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MAY 28, 1904

EVENTS

PUBLISHED
WEEKLY

**A Visit to the
World's Fair,**
Illustrated with
eight halftone
pictures

**Was the
Transfer of
the Northern
Pacific Lines
in Manitoba
Justifiable?**



Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, chief guest at the laying of the corner stone of Ottawa University May 24.

**Significance
of the Yalu
Battle**

**The Senate
Inquiry**

**What is Abuse
of Parliamen-
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EVENTS

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ELGIN STREET, OTTAWA, CANADA.

EVENTS

Published Weekly.

12
Vol. 5, No. 21-2.

OTTAWA, MAY 28, 1904.

Whole No. 270-1.

The World's Fair.

A GOOD representation of the Canadian press to the number of nearly two hundred visited the World's Fair at St. Louis last week. The route taken was by way of the Grand Trunk whose excellent line between Montreal and Chicago gave the delegates an opportunity of noting what is a really first-class roadbed. The party travelled by special train in charge of three or four officers of the company who exerted themselves on behalf of the party with such good results that the entire journey from Montreal to St. Louis and return was conducted without a hitch. The party were under special obligations to Mr. H. R. Charlton of the Grand Trunk whose kindness and courtesy will not soon be forgotten by the recipients. At the Exposition the Grand Trunk Railway Co. has a handsome booth and headquarters which form a bureau of information as well. We reproduce a photo of it.

What about the Fair? Well, the Fair is a tremendous big thing, but—it is not ready. It seems to be so colossal as to have baffled the resources of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Co. They have been unable even to get the grounds in order up to the present moment. The only as-

phalted walk is the avenue running from the Louisiana Purchase Monument to University Way. The rest of the roadways were mud after a rain. And such mud! It is a thick clay and sticks to the footwear with the tenacity of a bull pup to a root. There seems to be no reason why the managers should not have had the grounds in better condition. The surroundings of the agricultural building are nicely sanded and planted with flowers, and the environment of the Cascades is as pretty as a picture and as clean as a drawing-room, but with these exceptions, and with the exception of one or two asphalt walks, the whole of the grounds are in a muddy, dirty condition. Gangs of men are at work with ploughs, harrows, picks and shovels levelling and building up the grounds, but it will be at least six weeks before they can make a presentable appearance.

The intramural railway circling the grounds affords a convenient and clean way of reaching many points, but nothing can ever be substituted for walking in an affair of this kind, and during the two days of gentle rain at the beginning of last week walking was simply impossible.

The intramural railway is a trolley line skirting the grounds, winding in different directions, and consists of nearly ten miles of road. This will give an idea of the extent of the grounds. There was a general complaint that these trolley cars ran much too slow and unless this is remedied the reputation of the road as a good thing will suffer.

The Fair is located in Forest Park, a large and beautiful natural park situated

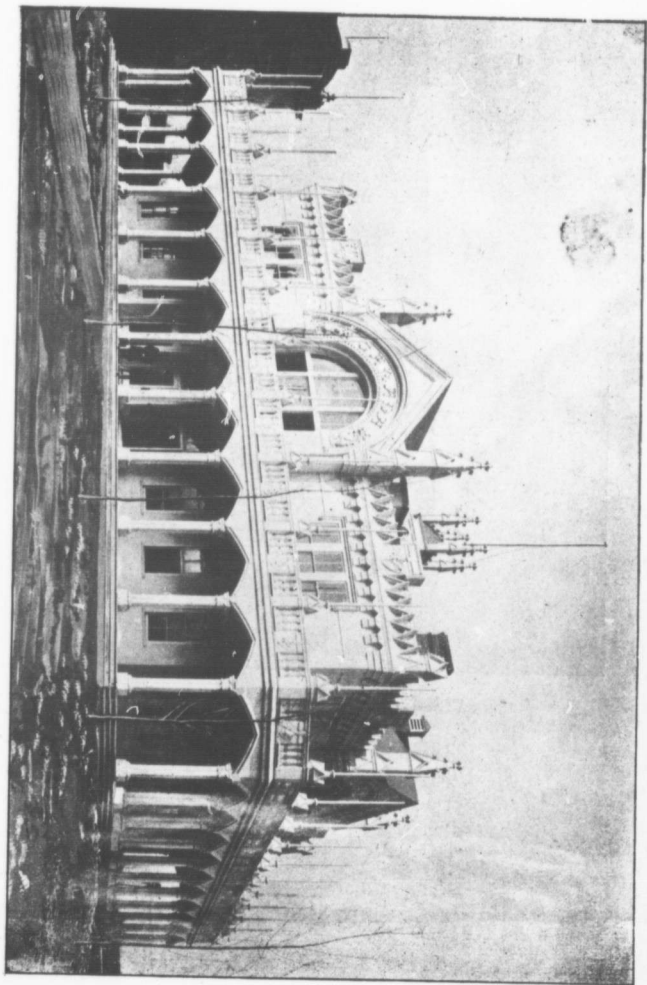
The Inside Inn is undoubtedly one of the sights of the Fair. It is a temporary structure consisting of an imposing front with nine long and low buildings running out from behind. These buildings are of a shedlike shape three and four stories high, the whole containing about 5,000 rooms. Some of these rooms are very small, while others are large and fitted with bath and other conveniences. The highest rate is \$3.50 a day. On the night of Wednesday



Grand Trunk Ry. Booth, World's Fair.

at the west end of the city three and a half miles from Broadway or the Union Station. The car service to and from the city is excellent but the press party had small desire to test it. The city of St. Louis itself is about as uninteresting a town as any on the continent of America, and the Inside Inn, situated within the grounds of the World's Fair, afforded accommodation for several thousand persons, who were thus enabled to see the Fair without travelling to and from the city hotels.

