recalled one after another, and their policy frequently reversed without either conciliating the Colonists or controlling the restless masses of native population along the ever-changing frontiers. As a rule the earlier policy towards the Kaffirs had been one of half-measures. The first plan of alliances with native chiefs broke down and in Lord Charles Somerset's time ended in conflict. Then came the Boer wars with the Zulus in Natal and a British effort to protect the natives against their onslaughts. Sir Benjamin D'Urban's policy in 1835, after the Kaffir war of that time, was the establishment of a living frontier along the east of Cape Colony which should be sufficiently strong to resist the pressure of the savage masses from beyond. A line of European settlers was to be established and beyond that a body of loyal Kaffirs supported by a string of forts. Before a Committee of the House of Commons this was declared by D'Urban's successor, Sir G. Cathcart, to have been a wise and necessary policy. But, unfortunately, it involved an advance from the Fish to the Kei River and such a thing the Colonial Office would not tolerate. The

policy was reversed and the territory in question given back to the Kaffirs.

Sir George Grey took a very different line of action and policy. Everything that he did was bold and determined. He acted first, assumed full responsibility, and then made it necessary for the Colonial Office to either approve or recall a Governor who had for the first time in a quarter of a century proved a successful South African ruler. This statement is not necessarily a reflection upon previous Governors. Sir Benjamin D'Urban was overruled by Lord Glenelg at Downing Street. Sir George Napier went out simply to reverse a certain policy under detailed instructions. General Sir Peregrine Maitland had distinguished himself as a soldier and had made an excellent Governor of Upper Canada and Nova Scotia, and was no more responsible for the Kaffir war which caused his inevitable recall than was the Premier of Great Britain. General Sir Harry Smith, the victor of Aliwal and the only British officer who, before 1899, has won a direct victory over the Boers, had in him the makings of a statesman, as his annexation of the Orange River region proved. But the war with Sandili had brought about his recall and a very few years also brought about the reversal of his policy towards the Boers, the creation of the Free State, the establishment of the Transvaal and the foundation of endless opportunities for trouble in the future. For this policy the Government of the Earl of Aberdeen and the Secretaryship of the Duke of Newcastle must always hold an unpleasant responsibility. Sir George Grey did what he could to rectify the errors thus made. He was instinct with the Imperial idea and, although doomed to fail in some measure in the attainment of his great ambitions, none the less did splendid work for the Empire. The men at the Colonial Office were constantly changing, and the only continuity in their policy was a common desire to be relieved from any new developments and fresh responsibilities. Politics did not come into the matter at all, as one party was

then as ignorant of colonial requirements and as indifferent to colonial possibilities as the other.

During Grey's seven years' administration of the Cape, Sidney Herbert (afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea), Lord John Russell, Sir William Molesworth, Henry Labouchere (afterwards Lord Taunton), Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, Lord Stanley (afterwards Earl of Derby) and the Duke of Newcastle succeeded each other at the Colonial Office, with Sir Frederick Rogers (afterwards Lord Blachford) as Permanent Under-Secretary during part of the period. Molesworth, Russell, Stanley and Labouchere were all tainted strongly with the Manchester School theory, while Sir F. Rogers, who in his more permanent position had greater influence than all the passing Secretaries of State put together, is upon record as having advised his chief, on more than one occasion, to encourage the Colonies in every line of thought and action which would develop separatist and independence sentiment. It was little wonder, therefore, that Sir George Grey failed in his effort to weld the infant states and colonies—first of South Africa and then of Australasia—in a federal union. Had he succeeded in the one it would have averted much bloodshed and racial hatred and in the other much of useless controversy, crude constitution-mongering and demagogue development. "I believe I should have succeeded," he declared in bitterness of heart many years afterwards. But the statesman proposed, the Colonial Office disposed. For years the whole scope of the suggested South African federation was discussed between the Governor and the Imperial authorities. The former suggested the constitution of the then federated islands of New Zealand as a practical basis and even obtained a Resolution of the Free State Volksraad in favour of the general principle. The consent of Cape Colony would have been unanimous. Natal was ready, and it is not likely that the four conflicting and tiny republics into which the Transvaal was then divided would have long resisted

Free State influence and the personal magnetism which Sir George Grey could have brought to bear upon the people and rulers. Even had their deeper prejudices and denser ignorance prevailed for a time to perpetuate their isolation the probably increased prosperity of the Free State under the new conditions would have ultimately brought them into the union.

When the Cape Parliament met in 1859 the Governor placed before it the Resolution of the Orange River Volksraad and, in his accompanying address, said: "You would, in my belief, confer a lasting benefit upon Great Britain and upon the inhabitants of this country, if you could succeed in devising a form of federal union under which the several Provinces composing it should have full and free scope of action left to them, through their own local governments and legislatures, upon all subjects relating to their individual prosperity or happiness, whilst they should act under a general federal government in relation to all points which concern the general safety or weal." Along this path alone lay safety and success for the South African States. A copy of the address was sent to the Colonial Office with full explanations and comments, and then came a reply expressing great dissatisfaction at the question having been brought before the Legislature at Cape Town without authority from the Ministers at home. Sir George claimed, on the other hand, to have understood, indirectly, that the policy proposed really had the approval of the Colonial Department. There seems, however, to be little doubt from the terms of the general correspondence that he was really trying to force the hands of the Imperial Government in a matter which he deemed essential to the welfare of the Empire, and that he was willing to risk personal humiliation in a bold effort to stem the tide of anti-colonialism then swelling on the shores of British thought and sentiment. The result was his recall in a despatch from Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, dated 4th June, 1859, containing statements of the high opinion held by the Government as to

Sir George Grey's endowments and patriotism, but explaining that: "They could not safely continue to entrust with your present functions one committed, as you have committed yourself, to a policy of which they disapprove on a subject of the first importance; nor could they expect from you the necessary assistance when steps, which you have taken without that authority, have of necessity to be retraced." The reply to this was dated July 20th, 1859, and constitutes a distinct and complete vindication of his general policy. In its closing paragraph is summed up the situation facing more than one Governor of Cape Colony, or High Commissioner for South Africa, before and since his time:—

"Can a man, who, on a distant and exposed frontier, surrounded by difficulties, with invasions of Her Majesty's territories threatening on several points, assume a responsibility which he, guided by many circumstances which he can neither record nor remember as they come hurrying on one after another, be fairly judged of in respect of the amount of responsibility he assumes by those who, in the quiet of distant offices in London know nothing of the anxieties or nature of the difficulties he had to encounter? If Her Majesty's possessions and Her Majesty's subjects are saved from threatening dangers, and they gratefully acknowledge this, whilst the Empire receives no hurt, is it a fitting return that the only reward he should receive should be the highest punishment which it is in the power of Her Majesty's Ministers to inflict? This may be the reward they bestow, but the true one of the consciousness of difficult duties performed to the best of his ability, with great personal sacrifice, they cannot take from him."

But Sir George Grey had friends of greater power than the novelist politician at the Colonial Office or his narrow-visioned assistant. From the time, in 1857, when he had diverted troops to India which had stopped at Cape Town on their way to China, and by this seemingly reckless assumption of responsibility had enabled Sir Colin Campbell to relieve Lucknow and to save the situation in those terrible days of mutiny, he was given the lasting friendship and admiration of the Queen. His further policy of conciliating the natives by personal visits to their chiefs

and explanation of the situation, his wise trust in the friendship of savage chiefs whom he knew often understood honour and practised it better than the white man himself, and his stripping the country of troops and munitions of war in order to give additional help in the Indian crisis, naturally added to the esteem which his first and most daring act had inspired in the mind of a Sovereign who was, even in those days, an Imperial statesman in the highest sense of the word. Of his action in changing the route of the troops from Hong Kong to Calcutta, and sending Cape troops and artillery and stores and specie to India in time to be of the most valuable service, the Queen commanded Mr. Labouchere, Colonial Secretary, to express privately to Sir George Grey "her high appreciation" as well as in a more formal manner. Later on she hesitated in giving her assent to his recall until it was practically made a Cabinet matter, and when the Derby Government was defeated and Lord Palmerston came into power he was promptly re-instated. On his arrival in London he was informed by the Prince Consort of the Queen's "approval of the measures taken by him and the policy of confederation which he had pursued," and her opinion that the plans proposed were "beneficent, worthy of a great ruler, honourable to himself and advantageous to her people." Speaking at Sydney, New South Wales, in 1891, Sir George Grey referred to this matter and declared that: "One person in the Empire held that I was right, and that person was the Queen."

Back he went to South Africa, amid general rejoicings at the Cape, but with the refusal of the new Government at home to take any steps whatever in the direction of federation. But, as if to expressly mark the Queen's sympathy with Grey's Imperial ideas, Prince Alfred was sent out in 1860 to make a tour of South Africa and to invoke, as he did, the same sentiments of loyalty as were aroused by the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada at the same time. Cape

Colony, Natal and the Orange Free State were visited with due ceremony by the Governor and the Prince and at Bloemfontein one of the arches of welcome contained the significant motto: "Loyal though discarded." During the succeeding year Sir George Grey finally left the Cape to take up the Governorship of New Zealand at a critical period in its troubles with the Maoris and at a time when the Duke of Newcastle, Colonial Secretary, had given him to understand that the Governor-Generalship of Canada and ultimately of India were open to him upon leaving South Africa in due course. But duty seemed to require him in New Zealand and thither he went to live for years as Governor, for other years as Prime Minister, and for a still longer period as a private citizen. During the eight years in which he had ruled Cape Colony he had inaugurated representative institutions, established schools, libraries, hospitals, public works, roads and railways. The Cape Town and Wellington Railway—the first line in the colony—was his enterprise. The great ostrich-farming industry of the future was started by him. Above all, he won the affection and respect of the most varied types of the native races and the after voluntary submission of Moshesh, the great Busuto Chief, to British authority, may be largely traced to the friendly feeling inspired by a visit which Grey paid to the rocky heights of Thaba Bosigo. In his great aim he had failed and in later days he became eccentric and erratic in his views, but none the less does South Africa owe much to the life and memory of Sir George Grey.

His successor, Sir Philip E. Wodehouse, was a man of ability, who had been Governor of British Guiana and was afterwards for five years Governor of Bombay. His administration was signalized by the inauguration of a new and saner policy on the part of the Colonial Office. Whether it was that the Manchester School in reaching the meridian of its power during these years had temporarily overlooked South Africa, or that it had become

apparent even to the Colonial Office that the man on the spot must be allowed some latitude, or that Sir Philip Wodehouse was more trusted and less feared by the Home authorities than Grey, is not visible upon the surface. But the fact remains that in 1865 British Kaffraria was finally incorporated with Cape Colony and definite responsibility assumed for its government and control and that in 1868 Basutoland was annexed to British dominions—not to the Cape Colony—and the most rugged and strongest natural fortress in the world prevented from falling into the hands of the Orange River Boers who had been struggling to that end for twenty years. Sir Henry Barkly, an experienced Australian Governor, assumed charge in 1870 and, a year later, Griqualand West, with its vast potentialities as a diamond-producing country and as the only available British route to the interior, was annexed and placed, like Basutoland, under the authority of the Cape Governor as High Commissioner for South Africa and direct representative of the Crown and the Colonial Office.

Meantime Natal which had, up to 1856, been under the control of the Governor at the Cape, was in that year made a separate colony governed from the Colonial Office under a Lieut.-Governor and with only partially representative institutions. Zululand and the Zulus were to this colony what the Kosas or Kaffirs had been to the Cape settlers so far as the fear of raids and danger of war were concerned. Of actual and serious war there was but little in Natal from the time of the Boers until 1879. Of trouble in management, however, there was abundance from the number of Zulus within, as well as from the Zulus without, the strict limits of colonial territory. In 1873, Cetywayo was installed under authority of the British Government as head of the Zulu nation and from this time dates the inauguration of the serious situation which culminated six years later and ended in the annexation of a large part of that region in 1887

and the protectorate established over the sea-coast country called Tongaland in the same year. These two events marked a singularly wise expression of Imperial policy, as they checked and prevented the realization of the greatest ambition of the Transvaal Boers—the obtaining of a seaport. While this extension was taking place in the east under the general administration of Sir Hercules Robinson (afterwards Lord Rosmead) as High Commissioner, and the whole sea-coast region from Portuguese territory to Cape Town made British, a similar expansion had occurred in the north and west.

It was to a great extent forced upon the British authorities by Boer aggressiveness which, after the war of 1880-1 and the succeeding Conventions, became very marked. The Transvaal Dutch first trekked into Zululand when it was placed again under Cetywayo's rule—after the war of 1879 and in order to avoid its annexation—and endeavoured to establish there another Boer republic. In order to prevent this and to protect the Zulus, under pledges strongly given, the Imperial Government had to formally annex the greater part of the region. Then the Transvaalers turned to the west and a large number trekked into Bechuanaland, threatened to cut off British territory and trade from the interior, and menaced the independence of Khama, a wise and friendly ruler, to the north. Sir Charles Warren's expedition of 1884 was despatched by the Imperial Government and checked this movement, though at the serious risk of war, and forced the Boers to recede. Bechuanaland was then made a Crown Colony. Khama's country was by request proclaimed in 1885 a British Protectorate; while in the preceding year the important naval station of St. Lucia Bay, just south of Zululand, and about the ownership of which there had been some doubt, was also annexed. Four years previously Griqualand West had been taken from the direct control of the Colonial Office and given to Cape Colony. In 1895 the Dutch of the Cape had recovered

somewhat from the angry feelings provoked by the Warren expedition and the repulse of Boer ambitions which its success involved, and permitted Mr. Rhodes to arrange the annexation of all Bechuanaland to the Colony and its consequent removal from the control of the Governor as High Commissioner in South Africa to his charge as the constitutional Governor of the Cape.

This curious combination of duties had been first created in 1847 when Sir Henry Pottinger, for a few brief months, had held the position of Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa. The latter position simply involved at that time some very limited powers of control over border tribes and certain specified authority in negotiation. There were then no recognized independent states in South Africa and no self-governing rights at the Cape to complicate matters. In time these conditions developed and yet the Governor of the Cape, responsible to his Ministers and to Parliament for every detail of local government, remained the centre of a thousand strings of diplomacy and negotiation throughout all South Africa and the Governor of various regions, with undefined powers and with responsibility only to the Colonial Office or to the Crown. In 1889, for example, Cape Colony was under complete self-government and Natal only partially so, the latter having a Governor of its own. Basutoland, Pondoland, Bechuanaland, the Khama country and the sphere of British influence to the far north were under the Governor of Cape Colony as High Commissioner only. In the same year the last-mentioned region came under the direct control of Cecil Rhodes as Chairman of the British South Africa Company, while Mr. Rhodes, in 1890, became Premier of Cape Colony and the responsible adviser of its Governor. Zululand and Tongaland were at the same time subject to the joint control of the Governors of Cape Colony and Natal, though not in any way governed by the Ministers of either official. Meantime Swaziland (north-west of Tonga-

land) was managed by alternate British and Boer Committees, and ultimately was allowed to pass into the hands of the Transvaal, while the latter Republic was nominally under suzerainty and the Orange Free State was absolutely independent.

Such a complication, it is safe to say, never existed in any other region in the world, or in any other record of colonization and expanding empire. That government was possible at all reflects great credit upon the administrators and shows that as years passed on the Colonial Office had at last risen to the level of its responsibilities, had grasped the true spirit and the absolute necessity of Imperial growth, and had learned that the man in charge of distant regions must have the confidence of rulers at home and a policy with some degree of continuity in plan, and principle and detail. What really caused this change in policy and the subsequent expansion of Great Britain in South Africa, is an interesting historical question. The position of late years has been so different from the developments of the "fifties," and the dominating ideas and ideals of the Manchester School, that some explanation is necessary. The discovery of gold and diamonds does not afford an adequate one. There was none of either in Basutoland, or Zululand, or Bechuanaland or Tongaland, or in the great regions which the Chartered Company acquired and held under the Crown. Much was due to the slow but sure subsidence of the Little Englanders after 1872, when Mr. Disraeli in a famous speech had expressed the first formal antagonism of a great party, as a whole, to any further playing with questions and principles of Imperial unity. More was due to the sustained Imperialism of his succeeding Ministry; to the purchase of the Suez Canal shares and increasing public appreciation of the value of the Cape in connection with the route to India; and to the growing popular comprehension of the value of India itself. More still was due to the subsequent rise of a new school of British states-

men, in all parties, who were instinct with the spirit and pride of empire and inheritors of the sentiment which Disraeli, in his later years, and under his new designation of Lord Beaconsfield, had so strenuously propagated. The Imperial Federation League, formed in 1884, with strong support from leaders such as the Earl of Rosebery, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Edward Stanhope, Mr. Edward Gibson, Mr. W. E. Forster, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Lyon Playfair and Lord Tennyson, constituted a most important educative influence. Writers like Froude, and Dilke and Seeley took the place of philosophic disintegrationists of the Molesworth and Cornwall Lewis school; whilst even Radical politicians of the Chamberlain and Cowan type came gradually into touch with aristocratic Imperialists such as Salisbury, Carnarvon and Rosebery.

The rise of Cecil Rhodes and his enthusiastic perception of the necessity for South African expansion and unity had also much to do with the change; and the discovery of diamonds did something to create, at the time, a fresh interest in a country hitherto chiefly notable for wars and natives and missionary explorations. So with the rivalry aroused by German and French and Italian efforts at African acquisition of territory. The Transvaal annexation and war, 1877-81, had an effect also of considerable importance. It projected South Africa into the wide publicity of a place in British politics and taught many an opponent and supporter of Mr. Gladstone more than they had dreamt of in all their previous philosophies. The result was unfortunate, as a whole, but in a somewhat undefinable degree it cleared the way for the knowledge of local conditions and Imperial necessities which made the expansion policy of 1884-95 possible. The sending of Sir Bartle Frere to the Cape in 1877 was an illustration of the Imperialistic principles which actuated the Beaconsfield Government. No more brilliant and honourable administrator had ever graced the service of the Crown in India than

Sir Bartle Frere. He was loved by subordinates, respected by all races and creeds, trusted by Ministers at home and, like all the greater Governors of the Empire, was a strong believer in the closer union of its varied portions. Reference to his connection with the local confederation question, the Zulu war and the Transvaal annexation can only just be made and then passed over. But something should be said here as to his general treatment by the Imperial authorities. He went out with distinct powers in connection with the unification of South Africa and, with the additional ones given Sir Theophilus Shepstone in Natal, held practically a free and full hand.

The annexation of the Transvaal and the subjugation of Cetywayo were duly accomplished, though success to the policy as a whole was prevented by the war of 1881; and the latter was greatly encouraged, if not practically caused, by the eloquent theories presented in England by Mr. Gladstone. There seems to have been no very clear comprehension of the issue, and there was certainly no accurate knowledge of Boer character and history, in Mr. Gladstone's mind. They were simply to him a pastoral people asking, and then fighting to obtain, a freedom for which they had struggled steadily during half a century. He knew nothing of the land and cattle and liberties stolen by them from unfortunate native races; of the bitter and ignorant hatred felt by them towards England and British civilization; of their contempt for missionaries and religious or political equality and their ambition—even in those days of weakness—to expand north and east and west, and to cut off British power to the north and eventually in the south. He never had an Imperial imagination and cared little for the ideal of an united South Africa under the Crown. An historical imagination he did possess as was shown in his devotion to the cause of Greek independence and his willing transfer of the Ionian Isles, in earlier years, to the new Hellenic Kingdom. But that was based upon his love of Homer and

ancient Greek literature—not upon so modern and material a matter as the welfare of British settlers in a distant and storm-tossed colony.

However that may be, his eloquent attacks upon the Government hampered their further action, and when the Transvaal rebellion broke out Sir Bartle Frere—to the lasting discredit of the new Gladstone Administration—was promptly recalled. Then and to-day his name is none the less the most loved in the list of British rulers of South Africa—not even excepting Sir George Grey. In the *Diary* of Prince Alfred Victor and Prince George of Wales, written during their cruise around the world in 1880-81 there is a reference to the Governor, who had just left the Cape, of interest in this connection: "Ask any Colonist haphazard—Afrikander or English—and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will be told that he was conscientious, able, far-seeing, magnanimous, truthful and loyal." The reversal of his policy followed and was embodied in the Convention of 1881. The new Governor and High Commissioner—Sir Hercules G. R. Robinson—was a man of considerable ability and of prolonged experience. After the temporary settlement of the Transvaal troubles he was given a certain amount of latitude in dealing with the natives and in controlling the Boer disposition to seize territory in every outstanding direction. The annexations and protectorates already alluded to followed in due course and Sir Hercules claimed before he left Cape Town in 1889, after eight years of administration, that: "As Governor of a self-governing Colony I have endeavoured to walk within the lines of the Constitution; and as Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa I have, whilst striving to act with equal justice and consideration to the claims and susceptibilities of all classes and races, endeavoured at the same time to establish on a broad and secure basis British authority as the paramount power in South Africa."

To this claim there was certainly one exception. The treatment of the Swazi-

land question during these years was a distinct evasion of responsibility on the part of both High Commissioner and the Imperial Government and appears to have been better suited to the earlier fifties than to the developments of the eighties. It was, however, a fitting sequel to events such as the somewhat indifferent agreement of the British Government—in the days of Lord Granville's weak administration of the Foreign Office—to the German acquisition of Damaraland and North Namaqualand on the western coast, for no other apparent reason than to have some territory contiguous to that of Great Britain. Fortunately, the vigorous protests of the Cape Government prevented Walfisch Bay, the only useful harbour on the shores of all that parched and arid region, from being given up to the same power as Angra-Pequena had been at about the same time. The Swazis were a branch of the Zulu race and their territory was bordered by the Transvaal to the northwest and by Tongal and the Delagoa Bay region to the east and north. Its acquisition meant that only Portuguese territory would lie between the Boer country and the great harbour at Lorenzo Marques. But, apart from the immense strategic importance of the country—afterwards so strongly realized—it was the duty of the British Government to have in this case withstood the covetous designs of the Transvaal.

Protected by the terms of the Convention of 1884, when their practical independence was guaranteed, and appreciating the policy by which the infant Boer republics of Stellaland and Goshen had been suppressed in Bechuanaland by the Warren expedition, the Swazis naturally looked to England for support when they found numerous individual Boers settling amongst them and preparing for further and more active aggression. In 1886 and 1887 the Swazi Chief appealed to the British Government for the establishment of a formal protectorate, but was refused on the ground that the Convention of 1884, in guarding their independence,

practically prevented Great Britain from taking such a step. For years prior to this period the Swazis had been friendly to the British, and had stood by them in war and peace. Promises of consideration were given but nothing was done. The fact of the matter is, that the Afrikander party in Cape Colony wanted to help the Transvaal to a seaport, and from some motive of conciliation, or strange error of judgment, Sir Hercules Robinson shared, or appeared to share, the same sentiment. So far as this was concerned the protectorate established over St. Lucia Bay and Tongaland neutralized the evil of the subsequent acquisition of Swaziland by the persistent Boers, but nothing can ever compensate the loyal and friendly Swazis of that time for their apparent desertion through the final refusal of the British Government, after discussion with a delegation of chiefs in 1894, to interfere with the action of the Transvaal in taking possession of their country. It is only fair, however, to say that the issue had become complicated by extensive Swazi grants of land to individual Boers.

In this connection some reference must be made to the Portuguese territory of this coast, and especially in view of the important international issues since involved. Delagoa Bay is perhaps the most important harbour on the east coast of Africa, and a vital naval factor in the protection of the trade with India and China. The surrounding region is of little value and, in the main, a hot-bed of malarial fever. The harbour was claimed for many years by Great Britain under terms of cession from a native chief to an exploring party in 1822. Portugal resisted the claim, and in 1872 the matter was referred to the arbitration of Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic. As usual, in such cases, the decision was against Great Britain, but with the curious concession of a first right to purchase the territory at any time that Portugal might desire to sell it and to the exclusion of the wish of any other Power in the same connection. It is stated

that Portugal was actually ready at that time to sell her rights for £60,000,\* and Lord Carnarvon, British Colonial Secretary in 1874-78, afterwards stated that: "When I succeeded to office I had reason to think that the offer of a moderate sum might have purchased that which a very large amount now could not compass. Unfortunately *the means were not forthcoming*, the opportunity was lost, and such opportunities in politics do not often recur." The inference from this statement is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Northcote, was the obstacle. If so, and in the light of the many millions sterling which Great Britain, in 1900, would give for this bit of territory, his name certainly merits recollection.

Sir Henry Brougham Loch, a most successful Australian Governor, and afterwards created Lord Loch, became Governor and High Commissioner in 1889, and in 1895 was succeeded by Sir Hercules Robinson again for a couple of years. It does not appear that the latter was recalled in 1889, but was simply not reappointed at the expiration of his term of office. He left the country in the midst of much and strongly expressed regret, and when he returned six years later was welcomed with open arms. Shortly afterwards he became Lord Rosmead, and in 1897 his health compelled a retirement, which was soon followed by death. Sir Alfred Milner was then appointed, and at a most critical period. He had to assume charge of a complicated political and racial situation, and to supervise the relations of Great Britain and the Colonies with the increasingly aggressive Transvaal Republic and Afrikander organization. A strong Imperialist, a man of high reputation for ability in conducting the finances of Egypt for some time, and as Chairman of the British Board of Revenue for the preceding five years, he went out to Cape Town with large powers, and with the complete confidence of Mr. Chamberlain and the Im-

\* Molteno: *Federal South Africa*, Page 87.

perial Government. The immediate result of his general policy need not be considered here, but whatever verdict the historian of the future may have to give upon data and documents and secret developments not now available, there is no doubt that he will accord to Sir Alfred Milner a high place for honest statesmanship, conciliatory personal policy, and absolute conscientiousness of action in events and amidst surroundings calculated to disturb the equanimity of the coolest statesman, and to influence the reasonableness of even the most strong-minded representative of the Crown. Unlike Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Sir Peregrine Maitland, Sir Harry Smith, Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere, he has had the rich and rare privilege, in South

Africa, of being endorsed and supported through all the tangled threads of a complicated situation by the Colonial Office, the Imperial Government, the British Parliament, and, eventually, by the people of the Empire. Of this he will always have reason to be proud, whatever may be the arduous labours and responsibilities and, perhaps, changes of the hidden future. And the fact, in itself, affords a fitting conclusion to any consideration of British policy, or policies, in South Africa, and marks the wonderful change which has come over the face of affairs since the days of D'Urban and Lord Glenelg, Grey and Bulwer-Lytton, Frere and Hicks-Beach—the Governors in Cape Colony and the Secretaries of State in London.

## TYPES OF ARTILLERY.

*By Malcolm Ross, C Battery, R.C.A.*

THE most casual observer must be struck with the wonderful and rapid improvements in the manufacture of big guns, and it is often a matter of difficulty for the ordinary reader to understand why there should be such a variety of guns in use, and to estimate their value for different purposes.

For convenience of description the guns of the Field Artillery may be placed in three divisions :

1. Machine guns, firing small projectiles, which accompany cavalry, artillery, and infantry.
2. 7 pr. mountain guns and 12 pr. field guns.
3. Howitzers and siege guns.

### MACHINE GUNS. •

The regular machine gun of the British army is the Maxim ; other machine guns, such as the Colt and Gatling, may be mentioned, a few of the former having been taken out privately to South Africa for trial and comparison with the Maxim.

The chief feature of the machine gun is its tremendous rapidity of fire ; this is obtained by means of mechanism which utilizes the force of recoil from one explosion to eject the empty case, to remove a fresh cartridge from the belt, place it in the barrel and fire it. The weapon now issued is known as the .303, and fires the same ammunition as is used in the Lee-Metford rifle ; the cartridges are fed to the gun on belts which contain 250 each. The feeding of the belts is attended to by one man, the firing and aiming being performed by another ; the remainder of the detachment when in action, being employed in refilling the empty belts. The first cartridge is placed in the barrel and fired by pressing a button which releases the striker, and as long as the button is pressed the gun will continue to feed the belt, load, and fire automatically. In order to prevent the heating of the gun by the rapid fire, the barrel is surrounded with a metal casing which contains

nearly a gallon of water. The .303 pattern fires 620 shots per minute, and when firing at this rate the water in the jackets will commence to boil in about two minutes. The range of this gun, though using the ordinary rifle ammunition, is greater than that of the rifle, owing to the fact that much of the loss of force due to the recoil of the rifle is expended in the Maxim upon the bullet, only a small amount being required to perform the ejection and loading. The range at which Maxim fire was commenced in the fight at Omdurman was 2,000 yards, at which distance section fire also commenced.

These guns, owing to their convenient size, may be mounted in many ways so that they may be suitable for transport and use with the various branches of the service. When intended to accompany cavalry or artillery, they are mounted upon carriages somewhat similar in principle to those of the 12 prs.; the limber carries 2,500 rounds and is drawn by two horses, one ridden and one in the shafts.

When attached to an infantry column the gun is mounted on a lower carriage, and the trail is modified so as to serve both as a handle to be used in moving the gun and also as a seat for the man who performs the laying and firing. When on the march the trail handle is lifted and carried by two men, the remainder pulling on drag ropes attached to washers on the axle outside the wheels. For some patterns mule draught is used. Four thousand rounds are carried with the infantry gun.

The mounting when the gun is to be transported by mules or by bearers, consists of a tripod, the near leg being longer than the others, and provided with a seat for the gun layer; in transport two mules are required to carry the gun and ammunition. All patterns are provided with a steel shield, which may be placed on the gun, and which is intended for protection against rifle fire.

The gun being mounted upon a pivot, the bullets may be distributed, once the range is found, without its

being necessary to cross fire, as would be the case if the gun were fired upon the mounting.

The Colt rapid fire gun already mentioned, which proved to be so effective in the Spanish-American war, is entirely different in construction from the Maxim.

Four of these guns have been taken out to the Cape by officers at their own expense, and it is probable that the War Department will shortly send out a further supply.

For the British service the gun is constructed for the .303 bullet; the loading and firing are carried on automatically, the power being obtained from the gas caused by the explosion, which is secured before the bullet leaves the barrel, and is communicated by means of a small opening near the muzzle to a tube under the barrel, which is connected with the breech mechanism by means of a piston and lever. An ordinary pistol handle and trigger replace the button of the Maxim, the firing continuing as long as the trigger is pulled. This gun is not provided with a water jacket to prevent heating, but the barrel is heavily constructed, and is of a special composition, which prevents, to some extent, the rapid heating. The rapidity of fire is 420 shots per minute, the cartridges being fed in belts as in the Maxim. The special advantage claimed for this gun is, that owing to the difference in the manner of connecting the breech mechanism with the barrel there is less danger of its becoming jammed from expansion due to heating than is the case in the Maxim.

The machine gun is useful both for attack, at a comparatively long range, and for defence, in opposing a charge, and is most deadly when used against compact bodies of troops; they are also especially efficacious in the defence of fords, bridges, and passes.

Quite recently the Maxim mechanism has been adapted to guns firing small shrapnell shell. This shell must, according to the St. Petersburg Declaration of 1868, not be of a less weight than 400 grams (about a pound). Even

if using a projectile of this small size, the great difficulty in its use will be in supplying the gun with ammunition.

Although the first serious disaster in the Transvaal war was the loss of an entire battery of mountain or screw guns, very little information as to the composition of these batteries has been obtainable by the Canadian papers. There are only ten of these batteries in the service and, strictly speaking, they constitute a division of the Garrison Artillery. They may be considered as special purpose batteries, and they were originally constructed for the purpose of suppressing the rebellious native tribes of India, who were in the habit of retiring to the mountains, which are inaccessible to ordinary artillery.

The gun is called a screw gun because when in transport it is carried in two pieces, which are joined, when in action, by screwing them together; it is then placed on its carriage, which has first been placed on its wheels and connected with the elevating gear, all these pieces being carried separately strapped on mules. The projectile is a shell weighing 7 lbs., the gun weighing 150 or 200 lbs. This gun has proved most successful in dislodging the unruly natives from their previously secure positions, but it remains to be seen whether it will be effective against an enemy equipped with powerful artillery. No. 4 battery has been ordered out from England to replace the captured battery, the remaining ones being still in India.

#### THE TWELVE POUNDER.

The gun with which the British Field and Horse Artillery is provided is a 12 pr. breech-loader; this pattern has also been supplied to the permanent artillery in this country and to a few of the Provincial batteries. It is an exceedingly good gun, but is inferior in several points to that of the French artillery, and to several of the guns in use by the Boer force.

The best Boer field gun is a 14 pr., and is known as the Schneider-Creusot, Schneider being the name of the in-

ventor of the breech mechanism and Creusot the name of the town at which the great French gun factories are situated, lately much in evidence as the scene of the great socialistic riots. The extreme effective range of the 14 pr. is 9,900 yards, as opposed to 5,400 for the 12 pr.; in addition to this the gun is a quick firer, the official reports of its trials stating that it is capable of firing 8-10 shots per minute; in actual service it would, however, be impossible to lay the gun accurately with such rapidity and the maximum rate of fire in practice would probably not exceed six or seven shots per minute. The 12 pr. has no quick firing attachments and could scarcely fire more than three accurate shots per minute. Another great advantage possessed by this gun, and which is lacking in the British gun is, that it is so constructed that the recoil is reduced to a minimum; this is the chief characteristic feature of the gun and is the means whereby the rate of fire is increased. Various devices are made use of in order to reduce the distance of recoil; in the 12 pr. ordinary drag shoes are attached to the trail with wire rope and placed under the wheel, thus preventing it from recoiling and so utilizing the whole weight of the gun and carriage as a check; without these the gun would recoil, when on ordinary ground, about 10 or 12 ft., and even when they are used the force of recoil is sufficient to throw back the gun and carriage bodily, and so necessitates complete relaying of the gun after every shot. By means of the devices attached to the Boer gun, any delay from running up the gun and traversing is obviated. This is an advantage which can only be fully understood by those who have been obliged to run up the old 9 pr. on rough ground; not only is it extremely fatiguing work but, what is of more importance, it occupies a great deal of time, both loading and laying being delayed until the gun is returned to its proper alignment. These devices consist of a spade or anchor, which projects from the trail and is forced into the ground by the first explosion. Attached to the

gun-carriage are two cylinders exactly similar to those of any steam-engine, and fitted with pistons. The cylinders are filled with oil and the heads of the pistons are slotted or bored so that they pass down the cylinder through the oil, the piston-rods are connected with the gun and on its recoiling the piston-head is forced back in the cylinder and controlled by the oil. A strong coiled spring also absorbs some of the recoil and forces the gun back to its original position on the carriage, when it expands. The recoil, as measured on the testing grounds, was: after firing six rounds in 45 secs., the gun being placed on solid rock, a total of only 3.6 yds., when on ordinary soil the total recoil only amounted to 33 inches.

When limbered up the muzzle of the gun comes into a position level with the axle, and is thus not liable to be injured in crossing rough rocky ground. The gun is fired by means of an automatic percussion apparatus and electrical attachments are provided.

Again, it is so constructed that the layer can obtain a certain amount of lateral duration without requiring assistance from the man at the hand-spike, and can proceed with his laying while the gun is being loaded. The British gun is fired by means of the friction tube, and the loading interferes with the laying, which is not completed till after the gun is loaded. The only compensating advantages in favour of the British artillery being that 50 rounds more of ammunition are carried with the 12 pr. than with the 14 pr., and in addition our gunners have undergone a longer and more accurate training than have those of the enemy; this has been plainly shown to be the case in many of the engagements where the Boer shells frequently fail to burst, owing, it has been stated, to the incorrect adjustment of the fuses.

In no branch of the service is individual accuracy so necessary to general success as in the artillery. A gun is served by a limited number of men, each of whom has a responsible function to perform, and the slightest over-

sight by any one of these, caused by neglect, ignorance, or excitement, will not only render the fire of one gun useless, but may in certain circumstances cause delay and a waste of ammunition throughout the whole battery. The capability of our officers and gunners has been evident whenever they have been able to get within range of the enemy, and would be even more so were they provided with a sufficient number of more powerful weapons. The outlook, as far as artillery is concerned, is slightly more hopeful owing to the reports received of the arrival of some of the howitzers and siege guns.

#### HOWITZERS AND SIEGE GUNS.

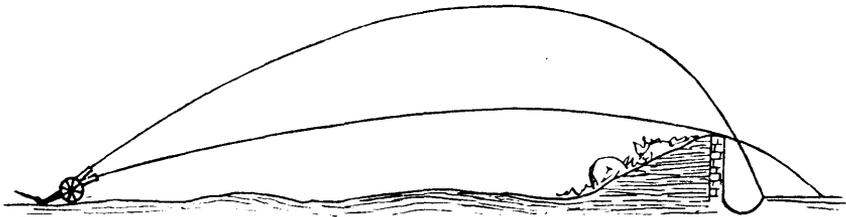
The howitzer and the siege gun are constructed, as is the screw gun, with a special object, which is the destruction of fortifications, and guns and troops protected by fortifications.

While the ordinary types of guns are most deadly and demoralizing to unprotected troops, they are almost useless against men or guns sheltered behind strong and properly constructed earthworks and fortifications. The reason for this is that the line of flight followed by the projectile is comparatively straight and low, and a shell fired so as to clear the top of an embankment, would continue its course beyond at too great a height to injure the men under protection; and even supposing the shell bursts over the wall, the fragments still continue to fly in the same direction in which the shell travelled, and in all probability will fly over the sheltered men. In order to overcome this difficulty recourse is had to the use of the howitzer. This gun is so mounted that the muzzle can be elevated to a considerably greater degree than that of the field gun, and on this account the projectile is fired to such an elevation that it will descend more perpendicularly, and strike the ground at a greater angle than it will when fired from an ordinary gun. In this way the shell is placed close in rear of or upon the fortifications, and on explosion will be

sufficiently near to the men and guns to destroy them. It is with the howitzer that the lyddite shell is particularly useful; their peculiarity being that the force of explosion is extended not only in the direction of the line of fire, as is the case with shrapnel, but in all directions, the danger behind the explosion being just as great as in front of it. In order to render the explosion more effective, the shell is exploded by means of a delay fuse; this fuse is ignited by percussion on striking the ground, but the slow burning composition allows the shell time to completely bury itself, which it may do to a depth of 12 ft. or more, before igniting the charge of lyddite. The ordinary percussion fuse is also used in these shells. Lyddite is so named from Lydd, which is the name of one of the

The siege train first ordered to South Africa was composed of 6 in. howitzers, which fire a shell weighing 118 lbs. containing 19 lbs. of lyddite; their range being up to 10,000 yds. Also 5 in. and 4 in. howitzers on field carriages, and 5 in. siege guns firing a shell of 50 lbs. in weight. The propelling charge of cordite for howitzers varies with the range; it is desirable to obtain a fairly uniform angle of descent for the shell which would not be possible were the propelling charge uniform, as in that case the closer the target to the battery, the less the angle would be.

