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The Victoria Warbler

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1897.



A union hearts and a union of hands. A union none can sever; A union of hearts and a union of hands And the flag, BARRIS UNION, forever.

NEGATIVE MILITARY CRITICS, A CASE OF "SOUR GRAPES."

In every sphere in human life there exist negative characters. The Canadian militia is no exception to the above.

Some time ago, during and previous to the Jubilee, the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, with commendable pluck, sent over to England a picked team to compete in certain military competitions. Even though the venture had failed entirely, yet should the 48th regiment officers and men, receive great credit from all Canadians for their fearless spirit. But, when to the pluck in training and going, is added the fact that they were most successful, coming out first over teams from every part of Great Britain and the colonies, Canada should not contain one, be he comrade or rival, who would not from the depths of his heart cry out, "WELL DONE ALLANT 48TH HIGHLANDERS."

However, jealous minds took advantage of jealous journals and sought to belittle the victory and triumph of the Highlanders. Such nature are to be despised and pitied.

On jubilee day the Governor General's Foot Guards, though their uniform was old and worn, manfully went to Montreal and took part in the movements of the occasion. The fact that inside those old uniforms stood true men, soldiers whose hearts are loyal to Canada and the empire, who are ready should occasion arise to do and die for the nation they love, and who were not responsible that new uniforms were not issued,—these facts did not weigh with the gigantic intellect which directs the thunders of the Militia Gazette. He emptied his bile on the Guards.

At Aldershot at the Royal Review during the jubilee, there marched past before Her Majesty and the hundreds of thousands from all parts of the world, several regiments of British militia. In that whole militia brigade there was not a regiment but was uniformed as badly as the Guards were in Montreal. Did the British public, or even the intelligent military critics descend to discuss the

uniform? Far beneath them was such a course. The farmers, mechanics, merchants and clerks forming that brigade were cheered and again cheered to the echo, because though not arrayed in fine feathers, though their uniforms were worn and the tails of their glengarrys not all in evidence, yet they were gallant, jaunty well drilled men, soldiers ready to do their duty for Queen and country.

The same militia Gazette editor still chafing over his failure to ride in the jubilee procession in London, in circulating the offer of Col. Sam. Hughes for a regiment for active service for the British empire insults the whole of Canada by declaring Canadians could not hold their own side by side with British soldiers without at least six months' training. That is a gratuitous insult to every Canadian militiaman.

When have Canadians failed in holding their own with the soldiers of any nation? The conduct, marching and general capability of the Canadian militia to endure hardships and fatigue have been proven to be far in advance of those qualities in the men of other nations, and not surpassed by the very best within the bounds of the British empire. The first Red River Rebellion of 1870, the Nile Expedition in Egypt, the Northwest Rebellion of 1885 with its dreary marches across lake Superior amid snow and ice, the subsequent tedious toiling and wading down the Saskatchewan and across the prairie sloughs and swamps, and the dash and bravery of the men under fire against a semi-savage foe, all go to prove that Canadians can hold their own against the world; for not even the famous march of Xenophon and his 10,000 Greeks brought forth such magnificent staying soldierly qualities as Canadians of to-day have displayed.

No one of common sense believes but Canadians could hold their own wherever hard work, heavy marching and severe fighting might call them.

The Gazette critic declares with an assurance truly charming that it would require at least six months before a Canadian regiment could take the field. He forgets that the 90th Winnipeg, Queen's Own, and Grenadiers, of Toronto, Midlanders of this district of whom the 48th sent the strongest company, the Guards and 43rd of Ottawa, the 65th of Montreal and others that went to the front in 1885 all marched on a couple of days' notice, and all behaved with credit alike to themselves and their country.

It is safe to offer a wager that the Canadian Northwest half breed, accustomed to hunting on the broad prairie, is as hardy and brave a man, and as fine a militiaman as the Afghan Afghani. Then when in the evidence of the reason for the supposition that Canadians would require six months' training before going to India?

Thousands of the heroes of Waterloo were less than two months from the farms and shops of Britain on that memorable day, while hundreds of the lads who climbed Alma's heights or stood in the trenches at Inkerman were under eighteen years of age and were enlisted far for that war.

But one cannot hope to prevent jealousy and biliousness from seizing on even such "bandbox" soldiers as are men of the calibre of the editor of the Militia Gazette. In spite of such, however, the world will roll on, the 48th Highlanders will be justly praised and admired; the Guards will be fine soldiers, and Canadians will, little by little, assume their share of imperial responsibility with its consequent dangers.