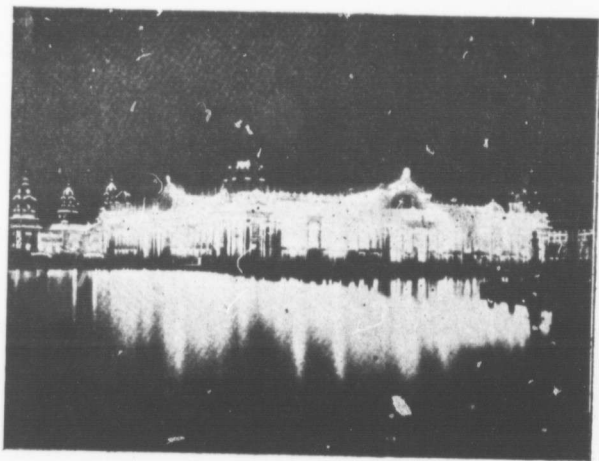
On the 18th inst. 4,500 persons slept under the roof of the Inside Inn. One of the wonderful things is the fact that all those persons were fed in the dining rooms. The large dining room will seat 1,200 persons and, adjoining, there is a restaurant capable of seating three or four hundred more. In this way the tables would enable the 4,500 persons to eat. The rates are very reasonable and are fixed by agreement with the Exposition Co. On the morning of Sunday the 15th inst. between eight o'clock



The Caravian Pavilion

and noon the cashier took in over \$9,000. There are over 200 girls employed in the dining room and, altogether, it is said that 1,700 persons are employed in and about the hotel. A curious thing about the clever management which put a great enterprise like this into operation is the fact that they housed four or five thousand people in a building which did not contain a drug store. You could buy beer and whiskey and cigars but you couldn't

eral Arts, Manufactures, Varied Industries, Machinery, Transportation, Electricity, and others, the exhibits are very incomplete. Workmen were engaged with scaffolding putting up booths and decorating them, while the corridors were blocked by immense cases of goods, and, outside, freight cars and huge drays drawn by large mules were constantly moving to and fro. The buildings erected by Japan, China, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Brazil, and seven



PALACE OF ELECTRICITY AT NIGHT.

On account of its majestic architecture the illumination of this building is very beautiful.

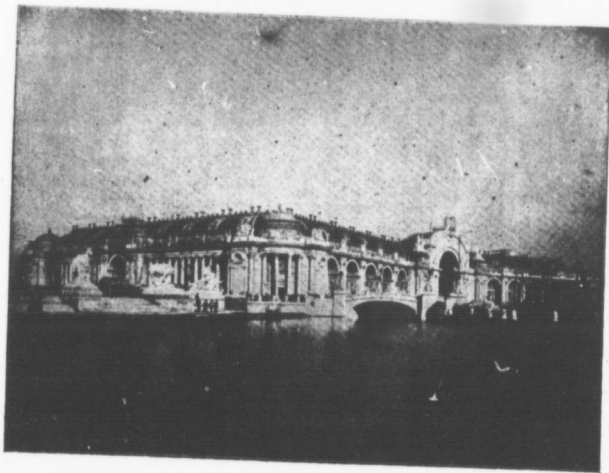
buy a pain killer or a tooth brush, or any remedy for emergencies, and this notwithstanding the fact that a drug store is advertised as being open in connection with the hotel.

The exhibits in some of the buildings are complete but these buildings are mostly under the direct control of governments, such as the Agricultural Building, the Horticultural, Education, U. S. Government, the Philippine Reservation, and Mines and Metallurgy. In the buildings of the Lib-

eral other foreign countries were locked and not open to the public for the reason that they were not ready. The buildings belonging to the Exposition Co. were, of course, open, but many sections were quite inaccessible owing to the bustle of preparation. Some sections were complete and in working order and several days could very well be put in viewing what is ready, but the general impression left on the mind is that the name of the town should be "St. Louis the Unready." Even the



PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES (AT NIGHT).
The domes and towers carry the lights far into the sky.



PALACE OF MANUFACTURES.
Covers fourteen acres, cost \$719,000; filled with the world's latest products.