As siege batteries, as a rule, are expected to remain in one position for a prolonged period, it is necessary to conceal them as far as possible, in order to gain protection both for the men and guns. For this purpose pits are



A HOWITZER GUN.

This drawing shows the effect of elevating the muzzle in order to drop a shell close in the rear of fortifications.

testing grounds in England, and is merely picric acid, a substance of everyday use in certain industries and scientific laboratories, and is the basis of the substance known as mélinite, which is used as an explosive by the continental armies. Although its use is said to have been objected to by the Boers, it is really far more humane as a destructive agent than the ordinary shrapnel shell, for while the latter is filled with bullets and causes destruction by lacerating and wounding the enemy, the lyddite shell contains no bullets, and although the flying fragments of the shell are hurled with far greater force than are those of the shrapnel, still the greater proportion of deaths are caused by concussion, that is, by compression of the air, and are instantaneous, often causing no wounds whatever.

dug, concealed from view as far as possible by masking them with bushes, etc., in conformity with the surroundings. The men working the guns are thus unable to see the object to be fired at, and it may even be behind a rise in the ground and invisible from the surface of the ground around the pit. Probably nothing will help one better to realize the accuracy of modern guns and their capabilities when scientifically managed, than the knowledge that it is possible to fire projectiles of the enormous weights already mentioned at an object anywhere within five and a half miles, with the certainty of placing a comparatively large percentage of shells within a few feet of it, when once the range has been ascertained, and this when the target is invisible from the firing point.

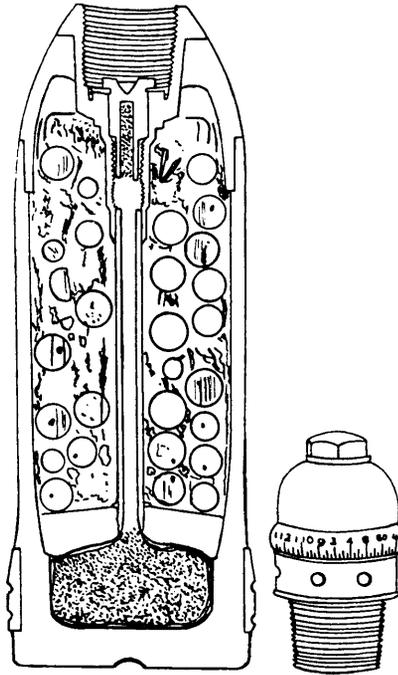
## RANGE FINDING.

Of course, the first consideration in opening fire with any gun or rifle is to ascertain the correct range. There are two methods of ascertaining the range for artillery fire. One is by means of instruments; this method is used in connection with guns firing large and expensive ammunition and when the objects to be destroyed cannot be seen from the battery. In the latter case the range-finder takes up his position at some point from which he is able to see both the battery and the target, and by measuring with his instrument the angles formed by a triangle whose base is the line between the range-finder and the battery, or some other fixed point, and whose apex is formed by lines drawn from the target to the ends of the base, he is enabled to calculate the distance of the battery from the target. The result is then communicated by signalling or otherwise, and the guns are given the necessary elevation by means of another instrument, called a clinometer, which is held against the muzzle of the gun, or placed on an accurately prepared portion of the gun near the breech, the direction of fire is marked out either behind or in front of the gun, which is then brought into line with the marks; the point which the falling shell strikes is noted by observers and correction in elevation made if necessary.

The usual method of range-finding when the target is visible, and the projectiles small and inexpensive, is for the commanding officer to give the dis-

tance as nearly as he can judge; two guns are then fired together at the necessary elevation, common shell with percussion fuse being used; the puff of smoke where the shell bursts, which it does on striking the ground, shows whether it has gone over or failed to reach the target. Two more guns are then fired at either a longer or shorter range than the previous pair, according to the distance their shells fell in front or in rear of the target; as soon as the shells are found to be

bursting on the correct spot, the range is found. If firing at men or guns in exposed positions, the command is then given to load with shrapnel. The illustration shows the composition of this projectile; the case is composed of steel, the interior being divided into two compartments; the one at the base is filled with a small quantity of ordinary black powder, that in front containing a large number of lead bullets. In the centre, and connected with the powder chamber, is a tube containing powder; this is ignited by the composition contained in the fuse, which is shown on

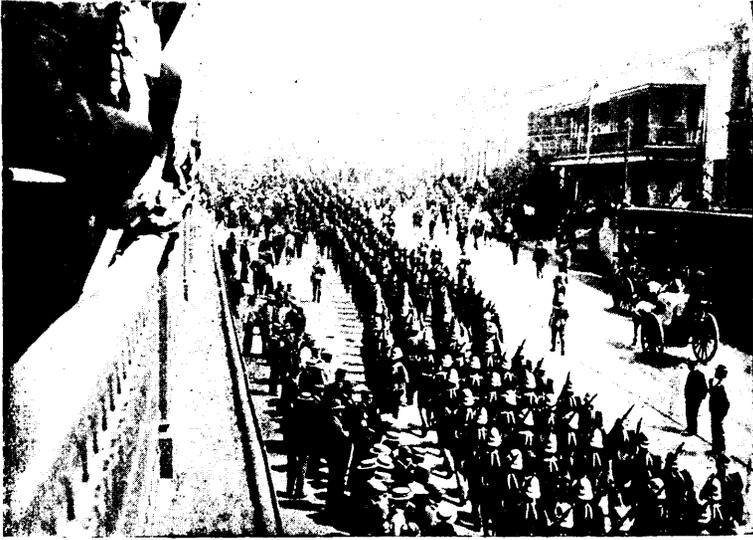


SHRAPNEL SHELL FOR 12 PR., WITH FUSE.

Height of shell,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

the right of the shell, and which is screwed into the recess at the point.

This fuse is of the most ingenious construction, and its accuracy can be estimated when it is stated that although the shell leaves the gun with a velocity of over 2,000 ft. per sec., and traverses one thousand yards in a little over two seconds, the gun can be so adjusted that it will explode the shell at any desired point during its flight.



ROYAL CANADIANS MARCHING UP STRAND ST., CAPETOWN.

## FIRST CONTINGENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

*By a Canadian Officer.*

THE First Canadian Contingent, so quickly organized and so loyally contributed in October last, has reached Cape Town and is now near Lord Methuen's army at Modder River. The Second Battalion Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, as these thousand soldiers are designated, are ready to fight and to die in the service of the British Empire to which Canada is proud to belong. Before leaving they were thoroughly impressed with the idea that they bore Canada's name and Canada's fame, that their honour was Canada's honour, and that in their conduct the nations would read the quality of Canada's manhood.

The Royal Canadians sailed from Quebec on October 30th, and November 30th the troops were landed at Cape Town and marched through that beautiful city to Green Point where tents were pitched. The stay here was very brief. The next day at eleven o'clock the Battalion broke camp and marched to the railway station, where two trains were waiting to convey

us to De Aar Junction, five hundred and one miles north. At the Cape Town station Sir Alfred Milner, the Mayor of Capetown, and other officials and citizens gave the Canadians a hearty send-off. The colonists of South Africa gripped hands with the colonists of North America and bade them God-speed, as a day or two before they had cheered the Australians who had gone in the same direction. The ends of the Empire had been drawn together.

The Montreal *Herald's* correspondent describes the first fling of the Canadians, after the disembarkation, in graphic language.

"They were a marvel to the Cape Town people. Every man had been paid his month's pay a couple of days before arrival, so that every man had gold and plenty of it. Not only had these men received gold in pay, but they had plenty of money of their own, some of the privates having letters of credit and drafts for amounts varying from £20 to £400. Some of the men, on leaving Quebec, deposited their

money with Col. Otter for safety, so that he had some \$20,000 in his possession belonging to the men. The wild and reckless manner in which these men spent their money made the Cape Town people fancy that Canada was a gold mine. At the Grand Hotel, the most expensive hotel in Cape Town, some seventy-five privates dined on Wednesday evening, when champagne flowed like dish water. The other guests looked with wonder and amazement at private soldiers dining at such an expensive hotel and drinking champagne. They wondered what kind of

hal battalion moved up to Belmont, where next day it was joined by the left half. Here C Company formed part of an escort for a section of Royal Horse Artillery stationed at this place. More was learned of outpost and picket duties and of the construction of trenches. Targets were erected and the Maxim guns and the rifles were given practice.

During the stay at Belmont Col. Otter received the following letter from the Commander-in-Chief:

WAR OFFICE, LONDON, S.W., Dec. 5, '99.

DEAR COL. OTTER,—Thank you for your letter of 30th October, and for the very interesting state you sent with it of the regiment under your command, of which I have the honor to be Colonel-in-Chief. I shall watch the reports of the fighting in South Africa with the greatest interest to see whether the regiment is engaged, and am confident that when it does meet the enemy it will well uphold the honour of Canada and of the Empire.

With my best wishes for you and all ranks of the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infan-



ROYAL CANADIANS—THE PEOPLE OF CAPE TOWN WAITING IN ADDERLEY ST. TO SEE THE REGIMENT MARCH TO THE STATION.

men they were, and conjectured all sorts of things about the wealth officers must possess when privates could live like millionaires."

Early on Sunday, December 3rd, the Royal Canadians landed at De Aar where four days were spent in perfecting the Battalion in drill and camp duties. On the 7th they moved up to Orange River where they learned more of camp fatigues, guards and picquets. Here also two hundred of them were employed in making a railway siding and platform. On the 9th the right

try, believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

WOLSELEY.

December 13th was marked by the burial of the first of the Royal Canadians to die on African soil. On the morning of that day Pte. Montrose C. Chappell, G Co., a native of Landsdowne, N.S., but more recently of Lawrence, N.B., died of tonsillitis. In the afternoon he was buried on the veldt, his grave being marked by a small mound of stones piled up by his comrades.

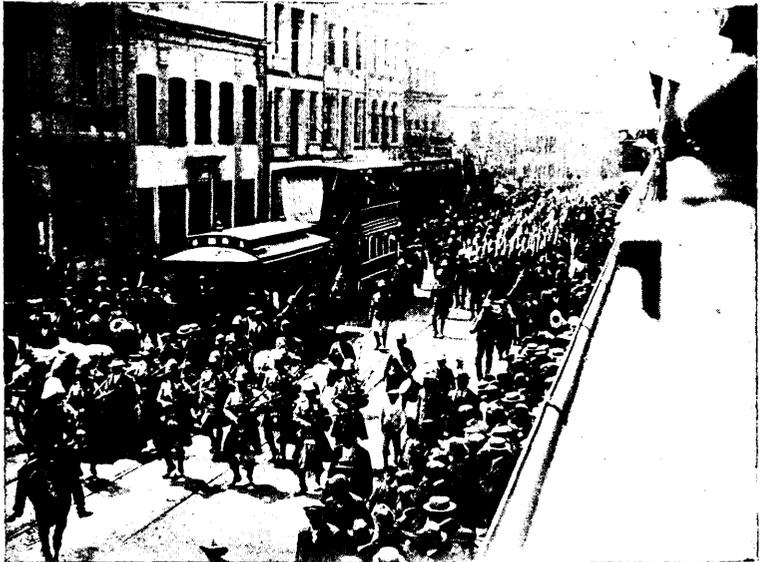
This war promises to revolutionize the drill of the British army. Lord Methuen was the first to order the officers to leave their swords in camp. Rank badges, gold buttons, sergeant's stripes and all similar distinctions have been removed from Methuen's army, and officers and sergeants are in the ranks with the privates when within range of the enemy. Last year Canadian soldiers were practised in a new form of attack, but the Canadians at Belmont have been forced to discard it. The formation taught in Canada was an advance by alternate half-companies or sections, one advancing under cover of the other's fire. The new formation as introduced into Lord Methuen's force is thus described by Capt. Frederick Hamilton, the correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* :

"The rear rank supports the front rank at a distance of thirty paces. The men in each rank are at intervals of not less than five paces—remember, non-military reader, means space from front to that 'distance' rear, 'interval' space from flank to flank. The companies in rear follow in the same formation at a distance from each other of from 80 to 100 paces. Thus a half battalion of four companies advancing on the enemy would present eight waves of thinly-scattered men. Col. Buchan has evolved the formation from what he has heard from the front, and it closely resembles the formations used by Lord Methuen's army. The men of one regiment which has done good work without incurring too heavy a butcher's bill have told me that in their regiment—which underwent its battle-training in the Tirah campaign—the interval was ten paces.

"One corollary of the extension adopted is that volley-firing seems likely to be aban-

doned, for the attack at all events. The men are too extended, and the control exercised by the officer would endanger him unduly. An officer's duties practically simmers down to giving the word for and starting each successive rush."

Major Weeks and Lieut. Caldwell have been detailed on engineering duty, making topographical maps. This species of duty has recently found much favour among Canadian officers at home, but there are very few experts in our militia. Lieut. Caldwell is thoroughly acquainted with the work, and Major Weeks (of Charlottetown) has also a very fair knowledge of it.



ROYAL CANADIANS—LED BY THE PIPERS OF THE CAPETOWN HIGHLANDERS.

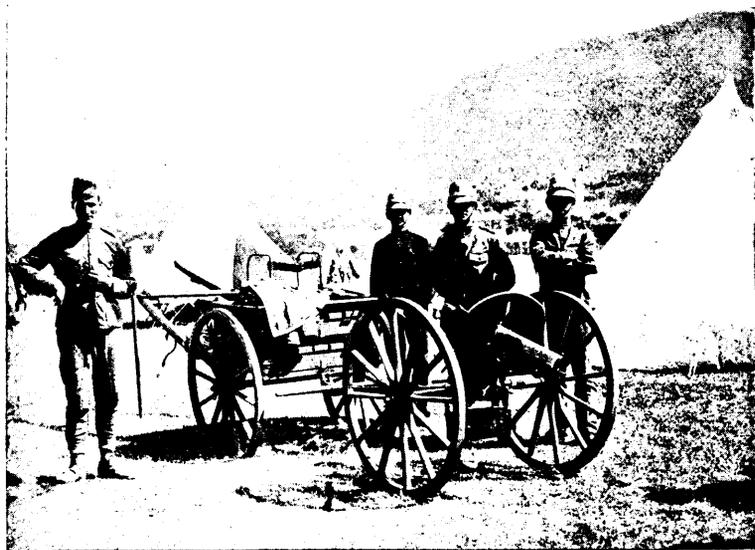
Duties were carried on by the Canadian Regiment from day to day without any exciting event occurring until on Sunday, 31st, when a flying column was taken out by Col. Pilcher, made up as follows :

- One company mounted infantry.
- Two guns R. H. A.
- Two companies Queensland mounted infantry, with two Maxim guns.
- One company Canadian Regiment, with two Maxim guns.
- Two companies of the Cornwall Regiment.

One-half Beaver company, New South Wales.

Supplies were taken for four days and the infantry were all carried in the transport waggons. The force amounted to about 650 all ranks, and leaving Belmont at 2 o'clock in the afternoon encamped at Thornhill, a distance of some 13 miles. The two companies of the Cornwall Regiment were taken as a reserve and were some miles in rear. The next morning the column advanced in two bodies, one made up of the two guns Royal Horse Artillery, one company Royal Canadians with two Maxim guns and two

trot, and when within about 1,800 yards, opened fire with shrapnel. The Boer laager at the side of the kopje was the target. After two shells had been fired, killing several of the enemy, they left the laager and rushed for the kopje, opening fire on the artillery and the Canadians. The Canadians extended to 10 paces and advanced on a small kopje in front, and on arriving there opened fire at a range of about 1,100 yards. The two Maxims also opened fire and were with the infantry. The guns were pushed farther forward, and the Canadians continued their advance up the kopje.



ROYAL CANADIANS—THE MAXIM GUN SQUAD AT THE CAPETOWN CAMP.

sections of the mounted infantry company of the Munster Fusiliers. This party was placed under the command of Major de Rougemore, R. H. A., with orders to converge upon the enemy's laager, which was situated at the foot of the Northern Spud Hill, and shell him thoroughly, while Col. Pilcher with the main body advanced from the south, sending strong mounted patrols to the east. In the meantime Lieut. Ryan, who commanded the Mounted Fusiliers, reported the veldt to the right of the enemy clear whereupon the guns were rushed up at the

advantage of every bit of cover, moving slowly but surely, only shooting when they saw the enemy, who began to be nervous at the steady advance, and gradually retired. During this advance, and when within 100 yards of the laager, the Boer's fire suddenly ceased, the white flag was hoisted and they surrendered to the Australians. The Royal Canadians then moved across the front of the guns and entered the laager. The enemy who were on other kopjes immediately fled. In the laager were found fourteen tents, three waggons, saddles, camp equipment, forage, etc.

Col. Pilcher, with the Queenslanders, in the meanwhile was working around and towards them, adopting the Boer tactics. One Company kept moving among the kopjes, while the other company moved along the ridge. The Queenslanders, in their advance, took



ROYAL CANADIANS—MOUNTING GUARD AT THE CAPETOWN CAMP.

The casualties were: Lieut. Adie, Queenslanders, wounded; two men killed and five wounded. Fourteen Boers were buried, and forty-three taken prisoners, including five wounded ones. Not a Canadian was even wounded. The Canadian officers present were: Major Denison, quartermaster; Major Wilson, medical officer; Lieut. Lafferty, troopship officer; Capt. Barker, and Lieuts. Wilkie, Marshall and Temple, of "C" Company. Thus, on New Year's day, colonial troops from Canada and Australia fought alongside British soldiers in South Africa for British supremacy, and scored a brilliant victory. After destroying the laager, the column marched the next day on to the village of Douglas, which was in the hands of the Boers, who fled on hearing of the previous day's engagement, and allowed the British to enter unopposed. The loyal British were gathered together, and on Wednesday they were given transport on the wagons to Belmont with the column for safety. The whole column returned to Belmont on Friday morning, after having traversed about 130 miles, without further incident. This was the first en-

gagement in South Africa taken part in by the Canadians, and has given great satisfaction throughout Cape Colony, the Governor, Sir Alfred Milner, having wired his congratulations.

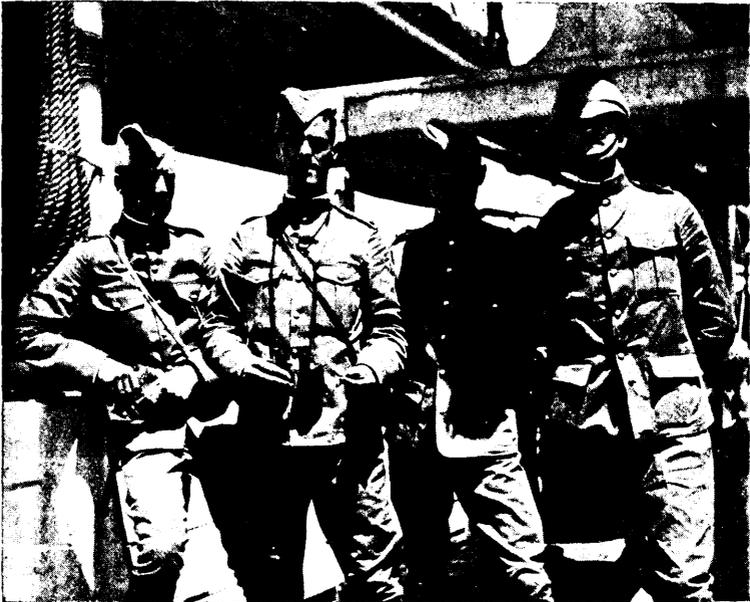
That is the latest piece of news which can be sent the CANADIAN MAGAZINE in this article. There is very little more to be described, unless one trenches upon the domain of the newspaper correspondent. As for the coun-



ROYAL CANADIANS—THE BARBER.

try itself, the farther one gets north in Cape Colony the better the country appears. Around Belmont there are farms, cattle and sheep, and the farmers are well-to-do Dutchmen. Their houses are large, roomy and comfortably furnished, and there is evidence of thrift and comfort in their appearance and in their homes. Wells are dug and large tanks constructed for water, so that their cattle are fat and healthy. Not only do these farmers have cattle and sheep, but they also have ostrich

“Special Service Officers,” and are not attached to corps. There is a large number of them, owing to the length of the railway, and the necessity of protecting it. On arrival at Belmont, the Munster Fusiliers left, so that the whole duty of outposts, guards, etc., fell on the Canadians. Earthworks were constructed to protect the camp and the kopjes strengthened by stone breastworks. Lieut.-Col. Pilcher, of the Border Regiment, arrived, and took over the duties of Station Com-



Lieut. Wilkie. Capt. Barker. Lieut. Marshall.

ROYAL CANADIANS—THE OFFICERS OF THE TORONTO COMPANY ENGAGED AT SUNNYSIDE. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE SARDINIAN.

farms, out of which they make a good deal of money.

There are some 10,000 troops employed in guarding the lines of communication. Every eight or ten miles along the line of railway there is a guard commanded by an officer, and at other points Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry and Mounted Rifles form small garrisons, available to reinforce any point. These stations are commanded by officers who are termed “Station Commandants,” with such staff officers as are required. These officers are

mandant. The chief duty of the troops at this station is to protect the railway from being blown up or injured by the Boers. This is of vast importance, as the railway forms the line of communication by which the troops get their supplies and ammunition. In addition to guarding it in this way, there is an armoured train, which consists of an engine and three cars covered with steel plates, and having in the rear car a quick-firing gun. The other cars are manned by Infantry

## THE SECOND CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

*By Norman Patterson.*

CANADA'S First Contingent had hardly passed out of sight on their way to South Africa before the Canadian Government began to consider the propriety of offering a Second Contingent. On November 2nd, we are officially informed, an offer of a second force for service in the Transvaal war was sent to the Colonial Office. On the 7th, Mr. Chamberlain replied to the Governor-General thanking him for the generous offer made by the Canadian Ministry, but regretting that the Secretary of State for War and his military advisers were unable to accept a second contingent at that time.\*

It was not until December 18th that another move was made. On that day a meeting of the Dominion Cabinet was held, and a lengthy discussion ended in the handing out of the following statement:

"The Imperial Government has at last cabled its acceptance of the offer of the Canadian Government made on November 2 last, of a Second Contingent. A Cabinet Council was held this morning and instructions given the Militia department to prepare this Second Contingent to go forward at the earliest possible moment. A cable to this effect has been sent to the War Office."

This was a surprise to a few people, and an expected event to the many.

It was a surprise to the few who thought that a Cabinet containing two or three French-Canadian members would go no farther than one contingent. It was an expected event to the many who had been closely observing the course of events in the first half of December, when the British forces were having serious engagements with a strong enemy in South Africa, when division after division of reservists and volunteers were being ordered to mobilize in England, and when second contingents had already been accepted

from some of the Australasian Colonies.

Expected or unexpected, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Ministers must have been surprised at the eagerness of officers and men to serve in that Contingent. As soon as the announcement was made hundred of telegrams poured in upon the Minister of Militia from all over Canada, and even from distant points in the United States. Officers of high rank were willing to serve in any capacity. Men from all classes of society and all branches of the Militia were anxious to be enrolled as privates. There was no scarcity of volunteers.

As events turned out, it was quite evident that the Militia Department had been well prepared. The permanent forces of artillery and dragoons had been well canvassed early in December through the various D.O. C.'s, and the Department was fully apprized of the feelings of all the officers. There was every reason for



AN HISTORIC GATEWAY—TETE DU PONT BARRACKS, KINGSTON

\*Official Correspondence relating to Colonial Contingents to South Africa, Letter No. 89.

supposing that artillery and mounted infantry would form a large part of the Contingent, and the Department seems to have been well aware of this, and well prepared.

In spite of the fact that the Department was in possession of this information two weeks before the announcement of the Second Contingent on December 18th, it was not until the 21st that the first detailed announcement was made. This said that the Contingent should consist of three squadrons of mounted rifles, and

It was not until a week later (Dec 27th) that the list of officers was announced. It was then seen that the Contingent was to be increased by another squadron of mounted rifles. This part of the Contingent was divided into two battalions, one raised in Manitoba, Ontario and the Eastern Provinces, and the other recruited from the North-West Mounted Police and the ranchers of the Territories. It was a happy thought to divide the mounted men into two battalions, one distinctively western and one distinctively eastern.

With the ranchers and the police in one battalion by themselves there will be a bond of undisturbed unity which will make for strength; and the Royal Canadian Dragoons will work well in the second battalion with the eastern mounted infantry. It would be very interesting to know in whose brain the idea originated. His name should be given to history.

It was not until January 2nd that the list of officers was completed. This list, with a few changes afterwards

made, stood as follows:

#### CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

##### FIRST BATTALION (A AND B SQUADRONS).

Staff—Lt.-Col. F. L. Lessard, R. C. D., in command; second in command, Lt.-Col. T. D. B. Evans, R. C. D.; adjutant, Capt. C. M. Nelles, R. C. D.

Transport officer—Capt. C. F. Harrison, Eighth Princess Louise Hussars, N. B.

Quartermaster—Capt. J. A. Wynne, Second Regiment Canadian Artillery, Montreal.

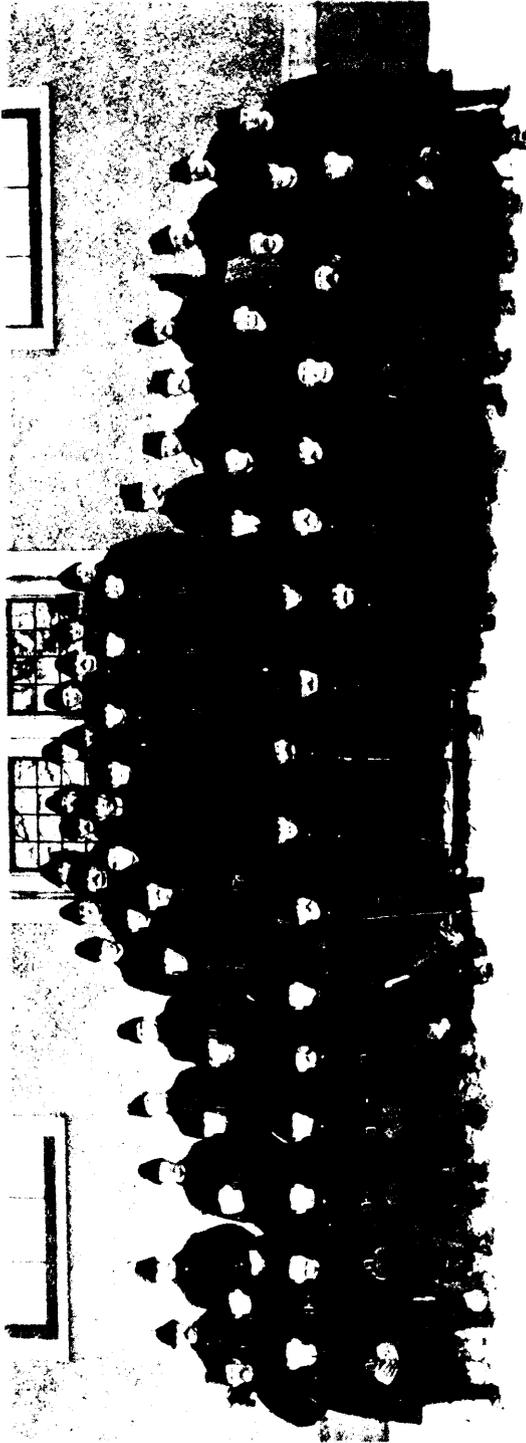


GATEWAY OF STANLEY BARRACKS, TORONTO—OFFICERS' QUARTERS IN THE DISTANCE, THROUGH THE ARCHWAY.

three batteries of artillery. A squadron of mounted rifles was to be enrolled in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces; B Squadron at Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Virden, Brandon, Yorkton, Regina and Moosejaw; C Squadron at Prince Albert, Battleford, Moosomin, Qu'Appelle, Lethbridge, Fort McLeod, Medicine Hat and Maple Creek. The artillery was to be enrolled in Eastern Canada and at Winnipeg; C Battery concentrating at Kingston, D Battery at Ottawa, and E Battery at Quebec.



LIEUT.-COL. LESSARD, R.C.D.— IN COMMAND FIRST BATTALION  
CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.



MANITOBA QUOTA TO SECOND CONTINGENT.

Medical officer—Surgeon-Major H. R. Duff, Fourth Hussars, Kingston.

Veterinary officer—Vet.-Major Wm. B. Hall, R.C.D., Toronto.

Majors—Capt. and Local Major Forrester, R.C.D., Toronto; Capt. and Local Major V. A. S. Williams, R.C.D. Winnipeg.

Captains—Capt. C. St. A. Pearce, R.C.D.; Capt. H. S. Greenwood, Third Prince of Wales Dragoons, Peterboro'.

Lieutenants—Lt. J. H. Elmsley, R.C.D.; Capt. H. Z. C. Cockburn, G.G.B.G., Toronto; Capt. R. M. Van Luven; Major A. H. King, First Hussars, London; Lt. C. T. Van Straubenzie, R.C.D.; 2nd Lt. F. V. Young, Manitoba Dragoons; Capt. R. E. W. Turner, Queen's Own Canadian Hussars, Quebec; Major H. L. Borden, King's Canadian Hussars, Canning, N.S.

SECOND BATTALION (C AND D SQUADRONS).

In command—Commissioner L. W. Herchmer, N.W.M.P.; adjutant, Insp. M. Baker, N.W.M.P.

Transport officer—R. W. E. Eustace, Moosomin.

Quartermaster—Insp. J. B. Allan, N.W.M.P.

Medical Officer—Surgeon Lt. J. A. Devine, 90th Battalion.

Veterinary Surgeon—Robert Riddell, V.S., Calgary.

Majors—Supt. J. Howe, Supt. G. E. Sanders, N.W.M.P.

Captains—Insp. A. E. R. Cuthbert, N.W.M.P., and A. C. Macdonell, N.W.M.P.



COMMISSIONER L. W. HERCHMER, N.W.M.P.—IN COMMAND SECOND BATTALION  
CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

Lieutenants—Insp. J. D. Moodie, J. V. Begin, H. J. A. Davidson, T. A. Wroughton, N.W.M.P.; Capt. W. M. Inglis, Calgary, (late H.M. Berkshire Regiment); Lt. John Taylor, Manitoba Dragoons; Lt. T. W. Chalmers, Edmonton, R. of O.; Insp. F. L. Cosby, N.W.M.P.

ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY.

Staff — Lieut.-Col. Commanding, Lieut.-Col. C. W. Drury, R.C.A.; Adjutant, Captain H. C. Thacker, R.C.A.,

3, Capt. L. E. W. Irving, R. of O., Toronto.

“D” BATTERY.

Major—Major W. G. Hurdman, Second Field Battery, Ottawa.

Captain—Captain D. I. V. Eaton, R.C.A.

Lieutenants—1, Capt. T. W. Van Tuyl, Sixth Field Battery, London; 2, Lieut. J. McCrae, Sixteenth F. B., Guelph; 3, Lieut. E. W. B. Morrison, Second Field Battery, Ottawa.



MAJOR WILLIAMS, R.C.D., NOW FIRST BATTALION CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES—WINNIPEG BARRACKS IN BACKGROUND.

Quebec; Medical Officer, Surgeon-Major A. Worthington, Fifty-Third Battalion, Sherbrooke; Veterinary Officer, Vet.-Major J. Massie, R.C.A., Kingston.

“C” BATTERY.

Major—Major J. A. G. Hudon, R.C.A., Quebec.

Captain—Captain H. A. Panet, R.C.A.

Lieutenants—1, Lieut. J. N. S. Leslie, R.C.A., Kingston; 2, Capt. W. B. King, Seventh F. B., St. Catharines;

“E” BATTERY.

Major—Major G. H. Ogilvie, R.C.A.

Captain—Major R. Costigan, Third F. B., Montreal.

Lieutenants—1, Lieut. W. P. Murray, Ninth Field Battery; 2, Lieut. A. T. Ogilvie, R.C.A.; 3, Capt. W. C. Good, Tenth Field Battery, Woodstock, N.B.

Attached for duty is Capt. H. J. Mackie, Forty-Second Lanark and Renfrew Battalion.

By a militia order issued Jan. 15th



CAPT. NELLES AND N.C.O.'S. OF R.C.D., WINNIPEG, NOW WITH FIRST BATTALION CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

the following officers and nurses were added to the Contingent :

Surgeon Lieut.-Col. G. S. Ryerson, unattached list.

Capt. H. J. Mackie, 42nd Battalion, attached for duty to the brigade division of field artillery.

Lieut. A. L. Howard, unattached list (with two horses).

Lieut. F. Vaux, C.A.M.S.

Chaplains—Revs. W. G. Lane, W. J. Cox, J. C. Sinnett.

Nurses—Miss D. Hercum, Senior Nurse ; M. Horne, M. Macdonald and M. P. Richardson.

The enrolment and organization of the Contingent was practically completed by the end of the first week of January, with the exception of Col. Herchmer's two squadrons in the West, which had not fully been decided upon until the last days of the old year. The enthusiasm in the various portions of the country where enlistment was going on was sufficient to provide double or treble the number of men required. This enthusiasm was very marked in every town from the

Rocky Mountains to Halifax, with the exception of the Quebec district. Men had to be enlisted in Winnipeg and Toronto to fill up the deficiencies there, as the French-Canadians were not enthusiastic. Capt. Laliberte of the First Field Battery, Quebec, was the only French-Canadian militia officer in the preliminary draft, and he was unable to accept. It is to be regretted that the French section of our people is not better represented in this Contingent. Some of the North-West Mounted Policemen in Col. Herchmer's battalion are French-Canadians and were among the first to volunteer, so that the original Canadians are not wholly unrepresented.

January 20th was an important date in the history of the Second Contingent. Two batteries of artillery were that day embarked on the *Laurentian* at Halifax, and Col. Herchmer's battalion arrived from the West and was reviewed at Ottawa by the Governor-General.

This review at Ottawa was a magnificent affair. The people of Eastern Canada had heard much of the N.W.

M. Police since their organization in 1873 and 1874, but only a small percentage of them had ever had an opportunity of seeing these famous soldier-police. Of the 325 officers and men under Col. Herchmer 130 were policemen or ex-policemen. The rest were ranchers from the Territories. The whole body were drawn up in a hollow square in front of the broad flight of steps leading up to the main building on Parliament Hill. On the top of these well-known stone steps

very safe keeping." His Excellency spoke as follows :

"Colonel Herchmer, officers and men of the Northwest Mounted Rifles—I am very glad to have this opportunity of seeing you during your short halt at Ottawa on your way to the front, and I congratulate you cordially on the splendid material composing your battalion. You are leaving Canada to take part in one of the hardest fought wars the empire has ever had to wage. I have no doubt of the repu-



Lieut. Irving. Capt. Mackie. Major Hudon. Lieut. King. Capt. Leslie. Major Massie.

C BATTERY R.C.A. OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'S.

were grouped Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Louis Davies, Hon. Clifford Sifton, Hon. R. W. Scott and the officers of the Ottawa corps. Shortly afterwards, escorted by a dozen troopers, the Governor-General rode up in his sleigh, accompanied by Lady Minto and two of the inevitable A.D.C.'s. The Governor-General inspected the three lines of men, and Her Excellency presented three silk guidons which she herself had embroidered for them, saying, "I know I am giving these guidons into

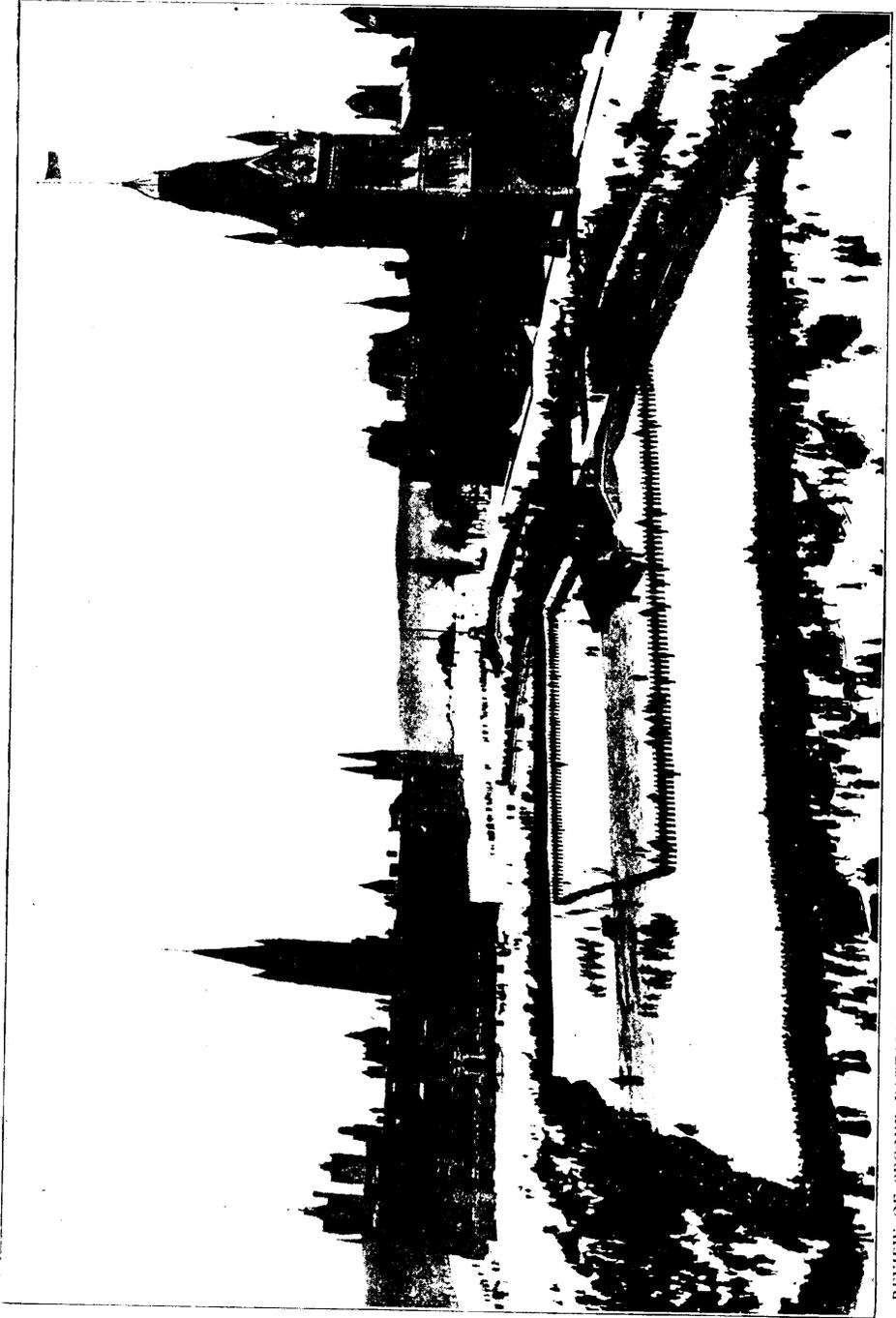
tation you will win for yourselves, and I know I may say to you without being accused of undue flattery that in my opinion you represent a body of men peculiarly well suited to take a useful part in a war against gallant irregular troops, in which the experiences of a rough outdoor life, the quick eye of a sportsman and the habit of understanding the natural outline of a wild country will stand you in far greater stead than the somewhat theoretical training of an ordinary soldier. I hope



A 12 PR. READY TO MOVE—KINGSTON BARRACKS IN BACKGROUND.