OUR FRIEND ARCHBISHOP CLEARY IN TROUBLE.

Recently a young lady who chances to be labelled "roman catholic" after the fashion of the times to stamp each citizen with the mark of one or other of the great creeds, acted as bridesmaid at the wedding of a protestant lady friend to a protestant clergyman in a Kingston protestant church. Our good friend Archbishop Cleary on learning of the fact came out last Sunday with a "mandement" or "pastoral letter" condemning such conduct and showing that it is contrary to the dogmas of the roman catholic church to attend protestant marriages or funerals, or otherwise to visit protestant churches. The good archbishop goes further and positively forbids a recurrence of any such incident. And there some protestants are angry, mad, fighting mad. Some journals apologize for His Grace's action by stating that he is ill, and that he will be condemned by his superiors. This journal will venture a silk hat—we have had an old one fixed up recently—that no word of censure or even of apology will come from any superior to His Grace of Kingston. And why should such be offered? Has a departure been made from the historic dogmas of the roman catholic church? Not in the slightest. Archbishop Cleary has in clear, unmistakable language merely stated what he as a pastor of the roman catholic church is sworn to teach and preach and enforce on his people. Were he to pursue any other course than the one he has taken he would be a perjurer to the sacred oaths of his church. To our mind the manly, open, anti-hypocritical course of His Grace seems deserving of all praise. And as our doctrine is to "let everyone go to the devil his own way," no shadow of criticism will be made on his utterances.

"SOUR GRAPES."

There is a personal journal—the Militia Gazette—published in Montreal, whose editor believes himself a "some-what superior person" viewed through his own military spectacles.

It appears the officer commanding the 48th, as well as many others, has incurred the displeasure of the gallant major who edits that, in many respects, very good journal. The offence of Col. Hughes lies in his having ridden in the jubilee procession and received his medal without withdrawing from Ottawa, while the proprietor of the Gazette, though reported to have exhausted every possible means of riding in the jubilee procession and receiving the consequent jubilee medal, failed to attain the desired end. Possibly if the editor of the Gazette would profit by experience and common sense or when another occasion arises in Britain would employ himself otherwise than in imputing attacks in London papers on the British government on account of a few cranks, he would find himself much more highly thought of. The British government can very speedily ascertain the inspiration of any attack in the columns of a London paper.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We don't think Archbishop Cleary was sick when he said it.

The Ontario legislature has been called to meet on November 30th.

Medicinal methods of procedure are slowly but surely losing Cuba to Spain.

Poor old Ireland is to have another tribulation added. A famine is imminent.

The Victoria Regiment should be sent to India at once. The imperial troops are having a hard time.

Britain still pushes on up the Nile. It would require more than the strength of France or Russia to dislodge her in Egypt now.

"Will Whitney do any better" is the inquiry of the Peterboro Examiner. We can assure the Examiner it would be difficult to do worse. Deftly, Engraved deal timber limits, "swinorium."

Grace's conduct. His mandement has no force in law. The Ontario government has no deal on for votes following the "pastoral letter" in return for grants of protestant money. The archbishop has merely enunciated in plain language the well known dogmas of his church. The young lady is not bound to obey his mandement. This is a free country, and she is not obliged to remain in that church. If she must belong to a church there are many protestant organizations of all degrees of formalism which she can join.

Were all roman catholic prelates to come openly and manfully and honestly teach and enforce the dogmas of that church it would be a grand thing for this country; because in this broad enlightened age of freedom and liberality the independent thinking citizen would not remain in any such organization.

Indeed, millions of the brightest and best human intellects are chafing and restless and disgusted, not at the teaching and preaching of the pure gospel, but at the innovations, freaks of fancy, dogmas and technical theories of religion promulgated from pulpits.

The world progresses and roman catholic, mohometan, buddhist, heathen and protestant priests alike must learn that man is greater and nobler than any creed; and the doctrine or dogma that fails to recognize that fact will fall to retain control over the people.

But, for goodness sake, make no attempt to coerce or compel or oblige any citizen to preach any doctrine other than that which he believes and is sworn to uphold; or to induce him not to preach his church's doctrine in its entirety.

The mandement appears in another column.

LINDSAY'S COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS.

At last, a collector of customs in the person of Wm. Lownsbrough of Oakwood has been appointed in Lindsay.