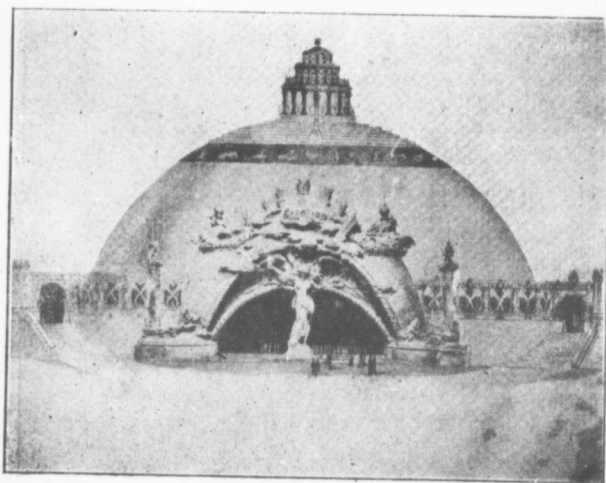
Pike, lined with nearly a mile of amusements, novelties, and exhibitions, is far from ready. About a dozen of the half hundred attractions were ready last week. The best part of the British Pavillion was locked up and marked private. The only thing visible was a small furniture exhibit of some private firm.

The Canadian Building was all ready and presented a very pretty appearance. An idea of the good taste displayed in the

railway, and no admission fees to the attractions on the Pike.

The buildings of the World's Fair are undoubtedly very handsome and for the most part imposing, but they lack the beauty of color which made the buildings of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo such a delight to the eye. All the buildings of St. Louis are made of white stuff, and are not relieved by a single touch of color. Everything is dead white. In an

e



THE BLUE DOME OF "CREATION."

Roltair's latest and greatest illusion, one of the most prominent features of the Pike

erection of this structure may be obtained from the accompanying picture of it. Mr. Hutchison, the Commissioner, Mr. Burns, his assistant, and Mr. Larive, the Canadian Press Agent, did everything possible to welcome the Canadian visitors and make their stay a pleasant one. The Exposition management extended all possible courtesies and, in fact, gave the visitors the run of the Fair. No admission fees were paid, no fares on the intramural

other respect the Exposition does not compare with Buffalo, and that is in the electrical display. The illumination at night simply adds white electric lights to the white of the buildings, and while the effect is pretty it is not striking, nor is it comparable with the magnificent results which the tremendous power of Niagara Falls enabled the Buffalo people to produce at the Pan-American.

A word about the weather. During press

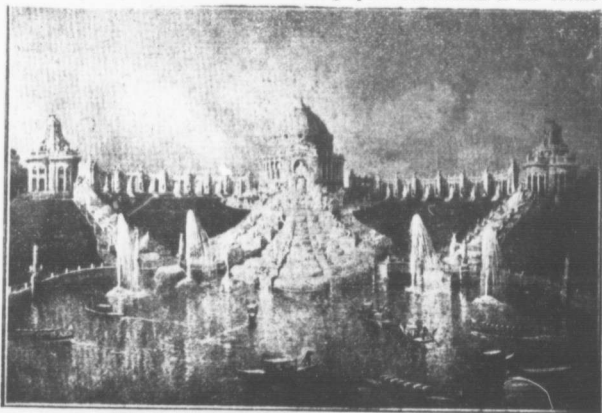
week, that is last week, there was only one day when an overcoat felt uncomfortable, and that was for a portion of the afternoon of Thursday. As a matter of fact, the atmosphere, especially in the evenings

to 70 and during October to 58 to 63. The Fair will be open until December 1 and there does not seem to be any reason why Canadians should be afraid of the heat. The thermometer will at time



"HEREAFTER."

Behind this imposing entrance the visitor finds graphic illustrations of the future life



FESTIVAL HALL AND CASCADE GARDENS.

The beautiful centre-piece of the Exposition; cost \$1,000,000.

was too cool. The average temperature during the month of June is recorded at 75 degrees, during July 79 to 80, and during August 77, which falls during September

go up very high, but as the Fair grounds are situated in the country and on a height above the city the evening weather should be extremely pleasant.

EVENTS

Published Weekly.

ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor.

VOL. 5. MAY 28, 1904. No. 21

NOT to be outdone by the Americans in a list of men who have become rich and famous by means not of birth but of perseverance and brains the following paragraph is going the rounds of the English press:—We hear so much of American captains of industry, of John D. Rockefeller, the farm labourer's son, of Edison the newspaper boy, of Yerkes, the youthful soap-jobber, that we are apt to forget our own giants of perseverance. Livingstone worked as a factory hand until twenty-five; the man who sought and found him in the wilds was born in a workhouse. The great firm of W. H. Smith and Sons was begun by two brothers so poor that the wife of one had to go into domestic service. The house of Tangye began in a little workshop whose rent was four shillings a week; that of Lever Brothers had a scarcely more pretentious start at Bolton. A coffee-stall on a London kerb was the fount and origin of Peace and Plenty; seven hundred pounds once formed the total capital of the "universal" Whiteley. Bass's Brewery was rounded by a carrier; the Elder-Dempster line of steamers by a ship's apprentice, now Sir Alfred Jones. The inventor of Bessemer steel was once a poor, almost starving, boy, in London, the poorer for having devoted his labour to an invention of whose profits the Government robbed him. So one might go on through out the whole range of our industries.