C BATTERY R.C.A.—TORONTO QUOTA OF GUNNERS AND DRIVERS.



REVIEW OF SECOND BATTALION OF CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND THE PREMIER—  
PARLIAMENT HILL, OTTAWA, JANUARY 20TH, 1900.

that, as the scouts of our army, you will always be in front. Your presence here to-day, drawn as you are from the best stuff of the Northwest Territories, brings back to me my own stirring recollections of the campaign of 1885 and of French's and Boulton's Scouts, with whom I served so much, and I hope I may still have some old comrades in your ranks. In the campaign you are now going to you will be ably aided by well trained leaders of your own, and I feel sure that when you come back from this far more severe contest you will have earned further laurels for the scouts and rough riders of the Territories. We shall watch your doings with the greatest interest, and shall long for your glorious return. Col Herchmer, officers and men, I now wish you good-bye and Godspeed."

On January 26th, Col. Herchmer's force was embarked on the *Pomeranian*, at Halifax. The remainder of the Contingent consisting of one battery of artillery and the first battalion of C. M. R., left Halifax on February 20th, on the *Milwaukee*.

One of the most remarkable features in connection with both contingents—remarkable in a nation that has known so little of war as Canada—is the spontaneous liberality with which the people have provided extra comforts for the men who have volunteered and adequate provision for those who may be dependent upon these "absent-minded beggars." The men of the first contingent were given sums of money and many individuals and firms sent contributions of food-stuffs, books, clothing and general supplies. When the second contingent was organized similar generosity was in evidence. The city of Toronto gave each officer, who was a resident of that city, a present of \$125, a pair of field-glasses and a revolver; while each man received \$25 and a souvenir match-box. The Corporation of that city had done the same by the members of the first contingent. The citizens of private contribution placed \$1,000 life insurance, paid for one year, on

each member of the first body of soldiers; a similar provision was made for the members of the second body by the Corporation. The Corporation of Montreal gave each member of the second contingent two sovereigns before the embarkation at Halifax and provided two sovereigns more to be given each after the landing at Capetown. The city of Hamilton gave each man \$50; London gave \$10; Guelph gave \$5 to each of the 54 men recruited in that district; Port Dover gave one of its sons who enlisted \$75 and an insurance policy; Berlin donated to its representative \$100 and an insurance policy; Petrolea, Elora, Picton, Ayr and other smaller Ontario towns were equally generous. In the Maritime Province, no man went away empty-handed. Sydney gave each volunteer \$15, while Halifax and other Nova Scotian places treated their representatives quite liberally. New Brunswick proposes to give each volunteer in both contingents recruited from that province 50 cents per day while on service. In the west, the liberality was equally noticeable. Winnipeg citizens contributed about \$40 to each volunteer, \$10 of this being given by the Corporation. Edmonton, Calgary and other western towns gave considerable amounts of money and rounded off the generosity with farewell banquets.

In addition to all this, the people of Canada have contributed many thousands of dollars to the Red Cross Fund. Greatest of all their liberal work is their prompt response to the appeal of the Governor-General for a "National Patriotic Fund." Already this fund amounts to over \$100,000, and it is quite probable that it will pass the quarter of a million mark before it closes.

The promptitude of Canadians in enlisting, and the generosity of the people in providing for the comforts and welfare of those volunteering, are proofs of a strong national life. Faith without works is dead, but such is not the quality of the faith exhibited by the people who inhabit this portion of Her Majesty's Empire.

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

V.—OPENING THE BALL IN EGYPT.

**M**EN who to-day are still middle-aged cannot have forgotten how Arabi, the Egyptian, began to figure as a great national leader in the Land of the Pharaohs in the early months of 1882, and how an outbreak of fanaticism among his followers caused the memorable massacre of Europeans in Alexandria on June 11th of that year.

I had received orders to repair promptly to the scene of the disturbance on behalf of the *Graphic*. I little thought at the time that the incident in the famous historic Egyptian port would be the indirect cause of sundry campaigns in and about the valley of the Nile, the vicissitudes of which it would be my good fortune to share with the gallant soldiers of our beloved and revered Sovereign.

Since that little flare-up some fourteen years ago set Egypt ablaze and ignited the Soudan, seven distinct campaigns have taken place in that country, which practically finished with the great victory at Omdurman in 1898.

When I landed in Alexandria in June, 1882, Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian patriot and Commander-in-Chief of the Khedivial Army, had just entered the town with a strong force of infantry to restore order and protect the property of Europeans. Nevertheless, Euro-

peans had very little confidence in Arabi, and were leaving the port daily with their goods and chattels to seek safety on board ships in the harbour. The soldiers whom Arabi commanded were a slipshod, musket-nursing set, and lacked the discipline and smartness of their British-officered brethren of to-day. In those days a fellah soldier calmly seated on a chair borrowed from an adjacent shop, sewing buttons on his uniform, while on sentry-go, or standing bootless in his sentry-box to keep his feet cool, was a common sight in the streets of Alexandria.

Yet withal the Egyptian soldier was cleanly in attire, sparkling with metal buttons on his dazzling white tunic, and also picturesque in colour, in virtue of his deep red fez, in tone with the olive-brown of his countenance.

But in those days sewing buttons on his tunic was about the only martial accomplishment in which he excelled. Still, the populace feared him, and Alexandria was tranquil till the morning of July 11th, just one month after the bloody massacre, when avenging British shells began singing through the air.

Long before this date things had become excessively uncomfortable in the town. The flight of the terror-stricken Europeans made the Arabs very inso-

lent, and the hotel accommodation suffered from lack of service and scantiness of food. I was therefore glad when the commander of Her Majesty's gunboat *Condor*, whom I had met in Scotland, asked me to take pot-luck on board his ship, suggesting in his cheery way that it might be safer and even more comfortable than quarters in the town. He was right. A bed in a swinging cot, a bath in a silver tub, and the freedom of a well-stocked wine store were things certainly not met with ashore.

The *Condor*, in virtue of her short draught, was moored in the inner harbour, close inshore under the shadow of the Ras-el-tin Palace, the summer residence of the Khedive. There were many stories afloat regarding the close proximity of Beresford's gunboat to the palace. One was that she was told off to assist the ladies of the Khedivial harem to escape if Arabi, the rebel, should suddenly show his teeth and surround the palace with revolting soldiers.

If this story were true, surely there was no man in the service fitter to do this delicate work than Beresford, for his gallantry to all ladies in distress was proverbial. As the naval officer deputed to look after the refugees from the city now on board the numerous "tramps" in the harbour, by his urbanity and gentleness he had gained the admiration and confidence of the womenkind of all the various nationalities seeking the protection of the British fleet. Many a scheme was suggested by those on board the *Condor* for the rescue of the Khedive's wife and children, if things came to a crisis. And I often think that if the present Khedive of Egypt, Abbas, only knew what anxiety and trouble he in his infancy gave us, regarding his personal safety and welfare, he probably would possess a more friendly regard for the country to which, from his earliest childhood, he owes so much.

About two hundred yards from the palace, at the beginning of the narrow isthmus on which stands the lighthouse of Ras-el-tin, was apparently a gigan-

tic mushroom, with its white top glistening in the strong glare of the sun. The commander of the *Condor* always had a very great regard for this suspicious object, for it was the cover to the only dangerous piece of ordnance that Arabi might possess when the rupture with the British Fleet took place, a breech-loading, quick-firing gun in barbette, and could be raised and lowered, and therefore capable of a plunging fire.

Beresford was, however, equal to any trouble that might arise from this battery by converting the shore-side of the *Condor* into a temporary ironclad, by dressing her in chain armour. Every scrap of spare iron and chain on board were hung over her bulwarks, giving her a rakish list to starboard. Day and night a watchful glass was continually turned towards the distant mushroom; but the top was never raised, for we found out afterwards it could not be worked by the enemy, owing to many defects in its machinery. So the *Condor* had no occasion to test her coat of mail.

After a hard day's work in the stuffy streets of Alexandria I looked forward to Lord Charles Beresford's breezy hospitality at night—the dinner on deck under the soft light of an Egyptian moon, the table graced with all the artistic odds and ends which embellish the tables of well-appointed homes, right here in face of the guns of the enemy's forts. Here we would enjoy our evening meal, eating our fish and meat, when to-morrow, at the same hour, we might be meat for the fishes; for each day's dawn brought us nearer to a rupture that would set the ships blazing at the forts, and the forts blazing at the ships. This event came to pass rather sooner than we expected, and I happened to be the indirect cause of precipitating the inevitable affray.

I had landed one morning at the Marina, when I met a smart, enterprising Scotchman, a store-keeper of Alexandria, who supplied the British Fleet with fresh beef and coal. He was full of some important news, which he presently imparted to me. Arabi

Pasha, he said, had defied the ultimatum sent in by the British Admiral, by mounting additional guns in the forts. This was important news, for Sir Beauchamp Seymour had intimated to the Egyptians that if any guns were mounted after a certain date he would regard the act as a *casus belli*, and the British ships would immediately resort to bombardment.

"What are your proofs?" I asked Rose, "that Arabi has thus defied the Admiral?"

"You shall soon have them," said he. "Take this carriage, drive to my brother's house overlooking the old harbour, ask for his wife, and she will show you what work the Arab gunners have been doing during the night."

I hurried to the address given me, and with the assistance of a telescope, from a balcony overlooking the water, I sketched the cannon that had been dragged into position during the night and had been deserted by the gunners as soon as daylight discovered their movements. I returned to the carriage, drove straight to the Marina, and rowed out to the *Condor* and informed the commander, who promptly carried the tidings to the Admiral. An officer, disguised as an Arab boatman, was sent to corroborate my information, and eventually the order was given for the British ships to clear for action.

During the day all available canvas had been got out and draped round the inboard of the ship's bulwarks. Hammocks had been slung round the wheel to protect the steersmen from splinters. The main-mast was lowered, and the bowsprit run in, and the Gatling in the main-top surrounded with canvas. Even the idlers who constituted the engine-room artificers, stewards and odd hands on board were continually practised in drill.

Nothing, in fact, was left to the morrow, but oiling the racers of the guns and sanding the decks to lessen the chance of slipping, by giving a firmer grip to their bare feet when the men worked the muzzle-loaders.

Shortly before sunset on the follow-

ing day Lord Charles Beresford, who had been in close consultation with the Admiral on board the flag-ship, returned to the *Condor*, at once called the crew together, and from the bridge gravely addressed them to this effect:

"My men, the Admiral's orders to the *Condor* are to keep out of action, to transfer signals, and to more or less nurse her bigger sisters, if they get into trouble." Eloquent groans burst from the men. "But," continued Beresford, "if an opportunity should occur," and he (their commander) rather had an idea that it would, "the *Condor* was to take advantage of it and to prove her guns." The crowd of upturned faces listening to these significant remarks now shone with satisfaction in the ruddy after-glow of the sunset, and then Lord Charles added that no matter what happened, he was confident that they would give a good account of themselves and their smart little ship. To see the gleams in their eyes, who could doubt but within them beat hearts as stout as in those hearts of oak of the grand old days?

Never shall I forget the last meal on board the *Condor* before the fighting commenced. The commander of the vessel had invited the captains of the French, German and American ships to dinner, and a right jovial little party we made on deck. How peaceful the city looked as the glorious moon lit up its mosques and minarets! "Ah! by this time to-morrow," I reflected, "that peaceful city may be in ashes, or yonder fleet calmly shadowing the sparkling waters may be at the bottom of the harbour!" But soldiers and sailors were too busy and too light-hearted to think of what to-morrow might bring. We were all very merry that night. There was but one gloomy man at the cheerful board, and that was the French captain; and the reason of his melancholy was that he would have no opportunity of distinguishing himself the next day, since his Government had decided to keep out of the trouble and had politely refused the British invitation to join in the enterprise.

Characteristic speeches were made by the guests. The American said many good things, but one I shall always remember. "Well, Beresford," said he, "I guess I should just like to be waltzing round with you tomorrow, dropping a shell in here and there, and I know"—pointing at the German captain—"that I am expressing the sentiments of that Dutchman yonder when I say that he would like to do the same."

The German arose in his wrath, grew red in the face, then saw the joke, sat down again, and we all burst out laughing. It's a common thing in America to call a German a Dutchman, but in Germany it is not advisable to try it on with a Prussian officer, naval or military.

The Frenchman was quite pathetic at parting, pressed the hand of his host and sorrowfully said:

"M. le Capitaine, it is the fault of my Government that I am absent tomorrow. But if I am not with you in body I shall be with you in spirit. Adieu."

There was little sleep that night. As I lay in my cot, courting slumber, I could catch the familiar squeaking noise of the fiddle coming from the fo'c'sle, as the crew passed the feverish hours before the impending action with a hornpipe or some popular ditty. Even the old gunboat seemed to bestir herself long before dawn, for the hissing of steam and rattle of coal told me that the engineers were firing her for the eventful struggle with Arabi's forts. At the first peep of day the *Condor* steamed off from her moorings and followed the other vessels out of the harbour as they took up their stations for bombardment.

Our grand opportunity came at last. After assisting the *Téméraire* off the Boghas reef, which her chain was fouling, Lord Charles resolved to divert the fire of Fort Marabout, then annoying the Admiral's ships, concentrated on bombarding Fort Mex, opposite which the British ships were anchored and were peppering away at the forts in good old Nelsonian fashion. The

*Condor* steamed ahead. Our men stripped off their jackets. The decks were sanded, and the racers, or rails on which the guns run, were oiled.

As we neared Fort Marabout, and its terraces and embrasures bristling with Armstrong guns, loomed out of the morning haze, not a man aboard but knew the peril of our audacity—for a little gunboat, one of the smallest in Her Majesty's service, to dare to attack the second most powerful fortress in Alexandria—but the shout of enthusiasm from the crew when the order was given to "Open fire!" readily showed their confidence in their beloved leader.

The guns, run out "all apart" blazed away. The smoke hung heavily about the decks. The flash of the cannonade lit up for a moment the faces of the men, already begrimed with powder, and steaming with exertion, for the morning was hot and sultry. The Captain from the bridge, with glass in hand watching anxiously the aim of her gunners, would shout from time to time: "What was that, my men?" "Sixteen hundred yards, sir." "Then give them eighteen this time, and drop it in." "Aye, aye, sir,"

Then a shout from the men in the main-mast told us on deck that the shot had made its mark. The little ship quaked again with the blast of her guns. The men were now almost black with powder, and continually dipped their heads in the sponge buckets to keep the grit from their eyes. One of our shots had fallen well within the enemy's works, another had taken a yard of a scarp off—for a slight breeze had lifted the fog of smoke, and all on board could plainly see the enemy working in their embrasures. The Arab gunners now trained one of their Armstrongs in our direction. Our engine-bell sounded, and the *Condor* at once steamed ahead. A puff of smoke from the fort, a dull boom, a rush of a shell through the air, and a jet of water shot up far astern, followed by a shout from our men. The enemy had missed us. When the Arabs reloaded and brought to bear the *Con-*

*dor* steamed back again, and the shell whistled across her bows.

The enemy's fire on the ships attacking Fort Mex slackened, and soon ceased altogether. Irritated by the constant fire of the little *Condor*, the Egyptian gunners now devoted their entire attention to us. They set about slewing their other Armstrongs in our direction. Their long black muzzles slowly turned their gaping mouths towards us. We looked at each other, then some of us looked at the Captain, for the situation was becoming critical. It is difficult to unnerve a Beresford, whether his name be Billy or Charlie. In an instant he decided, and gave the order for the *Condor* to run in closer; and we came within twelve hundred yards. We all saw in a moment the wisdom of the seeming audacity. We were well within their guard; though the Gippies blazed at us, they could only practice at our masts, they could not depress their guns sufficiently to hull us.

We cheered again and again as their abortive attempts to get at us failed; for a shot below water-mark, with the lurch the *Condor* was already making with all her guns aboardside, would have sent her down into Davy Jones's locker in less than ten minutes.

The Egyptians, in their rage, opened fire with their smooth bores from the lower parapet. The round shot would whistle through our rigging, making us lie low awhile, but we would scramble to our feet again, dropping another 9 in. shell well within their works, scattering their gunners, and making things quite unpleasant for them. Only once did the enemy touch us, when a deep thud started the little ship trembling from stem to stern. The carpenter was ordered below. There was an anxious moment or two; when at last he returned, reporting the glad news that "all was well," we had only been grazed.

It was a scorching, thirsty time on deck. The particles of carbon from the powder floating in the air dried our throats till we almost choked. The Captain's steward was always ready to quench the thirst of the guests, Mr.

Moberly Bell, the now famous manager of the *Times*, and myself, with cool drinks whenever we found time between the shots to rush below; but just as the tumbler reached our lips the blast of the guns would almost shatter the glass against one's teeth, and we would rush on deck to see how the shot had told.

All the time the navigating lieutenant, with eyes fixed on the chart, was calmly moving the vessel up and down a narrow tortuous passage which we could distinctly see by peering over the side of the vessel, for the reefs on either flank of the narrow channel glistened from out the blue black of the waters.

After we had silenced two of the enemy's guns, and were then obliged to retire for want of ammunition, how the Admiral in return signalled "Well done, *Condor*," is now a matter of history. The episode of the *Condor* was one of the pleasantest I have ever taken part in. There was no blood or hurt about it—at least with us. Archibald Forbes, in one of his charming lectures, refers to the early days of the Russo-Turkish Campaign as a perpetual picnic, with a battle thrown in here and there for variety. This affair of ours was a little trip to sea, with just sufficient powder burnt to create an appetising thirst, with a long drink thrown in now and again to quench it.

After having for a short time covered the landing-party sent to spike the guns of Fort Mex, the *Condor* was ordered to carry the Admiral's despatches to the *Chultern*, the telegraph-boat out at sea. Poor Cameron came on board—the *Standard* special correspondent, who died with other heroes in the struggle for the relief of General Gordon. Many Englishmen must remember those remarkable telegrams of his, giving the exciting details of the bombardment, that from hour to hour were cried through the London streets in special editions of the *Standard*. But few knew under what trying circumstances this brilliant *coup* in journalism was achieved. Directly we put to sea the *Condor*, whether intoxicated with the excitement of battle or inebri-

ated with her newly-acquired fame, behaved herself when outside the harbour like a Channel packet-boat in choppy weather. Poor Cameron suffered much through *mal-de-mer*. From the Captain's cabin to the upper deck and the side of the vessel he was continually rushing to and fro, scribbling away at his telegrams in the intervals of his paroxysms of seasickness. When we reached the *Chiltern* he staggered on board more dead than alive; but his despatches had plenty of vitality in them, and formed one of the ablest

pieces of work he ever did for his journal and English readers.

When we returned to Alexandria, the ironclads had finished their work of destruction.

About five in the afternoon the fleet rallied on the rendezvous outside the reefs and passes. The famous historic city lay wreathed in smoke, and as the shades of night fell the glare of the burning harem of the Ras-el-tin Palace was apparently the only sign that the great God of War had that day sailed on Egyptian waters.

*To be Continued.*

## DAILY LIFE OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

PART II.—TO INDIA AND BACK.

*By Phil Wales.*

AS our regiment was ordered to India, furloughs were granted to almost every one for a few days before leaving and on our return new colours were presented. The scene was a very impressive one, but very tedious for those who took part in it. At least I found it so, standing rigid with a heavy rifle at the shoulder for an interminable time whilst a hymn of seven long verses was being sung. As we were to spend Christmas on board, our Christmas dinner was eaten in advance. Memories are still fresh in my mind, and give me indigestion when I think of it. I had returned the night before from a very jolly furlough and did not feel particularly inclined for barrack-room fare. Of course, we had turkey or rather goose, it all tasted alike, and roast beef. Each plate was piled up with the exact quantity allowed for each man, and almost weighed in a letter weight in order to get it more exact. When my plate was handed to me I spent some time in analyzing the contents. First came a huge wall of cabbage well plastered together and gar-

nished round the edge with roast and boiled potatoes alternately. On one side a large block of lukewarm roast goose half buried in the cabbage to keep it from falling off, and on the other side another block of semi-lukewarm roast beef treated in the same way; a variety of pickles were placed here and there, the whole thing well saturated with Worcester and other sauces and crowned with a large dollop of plum-duff. This was handed to me with a piece of bread and a pint of beer. It was certainly very wholesome, and I would not for the world complain about good food, but that afternoon I was not very hungry and so could give up more time to watching the enjoyment of the others.

One youth, with a very large mouth and evidently a throat to match, positively fascinated me. Putting a potato whole in his mouth, he had only to shut his eyes and the thing disappeared; as for the beer he simply poured it down his throat. I offered him mine, which he eagerly accepted, and afterwards drained what was left in the dif-

ferent pails in which the beer had been brought ; next day he was still alive !

The last few days in camp consisted of one wild rush and bustle, bugles going all day and everything being packed. Incessant medical inspections to see who were fit or unfit for the Indian climate, and all sorts of things arranged, and then finally the departure.

It was not a happy day, and it is not necessary to dwell on it, so many of those men, strong and healthy, died a few months after of the beastly Indian fever. Some of them as nice fellows as one could meet.

#### FIRST DAY ON BOARD.

It was a cold raw day when we went on board the trooper, which was to convey us to Bombay.

At first there was nothing but confusion, but soon the various companies were made up into messes and order began to reign. The tables and forms in the men's quarter were so arranged that they could be lowered at night, thus forming a part of the flooring.

Before starting there were all sorts of things to be seen to, and we were kept pretty busy all day wheeling barrows and hand carts containing officers' luggage. Towards evening things calmed down a little, and men came on board selling little saucers full of shelled periwinkles, caught at low tide off the rocks and wooden piles in the harbour, good strong pepper being used to hide the already strong flavour.

Next day we steamed out of the harbour ; it was bitterly cold, and many hearts were sore. Greatly did I envy the periwinkle sellers, who were not obliged to go to India !

When night came, blankets and hammocks were given out and as many of the latter hung as there was room for, the rest of us slept on the floor. When a thousand people are put in a space intended for five hundred, the result becomes a little peculiar, and in this case, towards morning, the atmosphere also became peculiar and decidedly muddled. When reveille

sounded, such a scrimmage followed as would beat description ; the upheaval of those below meeting with the descent of those from above created a good deal of conversation. Under the circumstances it was somewhat difficult to dress and roll one's blanket and hammock, which had to be handed to the mess orderly, who in turn was responsible for the number. This little performance over, we started for the wash-house. There the sight was worthy of a "crush" at a fashionable London house. One-half of the regiment having managed by some supernatural means to squeeze inside the place the men were all trying to wash at the same time at a very limited number of taps, most of which invariably never ran. In the meantime the other half of the regiment were outside and trying their very best to get in, their struggles preventing those inside from getting out.

At seven the breakfast bugle sounded ; the meal consisted of a small tin pan half-filled with tea (of course no milk) and a pound of bread or biscuit, the latter having to last us for the whole day. As the bread was heavy a pound did not go very far. After the meal was over we were all turned loose on deck so as to give the mess orderlies an opportunity of washing up.

The deck was divided very accurately into portions by ropes. One little square kept sacred and select for the staff sergeants and their wives ; a long strip for the women and children of the humbler folk ; another bit for the sergeants ; one portion kept for those soldiers who were on watch ; and a good bit of the bows of the ship occupied by the sailors, the Tommies having to fit themselves in to the various odds and ends of space left over. Getting about was as good as solving a Chinese puzzle, and if the ship rolled it was at times quite exciting.

The great blessing was that the majority of us had our special duties to perform, thereby taking away somewhat from the ghastliness of the voyage.

At half-past eleven came dinner ; a small shred of beef or pork, with occas-

tionally a little soup. On some days tinned beef known as "bully beef," and sometimes preserved potatoes. Twice a week we had plum-duff, boiled in canvas bags made of what looked like sailors' old clothes. Of course I would not for the world make any false statements, so I only say it looked like it. The duff itself, however, was very nice, and so were the plums if you were lucky enough to get any in your share.

Tea at half-past three, another mug of tea, taken with whatever bread you had left over from your other meals, that is, if you were lucky enough to have any left, for the sea air gave one a very keen appetite.

Those of us who were the happy possessors of any money, visited the canteen and bought extra bread; as a rule there was such a crowd waiting their turn that the petty officers in charge, if they thought enough had been sold, simply closed the doors and left us to return with our money, but no bread. At night coffee was made and sold by the pannikin for a small sum. A fellow Tommy and I clubbed together and invested twopence in a cup of coffee and a piece of bread, which we considered a good supper. Of course those who were not lucky enough to have any money had to go without and trust to their pipes. A pint of porter was allowed each man, but for those men who neither smoked nor drank, nor had any money, the experience was a disagreeable one.

A false alarm of fire was given once a week at half-past ten a.m., everybody being ordered to his place so as to know exactly what would happen in the case of a real fire.



#### THE BATHING PARADE.

On entering the tropics, two things happened which, to my mind, did certainly create a diversion. Bathing parades were started, and sea kits had to be worn. The former were decidedly comical; every morning two companies were wakened at four and ordered on deck, where a large sail had been arranged on each side and in

such a way as to hold water. The order was then given to undress and the names of the men called over, the bath being taken alphabetically. As the water was not changed and my name came low on the list, I did not linger long in that bath!

The sight of four hundred men, parading about the deck of a trooper, in mid-ocean, at early dawn, and with absolutely nothing on, must have been rather a novel one; luckily there were only sea-gulls in sight.

I always felt sorry for the poor orderly officer on those occasions as he stood with a bored look and chattering teeth, in order to see that we all washed ourselves! Ye gods!!

The sea kit consisted of a pair of very, very loose brown canvas trousers, made quite regardless of shape or fit; a blue jersey and a jelly-bag cap. In addition to this gorgeous get-up we had to go about barefooted, and as I had had my hair cropped very close all over my head (for sanitary reasons), the general effect was somewhat startling. As a contrast to me there was an enormously fat colour-sergeant, the outlines of his figure showing to advantage in his tight-fitting jersey. It was quite bad enough having to wear this costume at all, but it was worse still when I was on watch, and had to post the sentry on that part of the deck where the officers and their wives sat.

A variety entertainment was got up one evening, local talent being much in demand. Both soldiers and sailors joined in, and gave the public the benefit of their vocal talents. One sailor in particular interested me; he had his hair neatly parted in the middle, and well oiled and plastered down. Sitting on the top of a barrel and placing his hands on his knees, he warbled a little love song, the chorus being,

"Will yer be my 'oneysuckle?  
Will yer be my love?  
*W'n't* yer be my 'olly-'ock?  
Or will yer be my *dove*?"

If I were a girl I should certainly object to being spoken of as an "'olly-'ock." However, there is no account-

ing for tastes, and perhaps it was a nautical compliment.

Several Tommies with their faces blackened for the occasion gave a sort of Christy Minstrel show, one of the riddles being, "Why is a soldier in the guard-room like a monkey cracking a nut?" The answer was, "Because 'e 'opes to see the kurnell." The colonel, who happened to be seated in the front row, was much tickled.

Christmas day we spent at Port Said *and* coaled! Anyone who has never spent Christmas day at Port Said, coaling on a trooper, and as a Tommy, had better try the experiment; it is really worth while. It develops the character, besides extending one's vocabulary; for certainly I heard words and language which I had never heard before.

However, all good things come to an end, and so did the voyage; and if I wept on leaving the ship, it was certainly not from grief.



#### EXPERIENCES IN INDIA.

Landing at Bombay, we waited all day under a shed till the cool of the afternoon, when we started for Poonah.

Once more we moved, and finally arrived at our destination at Secunderabad, where everything was in fearful confusion. We gladly accepted an invitation to breakfast from the corporals' mess of the regiment stationed there, sent to our corporals, a similar invitation having been given by the sergeants' mess to our sergeants, and from the privates to the rest of the men. That being the etiquette amongst soldiers, it gave us a little breathing time before commencing the innumerable fatigues which went on for the next few weeks.

At Secunderabad the companies slept in bungalows built of stone; one large room in the centre with a long narrow one on each side, smaller rooms built at each end for the sergeants and colour-sergeants. A verandah surrounded the whole bungalow.

Numerous were the parades, for the purpose of receiving helmets and white clothing, and then fresh parades in or-

der to see how we looked in them, besides all the hundred and one things necessary for the regiment on first arriving in a new country. I got perfectly sick of the name of clothes, and longed for the simpler costumes of blue paint which our ancestors so delighted in.

Kit inspection was a thing which most Tommies hated; every single garment and accoutrement folded, and arranged according to regulations, on, under and round the bed, and Tommy himself standing to attention by the side, so that the officer could, at a glance take in everything. The various parts of the kit had to be folded in such a way as to show the number on the garment, and if anything was found missing, the man was crimed. One of the best tricks I heard of was attempted by a man who was short of a shirt; taking the solitary garment and tearing it in half, he wore the front half, and stuffed the back with straw, folded it so as to display the number correctly, and also look like a whole shirt. Unfortunately the officer was also an old soldier and he discovered the trick.

Secunderabad proved to be a regular Aldershot for duty, as there were all sorts of night marches and field days. One especially I remember. We marched out some ten or fifteen miles on a somewhat hot day, and three of us were picked out and made to sit down on a flat open plain with no shelter but that afforded by a blade of withered grass. We were told to keep our eyes open, watch all the movements of the enemy, keeping ourselves well out of sight by means of the shelter of the grass. After waiting for three hours we were relieved, and found on returning that the battle had been fought and, of course, won, without our knowing anything about it.

Life in India for a soldier is a very different one to England; most of our men found it very tedious, and many of them longed for Aldershot, several of them declaring that they would rather serve in England even though they had to drill every day in full marching order. As appearing in

marching order is what a Tommy dislikes most, you can imagine how they hated the place.



#### THE LEISURE HOUR.

All sorts of methods were used for killing time; one of the men learnt to knit socks, and taught the others, and they sat, looking very wise, knitting sundry pairs of socks of gorgeous colour in all sorts of patterns. The next craze was making woollen belts; the brightest coloured wools were procured, representations of all the insects and reptiles of India were made on canvas, and the ground-work filled in with black; the effect of course was ghastly. The sight of a vermilion scorpion in close proximity to a bright green centipede with orange-coloured legs, and resting on a black background, can be imagined.

Some others went in for embroidering sprays of very red roses, with equally green leaves, and "Remember me," or "I love you always," of course with a black background. These things, after being carefully packed, were brought to me to address to their various "pushers," as their sweethearts are called.

A soldier's letter can be decidedly entertaining sometimes, for apart from the peculiarity of the spelling and the total absence of any stops, capital letters are flung in everywhere.

It is quite needless to go into particulars as to what we did day by day. Soldiers are quite human, though many people don't seem to think so; and, therefore, their manners and customs are those of human beings. I am very fond of soldiers and have never regretted the step I took which enabled me to get to know them better. There are few things they dislike more than not to have their salute properly returned; there are some (and I am glad to say a very few) officers, as a rule very young ones, who hardly deign to return the salute of a Tommy. If they could hear the opinions expressed about them, they would not feel flattered. But Tommy is very quick at

discerning a true gentleman, and nothing escapes his notice. One of the smartest men and strictest officers in Aldershot was the most respected and liked, and I myself have heard the men say, "When I meets Major 'Alliday, I gives him an extra military salute, for he always returns it *like a gentleman*." I had good reason for seconding that sentiment, for both Major and Mrs. Halliday were amongst the best friends I ever had, and at whose house I spent many a pleasant evening.

At Secunderabad we were stationed within the fort, and, in case of an attack by natives, each company had its own special gate or spot to defend, and a parade for that purpose was ordered. "There will be a false alarm of natives at four p.m. to-morrow;" this appeared in the day's orders. At three-thirty next afternoon each man was busy brightening his buttons and soaping his hair, so that he might be ready like a true British soldier for any emergency. At four, when the bugle sounded, every man was ready! It is a pity that the natives do not always announce their arrival beforehand.

Many of the men availed themselves of the shooting passes, which were granted, and so secured for themselves the opportunity of a little sport.



#### THE NATIVES.

The natives interested the Tommies very much, some commenting pretty freely on their scanty costumes, for sometimes they did not even wear the troubled look I wore on the day I enlisted.

One man remarked to me that he thought "that them nigger chaps was just the most disgustingest fellows" he ever saw; "they had jest ought to be ashamed of themselves, they ought."

A young bandsman took a violent fancy to me. His devotion was positively startling. Once, feeling somewhat seedy, I informed him of my intention of dying shortly. A few minutes after the silence which followed was broken by a little splashing sound, caused by the poor, unfortunate youth's

tears falling on the stone floor, where they had collected in quite a little stream.

The great idea of the Tommy was to go off to town and be photographed, displaying a vast quantity of collar, cuffs and watch-chain, things which of course he would never have dared to appear in before the officers.

I had the pleasure of attending a picnic got up by some of the men. We got round the cook, and had provisions sent on ahead, and the party started for what was known as the Nizam's gardens, close to Hyderabad. We first visited that city, and, after making a few purchases to send home, started out in search of further adventures, and visited the animals belonging to the Nizam. Amongst them were a very fine Bengal tiger and several hideous monkeys; the latter were not caged but just chained to trees.

One of the Tommies, seeing a particularly hideous monkey, went up to it to look more closely, remarking at the same time, "My eye, 'ow like Old Johnnie that monkey is." He, however, unfortunately had not judged distance correctly in this instance, for, getting rather closer than was wise, and the monkey seeing him within reach of his chain, and no doubt feeling annoyed at the simile, after one withering look, without any further warning, flew at the man's leg and bit it, afterwards returning to his tree with great dignity and not a smile on his face!

We lunched under some trees close to a pond. Tea was made on this occasion in a somewhat novel way. My handkerchief was borrowed, and after being dipped in the pond by way of washing, the tea was put into it and the whole thing soaked in the boiling water.

Once a few cases of small-pox had been reported in the bazaars, so great precautions were taken to keep the men away. However, one fellow got very drunk, slept out all night in the open, and was fearfully bitten by black ants. Next morning he felt somewhat indisposed in consequence, and went sick.

The doctor, seeing a very dilapidated-looking man complaining of "pains," and having little red spots all over him, at once came to the conclusion that it must be small-pox, and admitted him to the hospital, keeping him in a special ward. In due time the "rash" disappeared, and no small-pox appeared, which caused a great deal of surprise; Tommy in the meantime had quite recovered and also got rather sick of hospital diet, so explained to the astonished doctor what caused the "rash" and "pains." That man's hospital career was nipped in the bud.

A slight indisposition necessitated my experiencing the interior of a military hospital; the nursing sisters were most kind and gentle, and every care and attention bestowed on the unfortunate inmates. One sister especially was a great favourite, and it would have done her heart good could she have heard some of the opinions expressed about her.



#### ON FURLOUGH IN INDIA.

After I had been some time in hospital, a furlough was granted me and I started for the hills. Travelling as a civilian, and travelling as a Tommy, are two totally different things, as I found to my cost. Arriving in Calcutta early in the morning, and having to wait there the whole day, I drove to a very second-rate hotel, in order to have a place to stay. I chose this place as, being shabby and slummy, I thought it would be more suitable to my station of life. When I arrived I was refused admission, as the man said he had orders not to serve anyone under the rank of sergeant; it was decidedly humiliating. I was recommended to a boarding house kept by a Mrs. Chowringhee, in Sootiker's Lane, who, I was assured, would admit even a soldier. The name and address sounded slummy enough, in all conscience, being almost suggestive of the nigger quarters. When I got to the house, I insisted upon the driver going in first, in order to see whether I would be allowed admission; as the

lady gave her gracious permission I followed, and was received by an enormous person of dusky complexion, who sometime after, becoming confidential, said to me, "When I saw you wouldn't come in at first I thought you was drunk." I hastened to explain to her that I was a teetotaler, and that my drunken appearance was due to the climate.

The company in that house was very mixed, both as regards colour and other things; all shades were represented, from India ink to burnt Sienna. I was very thankful when the time for starting arrived, and the next day when I got to Kurseong, after six nights in the train, I was more like a crumbling cinder than anything else.

It was very nice to be amongst old friends again. Promotion here was very rapid, for next morning I was greeted by a native as "Captain Sahib," and, when I got to the house, was announced as the "Colonel Sahib." There is no knowing what I might have been promoted to if I had stayed long enough. My furlough was a very memorable one in many ways, but it is unnecessary to go into particulars.

When I got back to the regiment, more dead than alive, I found that an epidemic of fever had been raging, and many of our best men had died. It was so cheerful, on inquiring after some one, to be told, "Oh, 'im? we buried 'im yesterday," and so on. The day after my return I had to attend one funeral in the morning and two in the afternoon, and this, I was told, had been going on for the last six or seven weeks. A soldier's funeral is indeed a very solemn thing; before the coffin is nailed up the men are all allowed to go and have a last look at their comrade's face, and then the dead march following gives an extra solemnity to the occasion.

I found my friend the bandsman in the hospital, the constant strain of playing at the funerals having proved too much for his nerves, and he was simply suffering from "funks," a disease which kills many people; however, he managed to pull round again.

A batch of invalids were to be sent home, and it being decided by the authorities that I was neither useful nor ornamental, I was sent in the batch.



#### A FAREWELL TEA.

I gave a farewell tea to some of my chums, and great was the eating and speechifying. One man got quite sentimental and almost maudlin, and decided to make a speech. After bowing profusely, he said:

"I rise to propose the 'ealth of our esteemed friend Corporal W., who unfortunately is about to leave us shortly. Though Corporal W. has only been amongst us a short time, we 'ave all learned to love 'im as a friend and esteem 'im," and then getting to the stage where he thought tears would be effective, he was just making preparations to squeeze a few out, and was lifting the corner of the tablecloth to mop them up with, when one of the company evidently thought he had had enough of it and settled matters by throwing a somewhat over-ripe banana at the man, which hit him right in the eye, and looked like a poultice. The effect was miraculous, for the tone of the speech was at once changed, and the friend who loved and esteemed me so much turned round and said, "Cheese it now, will yer; I'll punch yer bloomin' 'ead, I will; so now." However, I restored order and returned thanks for the speech, and my friend once more got up, still having traces of the banana sticking in his eye, and said, "Corporal W., I have much pleasure in presenting you with this, and it is to be folloed by a larger present later on." "*This*" being a carte-de-visite of himself, taken with the usual display of collar and cuffs. The larger present has not yet arrived, though it is over seven years ago since it was promised!