To the reform party the patronage assuredly belonged, so no conservative is complaining. Indeed, Mr. Lownsbrough is a fair, average citizen, but he has no greater ability than at least two or three hundred other reformers in this country. His selection for the place was due to his having on two occasions been a candidate for parliamentary honors and been defeated. Well, almost any other reformer could have been buried under as large majorities and scores of reformers gave more time, and several of them more money than did Mr. Lownsbrough. As many reformers have said:—"I worked as hard during those elections as did Mr. Lownsbrough; I paid all my expenses necessary and otherwise; then, when the election was over, I put my hand deep in my pocket to pay off the debts contracted by Mr. Lownsbrough and the party, and many another reformer did the same. Wherein is Mr. Lownsbrough, therefore, entitled to consideration over any one of scores of us? Indeed," say these men, "Mr. Lownsbrough is debtor to the party for giving him prominence and not the party his debtor."

Many reformers are deeply incensed, too, at the plans adopted to thwart such workers as Elias Boves, John P. Cummings, Thomas Bick, C. Chittick, W. Stewart, W. Needler, W. F. O'Boyle, James Keith, Wm. Cameron, E. Yerex, C. Silver, J. F. Dix, W. E. Swain, D. Scully and others having as great claims to consideration as had Mr. Lownsbrough.

But that is the party that deliberately falsifies the old scotch proverb, "One cannot both sup and blow." They can delibe- rately hoodwink their friends better than any set of men who have appeared in public life for ages. Whether the power lies with the ring or the fault with those deceived is the question. Of this the reform ring may rest assured, very many of their one time followers have their eyes wide open to the system and are following no longer.

Personally, this journal congratulates Mr. Lownsbrough on becoming collector, though there are many who believe there could have been five or six better choices made by the party than their workers. Yet, Mr. Lownsbrough should make an honest collector.

"Gin a body meet a lassie Comin' frae the farm Gin a body kiss a lassie It winna do her harm."

I asked the charming lady who pointed it out to me if the words "In this sitting room" could not be substituted for "comin' frae the farm," but I have only a dim recollection of the whole affair as no impression was made.

Wishing to obtain some mementos of Burns I asked one merchant had he any such for sale. "Na, Burns is dead mar a hundred years and I want to hear the cairn o' him," said the disciple of "Holy Willie." My remark that "Burns is a mighty livin' corpse" seemed to startle him and he looked around for the ghost. The great American poet's words on the anniversary of the Scotch poet's birthday came to my mind:—"A spirit haunts this room to-night A form of mingled mist and light From that far coast. Welcome beneath this roof of mine Dear guest and ghost."

On my pointing out that Burns daily gives life and pulse and comfort to many thousands of aching hearts in every civilized part of the earth, and that every year the great soul or spirit of the poor despised poet becomes more and more potent for good as shrivelled, narrow, practical intellects such as that merchant's, become broadened and healthy or else wiped off the face of the land, the fellow numbled out an apology about "I think the centennial year should be the end of Burns."

The Nith flows through the town and shire of Dumfries. The Glasgow and Southwestern railway between Carlisle and Glasgow follows its entire course, and many are the beautiful scenes in that vale. A few miles above Dumfries, in the farm Ellialand, where many of Burns' best poems among them "To Mary in Heaven," were written before he entered the exile in the town.

"How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales, Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom! How sweetly wind thy sloping dale, Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom." In many of the poet's best efforts he commemorates the Nith especially in "Adown winding Nith I did wander," and "But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river Are lovers as faithful and maidens as fair."

"How gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes" commemorates the Afton valley at the head of the Nith. Burns immortalized it and the beautiful scene is visited by thousands.

Churchill station lies 14 miles above Dumfries. The town is a short distance

Letter No. 13. Col. Sam. Hughes' Trip to England.

Dumfries, on the famous river Nith some miles from the sea is the junction of the Strathairn and Port Patrick branch of the Glasgow and Southwestern railway with the main line of the same road from Carlisle to Glasgow. A branch of the Caledonian also enters Dumfries from Locherlie on the main line in Annandale. Dumfries is noted chiefly as the spot where rest the remains of Robble Burns. It will well repay a visit. The tomb of Burns occupying a quiet corner in the old cemetery is known to every youngster on the street. Therefore, one has not long to search for interesting guides. I soon found myself within the railing surrounding the domeshaped vault and for a modest fee was admitted to the tomb.

Wreaths from various corners of the earth were lying about, among which were noticed one of variegated waxen maple leaves from Toronto, one from Australia and another from Philadelphia. In the tomb with the immortal Robble lie the remains of his family, two of his sons having been Lieut. Colonels in the British army.