IN England the social part of politics is always regarded as of considerable importance in the playing of the game. An English exchange says:—The regular Opposition are curiously badly off for hostesses. Lord Rosebery and Lord Spencer are widowers. Lady Campbell Bannerman is almost always ill, and it is whispered that one distinguished Liberal

couple, from whom great things in a social sense might have been expected, have suffered some crushing pecuniary losses. On the other hand the Opposition have been strengthened by the more or less definite adhesion of "Free Fooders" such as the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and Lord and Lady Wimborne. With Miss Balfour, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Londonderry, the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, and several others, the Government have no lack of clever and charming hostesses.

IN a letter defending the employment of Chinese labor in the Rand mines Mr. Joseph Chamberlain concludes as follows:

Under these circumstances I do not think that there is any ground, either moral or political for the opposition which has been started, largely for political reasons in this country.

Whether the employment of Chinese will be an economic success is not to my mind so certain, but, in such matters I feel that the opinions and experience of those on the spot are a better guide than any formed here upon imperfect information.

If Mr. Chamberlain applied this view to his chimerical scheme of imperial federation he would be all right, but instead of possessing himself of information as to local conditions and opinions in the colonies he chose to launch a movement of his own based on the most imperfect information. He never endeavored to ascertain the opinions of representative men in the great sister nations of Canada and Australia. It is true that Mr. Chamberlain did come to Ottawa in 1888 but that was to spend Christmas with a fellow-Englishman on the plum pudding plan. As soon as he had his dinner he returned to Washington and thence home. The only occasion upon which he visited America since was in 1899 when he spent all his time in the United States and declined to set foot on British soil. With such "imperfect information" he presumes to speak for Canada. The presumption might almost be termed an impertinence.

THE Senate of Canada has been nominally in session since March 10 but its actual sittings could be crowded into about

ten days. [Notwithstanding this lack of employment for a responsible and intelligent body of men the motion of Col. Domville for a committee of the Senate to investigate the business methods of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Co. as displayed in their dealings with Canadians, was opposed by the representative of the government in the Senate. If Senator Scott spoke for the government of which he is a member, and it is to be presumed that he did, it was a scandalous thing on the part of the government of the day in view of the fact that the interests of many policy holders in Canada were involved, and a member of the Senate denounced the company as pirates. If the company was honest it should be the last to oppose an investigation and the fact that it appears to have been lobbying against one is a circumstance of the most suspicious character. We hope that Col. Domville will receive every assistance from his colleagues in the Senate in having a full investigation. The Senate should welcome some distinct kind of work to which they could apply themselves in the public interest while waiting on business from the dilatory House of Commons.

THE annual report of the Minister of Mines for British Columbia for the year ending Jan. 1, 1904 has just been received. This report has always been very full and very interesting. This year is no exception to the rule. By means of maps and half-tone illustrations the report is made doubly interesting. The photographic reproductions are educational as they show the formation and strata and the character of the workings with an accuracy that can only come by means of photography. The Hon. Richard McBride,

Premier of the province, is at present the Minister of Mines.

IN a recent issue the Montreal Star makes the following observation:—

We are also of the opinion that to make serious charges against a political opponent from behind the safe shelter of a parliamentary privilege; and to back up those charges with anonymous letters, is a particularly dirty piece of business.

This observation is made with reference to some remarks on the floor of the House uttered by Mr. Walter Scott with respect to Mr. E. B. Osler, both of whom are members of the House of Commons. Anything, therefore, in the nature of a charge against Mr. Osler was made, not from behind the safe shelter of parliamentary privilege but on the floor of the House of which Mr. Osler himself is a member and where he was at full liberty to repel the charge and answer his opponent, as he did. The occasion to which the Star's observations would apply with full force (but which the Star at the time neglected to improve) was when its leader and political hero, Sir Charles Tupper, made an attack on the floor of the House—not against a fellow member who was present to reply—but against an outsider, a citizen of this country, who suffered from the exercise of parliamentary privilege because he was not there to answer his traducer. The Star's ideas of the abuse of parliamentary privilege are strangely formed.

PARLIAMENT took advantage of our absence at the World's Fair to adjourn from Friday of last week to Wednesday of this, so that practically nothing was done up to Thursday when we go to press, except the vote on some amendments to the railway Bill which to we shall refer next week. Thursday was fixed for the final reading of the Grand Trunk Pacific Bill.

Railway Conditions in the West.

THE Manitoba Free Press in its leading article of the issue of May 18 says that the railway bargain made by the Roblin Government early in 1901 not only saddled the province with heavy financial obligations "but has also entailed the barring out of the Northern Pacific from this country", and it goes on to quote Mr. J. H. Haslam as to the effect of this "upon immigration. The extract from Mr. Haslam's letter goes to prove, not that it was wrong to transfer the Northern Pacific to the Canadian Northern people but that it was high time for the transfer to be made. Mr. Haslam says that one of the greatest difficulties in getting people to go to the Northwest of Canada has been the opposition met with from the American railroads, particularly from the Northern Pacific and Great Northern. If this means anything in regard to immigration it means that the Northern Pacific was unfriendly to Canada and unwilling to bring immigrants into the country or to the border. The bargain which the Manitoba government made transferred the Northern Pacific lines in Manitoba from that foreign corporation to the Canadian Northern Railway Co. controlled by two Canadians, and the immigration into Manitoba and the Territories has almost doubled since the transfer was made. The Manitoba Free Press goes on to berate the Roblin government for what they term "crowding" the Northern Pacific out of Manitoba. The same paper three years ago expressed the view entertained by many representative men not only in Manitoba but out of it, that the transfer of the Northern Pacific lines in Manitoba to Canadians, and to act as feeders to a Canadian through line, was a good thing. The Free Press is now arguing along the line that it was a bad thing, but at a time when public opinion was being

ascertained and when the views of representative men were expressed that paper reflected the general sentiment in seeing a gratifying change in the transfer to the Canadian Northern, although the terms under which that transfer were made and the general terms of the whole bargain did not receive the approval of the paper. The question, however, which may be asked is, did the Manitoba Free Press at that time express a correct view in regard to the change from a foreign to a Canadian ownership, or is it three years later merely trying to make capital against the Roblin government for doing what that paper itself approved of at the time it was done?

To show that the operation by the Canadian Northern of the Northern Pacific lines in Manitoba has been beneficial to that province, and that the settlers in Western Canada desire to participate in the benefits of a connection with that system, the following article is taken from the Regina Leader of the 18th inst. as follows:—

The Board of Trade is leaving nothing undone which it can possibly do to secure the early construction of the Canadian Northern Railway into Regina. Acting on the suggestion of President Mackenzie to strengthen the hands of Mr. Walter Scott at Ottawa in his endeavor to get the Government to guarantee the bonds of the road for the usual amount, the Board last week prepared a form of petition to the Governor-General-in-Council asking that such aid be given the proposed line. Printed copies of this petition are being circulated in the city and surrounding district, and have been sent to postmasters and representative farmers along the route of the proposed extension. There is no question but that it will be extensively signed as the feeling in favor of a competing line of railway here, and for a line to provide facilities for the rich country it will serve between Hartney and Regina is unanimous. And as it would be a most popular move on the part of the Govern-

ment to grant the desired aid it is hoped that the aid will be forthcoming. The petition which is being circulated is as follows:—

To His Excellency the Governor-General-in-Council— We, the undersigned residents of Regina, vicinity and district, more particularly of that portion of territory through which the proposed extension of Canadian Northern Railway from Hartney, Man., to Regina, will pass, do humbly pray—

That Your Excellency will be pleased to grant to the Canadian Northern Railway Company the same measure of aid in the construction of this proposed line as was granted to that Company for their Edmonton and Prince Albert extensions at the last session of Parliament, inasmuch as the country through which the proposed line will pass is a well settled section of the West, one in need of transportation facilities and which is at present not served by any other line of railway.

It would be strange if Mr. Walter Scott,

M.P., a good Liberal, is endeavoring to get the government to assist to connect Regina with the Canadian Northern system if the view put forward by the Free Press is correct, namely, that the freight rates on the old Northern Pacific lines are higher now than when that foreign unselfish corporation was engaged in the province hauling freight, as we appear to be told, at non-paying low rates. There is no doubt that the Canadian Northern system is now hauling wheat out of Manitoba at a very much less rate than that which existed prior to their taking over the Northern Pacific lines, and as soon as the Canadian Northern is in a position to carry the wheat to the eastern seaboard behind its own power it will be an important factor not only in relieving the present congestion in the West but in reducing freight rates on the C. P. R.

The Sultan's Stage.

THE Sultan of Turkey has his own way of taking his theatrical pleasures. An account of the performances given before him was recently made public by one who was long attached to the palace staff, and it reads like the exaggerations of a comic opera librettist. The power that controls all these performances is Arturo Stravolo, known simply as Arturo, who came from Naples some years ago and settled with his father, mother, sisters and brothers and sister-in-law in Constantinople. He was formerly a dialect comedian in Naples. He is a prime favorite with the Sultan. The other actors are called to the palace to perform not oftener than once a month, Arturo acts weekly. As the Sultan is very fond of variety, and will rarely consent to witness the same performance twice, it is necessary to provide a constant change. To do this one of the Stravolos is always travelling through the European capitals at the expense of his patron seeking novelties. In the comic opera "His Excellency" the soldiers drilled in the fashion of a corps de

ballet; in Constantinople the idea is reversed, and to a certain extent the actors become soldiers. They have a military organisation, and must wear a certain uniform. Angelo is a lieutenant; the violinist, Luigi, is a captain; the baritone, Gaetano, is a major, and the tenor, Niocla, is a general. The performances take place at no fixed time, but whenever it occurs to the Sultan that he would like to see a show, the company, like soldiers, must be ready to march. Frequently the director of the orchestra, Aranda Pasha, will be notified in the middle of the night that he must come to the palace as quickly as possible. He learns on arriving that his Majesty desires to hear "Un Ballo in Maschera" or some other opera. As the Sultan's wish is a command, the opera begins within half an hour. The Sultan sits entirely alone as a rule, and, if any point in the action of either play or the opera is not clear, he stops the performance until it is explained to him.

Significance of the Yalu Battle.

THE victory of the Yalu may have far-reaching consequences upon the course of the campaign which has opened so sensationally. But its chief significance lies in its convincing demonstration which it affords of the competence of Japanese generalship, and of the fighting efficiency of the Japanese troops. Whatever may be said of the intelligence of the Russian soldier, the history of two centuries bears ample and repeated testimony to his courage and stamina; and it seemed only too likely that in the fierce clunch of battle the little Jap would be hopelessly overborne by his more massive enemy; but such anticipations have been completely falsified. Now no one can doubt that whatever the ultimate issue of the present conflict may be, Japan is fully Russia's equal in military prowess, and her superior in most things save sheer weight of numbers and material resources.

The Japanese strategy has been marked by audacity in design, qualified by capacity in execution. When one remembers how many weeks the Russians have had for fortifying their position one cannot help marvelling at the sublime confidence of the Japanese in venturing, when so much was at stake, to deliver a direct frontal attack. With the command of the sea, and with a second army ready to embark west of the estuary of the Yalu, it would have been perfectly easy to turn the Russian position, which was obviously untenable in the face of serious menace. The Japanese, however, went straight at their enemy and simply drove him out *vi et armis*. The accounts of the decisive battle make the general plan of operations quite clear, in spite of the difficulty of identifying the bewildering place names. Active preparations for crossing the Yalu began on Tuesday, and from that day until Saturday constant skirmishing and military duels took place. The Japanese first seized two islands in the Yalu, one above and one below Wiju, the centre of their position; and then bridged the

stream in three places. These operations were covered on Saturday, the day preceding the general attack, by a heavy bombardment of the Russian earthworks, the effects of which are admitted by the Russians to have been very severe. Besides their field artillery, the Japanese had mounted a number of 4.7 and 6-inch guns. At dawn on Sunday the assault began. While the Guards crossed the Yalu immediately above Wiju and the 2nd Division immediately below, the 12th Division forced a passage at a point thirteen miles up stream. The Japanese forces were then extended along a front of nearly twenty miles, and the advance upon the centre of the Russian position began in three main lines. The 12th Division on the extreme right, had to cross the Ai river to take the Russians in flank; and wading breast-high through the stream they gallantly rushed the enemy's entrenchments. The Russian position became untenable, and the victorious Japanese army swept on in spite of stubborn resistance. The Guards surrounded a division of the enemy on three sides, and managed to capture twenty guns and many prisoners. Soon the Russian army was in full retreat along the Lino-Yang road, with the Japanese reserves in pursuit, and the considerable force at Antung also found it necessary to withdraw with all haste after setting fire to the town. The losses on both sides are computed at less than 2,000 men, but the Russians confess to having suffered severely from the Japanese artillery fire; and more disastrous than the list of casualties is their loss of 28 guns. The Russians were both out-maneuvred and out-fought; and now that the full measure of their discomfiture is known, one can only marvel at the futility of dispositions which deliberately invited such a reverse.

The victory throws no light on the purpose of the Japanese counsels. It only simplifies the situation by resolving one adverse factor from the problem, and leaving to the Japanese commanders an almost unfettered choice.

Four Borrowed Stories.

SOME years ago a youthful journalist named Vance Thompson was asked by his editor to secure a Christmas story if he could from Madame Sarah Bernhardt. He proceeded in obedience and found her secretary, who suggested that Thompson should write a story and let the great actress sign it as if it were her own. Accordingly, he turned out a pretty little story called "Noel." The next day Madame Bernhardt read, approved, and dashed her striking signature on both manuscripts the French version and the English being printed side by side. Many years after when he visited the "divine Sarah" in Paris at her big house in the Boulevard Pereire. Thompson found that she had forgotten him. He discovered this fact when he picked up a beautifully-illustrated book by the tragedienne, which, to his surprise, was "Noel". Mr. Thompson was staring at it as one stares at the ghost of an old sweetheart, when Madame Sarah came, swift-footed, rustling in an orange-tawny morning-gown. "Oh," she exclaimed noticing the book in his hand, "have you read it? A little thing, but real—one tranche de la vie. It was an event in my own life that haunted me and haunted me until I simply had to write it—a fragment of my childhood. Ah, those days, those days!"

For nearly a decade there has existed an association which, although it claims to be "National" is known to but few. This is a Mouse Club. Formed in 1895, it has flourished from the start, and has become strong enough to have decided upon supporting a journal of its own. All unknown to the thoughtless crowd a number of persons have been devoting themselves to the cult of the mouse. They are ladies mostly, which seems all the more

curious. The emancipation of the sex has advanced so far; a pretty little animal which used to be its special horror is petted now by some at least. It is a growing enthusiasm too. The club counts little less than two hundred members. Its first public exhibition, held in 1895, had out six classes and twenty-one entries; the last had twenty-one classes and three hundred and eighteen entries. A champion bowl and four cups, besides many prizes, stimulate the zeal of the initiated. The mice favored do not belong to the domestic variety; eccentric colours and markings are the fashion, and science has done wonders already. Who ever saw a black mouse? But it is not uncommon at the shows. Black and tan, silver and golden fawn are more precious, running up to twenty pounds and twenty-five pounds. Rarest of colors is tortoiseshell, as we may easily believe, and it is very seldom transmitted; though young ones may be born true, nearly always they begin to fade when half grown. White with black markings appear to be a favorite combination, but the markings must be regular. Japan contributes something unique as we should expect when oddities are valued. This is the waltzing "mouse," which spins round and round occasionally. It is saddening to hear that its gyrations are supposed to be the effect of some brain disease.

The "New York Herald" once succeeded in a very praiseworthy undertaking at the risk of universal condemnation. The editor of the "Herald" was devoted to the open air and walked a great deal in Central Park. His steps one day led him to the animal house, in that section of the pleasure-grounds known as the Zoo. It was the feeding hour and the lions and tigers

were in a condition of high excitement—were plunging about their cages and throwing themselves violently against the iron bars. The cages were old, and in many places the iron-work had become separated from the rotten floors. The escape of the animals at any time was quite possible. At the editorial council that afternoon a member of the staff was directed to call attention to the dangerous condition of the animal cages in Central Park and to urge their prompt repair. The commissioners did not heed the warning. Again and again did the "Herald" point out the danger, but without avail.

This contempt of journalism was not to be borne, so the fiat went forth "Make the commissioners strengthen those cages!"

A famous hoax was the result. It was a page article devoted to a description of an escape of all the lions and tigers in the Zoo. The scenes and incidents following such a calamity were minutely described, and the condition of terror likely to affect every household in the metropolis was graphically depicted. No such hazardous method of arousing public indignation ever was conceived; none was ever so thoroughly effective.

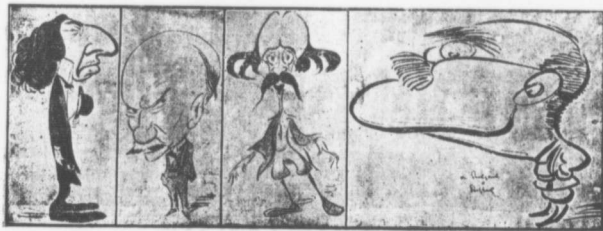
The "Herald" had the town by the ears. In a few hours policemen were patrolling the streets with revolvers in their hands. Citizens were seen with muskets and cutlasses hurrying towards the public and private schools in search of their children.

Desperate as was the means employed, the intended good was accomplished. Early in the same afternoon carpenters and blacksmiths were at work repairing the ani-

mals' cages, and their absolute security has been maintained ever since.

The following amusing incident of how a Kaffir woman triumphed over a lion is given by Mr. Percival Gibbon, who has written in Jisparagement of the King of the Forests. He cites several instances in which lions have behaved with laughable lack of courage, but is not perhaps to be taken seriously—

An authenticated story recently travelled down from Beira to Salisbury. A lion there entered the house of a Native Commissioner, who was absent, and who held an elderly Kaffir lady responsible for the well-being of his chattels in the meantime. From her hut nearby this lady marked the invasion, and rose to the emergency loyally. With a mouthful of protest she ran to the kitchen entrance, and there provided herself with a woman's immemorial weapon and sceptre, a broom. Armed thus she faced the lion in a bedroom. It was a male lion and it cowered before her—a signal indication of the power of the broom. Mr. Pickwick, at Ipswich was not more abashed than the lion. The Kaffir lady was inexorable, with the broom she routed him, flouted him, and thrashed him thumping him from his tawny crest to his yellow rump, and reviling him the while. He fled from her in desperation, was followed and still emphatically whacked, and in the end, he broke a window and escaped sore and humiliated. The last seen of him was a glimpse of a bashful lion, his tail between his legs, making record time for the comparative security of Central Africa. For this story I make the most extended claims; the liberal-minded reader will dismiss its gross grotesqueness and accept it as true. Every detail is vouched for.



According to Cocker.

(Cocker has been kicking his heels about Dr. Algernon Brinton's waiting-room in his brass-knocked house in Grosvenor Street for three-quarters of an hour. He is eventually shown into the Doctor's inquisitorial den by an elderly man-servant, who looks far more like the Chancellor of the Exchequer than the Chancellor of the Exchequer.)

Dr. Brinton (breezily): Hillo, Cocker, young chap, what do you want here?

Cocker (gloomily): Brain.

Dr. Brinton Bosh!

Cocker: Thanks very much. (He turns towards the door.)

Dr. Brinton: Where are you going?

Cocker: Back to Jermyn Street.

Dr. Brinton: Why?

Cocker: Your diagnosis of my case is quite unsatisfactory.

Dr. Brinton (with a screech of laughter): Sit down, and tell me things. I've got half an hour to spare, for a wonder. Black and White to me, there's a good chap.

Cocker (huffed): I don't see why I should

Dr. Brinton: There's every reason why you should. I have a great claim on you. You were the first person I brought into the world.

Cocker (glaring at him): I have found you, mine enemy?

Dr. Brinton (after another burst of laughter): I say, don't let me howl like this. Stebbing will give notice and I shall lose half my practice

Cocker: If you treat all your patients as you treat me, you will very soon have no practice at all. I shall hear of you as a medico of a coaling ship who is expected to lend a hand with the potatoes.

Dr. Brinton: No, but Cocker, apart, do you regard yourself as being in need of medical advice? To me you look more brutally healthy than I have ever seen you. Come now, what is the trouble? Have you

come to touch me for a pony?

Cocker (laconically): Brain.

Dr. Brinton: Too much or too little?

Cocker (sarcastically): O, witty! But for the brass plate on your door I should be led to suppose that you were a police-court magistrate. I tell you, Dr. Brinton, that I am come as an unwittingly notorious member of the British public to give you several guineas to tell me something I already know with regard to that peculiar substance which lies at deposit in the cells of my brain. Don't interrupt, please.

I am now in the swing. Several nights ago, having gone in too much for lamb chops en casserole—the pot itself was a work of art and transplanted me to the sunny slopes of Italy—I found myself unable to sleep. I was staying in one of those country houses which possess a library that does actually contain books, and I descended to it with ruffled head and indistinguishable parting. I dallied with Carlyle, coquetted with John Stuart Mill, philandered with Ruskin, and finally became engrossed in the last fourteen numbers of Black and White. (He pauses impressively and shoots his linen with a kind of sob.)

Dr. Brinton (deeply interested): Go on, dear lad.

Cocker: You know, it appears that the man Hamilton has been reporting my intimate conversations with curious people, in that journal of current topics fully illustrated, for the enlightenment of an eager world.

Dr. Brinton: Rather.

Cocker: Very well, then, imagine the chaos of my mind when I returned to my bed as the day opened its sleepy eyes and shot forth its first diurnal glance. Dr. Brinton, the question I have come to ask you is this—ponder well before you commit yourself—

Dr. Brinton (gravely): Certainly. Of course.

Cocker (leaning forward anxiously): Is the man who is capable of saying such things as are there reported quite normal?

(Follows a pause. Dr. Brinton hides a sudden smile with the rare expertness of a Society practitioner and ponders gravely.)

Dr. Brinton: My dear boy, if you were to look in my common-place book you would find under new diseases one called Cockerulosis.

Cocker: Well?

Dr. Brinton: I will apply it in future to those people who talk for effect. What charming weather we're having for the time of year, are we not?

Cocker (with a look of ineffable relief): Thanks, thanks, and again thanks.

Dr. Brinton: Any news from home?

Cocker: Yes, rather worse than usual, thanks.

Dr. Brinton: Are your people ill?

Cocker: O, no. My mother, I am glad to say, enjoys fair health apart from neuralgia, lumbago, asthma and acute rheumatism. It's my father, you know.

Dr. Brinton (dryly): Yes, I know your father.

Cocker: Then you will not be surprised to hear that every day that he grows older he becomes more of a child. For the last three years he has made a hobby of village readings a la Squire Bancroft—a very dangerous thing to do. Egged on by straitened circumstances, he has announced his intention of throwing up the leisure of a country gentleman to join Tree's school for actors.

Dr. Brinton: But good heavens! I remember him a portly little man with a rubicund face, and a jocular high-pitched voice. What could he play?

Cocker: Romeo. Don't laugh. No one ever plays Romeo until he becomes portly and jocular. Personally, no one would rejoice more than I if he could get honest work to do, even if it demanded only such little intellect as is needed by actors. But you see the atmosphere of the theatreworks queerly. It's a thousand pounds to a tall-night light that he would catch the

heated romance of the green-room and fall in love.

Dr. Brinton: O, no!

Cocker: I thought you said you knew my father? As I have no intention of playing gooseberry to my father, I am going to see that he does not join Tree's school, in which he is to learn the rudiments of the game. But we will turn to pleasanter topics. How is it that no one ever sees Punch in any other room than in a doctor's waiting-room? Do you keep it there to put people through the preliminary canter of pain?

Dr. Brinton: Well, really, I don't quite know why one does. It's respectable, and as you suggest, I daresay it leads one's patients into the right train of thought. But O, my dear Cocker, how I envy you your sunburn!

Cocker: Don't.

Dr. Brinton: Why not?

Cocker: My dear doctor, to be properly sunburnt a man must devote his life to it. I take it you haven't made enough money to retire upon yet?

Dr. Brinton: Not yet; but I don't see why it should mean retirement.

Cocker: Then you don't understand the whole art of getting sunburnt. To be beautifully tanned on face, neck, and hands it is necessary never to move out of the sun during the whole of the short time that it shines upon this income-taxed country. From silvery morn till rose-tinted eve you have to live for one thing only, and do nothing and think of nothing but following the sun. You may not even read, and may only occasionally smoke. You may simply lie with the sun on your face and neck, hands outstretched, palm downwards. Sunbalters and other army men are the only people in the country who have the time and the money to devote to this delightful pastime. Well, I must be going. Thanks very much for your—er—frankness. I will recommend you to my friends. No sceptic I, but you have dissolved one of my fixed ideas. I was fashioning under the impression that a fashionable doctor never told the truth. Good-bye.

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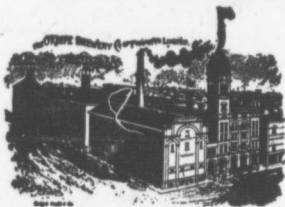
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