Bidding farewell to the regiment and Secunderabad, we started for Deolali, a most out-of-the-way and forsaken place, where every "time-expired" man and invalid has to spend ten days

at least before starting for England (or, rather, it was so in my day).

Deolali was most monotonous, the day being spent in endless fatigues and inane duties, which just kept us out of mischief, and no more. Here were specimens from every single regiment almost, and it was very interesting to see the various types of faces.



#### THE VOYAGE HOME.

At last the day of starting came, and the voyage home commenced ; it was just a repetition of what it was going ; the only thing was that now I was returning to England I felt I could put up with anything. We had several deaths on board, and one especially cast quite a gloom over the ship. A soldier died just on entering the Suez Canal, and the body was taken on shore at Ismailia to be buried ; on the return of the firing party the launch capsized, and the officer in charge was found drowned. He was quite a young fellow, and had just obtained his commission through the ranks. The body was brought on board and buried with military honours at Port Said.

When we got to the English Channel it was bitterly cold, the Isle of Wight looked cold and bleak, but I thought I had never seen anything so exquisite ; and as for South Sea beach and Portsmouth harbour, I felt I could have hugged them both in one huge embrace ; in fact, I would have gone so far as to eat the periwinkles caught off the rocks without any vinegar, and that, I assure you, was a great deal to promise.



#### AT NETLEY HOSPITAL.

Next morning we were all taken off to Netley hospital, where we had to wait and go through the form of being invalided out of the service.

How delicious the food seemed after the trooper ; and as for the beds, one man told me he kept himself awake all night, as he did not wish to lose the sensation of comfort by falling asleep. Here we also had our separate duties

to do, and I had the pleasure of scrubbing out the ward. The nursing sisters were again as kind as they could be.

The costume worn in the hospital is not exactly beautiful. Pale blue single-breasted frock-coat sort of thing ; Eton jacket and trousers to match, white socks and large, loose yellow slippers, with a jelly-bag cap. The frock-coat, of course, was only to be worn when walking in the grounds.

The clothes were doled out indiscriminately, and my bundle consisted of a pair of trousers, which had evidently been made for a boy of twelve, and rather short for him ; and an Eton jacket meant for an enormously stout man. As I am over six feet high, and in those days particularly thin, the effect produced by having to wear those clothes was a little peculiar. When the doctor saw me clothed in these garments he put up his eye-glass, and stared pretty hard at this pleasing sight, and then said to the nurse, " I think this man had better be given some other clothes, as those he has on do not seem to fit him exactly." Of course I felt a most unutterable fool.

A kind lady having left a legacy to be spent in supplying all soldiers invalided from India with warm clothing before landing, we were each given two mysterious-looking pieces of flannel, with a great many long pieces of tape stitched on. I could not make out how they were supposed to be worn, and so after having got my head hopelessly entangled in the tapes, I sold my share to another man for three teaspoonfuls of Eno's fruit salt, and he stitched all the portions together and made a shirt, which was more than I could have done. The hospital was very full and furloughs were readily granted to any of those who were not exactly bedridden. It was decidedly disagreeable to have to return to the hospital, and once more don the blue clothes.

The monotony of hospital life was very much broken by a parrot belonging to one of the men, which could speak beautifully, and was constantly

giving us pressing invitations to put our fingers in her mouth, assuring us that she wouldn't bite ; but a parrot's promise is not always to be trusted, so I did not avail myself of the opportunity.

DISCHARGED.

After appearing in a variety of costumes before different medical boards, I was finally invalided out of Her Majesty's service, receiving ten pounds and a halfpenny as reserve pay. Great preparations were made by the men

who were returning to civil life ; a tailor on the spot supplied ready-made suits at a cheap rate. The morning of my departure a great many questions were asked me as to what trade I was going to return to. My career as a Tommy was short and sweet, but I succeeded in getting a good deal of fun and instruction out of it, and neither deserted nor bought myself out, nor did any of the innumerable imbecile things which my friends felt sure I would do, knowing me so well as they felt they did.

THE END.

"CHILDREN OF THE QUEEN."

SHE hath raised her hand, the Island Queen,  
For a brand's been thrown in the Lion's den,  
And the answer's borne by armèd men  
With champ of steed and clatter of steel,  
Rumble of guns and bugle peal,  
Waving of colours, a last good-night,  
And cheers for the boys who go to fight,  
Children of the Queen.

She hath raised her hand, the Island Queen,  
And the black smoke leaps from the funnel's mouth  
Of a flying squadron, speeding south ;  
Free to the winds their pennants stream,  
Where stormwrack drives and seabirds scream  
And the surges kiss the muzzles grim  
Of the war hounds leashed in the turrets dim,  
Children of the Queen.

She hath raised her hand, the Island Queen,  
From the frontier hills a flood pours down  
Of stern-faced men in khaki brown.  
Ghoorka, Afridi, Sikh, Sepoy,  
Highlanders, heroes of Dargai,  
Line and cavalry, rifleman, guide,  
Hurrying down to the trooper's side,  
Children of the Queen.

She hath raised her hand, the Island Queen,  
And a shout comes up from the Austral land—  
"We send our best for the Motherland ;"  
While Canada's cry rings round the world  
Wherever the meteor flag's unfurled,  
"Saxon sired, full kin are we,  
Sprung from the 'Mistress of the Sea,'"  
Children of the Queen.

She hath raised her hand, the Island Queen,  
And Buller's a hundred thousand men,  
And, standing behind them, millions ten,  
Or twenty, if ever the need should be,  
Ready that all the world may see,  
Ready to stand or fight or die,  
With "Queen and Empire" battle-cry.  
Children of the Queen.

She will raise her hand, our gracious Queen,  
And the lightning seal the Maxim's breath  
And hush its messengers of death,  
When a stubborn foe is forced to yield  
And red swords sheathed on a hard-fought field—  
"Ye are beaten fair, brave men are ye,  
Go to your homes and henceforth be  
Children of the Queen."

R. D. Meyers.

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XI.—HON. FREDERICK WILLIAM BORDEN, MINISTER OF MILITIA.

THE Militia of Canada has been fortunate during the past three years in having as Minister of Militia a most enthusiastic member of the force. The Hon. Frederick William Borden, B.A., M.D., Minister of Militia, is descended from one of the old colonial families whose names are identified with the story of the reclamation of this continent from the rule of the savage. He is the son of the late Dr. Jonathan Borden, and was born at Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, on the 14th of May, 1847. The connection of his family with Nova Scotia antedates the Revolutionary war. His great-great-grandfather, Samuel Borden, of Tiverton, Mass., who was sent to Acadia by the Governor of Rhode Island to survey the lands vacated at the expulsion of the Acadians, took up some of the land which he surveyed and settled his son Perry Borden upon it, himself returning to Tiverton to reside. Among the treasured relics of the family are the title deeds to the land in question, which bear date 1758. On his mother's side Dr. Borden also traces his lineage to an old U.E. Loyalist family who migrated to Nova Scotia at the time of the Revolutionary war. Tracing his descent back to U.E. Loyalist stock on both sides, the sturdy Canadianism which is the striking characteristic of the Minister of Militia is but the natural product of many generations of loyal and patriotic devotion to British institutions.

Dr. Borden was educated at King's College, Windsor. Taking his B.A. in 1867 he proceeded to Harvard Medical School, Boston, to pursue his medical studies, receiving his degree M.D. in 1868. He immediately took up the active practice of his profession at Canning, N.S., and has continuously practiced there since. In addition to the practice of his profession Dr. Bor-

den displayed considerable aptitude for finance and, for many years previous to his appointment to the Privy Council in 1896, was agent at Canning for the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Halifax Banking Co. of Nova Scotia respectively. He was for some years a member of the Provincial Board of Health of Nova Scotia, to which he was appointed in 1893.

From his early days Dr. Borden has taken an active part in political affairs, and in 1874 he was returned to the House of Commons for King's Co., N.S.; and in 1878, when the great N.P. wave swept over the country and decimated the ranks of the Liberal party, he was one of the comparatively few supporters of the Mackenzie Government who retained their seats. At the next general election in 1882, however, he was defeated, but in 1887 he regained the seat, which he has since held. Upon the formation of the Laurier Government in 1896 he was called to the Cabinet and became Minister of Militia. Entering the militia service in October 1863 at the age of sixteen years, while still a youth at college, he has since continued an enthusiastic member of the force. In 1869 he was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the 68th King's Co. Battalion, was promoted Surgeon-Major in September '83, and became Hon. Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel by promotion in October 1893.

Immediately after entering upon the administration of the Department of Militia, Dr. Borden with energy and enthusiasm threw himself into the work of improving the militia force and bringing it up to the modern standard of organization and equipment in order to make it an effective and mobile force. The Major-Generals commanding had for many years offered suggestions and recommendations



THE HON. DR. BORDEN, MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE.

for increasing the efficiency of the force to which is entrusted the defence of the Dominion, but although some progress had been made by the aid of sympathetic Ministers of Militia, the opportunity for the thorough reorganization, which alone would be productive of the desired results, had not arrived.

The march of events, and the growth of the Imperial sentiment, however, brought about a change in the situation, and Dr. Borden was prompt to take advantage of the opportunity.

His first step was to strengthen the headquarters' staff, and he succeeded in surrounding himself with a staff sufficiently capable and strong to carry on any work, either of an ordinary or emergent character, which might devolve upon the Department.

One of the great weaknesses of the militia force of Canada was the practice which allowed officers to hold command irrespective of age and length of service. Under the system which existed, majors waited

patiently for promotion for twenty-five or thirty years, and then resigned in disgust, without attaining the coveted and deserved honour; and lieutenants, fifty-five and sixty years of age, who had spent a life-time in the service, were not infrequently to be found upon the militia list. The result of such a system was, that ambitious young men who would make excellent officers were deterred from offering their services. The Minister's practical experience as an officer in the militia, enabled him to find an effective remedy, and by the radical measure of instituting both an age and service limit and strictly enforcing it, a complete revolution in the system was brought about. By the operation of the new regulation about sixty commanding officers have been retired, and although the rule has been regarded in a few instances as arbitrary, some good men having been compelled to step down and out, upon the whole its operation has been most beneficial.

Another useful regulation which has been promulgated, insists upon every officer obtaining a certificate of qualification, and staff officers are required to undergo a course in equitation. The small boy will be deprived of the fun of seeing a brilliantly uniformed officer ignominiously unhorsed at the review of the future, but the militia will be spared the humiliation which they were compelled too frequently to undergo in the past.

For a number of years the Royal Military College had been suffering from a steady decrease in some of the applications for admission, and as a natural result criticism and murmuring on the part of the public replaced the pride which had formerly characterized the language in which Canadians referred to the institution. This condition of affairs was doubtless produced largely by the lack of interest in military matters arising from the stagnation in promotion before referred to. The next care of Dr. Borden was to grapple with the question of increasing the efficiency and promoting the usefulness of a military educational

institution which has turned out many graduates whose service in the Imperial Army has reflected the highest credit upon their Alma Mater and upon the Dominion. That his efforts in this direction have been successful is testified to by the fact that to-day it is not a matter of getting a full quota of cadets for the College as it was prior to 1896, but there is keen competition at each year's matriculation examination to be among the first thirty who are accepted and admitted. The result of this competition is that the standard of the graduating classes is naturally higher. The College has also been brought into direct touch with the active militia by the inauguration of a staff course for officers, and a valuable adjunct for increasing the efficiency of the force has by this means been provided without extra cost.

A fruitful source of complaint by the Majors-General commanding for many years was the fact that the efficiency of the rural battalions of militia was seriously impaired, and much of the benefit of the training they received was lost, owing to the fact that they were called out for training only in alternate years. The chief objection to the annual training of all the militia force was the expense which it would involve, but Dr. Borden seized the opportunity offered by the revived interest in Imperial and military affairs to adopt the system of annual drills. That Canadians were ripe for the change is evidenced by the fact that the increased expenditure has been cheerfully borne without criticism.

In addition to providing for annual drills the Department of Militia has, at an expenditure of a quarter of million dollars, provided the entire militia force with the new Oliver equipment, probably the best in the world, in lieu of the obsolete knapsack which had done duty for a century. The city infantry battalions have been armed with the Lee-Metford rifles, and as fast as the rural battalions obtain proper armouries in which to store their weapons they too are armed with this modern weapon. The Department has also made provision by which all

the battalions will gradually be provided with suitable armouries.

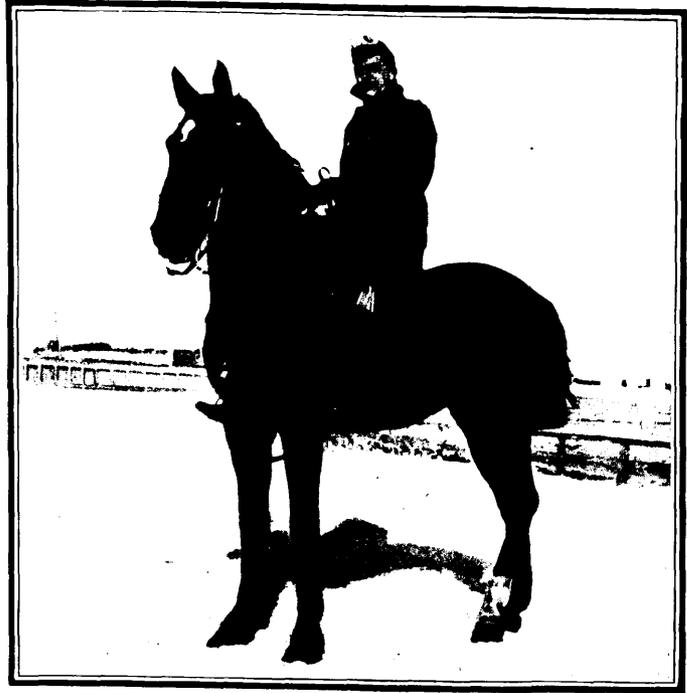
The other branches of the volunteer militia have not been neglected. Ten of the eighteen batteries of field artillery have been armed with new 12-pounder guns of the most modern type with equipment complete. The other eight batteries will be similarly equipped in the near future and the Dominion will then have an artillery force equal in equipment and offensive power to any force of similar numbers in the Imperial Army. The cavalry force has also been equipped with an entirely new outfit inclusive of saddlery and camping gear.

Plans have also been prepared and partially carried out for organizing a proper medical staff corps, which when completed will comprise fifteen bearer-corps and fifteen field hospitals distributed over the Dominion and attached to the different divisions into which the militia force has been divided. Each of the bearer corps and hospitals forms a complete unit in itself. The officers have been selected for many of the units which will spring into existence as soon as official sanction has been given. Meanwhile the department has arranged for the necessary equipment, which will be available when required.

The staff is also engaged in formulating plans for the organization of an army service corps and a commissariat department which the Minister of Militia has determined to establish. When this is accomplished the Canadian militia will form a combative force, com-

plete in itself, and ready to take the field at any moment.

The work of the Department in the mobilization of such of the militia service as was needed for active service during recent years has given most satisfactory proof of the capability of the Department to meet emergencies. When the necessity arose in 1898 to send a detachment of the militia to the Yukon, the wisdom and foresight which had in the hour of leisure made preparation for vigorous and systematic action in



MAJOR H. L. BORDEN, LIEUTENANT IN CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES AND SON OF THE MINISTER OF MILITIA.

emergency enabled the Militia Department to mobilize and despatch a well-armed and thoroughly equipped force to the frozen region of the Klondike with a celerity and ease which produced a most salutary impression upon the turbulent element among the miners.

The experience gained in despatching the Yukon contingent was also valuable in preparing the Department for the more serious work which was shortly to fall upon it. Possessed of

the true instinct for organization, and with a prescience of coming trouble, the Minister of Militia at an early stage of the Transvaal question foresaw the possibility of Canada being called upon to contribute her quota of troops to aid the Mother Country. Knowing the loyalty of her people, and realizing that, as England's greatest colony, Canada would be among the first to offer assistance should the necessity arise, Dr. Borden quietly and carefully prepared his plans, throwing himself into the work with all the enthusiasm of an old militiaman. The result was that when the question assumed a serious phase, the preparations were all complete. The call came, and within an incredibly short space of time after the offer of the Dominion Government to furnish a contingent of 1,000 infantry, the Royal Canadian Regiment had been enrolled, mobilized, equipped and had embarked upon their long voyage to South Africa. The rapidity with which the force was mobilized and despatched to the scene of hostilities will forever reflect the greatest credit upon the Militia Department of Canada.

One word is sufficient to convey a comprehensive idea of the task which the Department carried to a successful and triumphant conclusion. On October 14, the Dominion Government decided to offer the services of 1,000 men two days later Her Majesty's Government intimated by cable, to His Excellency the Governor-General, the grateful acceptance of the offer. The contingent was enrolled, its units, scattered over a territory stretching 4,000 miles from ocean to ocean, were mobilized, clothed, equipped, armed and concentrated, and on 30th October, fourteen days after the offer of troops was accepted, His Excellency was enabled to cable to the Colonial Office the gratifying intelligence that 1,000 stalwart Canadians, picked shots and trained militiamen, had sailed for Cape Town.

Before the work of organizing the first contingent was well under way,

the unwelcome conviction was forced upon the public mind that the struggle in the Transvaal was more serious in its nature than the ordinary small frontier war of which the Empire usually has several on hand, and acting on instructions from the Minister, the Department prepared for the enrolment of a second contingent. Two days after the first contingent sailed, the Government intimated to the Imperial authorities the readiness of the Dominion to at once send another contingent if Her Majesty's Government deemed it advisable. Subsequently the offer was accepted, and the Department having continued its work of preparation in the meantime, three battalions of Artillery and two battalions of Mounted Rifles were speedily enrolled and equipped, the first detachment sailing on 21st January and the second six days later. Owing to an unfortunate difficulty in securing transport, which was beyond the power of the Department to avoid, the departure of the third detachment was delayed nearly a month.

Dr. Borden also deserves credit for taking up the cause of the veterans of 1866 and 1870. As a result, a general service medal has been granted to those who served in the Fenian Raid and the Red River campaigns. Authority has also been obtained to issue a long service medal to men of the Canadian militia.

Such is the record of the Militia Department under Hon. Dr. Borden, who has inspired his officers with his own energy and enthusiasm. To-day, should the necessity unfortunately arise to test our defensive force, the enemy would find Canada prepared with a cohesive and effective force, well equipped, organized, and properly officered, with an efficient and skilled general staff to direct operations, every officer knowing his duty, every unit assigned beforehand to its proper position, and every man animated by a spirit of lofty patriotism, with a determination to maintain the integrity of the Dominion.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GAUVIN & GENTZEL, HALIFAX.

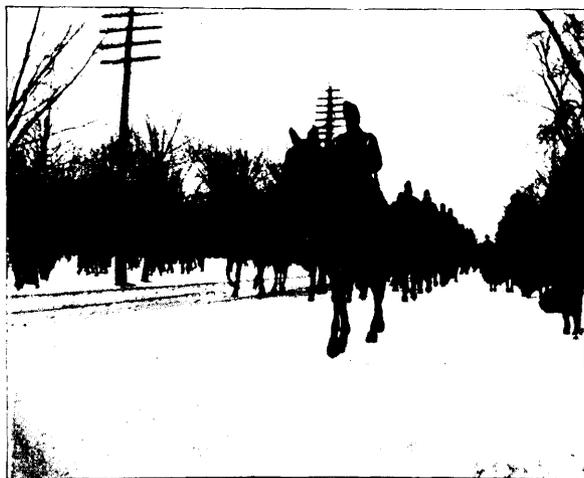
THE CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES PARADING WITHOUT HORSES PREVIOUS TO EMBARKING ON POMERANIAN.

## THE EMBARKATION AT HALIFAX.

*By J. S. O'Bryan.*

THE first quota of the second contingent of Canadian volunteers for service in South Africa, embarked at Halifax on January 20th, on S.S. *Laurentian*, and the scenes of rampant enthusiasm at that occasion are long to be remembered. The quota consisted of D and E batteries of Field Artillery, numbering about 350 men of all ranks. The two batteries, along with those to follow, were quartered at the Exhibition Grounds, and the night preceding their departure a gigantic "smoker" was given at the Armoury, at which all the Canadian troops then in Halifax were entertained. Next morning the really serious part of their mission confronted them when the frolic was over and they found themselves face to face with the stern duty they had undertaken. Shortly before 11 o'clock the two batteries were lined up before General Hutton, who inspected and finally ad-

ressed them. The General congratulated the men upon being the first regiment of Canadian artillery to take part in a foreign campaign, and told them that the responsibility rested upon them of sustaining the reputation of Canada. Short addresses followed by Lord Seymour, the General on the



PORTION OF MOUNTED RIFLES PARADING AT HALIFAX AS ESCORT TO THE PORTION WHICH SAILED ON THE POMERANIAN.



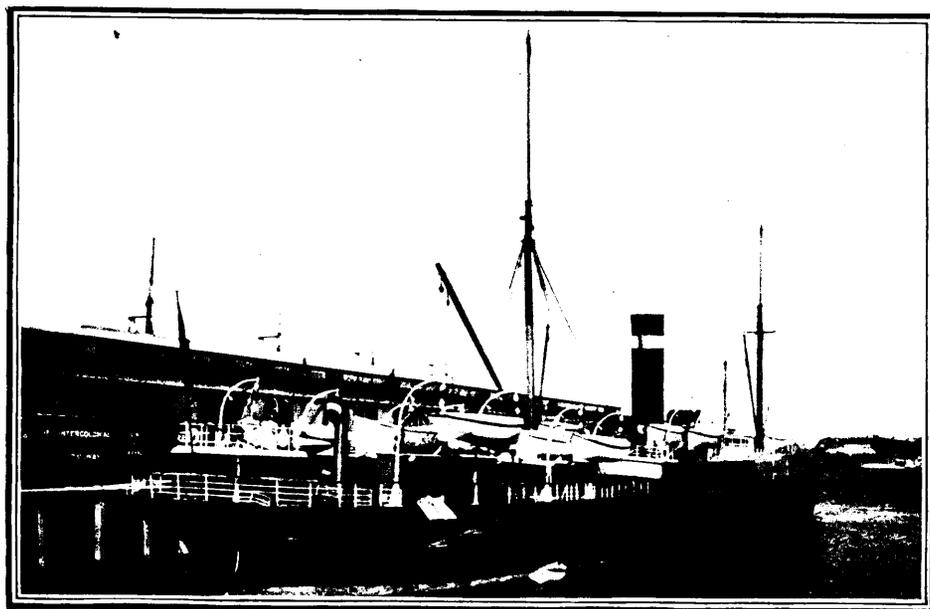
PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH & LUCAS, TORONTO.

KINGSTON QUOTA TO C BATTERY, R.C.A.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH & LUCAS, TORONTO.

WINNIPEG QUOTA TO C BATTERY, R.C.A.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GAUVIN & GENTZEL, HALIFAX.

THE LAURENTIAN AT HALIFAX—OWING TO THE FOG ON DAY OF SAILING, NO PHOTOGRAPH OF THE EMBARKATION WAS OBTAINABLE.



EMBARKATION ON THE POMERANIAN AT HALIFAX.

Capt. Harrison.    Lieut. Elmsley.    Lieut. King.    Lieut. Cockburn.

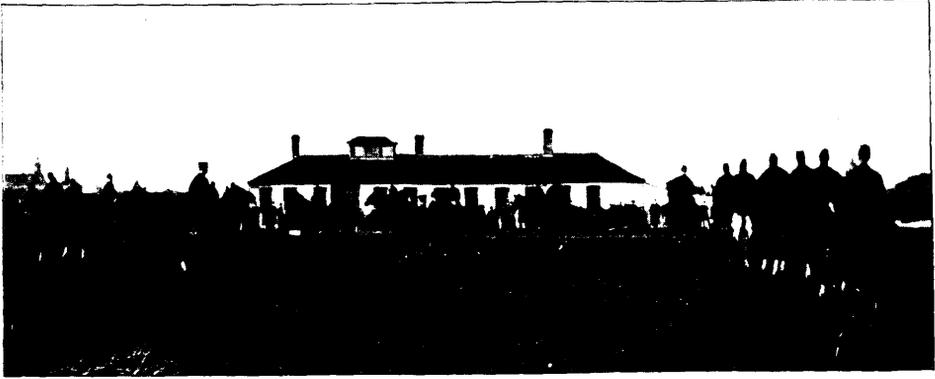


Capt. Pearce.

Major Evans.

Capt. Nelles.

OFFICERS OF FIRST BATTALION CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.



MAJOR-GENERAL HUTTON INSPECTING RECRUITS IN CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES—THE GENERAL IS ON FOOT, AND THE RECRUITS ARE PASSING IN FRONT OF HIM (RIGHT OF THE PICTURE).

station, Major-General Hutton, the Lieut.-Governor and the Minister of Militia.

Major-General Hutton spoke somewhat as follows:

"Officers, non-commissioned officers and men of D and E Batteries,—I congratulate you upon being the first regiment of Canadian artillery to take part in a foreign campaign, and the responsibility rests upon you all of sustaining the reputation of Canada. What is your honour is also our honour, and unquestionably you will fight a good campaign. You have a month's

voyage before you get to the theatre of war, and there is nothing to try soldiers as much as a long voyage with horses on board ship. Major Hurdman, if your batteries fail in anything it will be on account of inexperience and not from want of patriotism, diligence or effort. Men, you are brought together representing every district in Canada and in a very short time. The equipping of a regiment as quickly as this one was done, cannot be without some shortcomings. I have no doubt but that you will all do your duty on board ship, and in camp as



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEELE & CO., CALGARY.

A GROUP OF COWBOYS IN THE WEST—NUMBERS OF THIS CLASS OF MEN ARE IN THE SECOND BATTALION CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

Major Benson,

Capt. Strange,

Dr. Duff, Surgeon C.M.R.

Major Hudon, C Battery R.C.A.



Lt.-Col. Courtice, Vet.-Major Massie, Staff R.C.A.

Lt.-Col. Stone

Lt.-Col. Montizambert,

Lt.-Col. Drury, in Command R.C.A.

A GROUP OF ARTILLERY OFFICERS AT BARRIEFIELD CAMP, 1899.

well as on the battlefield. I wish you God-speed."

The address was received with enthusiasm, after which General Lord Seymour, Lieut.-Governor Sir M. B. Daly, Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia; Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance; Hon. Wm. Mulock, and Hon. Jas. Sutherland were introduced to the departing soldiers. The 63rd Band then played the National Anthem.

Lieut.-Governor Sir M. B. Daly addressed the troops. In part he said:

"Officers and men of D and E Batteries,—I take this opportunity, before you undertake your long and perilous journey, to say only a few words of



THE LAST LETTER HOME

encouragement and hope. You have heard the words of advice from the general commanding the troops of Canada. I ask to be allowed to endorse every word of advice that he has given. May God speed you. Remember that the eyes of all Canada will follow you to South Africa. Victory is hovering near us. You, loyal soldiers of Canada, will do your duty. I am glad and proud to see you going to foreign service. This is a day of which Canada has a right to be proud. The best in the Dominion are at the disposal of England. I wish you a good voyage, and may the seas be tranquil and not toss you around too much. I



A TYPICAL WESTERNER.

This portrait of one of Colonel Herchmer's battalion was taken at Halifax by Gauvin & Gentzel.

have no doubt but that you will do honour to the country from which you are sent."

Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia, said:

"I do not feel that I could add



"GOOD-BYE, AND GOD BLESS YOU, MY BOY."



PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH & LUCAS, TORONTO.

PART OF FIRST BATTALION CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES UNDER MAJOR EVANS AT TORONTO.

anything to the words so eloquently and so forcibly expressed by the previous speakers. I wish to state on behalf of Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he was prevented by public duties from coming to Halifax to see you off, but he extends the strongest of wishes and hopes for your welfare and successful results. Thousands of men in Canada were willing to go to the front, but the good fortune has fallen to you to represent this Dominion of ours. You will be sure not to forget the responsi-

bilities on your shoulders. What you do will do honour to yourselves as well as to all Canada. I wish you God-speed, a safe voyage, and a successful campaign and a happy return."

Major Hurdman, in command of the batteries, replied, and his words were received with spontaneous applause. He said:

"On behalf of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of D and E Batteries, I wish to thank you for the kind words and feelings ex-



A TROOP OF CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES ON HALIFAX COMMON.

pressed. I assure you we will do our duty. You will have good accounts of us if we are sent to the front."

The procession through the city from the Armoury to the dockyard, marked an epoch in the history of Halifax and of the Dominion of Canada. Never before had the citizens turned out so strongly, never before had there been so much enthusiasm manifested as on this occasion. It was the spectacle of a life-time, hard to duplicate, and the attendant scenes will linger long in the memory of the citizens as well as of those who came from far and near to



REV. W. J. COX, CHARLOTTETOWN.

they were unfortunately seen at a disadvantage. Although mid-winter, the mud in the Halifax streets was at least ankle-deep on that day, and the favour-



REV. J. C. SINNET, MONTREAL.

witness the departure of the troops. The soldiers received a continual ovation along the route of march, and, in addition to being loudly cheered at every point, ladies were to be seen standing in carriages throwing small bunches of flowers to the men; the batteries were accompanied by the three militia bands of the city, as well as by the Leinster band, of the garrison, and an escort of all the Canadian Mounted Rifles who had reached Halifax up to that time.

The appearance of the men was the subject of rather diverse opinion, but



REV. W. G. LANE, PARRSBORO, N.S.



A DRAVLOAD OF SADDLERY.

ite fog upon which Halifax seems to pride itself came down thick and rich like a regular "Lunnon partickler"—not to be seen elsewhere on this side. To Halifax eyes batteries of artillery are made up of those "Five-meal meat-fed men," that Kipling has written about, and to such eyes the artillery then on view naturally looked inferior; many of the men appeared to be under the average size and weight, but the chief criticism was that they did not look *hard*—which was scarcely to be expected, as they were not old soldiers.

By the time the troops reached the dockyard they found as many thousands of the public outside the gate as it was possible to pack in the roadway; here perhaps the wildest scenes took place. In order to facilitate the embarkation the public had been excluded from the dockyard, but directly the troops got inside, the crowd, with uncontrollable ardour, attempted to rush the gate; this was prevented, however, by the quick movement of two companies of the Leinster regiment which had been kept on duty inside the yard in wise anticipation of such an attempt. Soon alongside the trooper

the men were told off in subsections and quietly embarked in that manner and were immediately shown to the quarters they were to take for the long journey to the Cape. The horses having been previously got on board, the eventful moment soon came when the *Laurentian*, a mountain of smoke, steam, squealing pigs, cackling fowl and cheering men, cast off her moorings and labor-

iously backed out into Halifax harbour and into a brewing storm. The captain in his wisdom did not put out to sea, but lay at anchor in the shelter of the harbour for the night. This was fortunate not only for the troops, but also for the deck load of horses and other live stock, as early in the evening the threatened storm broke with awful fury, the wind blowing on the coast at times with almost hurricane force, while the rain came down in fierce sheets. The storm, however, wore itself out through the night, and in the early sunshine of Sunday morning the good ship *Laurentian* quietly rolled out on the Atlantic.

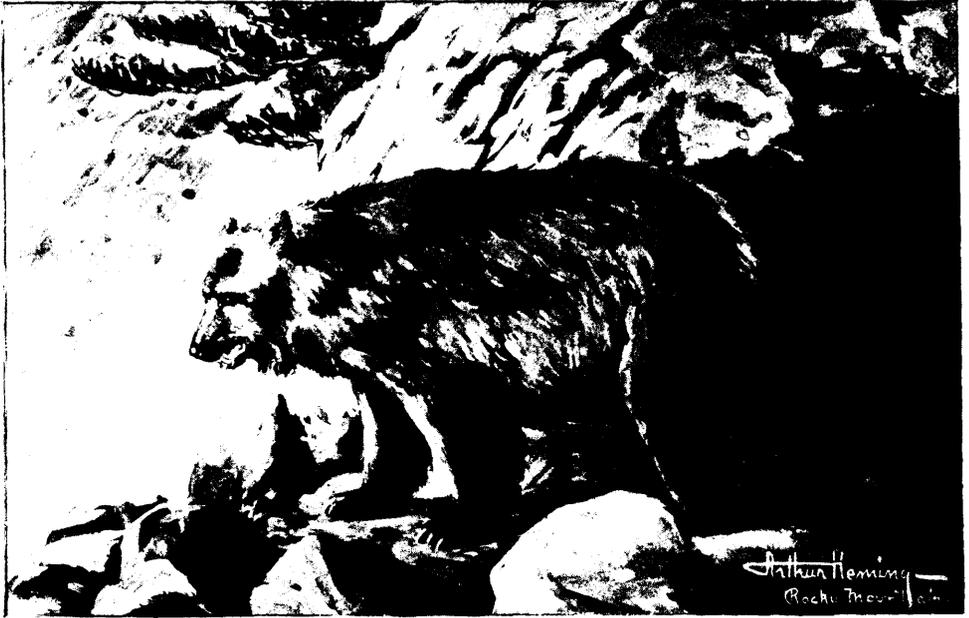


A SECTION C.M.R.

The second quota of the second contingent for service in South Africa left Halifax just a week later, January 27, and Halifax again turned out *en masse* to witness its departure. The First Battalion, consisting of the Winnipeg Dragoons, the King's County (N.S.) Hussars and the New Brunswick men, were lined up on the common early on the morning of Saturday, January 27, under the command of Major Williams. They were all mounted and awaited the arrival of the Second Battalion from the Armoury, whose escort they were to be over the route. At half-past nine the departing soldiers were ordered to fall in. This quota consisted of men enrolled at Prince Albert, Battleford, Regina, Medicine Hat, Calgary and Edmonton, and although now under the name of the "Canadian Mounted Rifles," were until a few weeks ago cowboys and members of the North-West Mounted Police. The send-off at the Armoury was not as ceremonious or impressive as on the previous Saturday as the Ministers had returned to Ottawa and the troops were addressed by the Lieut.-Governor only. He, Sir Malachi Daly, appropriately referred to them as the flower of the active manhood of Canada, and briefly wished them good luck, adding the title of the song "Au revoir, but not good-bye." Colonel Herchmer responded, after which the departing soldiers, escorted by the Mounted Rifles yet to go, proceeded through the city to the dockyard where the *Pomeranian* lay. The street scenes were a repetition of the Saturday before, but in favourable contrast, as the bright, crisp winter day that happily turned out to be, gave

full effect to the gay decorations. The contrast with respect to the men was also marked, and there was no diverse opinion as to their apparent ability to perform the duty they had undertaken. All the men looked beefy, well fed, strong and hard, and with their countenances brightened by the breezy winter day, provoked the universal comment that they were fit for anything. The dockyard was reached at about noon, and the men were immediately marched to the transport, and were soon on board. The public having been admitted to the yard on this occasion, the actual departure made a more interesting and lively scene than the previous embarkation, the vast number of enthusiastic people staying to wave farewell until the ship cast off. Early in the afternoon the *Pomeranian* moved slowly out and anchored in the stream, where she was viewed by thousands along the waterside, and at five o'clock she started down the harbour. The signal was a rocket fired from the ship, and she was at once surrounded by a flotilla of tugs and excursion boats, which accompanied her some distance down, giving forth a deafening chorus from their steam whistles, and which no doubt prevented the soldiers hearing the lusty cheers poured out from thousands of throats along the wharves. In the bright January twilight the good ship *Pomeranian*, gayly decked with flags and firing rockets and bombs at frequent intervals, left her consorts and Canada behind, and smartly steamed out into the Atlantic and out of sight with the "Gift of the West" on board.





DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

A GRIZZLY BEAR.

## THE BIG GAME OF CANADA.

### V.—BEAR, COUGAR AND WOLVES.

THE Dominion is not by any means a country abounding in ferocious animals. We have bears, wolves and mountain lions, but with the exception of one species of the former, none of them offer any serious resistance to an intruder on their solitude. Very often, after reading some of the thrilling bear stories of the daily press, I have felt pity for the poor fellows who had to write them as a means of subsistence. It must be desperately hard to manufacture a really good, blood-curdling yarn, such as, for instance, those that the *Sunday Sun*, of New York City, has served up to its readers with undeviating punctuality once a week, for the past twenty-five years, with the common black bear as a central figure. It speaks volumes for the industry, perseverance and trained imaginations of the gentlemen who supply these "Sunday fillers," that they have been able to continue so

long in harness without becoming inmates of an asylum for the weak-minded. Had nature but decreed that some species of really dangerous game should have its habitat in North America, one can see how enormously it would have lightened their labours.

But unfortunately our black bear is just about as dangerous as a Berkshire piggy, which, indeed, he somewhat resembles in his habits and tastes.

The first one I ever saw outside a zoo, almost walked into my camp one fine July morning at the Pabineau Falls of the Nipisiguit, in New Brunswick. I had just gone down to the famous Flat Rock pool, and was looping a small Silver Doctor fly to my cast, when the Indian by my side gave a low whistle and sunk down beside a boulder. I looked up and there was a fair sized bear, rather ragged in his summer coat, ambling a-down a slop-

ing slab-rock face just across the river. He did not see us, and smell us he could not, on account of the direction of the wind; so I stood quite still not fifty yards away, as unable to stop him as he was to harm me—for I had no weapon. Master Bruin seemed playful, and frisked about most good-humouredly. Once he came down to the edge of the stream as if to cross, but the current would have swept him to death in a second and he evidently knew it. We lost twenty minutes of the best fishing hour of the day watching him, before a yell sent him flying back to the shelter of the forest.

A year or two later I met a couple of bears on a lonely Mirimichi road, and was delighted that they cleared off as I had nothing but a fishing rod in hand. With the exception of a couple of trapped bears I never succeeded in getting any in the Lower Provinces, though there are plenty and some 800 or so are trapped each year. The peculiarly dense forest growth gives the animals too much in the way of odds. A good many have, however, been shot on the upper Nipisiguit, where there is a great stretch of burnt, granite country, covered with blueberry bushes, the fruit of which attract the bears in August and September. Unfortunately a bear-skin is of very little use until the middle of the latter month at the earliest, so it is almost a pity to kill them before that time.

Black bears abound in every Province and territory of the Dominion, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, with the exception, of course, of parts of Saskatchewan and Alberta, where the open plains repel every forest-loving animal. It is on the Pacific coast, in the passes and fords of the Coast Range that *Ursus Americana* reaches the summit of his prosperity. In the dense forests clothing the flanks of that mighty range, the black bear is exceedingly abundant, and, strange to relate, it is there that his weight is greatest, and his pelt the most glossy and luxuriant. The fur on most animals becomes richer and more valuable in direct proportion to the winter cold

to which they are exposed, but the black bear seems an exception, for his coat is at its best in a wet and comparatively mild climate.

I think a man who stuck closely to business might bag a dozen bears every autumn in the Coast Range. When the dog-salmon are running, and the streams and their tributaries choked with fish, while the shores are odoriferous through wind-rows of decaying salmon, the bears live by the water side and gorge themselves with the putrid remains. I have had six chances in one afternoon, bagging two and wounding another. The best way is to ascend the stream by canoe as far as desirable, and then to drift slowly down with a good Siwash in the stern, the sportsman making himself comfortable in the bow with his rifle ready for a snap shot.

A few years ago the closet naturalists asserted that there were but three or at most four species of bear in North America. Now I believe they have gone to the other extreme, and are prepared to welcome with open arms half a dozen new species. Hunters have all along maintained that there were several additional species which could be added to the grizzly, black and polar, recognized by science. They speak of cinnamon and silver tips, Ranger bears, and many another variety and species; but, be this as it may, it is known that there are great differences in temper, appearance and habit among bears. Without wishing to detract from the ferocious reputation of the grizzly by one iota, I must confess that I am by no means convinced that we ever had in Canada those imposingly large and particularly savage animals that, according to our American cousins, once roamed in large numbers through their west. Even granting that such animals flourished, nay that they still exist, it is probable that the animal never attained its greatest vigour in our more northern latitudes. The creature known as a grizzly in British Columbia is a large, sufficiently savage bear, but it certainly does not weigh 2,000 pounds, nor does it charge a man or pack-train

at sight. If wounded our grizzly may be an ugly customer, and a she-bear with cubs is always worthy of respect, but otherwise the grizzly is not a very terrible animal. I was present when one was shot in the Selkirks, in the Lardeau district, and when weighed on an ore scale it only tipped the beam at 560 pounds. Yet while not one of the largest of its species, all the local hunters seemed to consider it by no means a small one.

The cinnamon is now believed to be a cross between the grizzly and the black, at least it is not known to occur unless the range carries each of those species. It has a great reputation for ferocity, and together with its running mate the silver tip, furnishes the *pièce de résistance* of many a bar-room story. The cinnamon, in size and colour, is certainly just what might be expected as the result of a cross between the grizzly and black bear, but its temper is said to be worse than that of either.

There is a very large brown bear found in parts of the Yukon territory, of which the Indians stand greatly in dread. Its western range extends far into the United States territory, some gigantic specimens having been secured on Kadiac Island. It is undoubtedly a most formidable animal, and possibly as savage as it is big, but uncommonly little is known of its habits.

An old friend of mine, who passed all the best years of his life in the Hudson's Bay service, told me of a very large brown bear that inhabits northern Labrador. When in charge of the post at Ungava he traded many of its skins, and they had sold at the annual fur sales of the company in London as grizzlies. It would appear as though this may be the same species as is found in the Yukon, although I am not aware that any similar animal has been reported from the intervening country. It might well be, however, that wanderers found their way through the barrens at some time or other, and finding northern Labrador sufficiently cold and desolate to be enjoyable, remained there and multiplied.

The polar bear is an old friend, although few of us have met him in the flesh. We all remember in the days of our boyhood how jolly it was to hunt him all through the long winter evenings in the books on Arctic travel. The old worthies seem to have found him a difficult customer to tackle with boarding-pikes and muskets, but Mr. Jackson, during his winter in Franz Joseph Land discovered that the .303 laid them out unfailingly. Nansen did as well with a Mauser, hence the polar bear is by no means the terrible animal we were led to believe in the days of our confiding youth. So it goes; each year sees some old idol shattered, some cherished belief shown to be a myth.

Our Canadian wolves are unworthy to rank beside the Loup Garou of the French, or even the milder old-woman-and-children eater of Germany and Scandinavia. I have not been able to substantiate any of the many yarns with which my lumbermen friends have enlivened the long evenings I have passed in their shanties. If there is any place in the Dominion where wolves should have dined on Canadian flesh, it is in the region adjacent to Lake Winnipeg, for there the grey timber wolf is really fairly numerous, and there are some Icelander settlers who would probably offer but a feeble resistance. But if any person has evidence that any of the said settlers were ever turned into wolf-meat I should like to have it.

The grey timber wolf will kill stock, deer, poultry and dogs, but is not dangerous to mankind. A few roam in the Lake of the Woods country, and a very large one was poisoned by a trapper near Dynent station on the C.P.R. last spring. It was, however, the first that had been secured for a long time.

The common wolf of the west is the coyote, or prairie wolf. It is a miserable brute, capable of much mischief, but without a vestige of pluck. There is no fun in shooting it, though there is a great deal of merit in the act, as the coyote is one of the trials of the rancher's life; it gives excellent sport,

however, when coursed by good deerhounds, or to a scratch pack of foxhounds, such as hunt the country about Moosomin, N.W.T. On many of the ranches in Assiniboia and Alberta there are capital Scotch deerhounds, and it is glorious sport to follow them on a good pony, with a cayote leading a lively chase over the plain. As a rule, two good dogs will let but few wolves get away, though a cayote can leave an ordinary one with ease.

In the extreme north grey wolves are said to be numerous. The barren lands swarm with them, the great herds of caribou and musk oxen affording a living. When they have seen but little of man they are much bolder than further south, and Tyrrell mentions an instance of their daring, which would seem incredible to those who know the wolf only in more southern regions. During the winter of 1898, the cold in Manitoba was more extreme, and of longer duration than usual, and the cayote became desperate from hunger. They were then quite a scourge in parts of the province, and were seen daily in the outskirts of Winnipeg. They were known to lie in wait for small dogs trotting behind the farmers sleighs, and to dash out and snap them up before their owners could

interfere. At such times the brutes became exceedingly adroit in luring small curs away from the farm house, when they fall victims to a general onslaught by the pack, most of which remained in hiding while the dog was being decoyed away. The best that may be said of the cayote is that his skin makes a pretty mat.

With the exception of the two lynxes, the Canada and Bay, our only representative of the felidæ is the cougar, or mountain lion. This is another skulking brute, and notwithstanding its name and appearance, as rank a coward as anything on four legs. It

is most abundant in British Columbia, more especially on Vancouver Island. On the mainland it is very sparingly distributed, but is occasionally shot. In the neighbourhood of Victoria the climate and dense forest growth are favourable to the animal's habits and requirements. One was shot a few years ago by a sentry on duty at Esquimalt, and several have been killed by men out for a day at the pheasants. They are death on small dogs, poultry, sheep and calves, but do not attack human beings, at least they do not do so in Canada.

No one ever thinks of going off



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

A BLACK BEAR.

cougar hunting in British Columbia, because it would be more profitable to hunt for a needle in a hayrick; the odds against meeting the brute in the island jungles would be long, and there are so many more profitable ways of passing the time in that pleasant land by the Pacific.

The cougar is more of a United States animal than a Britisher. In Washington Territory, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico, they have far more of these animals than we ever had, and I need hardly add they are welcome to all the fun they are able to extract from these great

cowardly cats. We of the Dominion have a sufficiently long list of glorious game animals, without worrying after a scarcity of cougars.

With this animal I have come to the end of the list, with the exception of the sheep and the goat, which will be dealt with in another article, and I venture to forestall criticism by pointing to the vastness of the subject. Although I have spent a good deal of time, energy and money in getting at Canadian big game, and have been over an immense area of country, yet no one realizes better than I do that the half has not yet been told. There are regions as large as the British Isles in which the rifle of the sportsman has never cracked; there are ranges, as yet almost untrodden, that must carry many a record head; and although civiliza-

tion is making great strides in the west, I hope that common-sense laws will ensure a supply of game for our children's children.

There can be no finer training for the manhood of a nation than the pursuit of big game, rifle in hand. A man used to judging distance and to shooting at moving objects is already half a soldier, and should the day ever come when Canada needs men to repel the invader, she will always find them among her frontiersmen, trappers, lumberers, miners and sportsmen, for they have been taught in a grand school. Therefore let our statesmen see to it that our big game is not sacrificed, for it would be a thousand pities were one of the great incentives to skill with the rifle to cease to exist.

*To be Continued.*

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## A CANADIAN OF THE MUTINY.

*By Prof. A. MacMechan of Dalhousie College.*

THE year the native army of Bengal refused to bite the greased cartridges dates, perhaps, the blackest page in British annals. In spite of the heroism that gilds the shadows, '57 will ever remain a year of mourning and lamentation and woe. Stevenson thought the glory and sorrow of it almost too much to ponder over; and to fathom his meaning one has only to read in a father's letter, "My little Polly, how could anyone have the heart to kill her!" or to look in the face of a man whose kindred lie in the well at Cawnpore. If one reads the account of what kind-hearted surgeon Munro and private Forbes-Mitchell, of the 93rd, saw in the blood-stained "Muchee Bawn," the wonder will be that the vengeance of the English left a native alive in all India.

Though Canada was not then one country, and though she was not then bound to the mother-land by such

close ties as she is at this day, she, too, had her part in the sorrow and the glory of that tragic year. On the Grand Parade at Halifax, the regiments in garrison volunteered for service in India to a man; and one of the last public days of solemn fast observed in Nova Scotia, was held in grief and humiliation for the victims of the massacres. One of the bequests of the war to a Canadian mother was a little packet containing two letters, endorsed in a lady's fine hand, "Last letter but one," and "Last letter of my poor boy." These two letters were written by a boy from Quebec in the camp before Delhi, and tell a story worth noting.

The history of the mutiny revolves about three cities in the very heart of India, not far one from the other:—Cawnpore, the city of massacre, whose very name seems to suggest some obscene, cruel monster; Lucknow, the

city of heroic defence, in which also Canada has her part; and Delhi, the city of heroic assault. This stronghold of Mogul power was the centre of the storm. Hither all the mutinous regiments headed, as by instinct. Once fallen, the rebellion was at an end. To call the British operations before it a siege is a misuse of terms almost farcical. The forces available could not really invest the city; they simply clung to their works along the ridge, through that fearful summer, until the genius and will of two subordinate officers forced their commander to accept a plan of attack, which proved successful, and *might* have won the city weeks before.

Our Canadian, James Hill Bradshaw, joined his regiment, the famous 52nd, in February, 1856, as Ensign, and bought his step as Lieutenant the same year. When the mutiny broke out he was on sick leave in the Hills, but hastened back to the colours, marched with his regiment into the camp before Delhi, on August 14th, and was killed in the general assault, exactly one month later.

His first letter, dated August 27th, he opens with an apology for not writing before. "What with long marches and duty coming round so fast, there is not a great deal of time for anything"; surely an adequate excuse. "We arrived here about fifteen days ago and found everything remarkably quiet; nothing but picquet duty going on, and no end of that." At Umballa I found myself on treasure guard, though I had fancied we would have left it all there" (the treasure amounted to nine lacs of rupees); "but instead of that we got £10,000 more, so that I was stuck in a guard-room all day and then we marched at 2 o'clock a.m., and I was not to be relieved until we came into the next camp." Umballa was deserted and there was nothing to see in it. "The road got so bad that, though we had only eleven miles, it took us nearly twelve hours to get the treasure and ammunition into camp. We halted for a day three marches from this, and though more than thirty

miles from here, we could hear the booming of the guns quite plainly, and on the day we marched in I never smelt anything like the stench of the dead bodies for the last six miles. On all sides of us we could see traces of the havoc that had been committed and dead camels and oxen and horses all along the road. But we got into camp at last with our own and the 61st bands playing us in; and then the old Colonel of the 60th came out to meet us and insisted on all of us going over to their mess tent for breakfast." It was a very jolly breakfast, for Bradshaw met old friends, and the Rifles have a reputation for hospitality to sustain; noon came before the end of that breakfast.

To the great delight of the 52nd, they were brigaded with the 60th and the Ghoorkhas. The young officers were "in and out of each other's tents all day," and went, apparently in a party, as an afterpiece to the breakfast, to visit the various batteries. "All the next day I was knocking about among the 75th and 61st regiments, seeing old Chatham friends and talking over all that had happened since we had last met." Bradshaw was much impressed with the Ghoorkhas, whom he describes as "a race of men who come from the Hills, and are very short, very strong and very ugly and fight like fiends." They "are considered the most plucky and best fighters here and are very fierce in their hatred of *Pandy*."

These were the days when the British soldier held that there was only one regiment in the service—his own, an opinion which an officer of the 52nd had good grounds for holding. "The 60th got the credit of being the best regiment here before we came, and the Ghoorkhas asked to be brigaded with them, as they said they were the only regiment here who knew how to skirmish properly, but they have not seen us at it yet, and as we have had the credit of being the best drilled light infantry regiment in India, I think we will get them to say as much for us, too. They are such jolly little fellows, and so sharp and active. The other

day one of the 60th sergeants got a bag of 50 rupees off a Pandy whom he had shot, and held it up to show his comrades what he had got, and while he was holding it up to be seen, a little Ghoorkha slipped up behind him, snatched the bag out of his hand and bolted over a wall with it. Before the other fellow had recovered from his astonishment, Master Ghoorkha was in the thick of the row again."

The tone of the letter does not indicate that the writer perceives the magnitude of the crisis, or else he studiously conceals the danger and terror of it from the dear home people. Statements which might alarm are modified and slipped in as a sort of aside. Simpson, poor fellow, is wounded by a spent ball, "just after he had left me, when I relieved him at the Crow's Nest," but "he is nearly well now." The 60th have only 200 effective men now out of the 500 who marched into camp two months ago, "but then they have had all the hard work as yet." It is at the Crow's Nest that our Quebecker comes under fire for the first time. His account of his experience is engagingly frank.

"I fancied I would not like picquet duty on account of the bullets and round shot and shell continually flying about, but before I had been two minutes in the Crow's Nest, I did not mind the whistling of the bullets at all. And then Pandey always fires so high, that if anyone is hit, it is quite by mistake, and he may be sure the bullet never was intended for him," which must have been a soothing sort of plaster for a gunshot wound. "The niggers have plenty of cover in front of the Crow's Nest, where they can pepper away at us without being seen, and sometimes the bullets come flying over the breast-work of the Crow's Nest by volleys. And if they even took a very bad aim they ought to hit some of us, as the breast-work is not above my waist, but somehow or other they don't. Then we have capital chances for practising with the Enfield rifle at long ranges. I have managed to tumble over two fellows though I kill-

ed neither. I did not run any risk, as I sat down quietly on a stone in the battery, with my rifle resting on the breastwork, and caught my men while rushing across a gap in a wall."

To reassure his correspondent further, he explains what constitutes "a close shave." "I had one or two close shaves up in the Crow's Nest, and yet I hardly think they deserve to be classed as such, as none of the balls touched me. One passed across my chest, and struck a piece of rock not four feet off, and another came in through the door of the tent, and I felt the wind of it as it passed over my face while lying on my bed in the tent, and then it went into the ground about three feet from me, but," he adds, consolingly, "it must have been spent or it would have gone further."

The incident of which Mrs. Steele makes so much in her tale of the mutiny, receives confirmation from Bradshaw's unpretending narrative. "I nearly forgot to tell you about a lady who made her escape from the city the other day. One of our Afghan spies managed to get her out of the city, and, as they were going along they were seen, and one of the men (for there were two with her) was shot. Then she and the other had to crawl along on their hands and knees under cover of the bushes till they came up to our picquet at the Subzee Mundao, where Bailey, of ours, sent her into camp in a dooley. She gave a frightful account of the massacre in the city, and had her own three little children killed before her eyes. The youngest was shot in her arms, and the bullet, after passing through the body of the child, wounded her also. Another child had its throat cut so as almost to sever the head from the body, and the third poor little thing had its mouth cut across from ear to ear, and lived for six or seven hours afterwards. I heard her tell it myself when she was brought in, and she says there are still about twenty European women in the city. Perhaps our fellows won't pay the niggers off when they get into the city! All I'm afraid of is they will kill the

women and children, but I hope for the name of a British soldier, they won't disgrace themselves so."

Through all these horrors—the burning Indian summer, disease, battles, wounds, death—when it looked as if the siege must fail through sheer lack of men to carry it on, so swiftly did the regiments dwindle, these mad English must have their games and their amusement. The possibility for failure does not, however, occur to our young officer; he writes with calm confidence of the time when they shall get into the city. Meanwhile there is a daily routine. "We generally get two days on picquet, and two in camp, during which we have pony races and play cricket, etc., and the band of some regiment plays almost every evening in front of the General's tent, to which if we go we are obliged to wear our Charkie Rung uniform and forage caps. It is very jolly, and the circle we meet there is, *of course*, very select, but then there is one drawback—there are no young ladies, so that it does not present the same amount of attraction by any means as a band day in Quebec." They have no "jolly rides" either, and their horses have so little to do, and are getting so fresh that Bradshaw is glad he has only one to look after.

During the affair of Nujufghur, of August 25th, Bradshaw was on duty at the Mosque, and tells merely what he saw of this brilliant episode. The mutineers tried to cut off the siege-train, but Nicholson checkmated them. The heavy guns came in, breached the walls, and made the daring capture possible. From the Mosque, Bradshaw had a good view of the skirmish on the 26th, and helped to disperse the reinforcements hurried from the city to aid the "bies (or brothers as they call them)." At this post the rich, tropical moonlight makes him think of the dear ones, "over the sea the thousand miles," and the old home he was never to look upon again. "I had a capital two days of it, and then at night it was such beautiful moonlight that it reminded me of moonlight nights in winter at home so much that I sat up

on the edge of the roof for a couple of hours before going to bed, quietly thinking to myself." It must have been a sight well worth spending two hours over, but there is a great difference between moonlight on the Canadian snows, on the roofs and spires of Quebec, and moonlight on the domes and towers, and long red wall of Delhi, the difference between peace and war. The night brings counsel to the young soldier, and he tells his mother the thoughts that come to him. They concern the two only, and must not be written down here.

In his off-hand way he gives us a glimpse of life at this particular post, which could be ill-spared. "There were six of us on the Mosque picquet together, and all had our beds in one little room, which just left a passage between the feet of our beds, which were ranged three and three on each side of the room. I had the head of my bed just at a hole where a corner of the building had been carried away by a round-shot. And so I had plenty of fresh air and slept like a trooper, as I always do. We had a very jolly time of it for the two days we were there."

This long despatch, written in the fine, sloping hand of the time and carefully "crossed" to save weight, ends with the casual mention of some facts which must have impaired somewhat the cheerful impression which the writer tries to create; for it is not worth while sending doleful letters all the way from Delhi to Quebec. He tells of the coming of the siege-train, and "supposes" that another fortnight will see them inside of Delhi. There is no doubt in his mind as to the final result. Then, queerly enough, he tells the high prices that a dead officer's belongings fetch, and adds that there is a good deal of cholera in camp, "but latterly more fever." But unimportant details of this kind may very well be crowded into the tail-end of a letter home, simply to fill up. Among the messages to friends, and the cheerful account of his "jolly times," such trifles will hardly be noticed.

## THE WOMEN OF ST. HONORIA'S.

By John McCrae.\*

THE *Servia* was lying at anchor in the Mersey one bright May morning, and a hundred passengers who had risen sufficiently early were watching the tender approach the vessel's side. Mrs. Agnes Creighton, who was so young, and so little like a widow, that her vis-a-vis at table had always called her Miss Creighton, was leaning over the rail, wondering which of the tender's passengers was Billy Creighton, her late husband's brother, whom she had never seen. He was, she knew, a lecturer in the College of St. Honoria, whither he had gone after leaving Oxford. St. Honoria's, she had concluded, was an abode of blue stockings, and she was by no means free from apprehensions that her brother-in-law might be old—that is, moderately old—and musty.

"I hope it's not that horrid old man with the long whiskers," said she to herself, with a shrug of her shapely shoulders. "But it may be!" But her fears were groundless, for Creighton was a clean-looking man of thirty, who was at this moment catechizing an obliging steward.

"I think Mrs. Creighton's the lady with her arm around the stanchion. I'm not sure!" said the man of buttons. "Pardon me," said he, as he went up to her, "but I am looking. Could you tell me if there is a Mrs. Creighton on board—a widow?"

"There is," she answered with a smile. "But you need not proclaim the fact that she is a widow. She mightn't like it. But are you Mr. Billy Creighton, my new brother?"

"Yes," cried Billy, eagerly seizing her hand. "I was afraid I might miss you. Can you come ashore at once?"

"Yes, as soon as I get my hand-bag."

While she was below, Creighton amused himself by listening to the conversation of two very youthful passengers, who had climbed up on the rail to inspect the tender's deck. A natty dragoon who was on board caught their eyes.

"Look at the soldier," shouted the younger, in glee.

"That ain't a soldier," retorted the six-year-old gravity at his side. "That's a policeman!"

"Then where's his club?"

This was a poser, but the youthful instructor was not floored. "He don't need one. He's got spurs."

The younger mouth was an unconscious interrogation mark. "Why, don't you see," pursued the wise-acre, "if he was ketchin' a burglar, and the burglar'd climb a tree, he'd just climb up after him with his spurs."

The younger boy's jaw fairly dropped; this was as realistic as a bear story.

"An' if the burglar'd try to kill 'm," went on the youthful Munchausen, "he'd just jab him with his spurs—jab 'em dead!"

At this moment Mrs. Creighton arrived. "I'm ready!" said she. "Good-bye, boys!"

"Are you going away with that man?" quoth the younger, with a point of his finger at Creighton. "What are you going with him for? Do you like him? Are you going with him because——" "Good-bye," said she, laughing. "I'd better not commit myself."

The same evening they found themselves at Honorton, a Devon town, which owed its name to the College, or to the College's patron saint; Mrs. Creighton was domiciled in the same house as her brother-in-law, who, however, lived most of his time at his

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rooms in the College. Agnes Creighton's widowhood found her without a near relative in America, and she had gladly accepted the invitation to spend, at least, a couple of years in England. For the next two months her life was delightfully novel. She met most of the professors and many of the undergraduates, and was almost constantly in the companionship of Creighton and his colleague Watson, until at last these two wondered how they could have so enjoyed their walks before she came. Watson, be it said, was much like Creighton in age and manner, but had been elevated in the minds of his fair students to an ideal plane; and this was not entirely undeserved, for his scholarship had been proven in the writing of an abstruse work relating to Greek syntax. He had sufficient sense to dislike this adulation, for he knew that many of his students were but impressionable girls, who respected his opinion to the utmost, and eagerly seized upon his beliefs on any subject whatever for incorporation in their own creeds.

"Some have greatness thrust upon them," quoted Creighton.

"Confound it all!" growled Watson. "I think I had better adopt some vices to stave off this growing popularity. Seriously, old man, do you think if I took to chewing tobacco they would drop me?"

"You might try," said Creighton, gravely.

"Because it's too much of a good thing. Miss Boxham came to me yesterday, wanting to know the significance of some particle or other in Homer. It wasn't my line, but I said that I believed it had none whatever. Miss Lee asked me to find her the best work on the use of the quarter-arch in Corinthian architecture. I had never heard of a quarter-arch, and said so. Then Miss Winter"—Miss Winter was the matron and general supervisor of the welfare of the undergraduates—"thanked me for my exposition of the Persian deities; said it had wonderfully enlightened some questions that had perplexed her regarding the Trinity;

said I had a broad soul. Humph!" Watson concluded, with a dissatisfied grunt.

"They are a strange combination," said Creighton. "Take them individually, they are the pick of womankind, but collectively, they are the very—deuce! 'The girls' say this, and 'the girls' think that. They are not very fond of me. But Agnes seems to get on well with them, and perhaps they'll take me to their favour on her account. Let's go and get Miss Rodney and her and go for a walk!"

These walks had been almost of daily occurrence, and thanks to them, as well as to a year's previous acquaintance, Creighton had come to know Maud Rodney very well indeed. On this occasion they sauntered slowly behind the other two, across the trim meadow that lay behind St. Honoria's and stretched up to the top of the slope, at the foot of which, a mile distant, lay Honorton.

"Suppose we go up to the fountain," said he. She acquiesced, and they walked slowly up the slope, nearly to the edge of the wood, where some kind soul had built little marble steps around a spring. Miss Rodney sat down on the last step, and busily dug holes with her parasol in the soft mould. This particular afternoon she had little to say, but Creighton had less.

"Why are you so quiet, Mr. Creighton?"

"I don't know. Just thinking!"

"About what?"

"You, if you must know."

"I am flattered. No, I don't mean that—flattered is an empty word. I mean—well, but what about me?"

"I was thinking of the many pleasant times I had spent with you."

"You have not enjoyed them more than I, I am sure," said she. "And I hope we shall have many more."

"Not many more," said Creighton, with a quiet smile.

"Why?" said she, apprehensively.

"Are you going away, or something like that?"

"Yes," he said. "Things are not quite as rosy as they might be, and I

am going to clear out. I haven't told anyone about it yet!"

"I am glad you regard me so much a friend, Mr. Creighton, that you tell me first; even if it is something I shall not be glad to hear. But I hope it isn't!"

Creighton said nothing.

"I don't want to be curious," she said. "But you seem bothered about something. Can't I help you?"

"I'm bothered about Agnes," he said, somewhat diffidently. "You see, I'm almost the only relation she's got, and I expect to have to leave St. Honoria's soon."

Miss Rodney looked surprised.

"For good?"

"Yes, for good!"

"And—and will you take her with you?"

"That's just it. I can't—and I would like to see her with a home."

Miss Rodney spoke after a long pause. "But is it certain that you go? Have you decided?"

"I'm giving this in confidence! I hate to make a fuss about it, but I am promised only a couple of months——"

"A couple of months! What do you mean by that?" said she, with a puzzled expression.

"A couple of months longer to live, that's all!"

The girl was looking away at the horizon, as if she scarcely had heard what she said. He thought even at that minute that he had never seen a handsomer girl.

"Is that true?" said she suddenly.

"True as—well, as true as anything I ever say," he replied, with a careless little laugh.

"But I would not dare," he went on, "to involve any woman's happiness in my own misery, or trouble rather. I don't think a man should ask a woman to share his troubles when he hasn't any joys for her to share! But it's getting late. Let us go!"

Miss Rodney made no movement, but continued to dig in the earth with her parasol. Then she said without looking up, "I think you ought to tell her that!"

"Tell whom?"

"Agnes! Mrs. Creighton!"

"It is not Agnes. It's you!"

Miss Rodney gave a little gasp and turned to him. "Oh, Billy!"

It was not what she said, but it must have been the way she looked, for Creighton picked up her hand and kissed the tips of her fingers. It was the only familiarity he ever permitted himself with the woman who loved him, and when he said goodbye to her for the last time he did no more.

Two days later Watson was sitting at the window that looked out of his room across the meadows, enjoying the comfort of a smoke; it was late twilight, and he had not yet lighted his study lamp, when a knock came to the door and Creighton entered. The host pointed silently to the tobacco-jar.

"No, thank you, I'll not smoke just now. Hullo, what's this?" said he scrutinizing a card he had just picked up from the floor. "C. & D. 1604. Feb. 8. What's that mean?"

"C. & D. means Chatham and Dover, I expect," said Watson through the smoke.

"I expect not, my friend," retorted Creighton. "Now, *my* translation would be Carey and Doppelstein, Pawnbrokers. 1604—reference number of watch or other article. Feb. 8th—date of incarceration of the same. What is it now? Your overcoat?"

"I think poor old Dawson must have dropped that when he was in—he wanted the usual half-crown, and as usual I reviled him."

"And ended up by giving it him, I'll wager," said Creighton.

"Well, yes, I did," Watson admitted. "I thought it was worth it to bullrag him."

"Poor old Dawson is pretty far through," soliloquized Creighton. Then he added abruptly, "And Agnes is in the same caravan!"

"Don't joke that way, Billy, for goodness' sake," said Watson, with a sober look coming over his face as he spoke. "What do you mean?"

"By gad, I wish I *were* joking!" said Creighton, with a bitter smile.

"I'm very serious these days. This is on your strictest honour, and because I believe you have done her the honour of asking her to marry you. She is a drunkard!"

Watson's pipe went out between his lips, and he pulled himself up in his chair until he sat bolt upright.

"Where did you get that information?"

"It's too true. I saw it."

"I won't believe it."

"I wish I had been in my grave before I needed to believe it," said Creighton, miserably.

"I *won't* believe it, Billy," said Watson decisively.

"Then don't!" said the other, with a shade of temper. "Will you take Granton's word for it? He was with me when we brought her from old Mrs. Bolton's tipsy. I've no doubt it was that cursed old hag with her genteel swilling that did it." And Creighton finished with an oath.

"I never knew Granton say anything I couldn't believe," said Watson despairingly.

"Then take his word for another fact. I'm on my last string."

"When did he say that?"

"Two days ago."

Watson was staggered; he did not know what to say. Creighton reached out for a pipe and the tobacco-jar. "I'll have a smoke. That's all the bad news I've got, I think. No, it isn't either. You see, this happened at Bilton's"—and Creighton dropped into a sing-song tone, which sounded as if he were a reader, utterly careless of his meaning—"and as we were getting her into a cab three of the students and Miss Winter came along, so it's all up for a scandal. They may not have known her, but they saw me, and they cut me dead, too; there is some chance that they did not know Agnes, but none for me. Jack," said he, laying his hand on Watson's, "will you stick by her in this—I mean, keep it quiet?"

"You can count on me, old fellow, at any time or for anything," said Watson, eagerly.

The two sat silent for some minutes.

Watson broke the silence. "When did Granton tell you this—about yourself?"

"To-day. You know I've been operated upon twice already, but it's all up this time."

"What are you going to do?"

"Do? Why, I'm going to grind on as usual, just the same as if I expected to reach four-score," said Creighton, cheerfully. "Before this happened—about Agnes, I mean—I had decided to put in my resignation in the College. I can't tell them now about my health. They will likely raise a fuss about me, and then they'll think I resign on that account. Well, let them! I don't care much."

The same evening there was a meeting of the Women's Board of Control, composed of the matron, Miss Winter, the two women lecturers of the College, and six student representatives. After the disposal of other business, poor Creighton's unfortunate circumstances (as fully observed by Miss Winter and the three students) were laid before the meeting. Miss Winter spoke at some length very effectively.

"You must recognize," said she, in closing, "that you are in a sense your own guardians, and you cannot be too careful of any imputation creeping in upon your good name, and the good name of St. Honoria's. To allow yourselves to be taught any longer by one who has shown how little he values his true manhood, who has no more respect for his good name than to be seen in the streets in the company of a drunken woman (to her shame and to his everlasting disgrace be it said), to allow this, I say, would be to compromise that good name which the women of St. Honoria's prize above all things, and which they will maintain at all costs."

She was rapturously applauded, and as an outcome of the meeting, a deputation, consisting of Miss Winter and Miss Easton (one of the lecturers), was appointed to wait upon Professor Watson that he might use his influence with Mr. Creighton to procure from the latter a fit explanation or his resignation; failing this, the same deputation

should wait upon the Provost and demand prompt action.

Late the next afternoon the deputation knocked at Watson's study-door. "Come in!" he shouted in his business voice. Seeing his visitors, he rose. "Oh, Miss Winter, let me offer you a chair. Good afternoon, Miss Easton. Beautiful day!" It was drizzling outside, but Watson was too much troubled to notice. He suspected the errand, but said nothing.

"Professor Watson, we have come to represent the College!" Watson looked blankly innocent and waited. Miss Winter evidently expected some assistance from him, but got none; he sat with elevated eyebrows and joined finger-tips and said nothing.

"The truth is," she went on, "certain circumstances which have been forced, I say, forced upon public notice, have compelled us—in fact, a certain member of our faculty—is, we think, not a fit person to remain so any longer."

Miss Easton nodded her head in acquiescence.

"And who is this?" asked Watson, quietly. A long pause ensued, which he did not offer to break; he enjoyed, in a savage way, Miss Winter's uneasiness. The silence was growing very awkward. "Who is this?" repeated Watson, more sharply.

Miss Winter was visibly embarrassed, but said hesitatingly. "It is Mr. Creighton!"

"Are your reasons forthcoming?" he pursued, quietly.

The matron looked embarrassed and was about to stammer out some reply when Miss Easton took up the cudgels.

"The fact is, Professor Watson, Mr. Creighton was seen under circumstances which show him to be devoid of those qualities we require in our instructors—those qualities, Professor Watson, of which you yourself have always, we think, been a true exponent!"

The compliment was ill-timed; Watson closed a drawer at his side with a vicious bang, which ought to have warned Miss Easton, but did not.

"To speak further is unnecessary," said she.

"Pardon me. It is very necessary. Go on, please."

"Then plainly, Professor Watson," chimed Miss Winter, who had recovered herself, "I myself, as well as others, saw Mr. Creighton in a carriage with a drunken woman."

"There may be some good explanation."

"We have asked Mr. Creighton; at least, we have given him time to explain, but he has not taken advantage of the opportunity. Besides, no explanation can conceal the fact. I do not speak in rancour, but the ladies feel that their honour is concerned, and will no longer suffer themselves to receive instruction from such a man. I voice the sentiments of all."

"All?"

"Almost all."

"And what steps do you propose to take?"

"If Mr. Creighton does not, through your advice or his own good sense, choose to explain or resign, we must present the case to the Provost."

"I advise you not to," said Watson, savagely.

"Do you mean——"

"I mean that if my word goes for anything, if you take my advice you will do nothing and say less."

"Your advice for ourselves is superfluous," said Miss Winter, cuttingly. "It was merely kindness for Mr. Creighton brought us to you at all."

"I sincerely beg your pardon, Miss Winter," said Watson penitently. "But the explanation—he cannot make. Be content to say nothing. It will never happen again. Please do nothing of all this," he almost entreated.

"If you take any such sudden and severe measures, St. Honoria's will have cause to regret it some day."

Miss Winter rose to close the debate. "That is scarcely our concern, Professor Watson. If I do not hear from you or Mr. Creighton to-morrow at four, we must proceed with our message to the Provost. I hope we shall be spared such a painful errand."

"I cannot advise my friend's resig-

nation, Miss Winter. Good afternoon; goodbye, Miss Easton."

Watson set out to consult Creighton, but was unable to find him, nor did he see him until after the fateful hour of four o'clock the next day. Meanwhile, however, he had written Miss Winter a note of appeal—what more could he do without compromising either Creighton or Agnes herself?—but it was of no avail, and Miss Winter, like an avenging goddess, went before the Provost and secured forever against the breath of slander the honour of St. Honoria's.

The same evening Watson made his way to the Provost's study, where he found the venerable head of St. Honoria's deep in some philosophical quagmire; they remained closeted for half an hour, at the end of which time Creighton was summoned to join them.

"Creighton," said the old man, kindly, "I am very sorry to know this. Is there any explanation you could make? Be sure I shall be very glad—nay, anxious to accept your justification.

Creighton turned red (he was white enough, usually) and shook his head negatively.

"You need not go to any trouble, sir. My resignation was in my desk before this happened. I would rather you should accept it now than have further publicity given to the affair."

The Provost, mistaking his motives, nodded his head; Watson broke in—"I know the facts, sir! Don't accept it. That will make it worse. I give you my word of honour it's all right, and —" He stopped in response to a look from Creighton.

"Have you anything in view, Creighton?"

"No, sir, not immediately."

"But perhaps you may obtain something permanent shortly."

"Yes, sir," said Creighton, with a grim smile, "I expect a permanent situation very shortly."

"Ah, that's good," said the Provost, briskly. "Then it will be better," turning to Watson, "just to accept his resignation. It will avoid trouble. Look

in again, Creighton, before you go," he said, as he bowed them out.

Arm in arm they went to Creighton's lodgings, where Watson turned to go away, but the other detained him.

"You must come in."

No sooner were they in Creighton's own sitting-room than Mrs. Creighton came in. She had been crying; and she walked straight up to Creighton, took the lapels of his coat in her two hands.

"Billy, what are you going to do with me?"

"Heaven knows, Agnes."

"Here is a letter Harry gave me before he died; he said"—here she choked, and was silent for a moment—"he said I was to give it to you if ever this happened." She released Creighton and drew from her pocket a letter which Creighton opened and read—

MY DEAREST BILLY,—I told Agnes never to give you this unless those circumstances happened, which must have happened before you read this. Billy, be as good to her as you can. I believe it is a disease, and that she is as little responsible as we ever are for our sins. I can't counsel you. God bless you and her. This is my last word.

Your brother, HARRY.

He sat down as he read it; it was like a voice from the dead. Agnes was on her knees at his feet, with her head laid on his lap, crying as if her heart would break. Watson had gone out of the door; Creighton called him and he came back slowly.

The tearful little figure sat quite still on the floor, looking up at the two men.

"Agnes," said Creighton, "Watson has told me that he has asked you to marry him. You must release him!"

"I will," sobbed the girl.

"I don't want you to, Agnes," Watson blurted out.

"I must—after this. You are just doing it to save me from an asylum or worse."

"I don't give a curse. I want you," said Watson, excitedly.

Creighton broke in.

"He is making a sacrifice for you,

Agnes. You had better take it, in God's name, and make him the best wife you can. I would gladly keep you, Agnes, for a term of probation, but there isn't enough time left me. You both know what you are undertaking. Come away, Watson, I want to speak to you."

"Look here," said he, as they went out, "this seems to me to be the best way. You are running awful risks, but I believe, too, that you are winning a prize."

"But then about yourself, Billy. I wish you were clear of this abominable business. These girls have put their foot into things frightfully. Billy, let me explain to some of them."

"What will you explain?" said Creighton, a little testily.

"Her good name has not yet suffered, and mine doesn't matter. They'll just wag their heads and say another one has gone wrong."

"Billy, you must not let them."

"I shall."

"But," he added, in a gentler tone, "it will be rather a breaker, but then they may find out some time that I wasn't quite as bad as they thought me. Then I'll be the idol instead of you."

"You are now, Billy."

"No fear," said Creighton, with a laugh. "At least if I am, the devotees are having a holiday just now for those two Boxham girls and Miss Smith cut me dead to-day."

"It's an infernal shame," growled Watson.

"But Maud Rodney sent me a box of wild violets this afternoon—and as we must take the bitter with the sweet I also got a note from the Provost to say that I need not lecture to-morrow, which I take to mean that my resignation is accepted. Look in to-night, if you are not busy," said Creighton as they parted.

When Watson came in about night-fall he found Creighton sitting over a book, though the room was fast growing dark.

"Are you busy, Billy?"

"Oh, no, just grinding up a little!" It was on Watson's lips to say

"What's the use—" but he checked himself. "But it'll soon be too dark to read." "Do you know, Billy, I've just seen Agnes. She told Maud Rodney about everything. She said she would not have you in a false light in the eyes of at least one woman."

"I'm glad!" said Creighton simply.

Whatever it was he thought of, the tears began to rise in his eyes, and as if to apologise for a weakness, he turned his face to the shadowy side of the room. "Do you know, I fancy my sight has been rather going off lately," he went on disconsolately. "But then I'm nearly thirty-three—and—lots of better men have gone at twenty-three."

There was a long silence that was scarcely broken till Watson rose to go. Creighton turned again to his book, and his friend left him, with the picture in his mind of that lonely figure sitting at his work, until that time, a few days or a few weeks hence, when he must shut the book, for it will have grown too dark to read.

\* \* \* \* \*

Creighton left St. Honoria's at once, and died in that great noisy death-bed, London. On the day after his burial, Watson resigned from St. Honoria's, amid the protests of all. Miss Winter wrote him a letter beseeching him to remember his influence among them. All lauded his qualities and virtues and besought him to remain, but he would none of their praises. His closing lecture was crowded to the doors by students, expectant of eloquent allusion to his departure. His words were brief, but pointed.

"Many of you," said he, "have at times expressed the regard you have for my teachings. I pray you follow me yet a step further. Bear with me when I say—and the message is not so much mine, as it is Almighty God's—that mercy is often better than justice. Were you merciful—nay, were you even just to that life that has now passed alike beyond your slander or your praise? You have sadly defaced your womanhood when you thought you did it most honour."

## THE POPULARITY OF DICKENS.

By E. S. Williamson.

IN the course of his article "Literature in Canada," in the December CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Mr. Robert Barr makes the following remarkable statement—"Dickens' stock began to decline on the day of his death, and has been declining ever since." . . . "It is probably the absence of truth in the writing of Charles Dickens, all his pictures being exaggerations, and his character sketches caricatures, which accounts for his gradual decline, and which will account for the ultimate extinction of his work."

It would be interesting to know what foundation Mr. Barr has for this assertion. Unless some proof is forthcoming in support of it, his personal opinion is entitled to little weight, for Mr. Barr has not yet attained the position of an authority on literary matters. On the other hand, anyone who keeps in touch with the literature of the day has abundant evidence that at no time was a keener interest taken by the reading public in everything that has even the most remote connection with Dickens. New editions of his works are constantly being issued, and prominence is always given in the best magazines of England and America to articles concerning his life and works. We also have the published statement of Messrs. Chapman & Hall that the number of copies of *Pickwick Papers* sold by them down to 1892 totalled 800,000 copies, and that the *sale of this work in 1892 was three times as great as in 1869*, the year before the author's death. These figures, it should be remembered, comprise only copyright editions by the original publishers of Dickens' works; probably two million copies of *Pickwick* would be well within the mark.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, in his *Victorian Literature*, published in 1897, —which volume, by the way, does not

mention Mr. Barr's name—says: "It is alike interesting and convenient for my purpose that the most popular novelist of the Victorian era should have published his first great book in 1837. Dickens awoke then to abundant fame, and his popularity has never waned for an instant during the sixty succeeding years. . . . Dickens was the most popular writer that our literature has seen. Within twelve years after his death some four millions of his books were sold in England, and there is no reason to believe that his popularity has in any way abated. . . . The people who censure Dickens are those for whom he has served a purpose and is of no further use. They are a mere drop in the ocean of readers."

So recently as April, 1899, in *The Bookman*, we find Mr. Shorter writing as follows: "The note of the day is assuredly the revived interest in Dickens. *That Dickens is more read now than at any time since he began to write goes without saying.* There has been, however, a period of some fifteen years during which he has been depreciated by 'superior persons.' . . . But another generation has seen Dickens avenged. The middle-aged gentleman of to-day may still find Dickens vulgar, but the youth of the country is reading him as zealously as they read him in the sixties and seventies. And not merely the youth that owes its education to Mr. Foster's Act, but the youth of Oxford, the best and brightest intelligence of Young England, has lately joined the ranks of Dickens-worshippers."

This is the conclusion of Mr. Shorter—a literary authority of high rank—the value of whose opinion Mr. Barr will probably not question.

As to the charge that "Dickens' pictures are exaggerations and his

character sketches caricatures," Mr. Barr is merely repeating an old thread-bare criticism, which has been contradicted times without number by writers best fitted to pass judgment. Mr. George Gissing, for example, who has made a special study of Dickens' London, says: "On re-reading his work, I believe him to have been, what he always claimed to be, a very accurate painter of the human beings, no less than of the social conditions, he saw about him."

Mr. Barr complains that Canadians love whiskey better than books. Whether this be true or not, it is safe to assure Mr. Barr that the people of this Dominion have not yet imbibed a sufficient quantity of whiskey to accept as gospel all his unsupported statements,

and when he asserts that Dickens' stock has been on the decline since the day of his death, he offers an insult to the intelligence of Canadians—drunk or sober. In the words of Mr. W. E. Henly—a critic of exceptional vigour and force—"Everybody knows his Dickens now—everybody, that is, who is worth his salt."

It may be remembered that a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, 1837, in criticizing *Pickwick* and *Sketches by Bos*, ventured to prophesy that because Dickens had "risen like a rocket" he would "come down like a stick." This was sixty-three years ago. The stick has not yet come down, and Mr. Robert Barr will scan the heavens in vain for the first sign that it is about to descend.

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### THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS.\*

By F. H. Turnock.

FROM the veldt to the prairie flashed the cable :  
 "Britain's boys are by the burghers beaten back !  
 "We want scouts and rough-riders who are able  
 "Kruger's frontiersmen to traverse and to track."  
 From the West, to the Empire's call replying,  
 Rose the answer : "To the rifle and the reins  
 "We are trained ; and to send the Boers a-flying,  
 "You can count upon the Riders of the Plains."

CHORUS :

You can count upon the Riders of the Plains !  
 You can count upon the Riders of the Plains !  
 In the Empire's cause, for daring deeds undying,  
 You can count upon the Riders of the Plains !

From the plains, from the foot-hills, from the mountains ;  
 From the Red unto the Belly and the Bow ;  
 From the ranche, from the homestead—burst the fountains  
 Of a patriotic eagerness to go.  
 The Police of the prairies, true and steady ;  
 Cowboys, trappers, scouts, and hardy pioneers ;  
 Our Dragoons, for the conflict ever ready—  
 Rush in answer to the call for volunteers.

CHORUS :

Lion-bold, and as stealthy as the tiger,  
 Swift as eagle, and unerring as the hawk—  
 On the veldt, the Canadian rough-rider  
 Is the boy the Boer to baffle and to balk.  
 A new page in the grand old Empire's story,  
 We are writing ; now we fight in its campaigns.  
 That this page will be blazoned o'er with glory,  
 You can count upon the Riders of the Plains.

CHORUS :

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\*This song was written for the Farewell Reception given by Winnipeg to the members of the Second Canadian Contingent.

# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

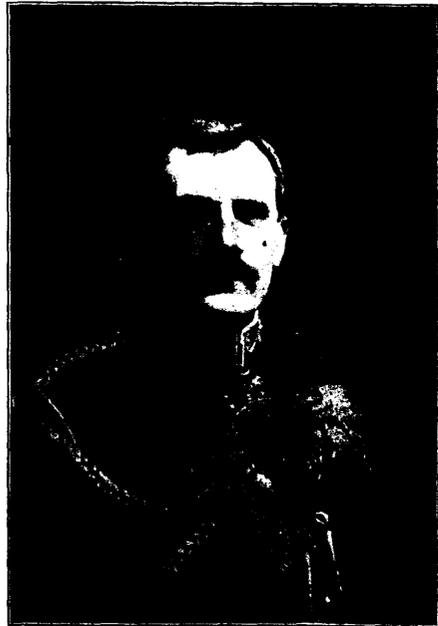
by W. Sanford Evans

THAT highest rank of intelligence, called genius, is far removed from all other ranks. While others plan and plod, it sees, comprehends and seizes the opportunity of the moment. It seems that at last the touch of genius has been imparted to the British campaign in South Africa. Before the advent of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener at the front, the campaign had become only the industrious struggling of disjointed masses of uninspired courage. Then, suddenly, movements take place simultaneously at remote points, and there is evidence of new life and common purpose. Before the anxious watchers at home have time to satisfy themselves as to the significance of these movements, they are thrilled by the news that General French, who was supposed to be near Colesburg on the south, has entered the Free State from the west, followed by two divisions of infantry, one under command of General Kelly-Kenny, who was supposed to be at Thebus, on the south. A rapid redistribution of forces has taken place. And not only so, but the British army, which before had been comparatively slow moving, and had been tied up to the lines of railway, suddenly becomes mobile in the highest degree. It circles around the Boer force, captures camps, overtakes a supply train, relieves Kimberley completely, and although Cronje passes through the lines before the investment is complete, he cannot move fast enough to escape a constant harassing. The change is startling.



A new phase of the campaign has opened, and it would be of little interest to review the details of the operations during the past month. The most important details, the organization of the transport, and the working

out of the new strategy, are those upon which we have no information. General Buller's two attempts to force his way to Ladysmith from the southwest, present many features that invite comment, but until we know how far he was acting under orders merely to keep the Boers engaged, with the twofold object of preventing another attack in force on Ladysmith, and of holding as many as possible in Natal so that reinforcements could not be sent to the Free State, we are not in a position to criticize. He and his troops showed at least the full measure of the dogged courage of their race. The cheerfulness of the garrison at



MAJOR-GENERAL H. C. MACDONALD WHO SUCCEEDED MAJOR-GENERAL WAUCHOPE IN COMMAND OF THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE UNDER LORD METHUEN, AND WAS RECENTLY WOUNDED.

(Photograph loaned by Capt. H. C. McLean, Toronto.

Ladysmith, within sound of the guns that told of nothing but hope deferred, has the quality of heroism. The movements on the southern border of the Free State were manifestly intended to cover the concentration north of the Orange River; and Lord Methuen's force remained quiet, with the exception of Macdonald's little trip with the Highland brigade, also manifestly in connection with the same concentration. It is obviously unfair to attribute all the change to Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. They could profit by all the experience of the past, and they had, besides, more troops under their command than General Buller had when he was Commander-in-Chief, and more supplies of every kind, but all the difference between a creditable stale-mate and brilliant success may be found in the brain-power of one or two men. Napoleon said of one of his lieutenants that he was worth more than 30,000 men. The British public will now watch every movement with less anxious interest and greater hopefulness.



Russia is again causing uneasiness in Britain. There is little doubt that she is taking advantage of the war to establish herself in Persia, and she is even massing troops in the neighbourhood of Herat. The latter she explains as the mere working out of a theoretical problem in mobilization, but this is of doubtful comfort. On February 1st she concluded a loan to Persia of \$10,000,000. It is understood also that she has renewed the agreement by which she must be consulted on all questions of railway construction in Persia, and there is a report that Russian engineers are now at work on a railway from Teheran to the Persian Gulf. With the history of Russia's absorption of Manchuria before us, these developments cannot be passed over lightly. It is Russia's traditional policy, founded upon her necessities, to reach the sea. Her three objectives have been the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, and the Pacific.

The Pacific alone has she succeeded in reaching. Persia and India are the alternative routes to the Indian Ocean. British interests stand in her way on both routes. For years she has been quietly at work fastening her hold upon Persia. The extent to which she has succeeded is seen in this very matter of the loan. In 1898 this same loan was put upon the London market and quickly underwritten, when the Shah refused to ratify it on the ground that Russia objected. Questions were asked in the British House of Commons at the time, and the Government stated that they were alive to the situation. It is questionable how far British statesmen would feel justified in actively opposing Russia at that point, although two-thirds of the trade of the Gulf is British, and Russia in Persia would be very close to India. Whatever might have been done if Britain had been quite free, Russia now recognizes the opportunity, and threatens India by massing part of her Caucasian army corps on the borders of Afghanistan, while she publicly announces the loan which cements her grasp on Persia. She practically offers Britain the alternative of war.



The remarkable woman, Tzu Tsi, who, under two successive Emperors, has been the real ruler of China, has given fresh evidence of her power, and at the same time of her passion for rulership. She was once, so it is said, a slave girl, who was sent as a present to an Emperor and became one of his wives. Upon his death, she and another wife acted as co-regents for his successor, who was a minor. Shortly after he became of age he died, as did also his young wife, and the other regent. The deaths aroused suspicion, but no enquiry was conducted. Tzu Tsi continued to rule as sole regent during the minority of the present Emperor. He also, however, became of age, and after two or three years began to show a strong inclination to follow the counsels of Kang Yuwei, the reformer. A remarkable series of edicts was issued by him, which would

have gone far toward putting China in the line of modern progress. But Tzu Tsi, the Empress Dowager, interfered, revoked the edicts, sought the life of Kang Yuwei, and caused the Emperor to sign a decree of practical abdication in her favour. This was about eighteen months ago. Now she has gone further and caused him to abdicate in favour of a boy of nine years of age, which will necessitate another long regency. This decree of abdication was announced at a solemn council of the chief dignitaries of the kingdom toward the end of January, but it is doubted whether all the formalities are yet completed. The Empress Dowager is, however, acting as if she had the full powers of a regent. She has issued a proclamation which may have important consequences. In effect it is a warning against foreigners and their rapacity. Each of the Viceroy's of the different provinces is empowered to go to war on his own account with any foreigners who attempt encroachments.

The German seizure of Kiao Chau is given as an example, and the French and Italians are particularly mentioned. As, however, no promise of federal assistance, either in men or money, is given, and as the Viceroy's know that only success will exonerate them, the result is not so much to be feared as would otherwise be the case. Still, some of the Powers seem to be taking it seriously. France is sending an additional force to the Far East, and Austria, who has been harbouring ambitions in that quarter, is making strong representations. When any

event might start an open quarrel over China, even a pompous proclamation may be worthy of reference among foreign affairs.

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Some realization of the vast amount of hardship and suffering, of which South Africa is the scene, has come home to Canadians. But as our imaginations have not been stirred by it, we have remained untouched by the far vaster and more pitiable suffering in another part of the Queen's dominions. The famine in India is claiming, and will claim, many times more victims

than the war. Except in rare individual cases, we know nothing of famine, and it is hard for us to grasp the fact that 30,000,000 of human beings, our fellow-subjects, are doomed to experience it during this year. Yet this estimate has been given. Already there are three millions and a half in receipt of Government relief. In the great famine of three years ago there were in the corresponding period not one-third of



TOMMY ATKINS AND HIS OFFICER—IS THIS THE TROUBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA?

—*New York World.*

this number in similar plight. To these people the British Government stands in the position, as has been said, of a "Subordinate Providence." But to organize relief on such a scale is a more difficult undertaking than to provide for an army in the field. That the Indian Government can even partially meet such an emergency is a wonderful tribute to British capacity for organization. And the work has its heroism, too. Kipling has made this element appear in one of his short stories. While this famine is in progress at home, there is something touching in



UNCLE SAM: "Some of my folks want me to interfere, but I think this olive branch would get pretty badly mused up if I should try it just now."—*The Minneapolis Journal*.

the generous contributions made by princes and rich men in India toward the expenses of the war in Africa. This has struck a responsive chord in the British press, which urges that the least the British public can do is to reciprocate, and according to its greater wealth, contribute freely toward the enormous sum India must have, if her people are not to perish by the thousands.

Canada is interested in the Canal Bill now engaging the attention of the United States Congress, and in the treaty now before the Senate. It is proposed that the United States Government shall construct the Nicaragua Canal. A strong party, and probably a majority, thinks that its construction, as well as the great interests of the United States in the canal, should give it the right to entire control. There are two things in the way. The first is Nicaragua; but an arrangement with a small power may be ef-

fectured by a great one. The second is the Clayton-Bulwer treaty with Britain. By this treaty, concluded in 1850, it was agreed that the countries should unite in facilitating the construction of the canal, and that they should jointly control it and protect its neutrality. We need not enter into the history of this question, nor into the dispute whether the treaty has been strictly adhered to; but at all events it has not yet been abrogated. Now, however, the developments of the Monroe Doctrine, the new views of their interests which pertain in the United States and other causes, have made the treaty unacceptable to the United States. Negotiations have evidently been going on for some time with the British Government. The result

is the draft of a new treaty drawn by Ambassador Pauncefote and Secretary Hay. This modifies the Clayton-Bulwer treaty to the extent that the canal may be constructed under the auspices of the Government of the United States, which shall have and enjoy all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal. The principle of neutralization established by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is to be preserved, not by joint control, but by the single control of the United States upon rules which are modelled closely after those regulating the British control of the Suez Canal. One of these rules is that no fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjoining. The opposition to everything that limits the absolute power of the United States over the canal seems to be growing in strength, and it is at the present time more than questionable if the treaty will be approved. If not, Lord

Salisbury's tact may again be needed to prevent slight but irritating friction. It is easy to understand the way in which the people of the United States look at this question, but it does seem that they should take a somewhat broader view. Britain's interests in the West Indies and her rights under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty should be considered. To us the British proposition seems very fair, and certainly Canadian interests in the canal, which would be by no means insignificant—for we, as well as the United States, require at times to send shipping from one of our coasts to the other, and our eastern cities have open to them the possibilities of increased trade with the western countries of

South America—would be far safe under that arrangement than under the one proposed by those who are now so strongly objecting to the treaty. In another respect, too, this canal question is of importance to Canada. When the canal is built there will still be another route westward between Europe and the Far East. The shortest and cheapest route at present lies through Canada. To some extent, therefore, the canal will be a rival. It behooves us before it is completed to so improve our facilities and so advertise them that we may retain our full share of what must as time goes on prove a most valuable asset to this country.

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## CURRENT VERSE.

THE following poems inspired by the war, and Canada's share in its glory and grief are noteworthy. The first is being used in Frederickton. The second was printed and distributed by the author to the members of the Second Contingent. The others were written for this publication.

### HYMN TO BE USED DURING THE WAR.

TUNE.—“*Stella.*”

O God of battles hear our prayer  
As at Thy feet we humbly fall ;  
Upon Thee now we cast our care,  
And daily on Thy mercy call ;  
Oh save our loved ones in the strife  
And take the dying into life !

The dying, Lord, our dearest, best,  
They perish fast, by night, by day ;  
O clasp them to Thy loving breast,  
The eternal arms beneath them lay ;  
There let them yield their latest breath  
And dying, triumph over death.

Thy comforts give to those that mourn,  
Bind up the broken hearts that die ;  
Succour the sorrowing and forlorn,  
Be with them in their time of need,  
O save our loved ones in the strife  
And take the dying into life.

Our sins before Thee we confess,  
And plead our weakness at Thy throne ;

Tho' our misdeeds are numberless  
Let Jesu's blood for all atone ;  
O save our loved ones in the strife  
And take the dying into life.

If in the lust of gain or power  
We have forgotten Thy pure laws ;  
Forgive us in this awful hour,  
Our sin chastised, uphold our cause ;  
Oh save our loved ones in the strife  
And take the dying into life.

Grant victory to our armies, Lord,  
If so it be Thy gracious will,  
Thy conquering aid to us afford,  
Thy favour to our country still,  
O save our loved ones in the strife  
And take the dying into life.

“Thou wilt not leave us in the dust,”  
We are the children of Thy love ;  
In Thee alone is all our trust,  
Vouchsafe Thy blessing from above ;  
O save our loved ones in the strife  
And take the dying into life.

*F. Partridge, Dean of Frederickton.*

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SECOND  
CONTINGENT

ON THEIR DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Farewell! brave soldiers of the British flag!  
—You're off to fight for Empire and for  
Queen—  
Farewell! May love to Canada ne'er lag,  
Though million miles of ocean lie between.

YOURS is to stand for freedom's heaven-born  
right;  
To uphold the cause of justice—man to man!  
To hurl defiance at the despot's seat,  
And in the thick of battle, lead the van!

OURS, is to wait, and watch, and help, and  
pray;  
To ask the God of battles, that this war  
—Waged in the cause of liberty—e'en may  
To happy issue come, in days not far.

YOURS is to brave the weary midnight march;  
Perchance, upon the battle-field to roam,  
And hear some wounded comrade sadly call  
For loved ones, absent, and for "Home  
Sweet Home."

OURS is to comfort those you leave behind,  
—To cheer the downcast, and to wipe the  
tear,  
When word shall come that brother, lover, son  
Or husband fond, has filled a soldier's bier!

For all, alas! we know, will not return,  
SOME graves must hollowed be, on Afric's  
strand!  
SOME bones must whiten 'neath the broad  
palm-tree  
Of those who dare to fight for mother-land.

An entrance may they find at Heaven's gate,  
Full and abundant!—trusting Him who died  
To save the world from cruelty and hate,  
—The wrongs of the oppressor and his pride.

But some we'll welcome warmly home again!  
Though scarred, perchance, the dear brave  
boys may be,  
We'll love them better for the scars they bear,  
As through them, Queen and country we  
shall see.

Then loud shall sound our peans of applause!  
Prolonged our notes of welcome and our  
cheers,  
As in remembrance fond, we'll ever hold,  
Our brave Canadian boys—our volunteers!

*Lydia A. Edwards.*

Truro, Nova Scotia.

## A MESSAGE FROM A FEW MILLIONS.

TO JOHN BULL,

England and Elsewhere.

DEAR BROTHER:

With some of my chums I've been talking,  
And it seems they've been doing the same  
With their chums; and those chums, they  
mentioned,  
Were playing a similar game.

How many? There's no way to figure,  
We're scattered all over the earth,  
From Chili's long strand to broad Yankeeland,  
Far away from the scenes of our birth;  
You can find us in Java and Cuba,  
You will meet us in Persia and Thrace;  
There's scarcely a spot as big as a dot  
That won't show a Britisher's face.

But to come back to our talking,  
That is, 'tween chum's chums and self;  
We're hindered by babies and bullion,  
But we're not quite laid up on the shelf:

So when you have figured the nation,  
And your colonies over the seas,  
In armed strength, and money, and metal,  
We want you to add on to these—  
Some millions of true-hearted Britons,  
Who will haste to your banners unfurled;  
And with you stand fast, while life-blood shall  
last,

For Empire, 'gainst the whole world.

*Percie W. Hart.*

## A TOAST.

Here's to our truly great—  
To our brave who have fought and lost,  
Yet have never shown by look or tone,  
The agony it cost.  
Say, victors, ho! did ye ever know  
Of victories won, yet lost?

Here's to our truly great,  
Whom the world regards askance,  
Since the hand of fate was a move too late  
In a game of seeming chance.  
Say, victors, ho! did ye ever know  
Of the grace of circumstance?

Here's to our truly great—  
To our brave whom no plaudits sweet  
Ever greet their ears, but the gibes and jeers  
Of the rabble in the street.  
Say, victors, ho! did ye ever know  
Of the victory of defeat?

Then drink to our truly great,  
Ye sons of a chosen race;  
For on every shore, and the sea's wide floor,  
They have found a resting-place.

*Bradford K. Daniels.*

# EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE Parliament of Canada opened another session last month. The speech from the throne was intensely loyal, and the debate on that speech gave all the shouters a splendid opportunity, which was taken advantage of by the members on both sides. At first there seemed to be a possibility that the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier would not, in connection with the Transvaal contingents, pay out enough money to satisfy the loyalty of the Opposition led by Sir Charles Tupper. However, when it was discovered that the Government, in addition to paying the cost of organization, outfitting and transportation, intended to pay the men a bonus to supplement the Imperial pay and bring it up to a level with Colonial pay, Sir Charles and the Opposition expressed their satisfaction. As a result, there was no amendment to the address in reply, and the sum of two million dollars has been voted to pay the bills.

The only members who objected to this two-million dollar expenditure were Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Monet. Their speeches indicated that they were anti-Imperialists, but not more so than some of the members of the British House of Commons. It would have been much pleasanter had these two gentlemen refrained from opposition, but perhaps it is just as well that some one should stand up to point out what might be urged against such an expenditure. Their speeches did no harm and may do some good. Their utterances do not prove that the French-Canadians are disloyal, but rather that French-Canadians under British rule are indulged with a liberty extended to British subjects everywhere.

On the 14th of February the Ontario Legislature opened its first session under the Premiership of the Hon. G. W. Ross. After expressing the loyalty of the Province, the official speech outlined the progress of the policy "Ontario for Canadians." The legislation of two years ago that all pine logs cut under license must be manufactured in Canada had led, it was asserted, to a stimulation of the saw-milling business. It is intended to still further develop this Protectionist policy by requiring that all pulp-wood cut on Crown lands should be manufactured in Canada. The Opposition, it is expected, will support the Government in this proposal.

It is therefore apparent that, as in the Dominion Parliament, there is little at issue between those whose business it is to frame policies and those whose business it is to criticize. This wonderful unanimity is rather striking. It is an evidence that the people who form governments in this country follow public opinion very closely, being unwilling at any time to leave to an Opposition any move which may prove popular. It is not a question of what is right, but what is popular. In many cases, of course, what is popular will eventually prove itself to be what is right.

The Honourable Mr. Sifton, Minister of the Interior, has reported to Parliament that since January, 1897, Doukhobors to the number of 7,427 and Galicians to the number of 16,787 have been settled in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. This is not a large number, and cannot be any great strain on the assimilating power of the West. The cost per head of the Doukhobors was \$7.47, and of the Galicians about

\$4.77. The expense is no more open to criticism than the quantity of the immigration. The Superintendent of the Immigration Department is to be congratulated upon his careful management.



The fostering of such immigration has been the subject of much controversy, and the divergence of the expressed views has been rather striking. There is one feature of this colonization which is again brought prominently before the public by the publication of a recent report by Mr. D. J. Goggin, Superintendent of Education in the Northwest Territories. He points out that one of the most serious and pressing educational problems in that district, arises from the settlement of so many foreign nationalities on the block or "colony" system. There are colonies of Swedes, Finns, Bohemians, Hungarians, Jews, Austrians, Germans, Russians, Icelanders, Mennonites, Galicians and Doukhobors. He asserts quite positively that the block or colony system retards assimilation, a most important statement by a man who must be accepted as a reliable authority. The confining of these people to close colonies makes them more tenacious of their foreign language and their foreign customs. It is only at the edge of the colony that there is constant contact between the foreigner and the English-speaking Canadian.



Mr. Goggin suggests that as these people add to the numbers of the residents of the Territories, and to the wealth of the district, it is only reasonable that the government of the Territories should provide means for their education. While making the suggestion, he points out the difficulties in the way. They have no persons among themselves qualified to be teachers, and that it is hard to induce Canadian teachers to isolate themselves from congenial society and comfortable

boarding houses, and take positions as teachers in the schools of these foreign colonies. He points out also that the exclusively French-speaking districts in Saskatchewan have not been able to keep their schools in operation, even after their establishment. Apparently they are unwilling to bear the heavy expense entailed where population is scattered and where education not a thing to be desired above all others. Grants to such districts must be increased, and many new districts must be organized and provided with school-houses. The Government of the Territories is face to face with a great problem.



Nevertheless, as Mr. Goggin points out, "If these children are to grow up as Canadian citizens, they must be led to adopt our view-point and speak our speech." They must be fitly prepared for the life they are to live in the land of their adoption. It will require the passage of two generations before this can possibly be accomplished, even if the work is pursued diligently and vigorously. Mr. Greenway, the late Premier of Manitoba, speaking of the Mennonite colony, is reported to have said, "Many of the latter, though they have been here for twenty-five years, do not know English and are not assimilated." Truly, this assimilation promises to be a slow and costly business.



In 1898, there were 426 schools in operation in the Territories, with 16,754 pupils, and 483 teachers. It is pleasant to note that of this number of teachers all but 96 are possessed of higher than third-class rank. Some of the older provinces can hardly make so good a showing in the qualifications of their teachers.



The second part of Mr. Champion's article on "Some Famous Canadian Soldiers" has been held over until the April number.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### ENGLISH CRITICS AND GOLDWIN SMITH.

IT was natural that the tone of Canadian criticisms of Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Political History of the United Kingdom"\* should be affected by his standing in the limited field of Canadian letters. Although our critics might fairly challenge his conclusions on some point or other, or controvert his view of this statement or that, according to their special study of some period or man, it is clear that no Canadian would claim to have the same comprehensive grasp of English history, the same insight into conditions, the same knowledge of authorities as Mr. Goldwin Smith. The English critics are not hampered by a similar feeling of modesty. They have passed a favourable judgment upon the book, but each critic has taken pains to append to his review—as is the custom—a list of doubtful points, of opinions open to question, of unguarded expressions and typographical errors, a recital of which is held to be the appropriate evidence of modern scholarship. Adequate characterization of the work there has been none. The war has drawn attention away from literature. One would like to read a criticism by Mr. Morley or by Mr. Lecky.

As many years must pass before a work of equal importance to this is produced in Canada, it is of some moment to Canadian students to consider the standpoint of English criticism in this matter. In current literary periodicals there is often a suggestion of young Pendennis, who was accustomed in Thackeray's "Pall Mall Gazette" to polish off the work of some venerable historian after a couple of days' reading at the British Museum. The omnipotence of the critic is limited, paradoxical as it seems, to the circle of those who,

through indolence or incapacity, accept their opinions at second hand. The student gives due weight to authoritative criticism, but, if an independent inquirer, will draw his own conclusions. One English critic hints that Mr. Goldwin Smith has not mastered all the authorities he quotes, in other words has not adopted all their views. Why should he, or any other competent historian, slavishly obey the new doctrines of even the most illustrious investigators? Are we never to go behind the Cromwell set up by Carlyle, the Henry VIII. of Froude, or Macaulay's William of Orange? A distinguished line of hero-worshipping historians has done much to fascinate the reader, but the spirit of candour demands some moderation in eulogy. Mr. Goldwin Smith appears to have no heroes. We like him none the less for that.

Another critic places the new history next to Green's in usefulness for the general reader. The comparison is hardly apt. The Short History is really more elaborate and covers the ground more thoroughly. Mr. Goldwin Smith professes to deal only with the political history. In this, we imagine, lies its real strength, because we are thus presented with a clear outline of English policy and with a series of vivid portraits of the men who have moulded that policy, unencumbered by the military, the social or the literary movements of each period. Mr. Green, on the other hand, had in his mind at every turn the idea of showing us the English people at the successive stages of their development, and especially his design was to reveal the social conditions so lightly touched upon by the drum-and-trumpet historian. His work, despite its defective style, was abundantly successful, for he utilized the researches of others with judgment and had no particular views of his own

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\*Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

to impart. Mr. Goldwin Smith, however, fearlessly places his own estimate upon men and events, and it is difficult to find instances where his insight and scholarship proved wholly at fault. There is no striving to make out a case. It is in this, as in other respects, that one prizes the discrimination, the caution, the disregard of insistent eulogists, the calm avoidance of laborious burrowers with a new theory to develop, which mark the work.

A happy allusion is made by one critic to the characteristic firmness of touch which is so often displayed. It is remarked, with truth, that even the most learned historians have become timid in asserting their views owing to the industry by which investigation of minor points, with consequent uncertainty, has been pursued. The historical student, in Canada at any rate, with little pretension to personal knowledge of the original sources, is apt to be seriously hampered by such conflict of testimony. From this standpoint Mr. Goldwin Smith has done a service to this generation, and despite a civil but somewhat thinly-veiled contempt for the Celtic components of the British political system, he has produced a symmetrical and telling scrutiny of a nation's political growth.



#### BRITON AND BOER.

There is much honest anxiety to show accurately the merits of the quarrel between the British and the Boers. This feeling is not confined to persons who have hitherto refrained from forming a definite opinion. The general desire to enquire into the rights and wrongs of the causes of the war has doubtless led to the republication of a series of papers by different writers, which appeared recently in a New York review.\* These articles, nine in number, are by Prof. James Bryce, Mr. Sydney Brooks, Dr. Engelenburg, Karl Blind, Max Nordau and other writers of less consequence. If one possesses an open

mind, the judgment formed after reading the book from end to end is that neither party is entitled to the full sympathy of unbiased persons. It is quite clear that, allowing for errors by both parties, the scale turns in one direction or other, be it ever so slightly, and what we miss in this book is an adequate and impartial statement of the British side of the case. Mr. Bryce's balanced style, and his reputation as an historical enquirer, lend to his combined narrative and argument a weight to which, from his avowed opposition to the war, it is scarcely entitled. While Mr. Brooks earnestly combats the Boer view, his championship of the British cause is not full enough. What is required, we submit, is a compressed history of the war of races from the beginning, and some attempt to state impartially, if not to vindicate, the course pursued by the English Government and its representatives at the Cape. Mr. Bryce alone, of the writers in this volume, speaks with the air of an unprejudiced man who has actually seen the conditions in South Africa for himself. It is doubtful, however, if any such visitor, who happens also to be a party politician in England with all the entangling alliances that such a position involves, can be absolutely depended on as a witness for truth. Any country at war, as England is, must expect the case against her to be handled without mercy by her enemies, by those alien to her in race or in creed and unsympathetic toward free institutions. But when the enquiry is extended beyond the immediate policy that culminates in war, one may reasonably expect to find the merits of the Boers' system of government examined. If defensible and just, its possible extension to other parts of the world ought to meet with some consideration at the hands of the able men who figure as the Boers' defenders in this book. These, as well as some other aspects of the question, are not dealt with. The majority of the articles were written before hostilities had long been in progress, and no attempt is made to explain, what later events have revealed, the completeness

\* Briton and Boer ; Both Sides of the South African Question. New York : Harper & Bros.

of the Boer preparations. There are some excellent illustrations, and the volume is attractively bound.

latter, it is as the crackling of thorns under a pot.



#### THE CANADIAN NOVEL.

#### IS FRENCH CANADA OVER-EXPLOITED?

Few Canadian writers who have drawn upon the French-Canadians for types of character in fiction display the taste, moderation and insight of Mr. William McLennan.\* It is a laudable ambition which directs the attention of our English writers to the race on the banks of the lower St. Lawrence. The *habitants* are rich in picturesque and humorous suggestion. The Old Regime is full of romance. The modern *Canadien* has a distinct flavour of originality. The virtues, like the foibles, of this kindly and single-hearted people are upon the surface. To depict them with truth and skill is no easy task, and it must be confessed that all the attempts to do so have not been successful. The employment of the peculiar dialect used by the French-Canadian speaking broken English is especially the snare of the literary explorer in these regions, and Mr. McLennan, as we have said, and Dr. Drummond are among the very few who can be trusted to avoid mere caricature and unnaturalness. Mr. McLennan's volume of new stories contains some of his best work. The few tales that deal with Old France are well done, but we give the palm to those inspired by *la nouvelle France*. There is real poetic tenderness in the skill which drew "Une Sœur," in itself a perfectly commonplace episode, but one instinct with life and reflecting the sublime passion of self-sacrifice, while "The Indiscretion of Grosse Boule" is full of droll fun without a touch of malice. Behind this writer's charm of style there is the greater virtue of true knowledge of his subject. The former is the commoner qualification in the writers who essay an attempt in French-Canadian portraiture, but, without the

To employ a term that smacks of the commercial side of novel-writing, there is plenty of good "material" in Canada. Our social life abounds with incident and type. Those who catch the true measure of the conditions in our newer and wilder districts find ample scope for tales of adventure and romance. One of the best of these is called "A Claim on Klondyke,"\* and is written by Mr. Roper, F.R.G.S., who has already embodied his Canadian travels in a volume, and who, in this story, produces as lively, natural, and interesting a romance as one would wish to read. There is so much in the handling of such a tale. To overdo the adventure element is to produce the kind of breathless sensationalism which taxes one's credulity and patience so severely. To bestow whole chapters upon marvellous bear stories and the dangers of hunting big game is, unless extremely well done, to be tedious. Mr. Roper takes his hero, in company with a venturesome Englishman who has made a secret discovery of gold north of Dawson City, through the White Pass and down the best known route to the famous gold region. There is nothing startling to relate of the journey, and the air of verisimilitude which pervades every page convinces the reader that the author has himself gone over the way. The sense of impending danger, however, at every step creates excitement enough. They reach the secret "find," and their fortunes are assured, when the Englishman meets with an accident and dies. The hero is left alone. His discovery of a young English girl with her sick father—both gold-seekers like himself—and the subsequent adventures and happy ending may be inferred. We refer to the story at this length, not because it is by any means a masterpiece in fiction, but because it has the

\*In *Old France and New*. By William McLennan. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

\*Blackwood.

merit of being vivid and unpretentious, in short, a healthy readable tale.

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#### LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

In the "Reminiscences of a Very Old Man,"\* John Sartain, the engraver, presents the unusual spectacle of a man in his 89th year sitting down to record the events and experiences of which he has a personal recollection since 1830. In that year he reached Philadelphia from London, and as the art of engraving was then a highly prized and remunerative occupation, his skill soon ensured him success and congenial work, while it brought him into contact with eminent politicians, artists, poets and men of letters. He knew the erratic Poe well. The dissipation which marred the poet's life is not denied, but his end was not, as has been so often said, the result of a debauch. Poe had taken the pledge, and his future promised well, when one fateful night in October, 1849, he started from Baltimore for New York, was set upon by thieves, drugged, robbed, and was found next morning unconscious and dying. The doctor who attended his last hours in the hospital avers that Poe would take neither spirits nor an opiate, and that he died, not from the effects of drink, but from cold and exposure. In Sartain's *Union Magazine*, the first number of which appeared in January, 1849, Poe published "The Bells," and was paid \$45 for it. Among the contributors to this venture, which lasted until 1852, were Longfellow, who always received \$50 for an article, N. P. Willis, Harriet Martineau, Lowell, Mary Howitt, and many other names of note. Mr. Sartain has also some pleasant recollections of artists both in England and the United States, and his book is a distinct achievement for one so venerable in years.

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#### THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.†

Henryk Sienkiewicz has long since won his spurs as a writer of strong

\*Appleton.

† By Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis," etc. George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, \$1.00.

fiction. His "Quo Vadis" was a world's book, and found hundreds of thousands of readers both here and in other countries. But the earlier successes of Sienkiewicz had been made in the field of the historical novel, and especially in that part of the field relating to the early history of Poland. After an excursion into other regions of romance he has, in "The Knights of the Cross," returned to his own familiar ground, and in this fine book, which is only the first half of the entire work, we have the sort of atmosphere with which he has made us familiar in "Pan Michael," in "With Fire and Sword" and in "The Deluge."

Who were the "Knights of the Cross"? They were a company of professedly chivalrous men who lived in castles on the borders of Poland, and who, under the guise of knightly honour, did grievous deeds of oppression and robbery. They were pharasaic and powerful pretenders, who from the fact that some of them had superior knowledge, and were in fact warrior-priests, had power to keep the peasantry in superstitious and timid bondage. This book tells us how certain Polish knights, nobles and princes, strove against the power of the "Knights of the Cross," sometimes foiling them and sometimes suffering from their vengeance. It is a story of the primary passions. We have simple-hearted, straight-hitting heroic men; and we have girls and women who have not been sophisticated by decadence or the life of courts. Despite the unpronounceable Polish names, the story leads us on by its innate power. The very opening of it is in the grand old romantic style—a style which at once takes us away from the prosaic surroundings of to-day and sets us down in the midst of men in armour, foresters who believe in hobgoblins, abbots, kings, queens, jousts, combats to the death and all the romantic paraphernalia of seven hundred or a thousand years ago.

"In Tyniec, in the inn under 'Dreadful Urus,' which belonged to the abbey, a few people were sitting, listening to the talk of a military man who had come from afar and

was telling them of the adventures which he had experienced during the war and his journey. He had a large beard, but was not yet old, and he was almost gigantic, but thin, with broad shoulders; he wore his hair in a net ornamented with beads; he was dressed in a leather jacket, which was marked by the cuirass, and he wore a belt composed of brass buckles; in the belt he had a knife in a horn scabbard, and at his side a short travelling sword. Near by him at the table was sitting a youth with long hair and a joyful look, evidently his comrade, or perhaps a shield-bearer, for he was also in travelling apparel and wore a similar coat, on which were impressions of armour. The rest of the society was composed of two country people from the neighbourhood of Cracow, and three citizens in red folding caps, the sharp-pointed tops of which hung down on one side a whole yard.

The innkeeper, a German wearing a yellow cowl and collar with indented edge, was pouring to them from a pitcher into earthen tankards substantial beer, and listening to the narrative of warlike adventures."

That is so different from the sort of story one usually reads about modern life and its frivolities and problems, its carpet knights and its faint and effeminate interests, that we at once are arrested and want to read on through the strong worded and picturesque pages. Those who love a good romantic story in the antique heroic style will not be disappointed with "The Knights of the Cross."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

AN English writer who should be known in Canada is Lady Lindsay. Her recent romance in verse, "The Apostle of the Ardennes," is a finely wrought work, showing at once the story-teller's art and the poetic instinct. In these days of quickly written, teething tales, such a conservative work as Lady Lindsay's is notable. The quality of her poetry places her in a prominent position among modern writers of English verse. (London: Keegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

The treatment of the North American Indian by the white races is the subject chosen for discussion by Georg Friederici, a German writer. In a little book of one hundred and forty-seven pages entitled "Indianer and Anglo-Amerikaner," he gives the result of his study of the various writers who have touched on this subject. Incidentally he pays the Canadian Government a compliment for its foresight and humanity. (Braunschweig: Vieweg und Sohn.)

The Mulhall-Harper Comparative Statistical Tables and Charts of the commerce of the world, issued by the

Commercial Museum of Philadelphia, fill a neat paper-bound volume of considerable merit. The coloured charts are decidedly striking and the tables are far from being complex.

The Russian Journal of Financial Statistics, published by W. Kirshbaum, of St. Petersburg, gives the English reader, for whom apparently it is prepared, a very good idea of Russian commercial progress. The Russian weights and measures, the money system, the production of pig iron, spirits and precious metals, the national debt, the railway mileage are among the subjects discussed in this first specimen number. The "Russian Journal" is intended to be a quarterly, but the first two numbers are to be free.

Andrew F. Hunter, of Barrie, has issued, under the auspices of the Minister of Education for Ontario (Toronto), a small pamphlet entitled "Notes on Sites of Huron Villages in the Township of Tay." This is an important contribution to Canadian archæology, as well as to Canadian history.

The Longmans have just issued a

new illustrated edition of "The World's Desire," by H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang. "Parson Kelly," by A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang, comes from the same publishers. This is a London story of the early eighteenth century. (Canadian agents: The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.)

The Colonial Library edition still flourisheth. Unwin's colonial list has been lengthened by a new novel by Mrs. Alexander, and "Shameless Wayne" by Halliwell Sutcliffe. The latter is an English tale, dealing with dialect peasants of a past age.

Grown-up people have been willing to buy Henty's stories for their boys. Whether parents will be as willing to buy his stories written for themselves remains to be seen. It is doubtful, however. "The Lost Heir" is the average novel, with a rather-below-the-average plot and style. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

The student of economics and social conditions will find something interesting in the 1898 Report of the Inspectors of Factories, just issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture.

A well written study of the "Preliminary Stages of the Peace of Amiens," by H. M. Bowman, has just been issued by the Library of the University of Toronto, in the "University of Toronto Studies."

The population of Ontario has passed the two-million mark. The assessed value of property is more than eight-hundred million dollars. These two facts are gleaned from the Report of the Bureau of Industries, recently published by the Ontario Government.

A very innocent preacher, the Rev. A. T. Palmer, of Cork, Ireland, sends a pamphlet on "Generousness" in which he naively remarks: "When the regular system of giving has been adopted, and wisely and energetically worked, the success has been complete. The Lord's treasury has been filled." Many another treasury has been filled in the same way.

A. R. Carman, a Canadian journalist of some reputation, has written a long novel dealing with economic and religious subjects. The Publishers' Syndicate of Toronto will publish this book under the title "The Preparation of Ryerson Embury." It will be ready this month.

It is reported that George N. Morang & Co. will shortly issue a Canadian edition of William Wilfrid Campbell's new volume of verse. Canadians may therefore look forward to having a Canadian edition of this particular piece of native literature. Lampman's poems will also be ready shortly. William Briggs is publisher of this work.

The Canadian edition of G. W. Steevens' new book dealing with the campaign in South Africa will be ready in a few days. Mr. Steevens' sad death in beleaguered Ladysmith robbed the world of one of its greatest descriptive writers. This fragment of what would have been a great work will be read with considerable interest because of the unfortunate fate of the author and because "The Conquering Turk" and "With Kitchener to Khartum" were books which appealed to the hearts and tastes of the British people. The Copp, Clark Co. will issue the work in this country.

## IDLE MOMENTS.

### THE RUSSIAN PIANIST.

**A** PROPOS of the sublime self-confidence of musical genius, quite recently a Toronto audience went wild over the astonishing virtuosity of that phenomenal young Russian pianist, Mark Hambourg. He is only twenty years of age and speaks English indifferently. During an interval in the programme a well-known local musician went behind the stage and, introducing himself, said: "Mr. Hambourg, allow me to congratulate you; the audience is wild with excitement; you have simply electrified them." Hambourg looked puzzled for a moment, and then said slowly: "E-lec-tri-fied! What is dat? Oh! ah! yes!" Then with sudden animation, but punctuating each word with an extended forefinger, and with the culminating accent on the last word, "Dat is notting. You yoost vait till I come out and blay again—I tell you I will *yoost-make-dem-yump*" (Anglicé, "just make them jump") and when he came forward and sat down to his Knabe Grand again, he did just make them "yump," for the storm of applause which greeted his completion of the Seschetizky octave study was, according to all authorities, the greatest tribute ever paid by a Toronto audience to any pianist in the memory of the critics. The sublime, though harmless egotism of the above remark remains, nevertheless, a genuine piece of humor.

H. H. G.

### IN THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN.

EXTRACTS FROM A LEADING CITY DAILY.

The dance given last night by the O'Brien-O'Briens was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season—needless to say that the fair hostess (née Mulldoon) looked most charming. Gowned in a fetching Nile green costume with shamrock trimmings made by "High Price No Fit & Co.," she received her many friends with grace

and "as to the manor born." About five hundred couples danced to the dulcet strains of Pedro Maccoranis' orchestra of "three pieces" (harp and two violins). Some of those present were Mrs. O'Rourke, Mrs. Brannigan (a new arrival from the "ould sod"), Miss Katie Flynn (a most charming debutante dressed in deep black), Mrs. Patsey Malone, Miss Malone and Miss Ileene Murphy, Messrs. O'Rourke, Malone, Flannigan, Brannigan and many others.

Mrs. "Jack" Potts entertained a select few of her friends at a poker party on Saturday night last. The affair was most enjoyable for Mrs. Potts.

Young Master Ritches ate three hard boiled eggs for his breakfast on Monday morning, and his little friends will be sorry to learn that he will be unable to join them for several weeks. The "cigarette party," to have been given by his schoolmate, Master Coffin, has had to be postponed.

The theatre party given by Mrs. and Mr. Chargeitte in honour of Miss Goldfinch was much enjoyed by those invited. The supper, served by "Hash-trough," left nothing to be desired.

Miss Goodfellow is to be seen once again on our down-town streets, looking none the worse from her enforced seclusion, owing to a most unpleasant and lengthy attack of la grippe.

Quite a number assembled in the cosy parlors of Mrs. T. Strong last Wednesday afternoon when that well-known and charming young matron gave a "mixed tea" in honour of her guest, Mrs. Groser, from Pekin. Everybody voted it a most tasty affair, and under the soothing influence of "the

cup which cheers," conversation was most brisk. Mrs. Strong received her guests in a charming tea gown made especially by "Skimem, Blend & Blend."

Mr. A. Count's friends will be pleased to know that he has been promoted (after thirty years' service) to the position as manager of the Sand Bank in Brokeville.

The secret is out, and it's now a well-known fact that young "Algy" Dottle and Miss Kash are to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony at a very early date.

A most enjoyable affair was that given by Mrs. P. Butcher at "Meet Hall" on Monday evening last. Prominent amongst the many guests were Mrs. and Mr. Baker, Mr. Carver, Miss Cheeseman, Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker (Berlin), Mr. Larde (Chicago), Miss Carrie Wood, Mrs. Cole, Doctor and Mrs. Sayline, etc.

Those charming young people, the Misses Bloodgood, will be missed by a host of friends this winter. They are at present "en pension" in Aurora.

Mrs. "Jack" Chatterton will be "at home" to her friends every day during the month from ten a.m. till eleven p.m.

The "Storks" paid a flying visit this week to the domicile of Mrs. and Mr. Thomas Cattermole. The little ones are to be called Kittie, Flossy and Tommy.

*Skit.*

#### A BISMARCK ANECDOTE.

One day a young Swede, a student at the University of Berlin, received a letter from his uncle saying that his daughter, the young man's cousin, would stop in Berlin for a few days on her way to Ems, and would he kindly meet her and show her the city. The mail coach arrived, and with it the young lady, who found a fine looking

young fellow with a vivid boutonniere awaiting her arrival. He accompanied her to the hotel. The following morning he called and took her driving in an elegant brougham. These attentions continued during the three days of her visit. The lady appeared overjoyed at the gallantry of this cousin, whom she had never met before. On the day of her departure, while assisting her into the mail coach, the young man said: "I cannot let you depart without making a confession. The lady blushed and dropped her eyes. "I must tell you that I am not your cousin. Your cousin is a friend of mine. He had no time to accompany you, having to cram for his examinations, so he bade me take his place." "In Heaven's name who are you, then?" cried the lady. The young man handed her his card. The postilion blew his trumpet, the mail coach rolled away, as the young lady read this name on the card, "Otto von Bismarck."

#### MISINTERPRETATION OF MOTIVE.

Justice Hawkins was on one occasion presiding over a case in which the plaintiff was giving evidence against a man who had stolen a pair of trousers from his shop. "How much were the trousers?" queried Hawkins. "Well," replied the plaintiff, "it depends who wants to buy them. I sell them to one man for thirty shillings, to another for twenty-five, but you can have them for twenty-three and six." "Sir!" cried Hawkins, angrily, "I want you to tell me how much those trousers are worth." "Well," replied the plaintiff, "shall we say twenty-two shillings for you?" "Look here," thundered Hawkins, "if you do not instantly tell me what those trousers are worth I'll send you to jail for fourteen days for contempt of court." "Well, well," replied the frightened plaintiff, conciliatingly, "you may have them for a guinea. I'm giving them away; still, you may have them at that price." Even the stern aspect of Justice Hawkins could not stop the roar of laughter which broke out on hearing the reply, a roar in which Hawkins joined himself.

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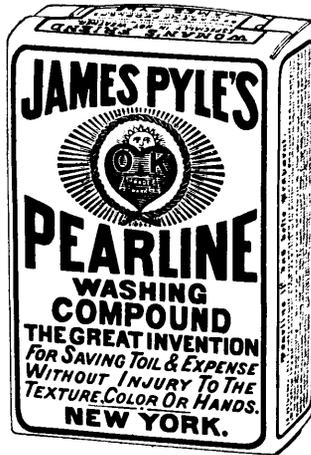
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foods the system can  
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But let it be pure cheese,  
and the only way to be  
certain of this is to use



## Imperial

The very essence of purity.



Trade Mark for

**WM. ROGERS, ★**

Knives, Forks and Spoons.

# Your matrimonial friends

will be doubly delighted with your gift of Silverware if it bears either of the above trade marks.

Truly there is some satisfaction in knowing that your sterling silver is  $\frac{925}{1000}$  parts silver, and that your silver plated knives, forks and spoons are the kind that last—and the Wm. Rogers' Mark is a guarantee to this effect.

All good dealers handle these goods and can supply you.

## SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.

A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager for Canada.

1794 Notre Dame Street, - - - MONTREAL.

The name of Libby on canned meats stands for purity—wholesomeness.

# LIBBY'S

canned luncheon meats captivate the epicure and charm the house-wife. Every can you open gives you added proof of their superior flavor and delicious wholesomeness. Nothing seems quite to take their place when once you have found how good and how convenient they are.

## Cottage Loaf

is a new one. Try it. Ask your grocer or write

**LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY,**  
CHICAGO.

Drop a postal for Booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

# USE ALBERT Soaps



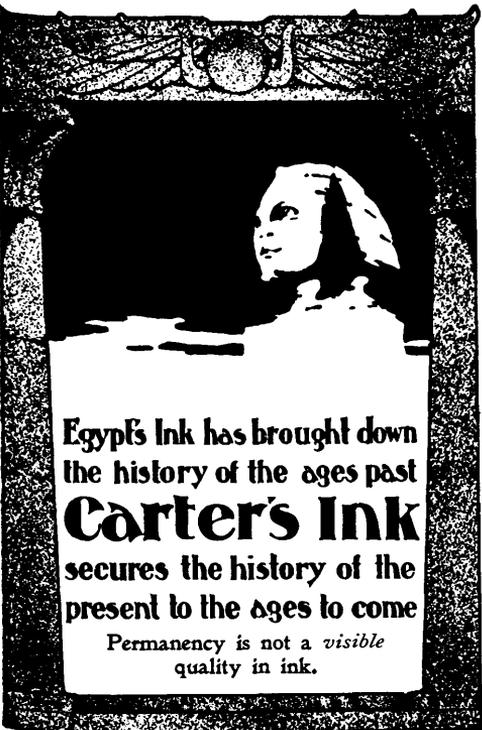
Baby's Own Soap is the most popular toilet and nursery soap in Canada.

The National Council of Women of Canada, in a circular addressed to mothers, recommend its use for infants.

It is good for the skin—softens, while cleansing.

*BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.*

Its popularity has created many imitations, most of which are deleterious for delicate skins.



Egypt's Ink has brought down  
the history of the ages past  
**Carter's Ink**  
secures the history of the  
present to the ages to come

Permanency is not a *visible*  
quality in ink.

## A MAN

Saved from Operation  
for Appendicitis.

by **GRAPE-NUTS**

"By the use of GRAPE-NUTS food I have entirely cured myself of a stubborn case of inflammation of the Vermiform Appendix and colon, being thus saved from an operation for appendicitis."

WADE M. HAMPTON,  
Austin, Texas.

The Reason? Oatmeal, white bread and other forms of starch food cause, and keep up, an inflamed condition of the bowels when the intestinal digestion is weak.

**Grape-Nuts** furnish absolutely pure food, pre-digested by heat and natural processes, identical with the operations of nature in digesting food, it is, therefore, ready for immediate assimilation, is delicious in taste and most scientific in character.

At all Grocers. Made at the pure food factories of the

**POSTUM CEREAL CO., Limited,**  
Battle Creek, Mich.

# **EDDY'S** PARLOR MATCHES

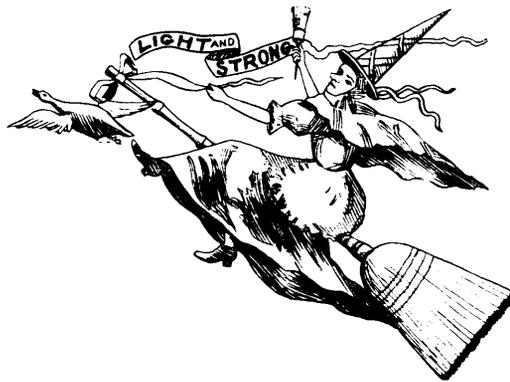
contain **No Brimstone** and produce  
a **Quick, Sure "LIGHT"** every  
time, without the sometimes objection-  
able fumes occasioned by the ordinary  
sulphur match.

**FOR SALE**  
**BY ALL FIRST CLASS DEALERS.**

## A MORE CONTENTED WOMAN

Cannot be found than the one  
who uses

# BOECKH'S BROOMS



Boeckh's Bamboo Handled Brooms are used exclusively by housekeepers who will have nothing but the best. The material used in their construction is specially selected, and they are made by experienced workmen. That is why they wear so long.

Insist on getting

# BOECKH'S

THEY ARE BOUND TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

BOECKH BROS. & COMPANY,  
Manufacturers, TORONTO.

**A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.**  
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S**  
**ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**

**PURIFIES**  
**AS WELL AS**  
**BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN**  
 No other cosmetic  
 will do it.



**REMOVES** Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 51 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *hauton* (a patient) :- "As young ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

One bottle will last six months, using it every day.  
**Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.**

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.  
 For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe.  
 Also found in N. Y. City at R. H. Macey's, Stern's, Ehrlich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of Base Imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.



**\$2.00** The Best 18 inch Wavy Hair Switch

you ever saw for \$2.00. Hair has gone up very much in price, but we bought an immense stock before the rise. All hair goods at our former low prices.

Send for Catalogues and Prices.

**J. PALMER & SON**

1745 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL

**Imitation the Sincerest Flattery.**

Cheaply made imitations of absolute forms of Singer sewing-machines are offered by merchandise dealers to deceive an unwary public.

**GENUINE SINGERS ARE NEVER SOLD TO DEALERS.**

They go directly from maker to user, and can only be obtained from the Company's employees.

**Sold on Instalments. You can try one Free.**  
 Old machines taken in exchange.

SINGER SEWING-MACHINES ARE MADE AND SOLD ONLY BY

**The Singer Manufacturing Co.**

**CANADIAN FACTORY: MONTREAL, P. Q.**

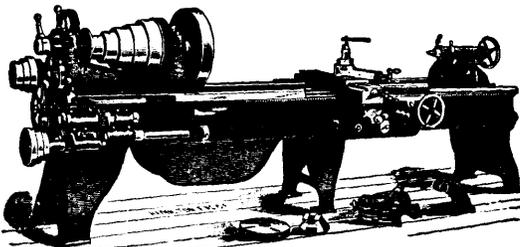


**John Bertram & Sons**

Dundas, Ontario, Canada.

**EQUIPMENTS FOR**  
 Ship Yards, Boiler Shops,  
 Locomotive Shops, Car Shops  
 Machine Shops, etc.,

Consisting of Machine Tools for working Iron, Steel or Brass.



Correspondence Solicited.

Send for Catalogue.



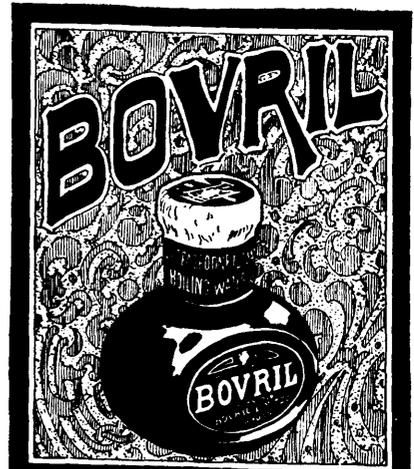
## How Can You Tell

whether enamelled ware is pure and reliable,  
or the easily chipped, worthless kind?  
Why—by finding Kemp's

**GRANITE or DIAMOND**  
LABEL ON EVERY PIECE.

These are **guaranteed** strictly wholesome and durable, and our guarantee means all it promises. Ask for them at any dealer's—they aren't higher priced, but longer lasting.

**Kemp Mfg. Co., Toronto.**



**BOVRIL** is a combination of all the nutritious constituents of *Fresh Lean Beef* with the stimulating properties of *Extract of Meat*.

**"MENTAL NUTS."** Can you crack 'em? A book of 100 rare old catch questions, with answers. They create no end of debate. Mailed, 10c. stamps. S. E. CLARK, 30 N. 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED** at home. Tubular Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. Whispers heard. No pain. Invisible. Free test and consultation at sole depot, F. HISCOX CO., 853 Broadway, N.Y. Send for book FREE.

**PLAYS** Dialogues, Speakers for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.



**FEARMAN'S FAMOUS**



**ENGLISH BREAKFAST BACON**

THE STANDARD OF EPICUREAN TASTE  
For Sale by all Leading Grocers

# TEABERRY

for the

# TEETH

Nothing mysterious about the ingredients that enter into this popular dentrifice. It is just a case of experience and skill producing the best for the particular purpose—a dentrifice that keeps the teeth healthy, hardens the gums, sweetens the breath—should be on the dressing table of every lady.

Sold by all druggists at 25c. a bottle.  
ZOPESA CHEMICAL Co., TORONTO, ONT.

## IDEAL CLOSET SETS.

This system doubles the capacity of your closet. Keeps all garments in shape. Made for men's and women's garments. Can be put up by any one, and there is nothing to get out of order. Prices reasonable, and YOUR MONEY BACK any time within sixty days if you are not satisfied with your purchase. Write us for nicely illustrated BOOK-LET and Price List.

Enterprise Manufacturing Co.,  
99 Adelaide Street West,  
TORONTO, ONT.



## “Queen City” Tablets

WASHING MADE EASY

Half the labor in half the time, and no rubbing to wear out the clothes, better and cleaner washing with a soft smooth finish that makes ironing easier, and the articles keep clean and wear longer.

For Sale by Grocers, Druggists and General Stores.

QUEEN CITY OIL COMPANY, Limited,  
TORONTO, ONT.  
SAMUEL ROGERS, President.

## THE MEGGA COFFEE

AS USED IN TURKEY.

GUARANTEED TO BE  
OF THE FINEST QUALITY  
AS SUPPLIED BY  
ORIENTAL COFFEE  
TRADING COMPANY  
LONDON



THIS COFFEE  
IS SOLD ONLY  
IN THE BERRY  
AND THE BEAN IS  
GROWN IN THE  
MOUNTAINS OF  
TURKEY

IMPORTED & PREPARED BY  
JAMES TURNER & Co.  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Brainy People  
often trace  
Sickness to the  
Coffee Cup.

Try Postum  
Food Coffee  
10 days and note  
the difference in  
**HEALTH**

## H. Lamontagne & Co.

Manufacturers of  
all kinds of

Military Harness,  
Saddles  
Equipments,  
Etc.

Contractors to the  
British and Canadian Governments.

304-6 St. Paul Street,  
MONTREAL.

THE HOME  
OF THE  
**MASON & RISCH PIANO**  
In the Eastern Townships



Piano, Sheet Music and Band Instrument Department, H. C. Wilson & Sons' Warerooms, Sherbrooke.

One of the oldest music firms in Canada is that of H. C. Wilson & Sons, of Sherbrooke, Que., established as far back as 1863 by Mr. H. C. Wilson.

Everything in the music line, from the latest popular song to a Mason & Risch Piano, can be procured at the Messrs. Wilson's fine establishment, and as each member of the firm is a practical piano expert, it is not singular that the Mason & Risch Pianos have become throughout the Eastern Townships "as familiar as Household Words"—in fact, the Mason & Risch Pianos are the standards of excellence throughout that important and influential portion of Canada.

**The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Limited**  
Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, London.

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Direct your attention to the merits of CANADIAN MANUFACTURES before buying imported articles.

Our WOOL CARPETS outwear tapestry.

In our AXMINSTER CARPETS, beauty of color and design, with their excellence in wear, are qualities surpassing much higher priced imported carpets.

We manufacture SMYRNA rugs in all sizes up to 9 x 15 feet in the standard qualities.

Ask for our makes. See the ticket.

### WOOL CARPETS

"Maple Leaf," "Toronto," "Dominion."

### AXMINSTER CARPETS

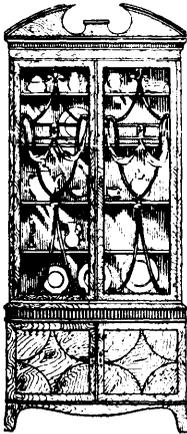
"Acadia," "Alexandria."

### SMYRNA RUGS

"Tecumseh," "Earncliffe."

MADE BY THE

**TORONTO CARPET MANUFACTURING CO., Limited, TORONTO**



## --Remodelling-- The Home--

WE undertake the complete control of transforming, or remodelling, the ordinary common place room to one of luxury and comfort—(saving our clients needless worry).

When considering a change consult us. Advice free.

Designs of work executed, submitted. Special and Exclusive Designs of Interiors, Furniture, Draperies prepared on request —(we do not duplicate our interiors).

On view at our rooms fine examples of

Art Furniture,  
Silks, Stuffs, Carpets,  
Eastern Goods,

Wall Hangings,  
Deft Ware and Clocks,  
Antiques.

## CASTLE & SON,

Decorators and Furnishers,

20 UNIVERSITY STREET,  
MONTREAL.

39 EAST 19th STREET,  
NEW YORK.

Makers of Fine Furniture.



# “Portia”

## What Is It?

In the Merchant of Venice it is the name of a talented and rich heiress. In Stationery it represents one of the best selling lines of Note Paper on the market. Our very latest production in a smooth, unglazed surface, white, wove, table note, with envelopes to match. Other popular society lines are our dainty Oxford Vellum, Original Parchment Vellum, English Wedgewood, Plashwater, Nebula Blue and French Crepon. Ask your stationer for these fashionable note papers.

MANUFACTURED BY

**THE BARBER & ELLIS CO., Limited,**  
TORONTO, ONT.



# GOURLAY WINTER & LEEMING

188 YONGE ST TORONTO.

## "TEARING-UP" SALE OF PIANOS AND ORGANS BY

Knabe	Gerhard Heintzman
Karn	Whaley-Royce
Hardman	Mason and Hamlin
Estey	Thomas

The words "Tearing-up Sale" exactly describe our position. Our alterations to premises are now in progress, and the carpenters, decorators and electricians are now in possession of a portion of our building. Don't misunderstand us—they are only in possession of one flat at a time, and business is being transacted as usual on the other three floors—but it cramps us for space, for our new stock is coming in as usual, and the only way is to turn it over quickly. To do this, we have reduced the prices of many of our new and second-hand pianos to such attractive figures as to defy competition.

Call or write at once and secure prices and terms.

PLEASE NOTE THE ADDRESS.

# GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

188 YONGE ST. TORONTO

**BRANTFORD STEEL WIND MILLS** 19<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY

GALVANIZED, ROLLER BEARINGS

20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY

MY! WHAT A COMFORT THAT BRANTFORD MILL IS

OLD SHAPLEY & MUIR CO. LIMITED BRANTFORD, CAN.

POWER AND PUMPING MILLS, STEEL TOWERS AND FLAG STAFFS, IRON AND WOOD PUMPS, MAPLE LEAF GRAIN GRINDERS, BEE SUPPLIES.

**The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium**

FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF **CANCER**

**WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE.**

**THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PRIVATE INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.**

For the exclusive treatment of cancer, tumors and all other forms of malignant and benign new growths, except cancer and tumors within the abdominal cavity. The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium is conducted by a graduate of the regular school of medicine. Remedies are not withheld as secret from physicians of standing. Ask your family physician to make a personal investigation. He will be given every opportunity to gain a knowledge of our method and its success. When writing for information please describe the case as clearly as is possible and state its situation. Address:

**Dr. W. E. BROWN & SON, North Adams, Mass.**

**FAMOUS ACTIVE RANGES**

DRIVEN FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Gordon

**42 STYLES AND SIZES.**

- Thermometer in Oven Door, showing exact heat of oven without opening door.
- Aerated Oven, continually drawing fresh warm air and carrying fumes from baking up the chimney.
- Basting Door in oven door, to look at baking without cooling oven.
- Heavily Cemented Bottom, giving all the baking qualities of a brick oven, and browning bread evenly all over.
- Duplex Coal Grates. Flush Reservoir. Cast Iron Coal Linings.

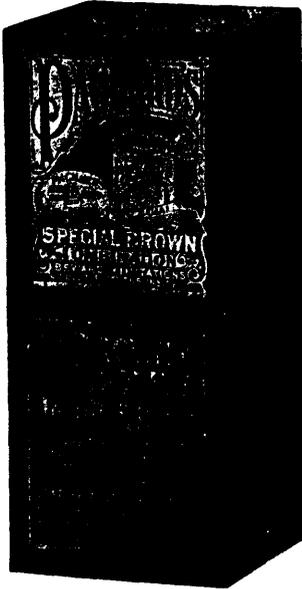
**Will Bake Perfectly with Less Coal Than Any Other Range.**

**McCLARY MFG. CO**

TORONTO MONTREAL  WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

**LONDON ONT**

# PACKARD'S "SPECIAL" SHOE DRESSINGS



25c., at all Shoe Stores.

ATTENTION

IS CALLED TO OUR

LADIES' "SPECIAL" BLACK DRESSING FOR FINE KID SHOES

Gentlemen's SHOES

can be KEPT SOFT and look like new, by using our

Combination Dressing

ALL COLORS.

# ELECTRO-SILICON

SILVER POLISH

## THE KING of Silver Cleaners

*That it's in every way the best You quickly learn by test.*

At Grocers or Postpaid 15 cts. in stamps. Trial quantity for the asking.

"SILICON" 30 CLIFF ST. NEW YORK

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal, Sole Agts. for Canada

# SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous English Skin Fluid.

ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, Disappear in a few days.

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness vanish as if by magic; whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalcule which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin.

Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

Wholesale Agents, LYMAN BROS., TORONTO



PROTECT and Beautify your Lawn with one of our Iron Fences. Send for catalogue to Toronto Fence and Ornamental Iron Works, 73 Adelaide St. West (Truth Building).

JOSEPH LEA, Manager.

# Varicose Veins.

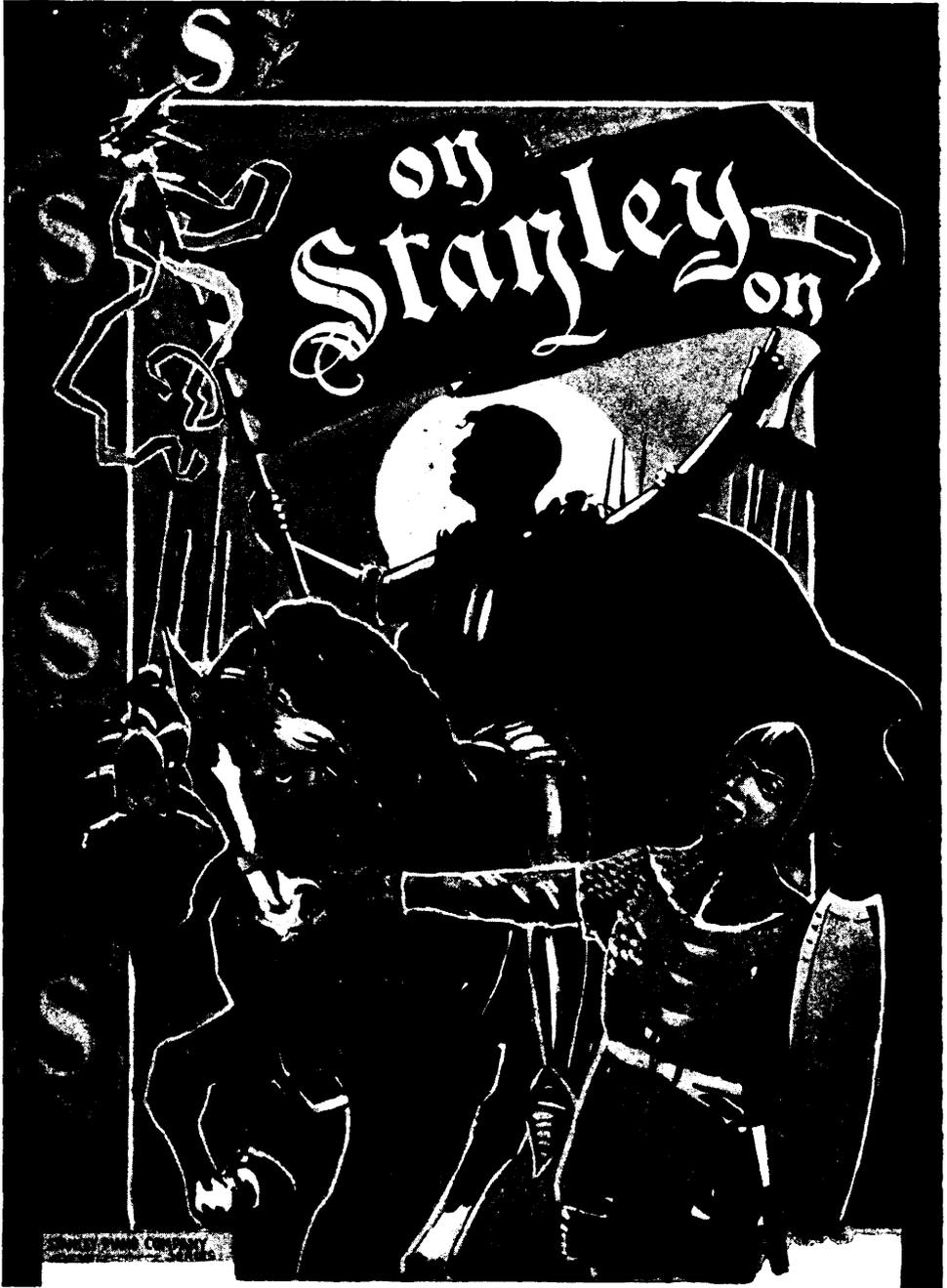
## BAILEY'S Elastic Stockings

A badly fitting stocking, or one made of unsuitable material, is not only no good, it is positively harmful.

"Varix," all about Elastic Stockings, how to wear, clean, and repair them, post free 5 cents.

New 89 page Catalogue of Surgical Appliances 5 cents. Wholesale Depot for Every Article for Sick Nursing. Established A.D. 1833. Nurse Catalogue, 165 pages. Wholesale prices. Send Professional Card.

**W. H. BAILEY & SON,**  
38 Oxford St., London, W., England.



**A Fitting Motto.**

**A STEP]FORWARD EACH DAY** is being made into the good opinion of the musical public, and we dare to say that none can assail the decided merits of the piano.

**Evenness of Tone and Touch**

Sold on easy terms, if desired, and shipped on approval subject to return at our expense if not bought.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUES AND TESTIMONIALS.

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USE THE GENUINE . . .

# MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"  
For the Handkerchief,  
Toilet and Bath.  
. . . REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

IT RESTORES THE  
NATURAL WHITENESS  
CLEANSING-HARMLESS  
AT ALL DRUGGISTS—  
25 CENTS A BOX—

# TEABERRY

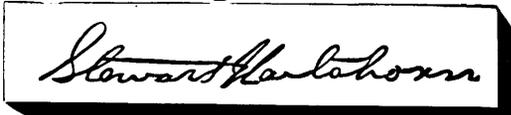
FOR THE **TEETH**

ZOPEJA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO



## Hartshorn Shade Roller

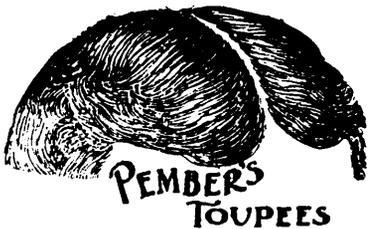
The only Shade Roller that can be depended upon to work right at all times



See that you get the GENUINE with above autograph on label. Accept no other.



## Hartshorn Shade Roller



SPECIAL PRICES IN

# HAIR GOODS

FOR ONE MONTH.

Now is the time to buy

# HAIR GOODS.



Never before have we offered such inducements to purchasers. And when you buy at **Pember's** you may be sure of the latest and most up-to-date styles in buying Waves, Wigs or Switches.

We can suit you better and more reasonable than any other firm.

Our reputation for natural wavy hair goods is well-known, and we ship our hair goods all over the continent, such as Canada, United States and Europe.

Our Scientific Scalp Treatment for hair falling or after fevers, as Alopecia and Exemia, has no equal. We guarantee satisfaction.

**W. T. PEMBER,** Hair Dealer and Scalp Specialist.

127, 129 and 778 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

# Ride "Nationals"

## 1900 Stearns.

Ride a Stearns,  
A Canadian Stearns,  
And Be Content.

### HERE THEY ARE:

Roadsters, A. & C.,	- -	\$50.00
Specials, - - - - -	- -	60.00
Racer, - - - - -	- -	70.00
Cushion Frames, K. & L.,		70.00
Chainless, G. & H.,	- -	85.00

You have your choice of handlebars, of saddles, of enamels.

You can have the Stearns Hub Brake added to your mount.

You can have the very newest bicycle idea in Canada—the cushion frame.

Go to a local agent. He will explain about the local guarantee privilege.

Ask us for a Catalogue.

## 1900 Monarchs.

"Ride a Monarch and Keep  
in Front."

Monarchs are now made in  
Canada.

Every Monarch has the local  
guarantee on all National Bicycles.

Roadsters, 84 and 83,	- -	\$40.00
Light Roadsters, 88 and 87,		50.00
Chainless, 74 and 73,	- -	80.00

Monarchs represent the highest  
design of Western wheel building.

Wherever you may be riding a  
Monarch—if it breaks—you are  
near a local guarantee repair shop.

Ask us for a Catalogue and the  
name of your nearest local agent.

*The National Cycle <sup>and</sup> Automobile Company*  
*Limited.*

31 King Street West, Toronto.

# Locally Guaranteed

## 1900 Columbias.

There will be Six Models of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles made by us in Canada.

Columbia, 65 and 66, Chainless, \$85.00

Columbia, 63 and 64, Chain, 60.00

Hartford, 23 and 24, Chain, 45.00

These wheels were formerly imported. We will now make them in Canada.

They will have our local guarantee.

They will be the best wheels that have ever been turned out in a Canadian factory.

They will duplicate the American Columbia.

Ask us for the local agent's name and for a Catalogue.

## 1900 E. & D.

The E. & D.—the wheel of quality. The bicycle of four point bearings.

The E. & D. is the best bicycle outside of the United States.

It is better than many American bicycles.

It competes in the United States with United States wheels.

E. & D. Roadsters, - - - \$65.00

E. & D. Ladies, - - - 65.00

E. & D. Racer, - - - 75.00

E. & D. Special, - - - 75.00

Every E. & D. has the "local guarantee" privilege.

Your guarantee repairs are done locally.

You have no trouble.

Ask us for a Catalogue and the name of your local agent.

*The National Cycle and Automobile Company*  
Limited.

34 King Street West, Toronto.

**FOR FIFTY YEARS!**  
**MRS. WINSLOW'S**  
**SOOTHING SYRUP**

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.  
**Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.**

**Mrs. Winslow's**  
**Soothing Syrup**

**FOR CHILDREN**  
**WHILE CUTTING**  
**THEIR TEETH**

*An Old and Well-Tried Remedy*

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.  
**Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.**



**"THE PIONEER SEED HOUSE OF CANADA"**  
 Established 50 years ago.

**SWEET PEA SPECIALISTS**

**"Bruce's Royal Nosesgay of Sweet Peas"**

Contains ten superb large flowering varieties. Illustrated by Colored Lithograph on our Catalogue Cover. Mailed to any address, postage paid, for 25c.

**"Bruce's Golden Jubilee Collection of Floral Gems"**

Contains ten splendid varieties of Annuals, Illustrated by Colored Lithograph, and described in our Catalogue, and mailed to any address, postage paid, for 25c.

Write for our Seed Catalogue for 1900, which we mail free to all applicants.

**John A. Bruce & Co.**  
 Seed Merchants, Hamilton, Canada



**ARMAND'S**  
**SELF-FASTENING SWITCH**  
 PATENT APPLIED FOR

**Armand's Self-Fastening Switch**

*Haute Nouveauté en Nattes de Cheveux.*

This New Style of Switch is the most perfect, the easiest and most natural "Device" of Hair Switch ever invented.

No cord, nor stem, no clumsiness or sewed together affair.

It is the easiest way to fasten a Switch on the head, and in such a manner so as the Switch can either be easily and gracefully interwoven and dressed with the lady's own hair, or to hide the lady's own hair entirely, as seen in above cut. The device is so practicable and ingenious that we have applied for Patent.

**Armand's Self-Fastening Switch will be a Delight to every Lady who wears one.**

These Switches are made of the Best Quality Natural Wavy Hair, from \$6.00 to \$25.00. Straight Hair from \$4.00 to \$20.00. Artificially Wavy Hair from \$5.00 to \$22.00. (Rare shades extra). ¼ grey, 25%; ½ grey, 30%; ¾ grey, 35%; ⅞ grey, 40% extra. Mail Orders promptly attended to.

Patrons outside of Toronto will be just as well suited as if in Toronto. If not as represented, or not suited, we will exchange. When ordering, please send sample of your hair and the amount. Higher you go, better Switch you will get. All goods sent concealed from observation.



**ARMAND'S**  
 Latest Designs in Ladies' and Gents'

**Wigs and Toupees**

Ladies' Perfect Wigs and Head-Coverings. Wig-making is a science. Perfect fit and natural in appearance are essential.

A bad-fitting and false-looking wig makes the life miserable.

If you want a Perfect Wig in every respect, we can suit you better than any other house.

Our prices are moderate and our goods reliable, durable, natural, perfect.

You need not come to Toronto; we can make you a perfect-fitting wig in any part of the continent. Simply write us and we will send you full instructions, prices, etc. **Tel. 2498**

**J. Trancé-Armand & Co.,**  
 441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street,  
 Toronto, Ont., Canada.

# THE OLD WAY



## OLD WAYS

are constantly giving way to new and better ones. The old way of dumping into the stomach (that most sensitive of all organs) noxious and poisonous drugs is rapidly giving way to the new and better way of external treatment. THE ELECTROPOISE combines the newest and best method of administering oxygen to the system. Oxygen to the body is like oil to an engine; it cannot run without it. The Electro-poise used once a day will keep the doctor away. Our new 128-page illustrated booklet (mailed free) tells all about it. Send also for treatise on Rheumatism. No duty.

### Cured in the New Way.

St. John's, Que., Can., Feb. 21, 1898.  
Gentlemen.—The wonderful properties of your Electro-poise having been brought to my notice, I was induced to give it a trial on a member of my family who suffered from inflammatory rheumatism, and for the short time I have used it I think it has afforded much relief to the patient.  
JAMES O'CAIN, Mayor of St. John's.

Sussex, N.B., Sept. 21, 1898.  
As it is nearly a year since I purchased a Doise from you, I ought to be able to give some idea of the value I place upon it. I will sum up the whole matter in the following words:—If anyone would offer me a thousand dollars I would not part with it, if the conditions were that I could not get or use another. As a family physician, in my opinion, there is none equal to it. I have been telling my friends of the almost miracles it has done in my family. MRS. E. W. STOCKTON.

Maxwell Ont., Can., Jan. 6, 1897.  
I commenced using one of your Electropoises in June, 1895, for valvular heart trouble and neuralgia of the same organ. I realized improvement from the first. My heart does not trouble me now except when I over-exert myself, then I feel a slight pain in it. I only wish we had heard of it sooner, as it would have saved us a great deal of useless expense. We would not part with it for any amount of money if we could not replace it. Very truly,  
J. D. STERLING.

AGENTS WANTED.—We want 1,000 live agents at once. One agent writes:—"I have earned \$1,500.00." For particulars telling this agent's experience, write for "The Electro-poise Agent," mailed free. Address.

**THE ELECTROPOISE COMPANY,  
1123 Broadway, New York, U.S.A.**

# THE NEW WAY



## NO COLLISIONS in the NEW CENTURY.



Operators will appreciate this great advantage. There are a score of other advanced features. If you are thinking of getting a typewriter or desire the Best, write to us.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

**American Writing Machine Company  
302 Broadway, New York.**

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The Brown Brothers, Limited, 62 and 64 King St. East, Toronto.  
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A. Milne Fraser, 157 Hollis Street, Halifax.  
T. N. Hibben & Company, 69 Government Street, Victoria.  
W. J. Saunders, 407 Main Street, Winnipeg.  
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114 YEARS' REPUTATION.

# "BEE-HIVE"



## Knitting WOOLS

UNIQUE FOR  
COLOURS, QUALITY, SOFTNESS and DURABILITY.

**FREE.** I any difficulty in obtaining, give name and address of your Draper, and we will send you Elegant Sample Card with name of nearest Agent.

Manufacturers:  
**J. & J. BALDWIN (Established 1785),  
HALIFAX, ENGLAND.**

# The Tip-Top Two.



"Hu-man-ic"  
and  
"World-Known"  
Shoes for Men.

**FORTY** years of shoe-making have brought HATHAWAY, SOULE & HARRINGTON'S output to the top-notch of perfection.

Their "Hu-man-ic" Shoes for men are ideal comfort-givers and wear-resisters.

They are scientifically and anatomically perfect and are the acme of stylish footwear.

"World-Known" Shoes have won fame for their ease, grace and durability.

They are everywhere conceded to be vastly superior to any other shoes sold for the price.

"Hu-man-ic" and "World-Known" Shoes are to be had of the leading dealer in each city, some of whom are as follows:

Gorman's Shoe Store.	Belleville, Ont.
Dowling & Creelman.	Brandon, Man.
J. Agnew.	Brantford, Ont.
Hepburn & Co.,	Guelph, Ont.
J. S. Brown & Co.,	London, Ont.
R. Masson,	Ottawa, Ont.
S. B. Pocock,	St. Thomas, Ont.
H. & C. Blachford,	Toronto, Ont.
W. H. Stewart,	Montreal, Que.
Wm. Jacques,	Quebec, P. Q.
J. G. Groech & Sons.	Milverton, Ont.

If not on sale in your city order direct of the manufacturer, and send name of your shoe dealer.

**Hathaway, Soule & Harrington**

Owners and Makers of

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Shoes,

113 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.



TAYLOR'S  
**CLUB**  
GLYCERINE SOAP  
FOR THE TOILET  
Manufactured by  
**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**  
TORONTO

# SEEDS FOR 25c.

Any 12 Varieties—Regular 5 cent Packages—Money  
Refunded if not Satisfactory.

## VEGETABLES. (Order by Number.)

- 1—Beet, Eclipse, Round.
- 2—Beet, Egyptian, flat-round.
- 3—Cabbage, Winningstadt.
- 4—Cabbage, Fottler's Brunswick.
- 5—Carrot, half-long, Scarlet.
- 6—Carrot, Oxheart, or Guerande.
- 7—Cucumber, Chicago Pickling.
- 8—Cucumber, long green.
- 9—Celery, Golden Self-Blanching.
- 10—Herbs, Sage.
- 11—Herbs, Savory.
- 12—Herbs, Marjoram.
- 13—Lettuce, Nonpareil (Cabbage).
- 14—Lettuce, Denver Market (Curled).
- 15—Musk Melon, Extra Early.
- 16—Water Melon, Early Canada.

- 17—Onion, Large Red, Wethersfield.
- 18—Onion, Yellow Globe, Danvers.
- 19—Parsnip, Hollow Crown.
- 20—Radish, French Breakfast.
- 21—Radish, Rosy Gem, White Tipped.
- 22—Squash, Hubbard.
- 23—Tomato, Extra Early Atlantic.
- 24—Tomato, Dwarf Champion.

## FLOWERS.

- 25—Asters, Mixed.
- 26—Mignonette, Sweet.
- 27—Pansy, Mixed.
- 28—Petunia, Mixed.
- 29—Nasturtiums, Tall Mixed.
- 30—Sweet Peas, Fine Mixed.
- 31—Wild Flower, Garden Mixed.



No. 1.—BEST ECLIPSE

**FREE** with every order for 12 packets, we will include 1 packet New Giant Yellow Sweet Sultan—Price 25c.—FREE OF CHARGE TO "CANADIAN MAGAZINE" READERS.

**WM. RENNIE, TORONTO.** BY MAIL POSTPAID. ORDER TO-DAY.

## The Three Contingents



which answered the Empire's call all  
left provided with

# OXOL

## Fluid Beef

For Home or Camp, Athlete or Invalid,  
there is no food more strengthening and  
tonifying than Oxol Fluid Beef.

**THE OXOL FLUID BEEF CO., - MONTREAL.**



**FOR THE "KING"**

**KING  
QUALITY  
SHOES**

ARE BUILT  
TO FIT

**The Human Foot**

AND MARK THE HIGHEST EXCELLENCE IN STOCK AND WORKMANSHIP THAT CAN BE PRODUCED, COMBINING STYLE, DURABILITY AND COMFORT, ONLY ATTAINED BY THE MOST SCIENTIFIC METHODS.

SOLD FOR

Ladies' \$3.00, \$4.00

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**KING QUALITY**

Manufactured by

**The J. D. KING CO., Limited**  
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Found with all Progressive Shoe Men.  
If your Dealer does not have them write for Catalogue.

FOR 25 YEARS  
**Hunyadi János**

HAS BEEN RECOMMENDED BY  
**EMINENT PHYSICIANS**

As the Best Natural Aperient Water.  
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**Constipation and Stomach Disorders.**  
**Get the Genuine!**

The "SAFETY" Acetylene Gas Machine

Manufactured by  
**THE SAFETY LIGHT AND HEAT CO.,**  
 DUNDAS, ONT.

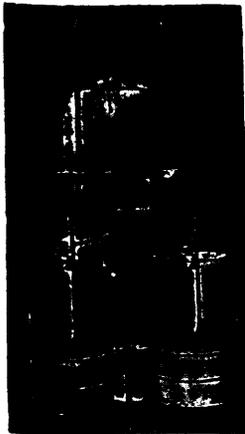
Read what some of our friends say of us:—

Dear Sirs.—In reply to yours of the 7th inst., I am quite satisfied with the Acetylene Gas as a means of lighting. The light is quite steady, brilliant and soft, and lights every part of the church thoroughly. While I know practically nothing about working the machine, my warden tells me it is very simple. With ordinary care I consider it perfectly safe—safer indeed than lighting with coal oil. There has been no smell of gas in the church. We have been using it now since February 1st.

ARTHUR H. WHALLEY, St. John the Evangelist Church, Lancaster, Ont.

Gentlemen,—The machine placed in our church by your agent works perfectly, doing exactly what you claimed. The light is far superior to anything we have yet seen, being exceedingly free from any tendency to irritate the eye. The cost is far below that of any illuminant we know of.

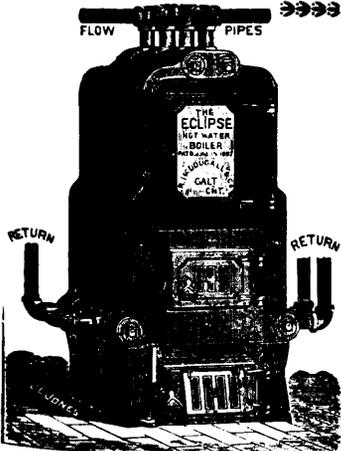
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**THE BEAUTY**

Of an "ECLIPSE" Hot Water Boiler is the even temperature obtained in your house. It is very easily regulated, and with a moderate amount of fuel, the Eclipse does the rest. A post card will bring booklet giving full particulars from the manufacturers,

**The R. McDOUGALL CO., Limited, GALT**





**TAYLOR'S  
VALLEY  
VIOLET  
PERFUME**

If your druggist does not keep Valley Violet a one ounce bottle will be sent to any address in Canada, postage paid, on receipt of \$1.00, including, without extra charge, samples of our latest odors, including Wild Rose, Italian Pink, Swiss Heliotrope, Gardenia, Orange Blossom and White Heather.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,**  
MANUFACTURING PERFUMERS, TORONTO.

**A TRUE  
ODOR  
OF  
FRESH  
VIOLETS**



## FOR CAMP OR HOME

Clark's Canned Meats give  
perfect satisfaction.

They are

**TASTY,  
WHOLESOME,  
APPETIZING.**

## “Clark's Ready Lunch Beef”

IS A DELICIOUS LUNCHEON DISH

Our two contingents have been well supplied with Clark's Canned Meats.

**WM. CLARK, Manufacturer, - - MONTREAL.**

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**New and Second Hand**

We have some of the best Values on the market, and it is only owing to the fact that we handle such a large number that we are able to offer the following prices:—

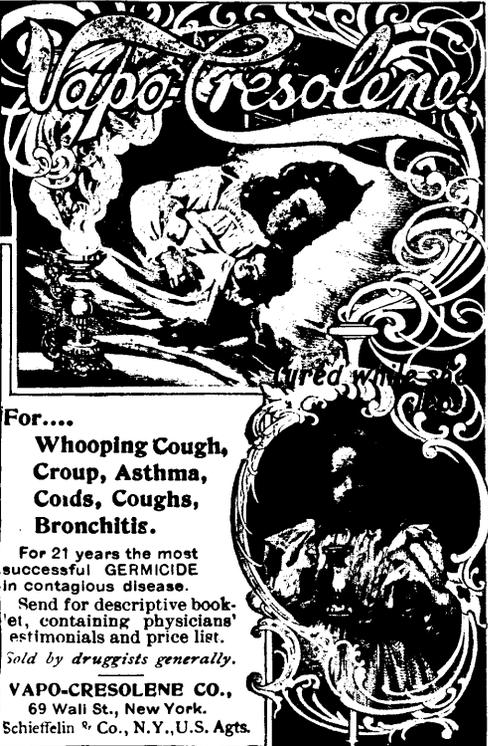
**REBUILT**

Remingtons, \$50.00	Smith Premiers, \$45.00
Caligraphs, 25.00	Yosts, - - 25.00
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Samples of work will be sent on application, or machines will be sent on special rental rate.

## Canadian Typewriter Exchange

43 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.



**Vapo-Cresolene**

*Cured while you sleep*

For....  
**Whooping Cough,  
 Croup, Asthma,  
 Colds, Coughs,  
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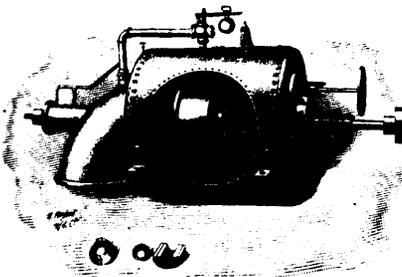
For 21 years the most successful GERMICIDE in contagious disease.  
 Send for descriptive booklet, containing physicians' testimonials and price list.  
*Sold by druggists generally.*

**VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,**  
 69 Wall St., New York.  
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THE

# Crocker Improved Turbine

In Horizontal Setting, with Quarter Turn Elbow.



Where the nature of the location will permit its use this type has many advantages. It is very suitable for direct connection to dynamos, and many are in operation in this class of service.

Notice how complete and compact this arrangement is, and how easily it may be installed. Can you use anything of this kind? Your inquiries will receive prompt attention.

**Water Powers examined and Reports made.  
 Estimates submitted for Complete Equipments.**

## The JENCKES MACHINE CO.,

Lansdowne St., Sherbrooke, Que.



25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per pound.

# GOWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA

No better test of the merit of

## Cowan's Hygienic Cocoa

is needed than the fact that it is so generally used by all who appreciate pure goods. It is healthful and nutritious, builds up and strengthens the system.

Sold Only in Tins.





"SHE GOT IT."

"The Outward  
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This young lady expressed her  
preference for a

BIRTHDAY GIFT:

"Papa, I want a bicycle with **Dun-  
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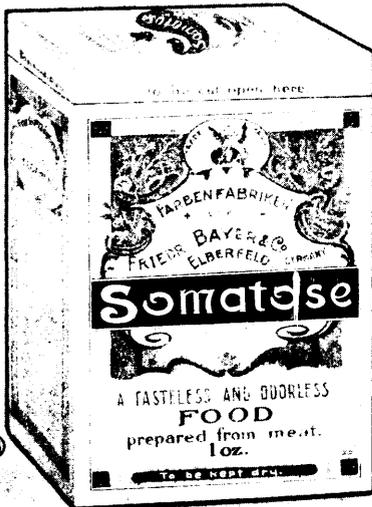
## DUNLOP TIRES

On a wheel are the outward sign of goodness in both visible and  
invisible parts of a bicycle.

Send in your name now for the Dunlop Year Book of 1900 to the Dunlop Tire Co., Limited,  
17-29 Temperance Street, Toronto.

# Somatose

A TASTELESS ODORLESS  
NUTRIENT MEAT  
POWDER



It contains all the albumi-  
noid principles of the meat  
in an easily soluble form.

It has been extensively em-  
ployed and found to be of the  
greatest service in Consumption  
and diseases of the stomach.

It is of great value in  
convalescence from all diseases.

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Local Agency and depot in Canada for all "BAYER'S" Pharmaceutical Products (Wholesale)

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**GUELPH, CANADA.**

# The Secret <sup>of the</sup> <sup>SUCCESS</sup> <sub>of the</sub> WHALEY-ROYCE PIANOS

Is because they are made as near perfect as the finest material and skilled labor can make them.

There are many improvements which impart to them a **beauty** and **solidity of construction**, **power** and **brilliance of tone**, **elasticity** and **precision of touch**, found in no other make.

Correspondence Invited.  
Catalogue and Prices  
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Terms to Suit  
the Most Modest Incomes.

Are recognized throughout the Dominion as the Highest Type of Piano Making.

SEE THEM, HEAR THEM,  
and you will not wonder why.  
**Every Instrument Guaranteed for seven years.**

We also carry the largest and best selected stock of SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, in Canada.

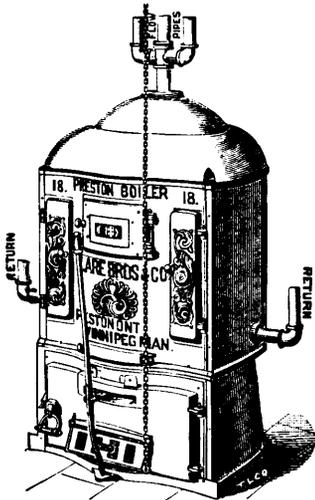
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REGINA MUSIC BOXES,  
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their buildings with HOT AIR or HOT WATER should consult CLARE BROS. & CO., PRESTON, ONT., if they want the latest and up-to-date apparatus to burn either wood or coal. Heating has been our specialty for the past thirty years. Our goods are of SUPERIOR quality and fully guaranteed. If you send us dimensions of your building we will cheerfully give you an estimate for heating, and advise you as to the best way of doing it.

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## Canadian Mounted Rifles

---

Colonel Evans and His Staff are  
Preparing for the Campaign. ❁

---

Canadian Mounted Rifles,  
Stanley Barracks,  
Toronto, 6th February, 1900

Dear Sirs,

Will you please accept on behalf of my Officers and men my very sincere thanks for your generous gift of Abbey's Fruit Salt.

We all appreciate it very much.

Yours faithfully,

*J. B. Evans*

Comd'g 1st. C. M. R.

Dr. J. ALTON HARRISS, of New York, the Medical Muscular Expert, specially recommends Abbey's Salt as the best foundation upon which to build up the health preparatory to continuous physical effort.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt is universally acknowledged to be the best anti-bilious aperient and digestive. It stimulates the functions of the body to healthy, natural activity, and is invaluable to all persons of sedative habits, or who are prevented from taking active exercise. Not only on shipboard, but also on land, its uses are numerous. It is pre-eminently the "Family Friend."

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SECURES

**Economy in Steam  
Security from Frost  
Reduced Fire Risk  
Positive Ventilation**

**GEO. W. REED & CO.  
Montreal**



## A NEW SIZE OF *Sozodont*

(Liquid only) may now be had for 25c. wherever toilet preparations are sold. Most convenient to handle, not only at home but when travelling, it is already popular. **Sozodont** is absolutely non-acid. As an antiseptic dentifrice and detergent mouth-wash it is recommended by dentists of the highest reputation.

HALL & RUCKEL,  
New York. Proprietors. London.



# ANY ONE MAY LEARN HYPNOTISM

You are not too old, or too young, to learn the wonderful secrets of power, wealth and influence contained in HYPNOTISM. The possession of hypnotic power will make you a leader among your fellows—it will enable you to realize the successes you have only dared to dream of.

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## PROF. L. A. HARRADEN

has brought this marvelous science within the reach of all—he has made it possible to teach hypnotism to all who want to learn.

**Send For His Free Book**, a handsome volume telling every detail as to how you may succeed through HYPNOTISM. Nothing is left unexposed. The book is filled with hundreds of beautiful engravings, illustrating every phase of hypnotism. If you want to be a leader, SEND NOW—a postal will do—and the book will be delivered absolutely free while the edition lasts.

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# GERANIUMS FROM SEED



NEW  
JAPANESE  
AND  
ITALIAN  
VARIETIES.

The  
Favorite  
Pot  
Plant.



No flowering plants are more grown and none more suitable for large beds where a mass of bloom is desirable, or for single specimens in pots in the house. We offer new crop seed, saved from over 50 of the finest double, semi-double and single named Japanese and Italian varieties of the most gorgeous and brilliant colors, with full instructions how the most inexperienced amateur flower lover can grow them successfully from seed and flower the first season if sown early.

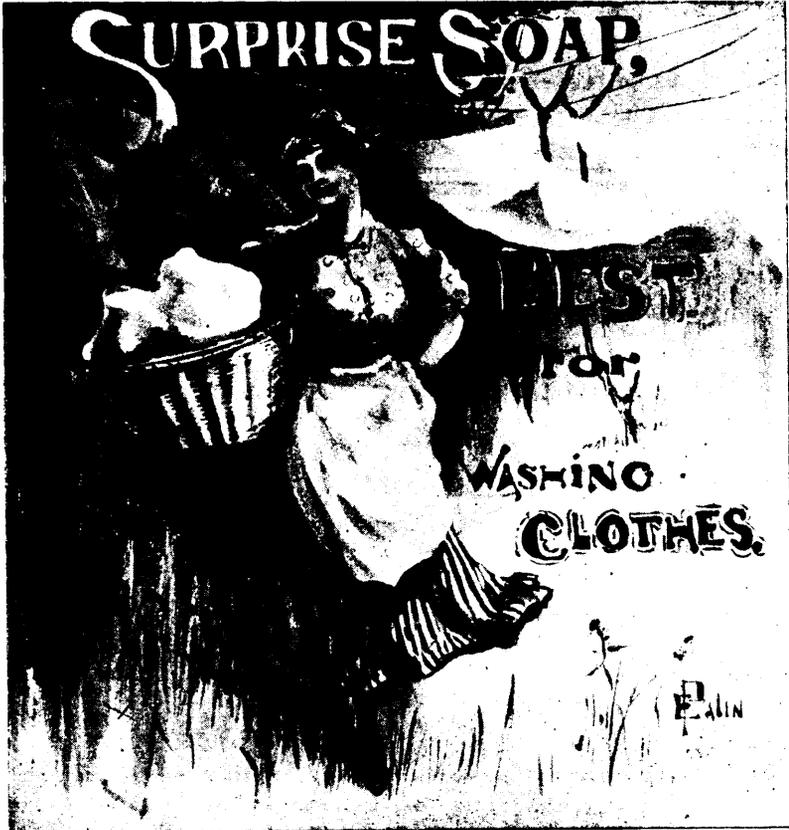
## FOR 14 CENTS

In stamps, and the addresses of two friends who grow flowers, we will send one full size packet—**FORTY SEEDS**, and **FREE** copy of our catalogue for 1900, the most beautiful book published, devoted exclusively to flower seeds that grow.

### S. Y. HAINES & CO.,

105 BOSTON BLOCK,  
MINNEAPOLIS, - - MINN.

# SURPRISE SOAP,



BEST  
for  
WASHING  
CLOTHES.

The "Dominion"  
Pianos

60,000  
IN USE

An  
Instrument  
of  
Quality

Canada is justly proud  
Dominion Organ & Piano Co.  
TORONTO, ONT.

## Why do you drink Tea?

Merely because you have become accustomed to drinking some discolored water with a bitter taste, or do you drink it for its dainty flavor, fragrant aroma, and the delightfully refreshing sensation it produces? If you relish a cup of really high grade tea, try one package of Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea. It costs more than much that is offered, but its worth more. It will brew more liquor, and the quality will be better.

## Ram Lal's <sup>Pure</sup> Indian Tea

is for those who want *good* tea. It is not expensive because its great strength necessitates the use of less weight.

It comes only in sealed packages.

# FRIED ONIONS

Indirectly Caused the Death of the  
World's Greatest General.

It is a matter of history that Napoleon was a gourmand, an inordinate lover of the good things of the table, and history further records that his favorite dish was fried onions; his death from cancer of stomach it is claimed also was probably caused from his excessive indulgence of this fondness for the odorous vegetable.

The onion is undoubtedly a wholesome article of food, in fact has many medicinal qualities of value, but it would be difficult to find a more indigestible article than fried onions, and to many people they are simply poison, but the onion does not stand alone in this respect. Any article of food that is not thoroughly digested becomes a source of disease and discomfort whether it be fried onions or beef steak.

The reason why any wholesome food is not promptly digested is because the stomach lacks some important element of digestion. Some stomachs lack peptone, others are deficient in gastric juice, still others lack Hydro chloric acid.

The one thing necessary to do in any case of poor digestion is to supply those elements of digestion which

the stomach lacks, and nothing does this so thoroughly and safely as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dr. Richardson, in writing a thesis on treatment of dyspepsia and indigestion, closes his remarks by saying, "for those suffering from acid dyspepsia, shown by sour, watery risings, or for flatulent dyspepsia shown by gas on stomach, causing heart trouble and difficult breathing, as well as for all other forms of stomach troubles, the safest treatment is to take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. I advise them because they contain no harmful drugs, but are composed of valuable digestives, which act promptly upon the food eaten. I never knew a case of indigestion or even chronic dyspepsia which Stuart's Tablets would not reach."

Cheap cathartic medicines claiming to cure dyspepsia and indigestion can have no effect whatever in actively digesting the food, and to call any cathartic medicine a cure for indigestion is a misnomer.

Every druggist in the United States and Canada sells Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and they are not only the safest and most successful but the most scientific of any treatment for indigestion and stomach troubles.

# The Health Habit

Just as Easy to Form as Any Other.

We do not deliberately form our pet habits, but they are unconsciously acquired and grow as we grow, and by the time we learn they are hurting us we find them too strong to be easily broken.

Then, why not form a good habit, a habit which will counteract the many bad ones? In other words, contract the unfashionable habit of being always well.

The best health habit to get into is to have and keep a vigorous stomach; if you have a healthy digestion you can drink your beloved coffee, smoke your favorite brand of tobacco, with little or no harm; the mischief begins when these things are forced upon the faithful stomach without any assistance.

Form the habit of taking after meals some harmless but efficient digestive which will relieve the stomach of so much extra work.

Nature furnishes us with such digestives, and when they are combined in such a pleasant preparation as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets they give the overworked stomach just the necessary assistance to secure perfect

digestion without any of the harmful effects of cathartics and similar drugs.

The habit of taking Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after meals is as necessary to the weak stomach as food itself, and indeed to get the benefit from the food eaten nothing better and certainly nothing safer can be used.

Many families consider Stuart's Tablets as essential in the house as knives and forks.

They consist entirely of natural digestive principles without the effect or characteristics of drugs; they have no cathartic action, but simply go to work on the food eaten and digest it.

Take into account your bad habits and the expense they entail, and then invest 50 cents in a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and see if your digestion for the next month is not vastly improved.

Ask the clerk in any drug store the name of the most successful and popular stomach remedy and he will say "Stuart's."

## What a Famous Editor Says About The Club Cocktails

SOMETIMES drink a cocktail. In fact, I like a cocktail when towards evening the fatigues of the day begin to tell on me. Some people like a cocktail as an appetizer, but everybody who likes a cocktail likes a good

one. For a good while I have kept in my house, whether in the country or in town, the Heublein Club Cocktails in bottles, more for convenience than anything else. I knew they were good and I liked them, but just why they were so good did not occur to me until some one, speaking of the vast quantities of these that the Messrs. Heublein must make in a "batch," led me to this sort of reasoning. Barkeepers, and even one's self, in mixing cocktails necessarily cannot have a uniform and exact quantity of ingredients in each one. A few drops more or less of either ingredient greatly changes the nature of the product. In a great laboratory where quantities

like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again, recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails by the time they are used by the consumer may have already been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers, Manhattan, Martini, whisky, gin, vermouth and York, all excellent.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors,**  
HARTFORD. NEW YORK. LONDON.

**WALTER R. WONHAM & SONS,** DISTRIBUTING AGENTS  
FOR CANADA,  
315 Board of Trade Building, MONTREAL, CANADA.





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USE  
**Winsor & Newton's**  
**Oil and Water Colors**  
FOR SATISFACTORY RESULTS.  
For Sale at all Art Stores.  
**A. RAMSAY & SON,** Wholesale Agents,  
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**Children**  
**Teething**

**Mrs. Winslow's** has been used for over *Fifty Years* by Millions of Mothers for their Children while Teething, with Perfect Success. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea.  
Sold by druggists in every part of the world.  
**Twenty-five cents a bottle.**

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Ask your grocer for  
**Windsor Salt**  
For Table and Dairy. Finest and Best

**APIOL & STEEL**  
*(for Ladies)* **PILLS**

A REMEDY FOR ALL AILMENTS. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochia, Pennyroyal, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from **EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, TORONTO.**  
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**MARTIN, Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON.**

**APIOL & STEEL**  
*(for Ladies)* **PILLS**



The **BROWN BROS.**

TORONTO **GRAND TRUNK** LIMITED

OUR SPECIALTIES ARE

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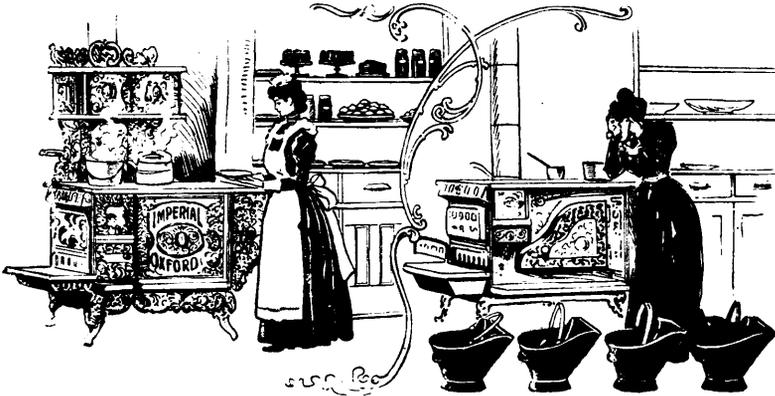
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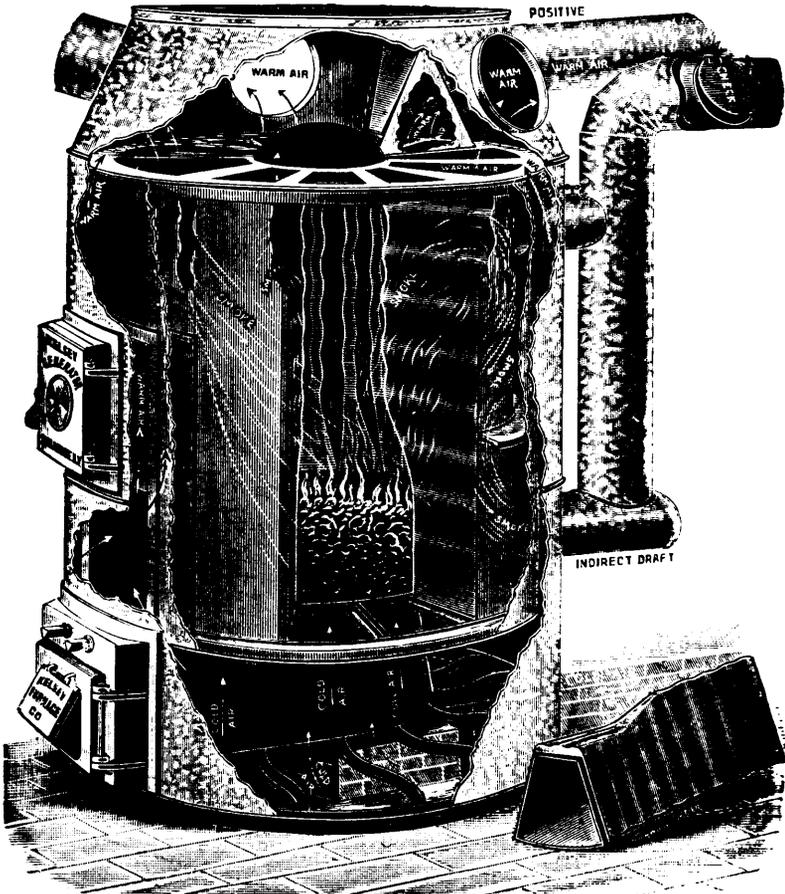
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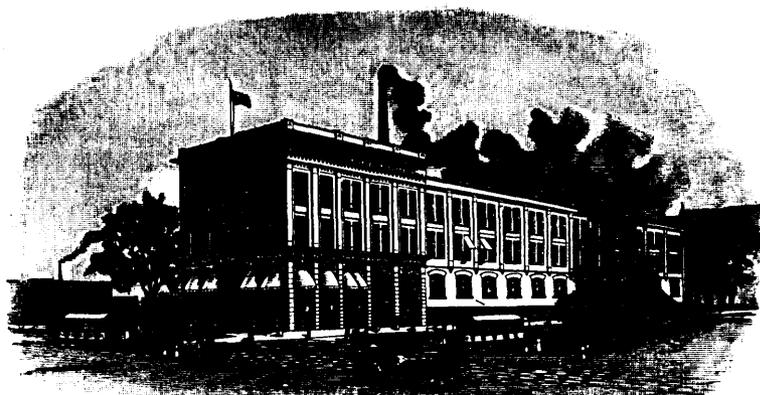
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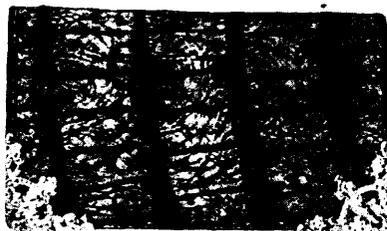
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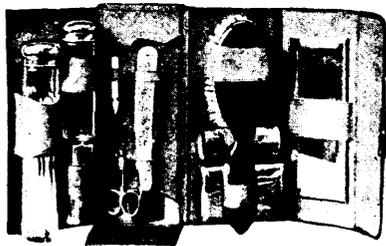
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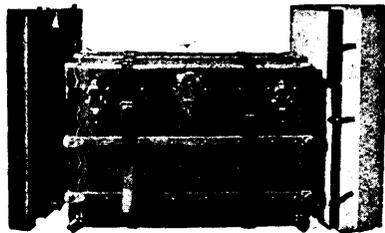
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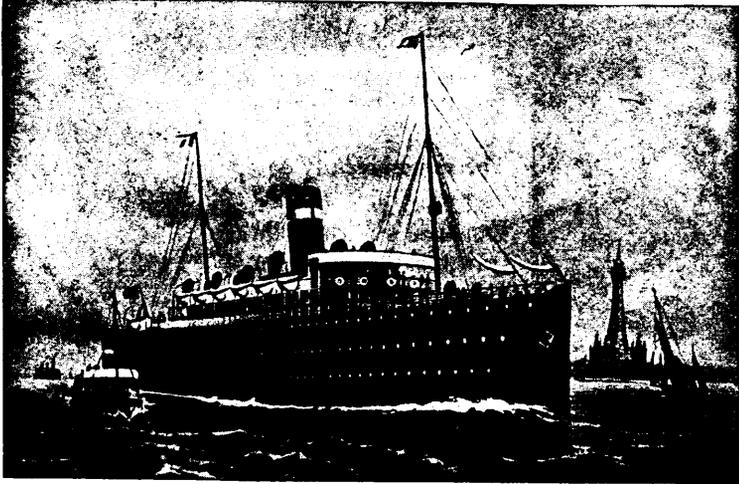
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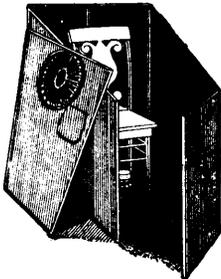
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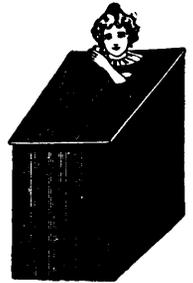
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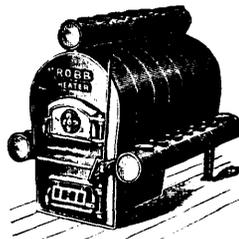
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