I am not much impressed amid ordinary tombstones. Indeed, the selecting of comical epitaphs is a pleasant pastime. But with Burns it seemed different. The songs of Robble Burns and kindred spirits were those taught me by my parents when child, and as a maturer years came over me, I learned to admire the unfortunate poet more and more. There within a few feet of all that remains earthly of the immortal poet, his own words recurred:—"Deep this truth impressed my mind—Through all his works abroad, The heart benevolent and kind The most resembles God."

If ever a poor fellow had been misjudged by the majority of his fellows in authority it was Burns. "Holy Willie" then, as now, were plentiful; but rare over all their dusty ermine and where is one to equal this for true christianity!—"Then gently scan your brother man, Still gentler, sister woman Tho' they may gang a wee bit wrang, To step aside is human. One point must still be greatly dark, The moving why they do it; And just as lamely can ye park How far, perhaps, they run it. Who made the heart, 'tis He alone Decidedly can try us; He knows each chord, its various tone, Each string, its various bias; Then, at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it. As many reformers have said:—"I worked as hard during those elections as did Mr. Lownsbrough; I paid all my expenses necessary and otherwise; then, when the election was over, I put my hand deep in my pocket to pay off the debts contracted by Mr. Lownsbrough and the party, and many another reformer did the same. Wherein is Mr. Lownsbrough, therefore, entitled to consideration over any one of scores of us? Indeed," say these men, "Mr. Lownsbrough is debtor to the party for giving him prominence and not the party his debtor."

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They lay along the battery's side Beneath the smoking cannon, Brave hearts from Severn and Clyde And from the banks o' Shannon.

"They sang of love and not of fame, Forgot we Britain's glory— Each heart recalled a different name But all sang "Annie Laurie."

"And Irish Nora's eyes are dim For a singer dumb and gory; And English Mary mourns for him Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

"Oh soldier to your honored rest Your truth and valor bearing The bravest are the tenderest; The loving are the darest."

Residing on the beautiful fir capped hills overlooking the delightful waters of Boakung lake in Stanhope, North Victoria, in this country, resides Captain Wm. Welsh, a Crimean veteran. Capt. Welsh belonged to the old man of war "London" and when the siege guns were mounted ashore in the Crimea it was his good fortune to be given command of No. 1 gun battery. At night, after the fatigues and dangers of the day, the embrasures for the cannon were closed, and the men from all the corps gathered in the batteries and passed the hours in singing songs, spinning yarns, writing letters etc. This night a fine young fellow, as he sat on the gun carriage in Capt. Welsh's very, had sung "Annie Laurie," and for an encore had begun another, when a shell from the Russians burst through the embrasure door, and tore the gallant singer to pieces. As his comrades were burying his remains the song "Annie Laurie," begun by the brave fellow was caught up from camp to camp for miles down the slopes and away over the heights, until the entire British army was singing it. Bayard Taylor upon the beautiful hills and valleys of Dumfries, poem, part of which is quoted above.

The visit to Maxwellton Braes and the old home has rather intensified my love and admiration for the old song. This locality besides famed in love and romance is also prominent in war and science and story. Thomas Carlyle resided nearby for years, while many a fine soldier, explorer or scholar grew up amid the beautiful hills and valleys of Dumfries.

"Old Mortality" of Sir Walter Scott is buried in Dumfries, while many a border ballad and romance finds foundation in fact in the early history of that noble people.

The offer of Col. Sam Hughes and officers and men of the 48th Victoria Regiment for active service in Afghanistan or any part of the Empire has been received and favorably considered by the authorities to whom it was addressed. Inasmuch, however, as there would not be sufficient time to reach the borders of Afghanistan before winter would set in and the campaign be over the offer will not be accepted before spring. Meanwhile it stands good, and is most favorably considered by the authorities, both Canadian and Imperial. Col. Hughes meanwhile is sent on special business of importance to Australia. He sails in two or three weeks and will return in February. The route will be via Vancouver to New Zealand and Australia.

The first appearance of the Warren Company in Lindsay was a decided success. The company was a large one and contained several performers who have been "starring" on their own account. The house was good on all occasions, and the manager expressed himself as well pleased with the receipts.

west of the station. Much of the entire district, village and all is owned by the Duke of Buccleugh of Drumlanrig Castle, three miles up the Nith valley from Thornhill. The history of the entire south of Scotland teems with wild tales of border warfare and romance. Of the ancestors of Buccleugh it is told that on one occasion the English having captured one of the Scotch Border knights determined to let him "dance a jig beneath the galloway tree." Buccleugh heard of it and at the head of thirty men advanced one day and rescued the knight by carrying him down the ladders with his manacles yet on. Buccleugh, summoned to appear in London under the treaty between England and Scotland, boldly went and made out such a good case and showed himself so fearless and brave that till the present time the family are in the royal favor.

A drive of eight miles over beautiful roads and through fine scenery lands the traveller at Maxwellton Braes the residence of Sir Emilias Laurie. A full history of the Laurie family was in THE WARDER a few weeks ago, being an article from the versatile pen of Sir Emilias himself. Therefore, the records need not be reproduced here. But in passing it may be mentioned that Dr. Laurie of Cobocook is one of the same famous Laurie family of England and Scotland. The old ivy covered castle stands amid magnificent trees, with a great lawn in front, and the noted "Maxwellton Braes" in rear. A lakelet beautifies the park. Through the great kindness of the veteran knight and his family I was favored with a view of a good oil painting of the famous "Bonnie Annie Laurie."

The honor of giving her own room was also accorded me, while in the old dining hall I enjoyed never to be forgotten hospitality on the part of the gallant knight and his good lady. A peculiar custom prevails in the Laurie family of setting a "marriage stone" in the castle walls showing the initials of the groom and the bride with the year of marriage. They date back to 1642. I saw this custom in no other place. The gentle Annie lived late in the 17th and early the 18th century. Her lover one of the famous Douglas family, composed the song, but owing to his misfortune and death in war their engagement never was consummated in marriage. Annie, some years later, gave her hand and her fairly well repaired heart to Ferguson of Craighdarroch, an adjoining estate, where her direct lineal descendants reside till this day.

The "Braes" are not noted for their beauty. They are simply quiet, rolling hills; but lovers' hearts could and did beat as ardently among those braes as by "Bonnie Doon," or "The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond," or amid the banks of "Sweet Afton," or down the "Lugs" or on "The banks o' Ayr."

A railway, a branch of the Glasgow and Southwestern is being constructed from Dumfries to Maxwellton and Montrose, for the stream of tourists guarantees plenty of summer travel.

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Ladies' and Children's Colored Cashmere Gloves at 10c. " " Black Cashmere Gloves 15c, 20c, 25c. " " Wool Gloves at 75c, 1.00, 1.25; a fine range of Ladies' and Gentlemen's, suitable for wedding reception wear. Ladies' Wool Hose, extra heavy, 20c. a pair. Ladies' Ribbed Wool Hose, 25c. a pair. Ladies' Ribbed Cashmere Hose, 25c. a pair. Children's 10c, 12c, 15c, 18c, 22c, in Wool and Cashmere, ribbed.

Grand value in Ladies' and Children's Flannellette Night Gowns, Chemise and Drawers in sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S KNITTED UNDERWEAR—Vests 10c, 12c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 45c, 50c, are all specials in these grades. Drawers, Combinations and Bloomers. TABLE LINEN IS A FEATURE HERE—20, 25, 27, 33 inch unbleached, and 45, 50, 60, 75 inch pure white; a very extra special.

MEN'S CARDIGANS 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50. MEN'S UNDERWEAR 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 50c, 60c. BOYS' UNDERWEAR 22c, 25c, 28c, 30c, 35c.

Are repeatedly acknowledged as the best value seen. FLANNELETTES 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 7c, 8c, 10c. SHIRTING FLANNELETTES 8c, 10c, 12c, 13c. DRESS GOODS FLANNELETTE 10c, 12c, 15c. LACE CURTAINS 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 up. BLINDS 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 50c. SHOULDER SHAWLS 50c, 75c, \$1.00. TWEEDS 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c. UMBRELLAS 50c, 60c, 75c, \$1.00.

MEN'S AND BOYS' OVERCOATS

Our Men's Tweed lined Ulster at \$4.75, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00 are four specials. Men's and Boys' Pants. We excel in Pants. Men's at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50, \$2.00, are the par excellence of value. Job lot Boys' Suits, ranging from six years to ten years, for 1, \$1.25, \$1.50.

You'll of course remember that our Carpet and Oilcloth rooms have always some bargains for you. Handkerchiefs, with colored borders, commence at 1c. each; others at 3c, 5c, 8c, 10c, and up. Baby Coats, Bonnets, Booties and Infantees. Many other articles too numerous to mention in our small space.

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY