

The Red Year

STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY

BY LOUIS TRACY

...the afternoon of November 11, Sir Colin Campbell reviewed his little army, on a plain a few miles south of the Dilkusha. Three thousand four hundred men faced him, and the smallest of the number is eloquent of the magnitude of their task. Indeed, that magnitude of the salient features of each main episode of the Mutiny. Nicholson at Delhi, Havelock at Cawnpore and on the way to Lucknow. Colin Campbell in the pending action, and Hugh Rose in many a hard-fought battle in Central India, one and all were called on to attack and defeat ten times the number of sepoys.

But what line troops they were who met the commander-in-chief's gaze as they stood marshaled there, on that dusty Indian maidan. Peel's sailors, with eight heavy guns, artillerymen standing by the cannon that had sounded the bell of Delhi from below the lines, the 5th Lancers, who held the right flank when the capture of Hindu Rao's house would have meant the collapse of the assault, the 8th and 10th Foot, the 2nd and 4th Grenadiers—all these had followed the Lion of the Punjab when he stormed the Cashmere Bastion. Sikh Cavalry, too, and Havelock's wild horsemen, and many another gallant soldier, fresh from the immortal siege, returned the General's quiet scrutiny, as he rode past, and doubtless wondered how he would compare as a leader with the man whom they had left in the little cemetery at the foot of the Ridge.

It is on record that from the end of the line came a yell of welcome and recognition. The 93rd Highlanders remembered what Campbell had done in the Crimea, and their joyful slogan brought a flush to the bronzed face of the old war dog when he learned the significance of their greeting.

Next morning began a three days' battle. Perhaps there was never an action so spectacular, so thrilling, so amazingly in earnest, as the continuous fight which brought about the Second Relief of Lucknow. At the Alumbagh, at the Dilkusha and La Martiniere school, at the Secunder Bagh and the Shah Nujeef, were fought fiercely-contested combats that in other campaigns would have figured as of a garrison that had ceased even to despair. Apathy, a quiet waiting for death, was the prevalent attitude in Lucknow until the Highland bonnets were seen tossing above the last line of sappers that tried to bar their passage through the streets. At once the besieged took up the offensive. The lines were greatly extended, the enemy's advanced posts were carried with the bayonet, troublesome guns were seized and spiked and the rebel mining operations summarily stopped.

Two days before Havelock's little army cut its way into Lucknow, the pensioner, except in the treatment and announced the coming relief. He was not believed. Twice, already had he brought that "leaving message" and "Vehis had failed his news."

Winifred, a worn and pallid Winifred by this time, sought him and asked for tidings of Malcolm. He had



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He will make the season of 1911 at his own stable, let 14, Con 6, Ops, all week, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, when he will be at Maudslayi's Central House, Lindsay.

Favorite Knight in color is a beautiful dapple brown with white hind feet and white star on face, and has weighed 1015 lbs. Favorite Knight (6014) was sired by the well known Knight of St. Andrew's (274) (1888). First dam Nell Erskine (640) by Sir Erskine. (2119) Scottish Champion (11) (5340), third dam Nance, by Prince of Wales (296) (621), fourth dam by Wonderful Lad (12) (2).

It goes to show that his stock is turning out right, and my patrons are well satisfied. For in the years of 1906 and 1908 his colts were prize winners at the Lindsay Central, and his dam was also a prize winner in 1907. His dam, sired by Scottish Champion, was winner of first prize at Co. 1882 and at Lindsay, and in 1884 first dam at Lindsay. His dam sired by Prince of Wales, was winner of first at Coleridge, first at Lindsay, and first at Omeuse shows in 1882.

TERMS.—\$10 payable when you have a foal one week old. Parties disposing of mares before foaling time must pay half as security until paid for. All accidents to mares at risk of owners.

Are you looking for me—

The Mutiny was by no means ended with the fall of Delhi and the Second Relief of Lucknow. North and south

and east and west the rebels were hunted with untrusting zeal. Sometimes in scattered bands, less often in formidable armies, they were pursued, encountered and annihilated. Quickly degenerating into mere robber hordes, they became a pest to the unhappy villagers in the remoter parts of the different provinces, and it was long ere the last embers of the fire that had raged so fiercely were stamped out. Nana Sahib perished miserably under the claws of a tiger in the Nepal jungle, the Munsiv of Fyzabad and the Ranel of Jhansi fell in action, while Tantia Topi was hanged. But the end came, and on November 1, 1858, amid salvos of artillery and to the accompaniment of festivities innumerable, Queen Victoria proclaimed the abolition of the East India Company, and assumed the sovereignty of the country. Her Majesty took no territory, confirmed all treaties, promised religious toleration and equality to all her Indian subjects, and gave full and complete pardon to every rebel who was not a murderer.

The Queen's gracious and peace-bringing words supplied a fitting close to India's Red Year. Europeans and natives alike tried to forget both the crime and its punishment. And that was a good thing in itself.

The great land of Hindustan has doubled its teeming population and increased its prosperity out of all comparable reckoning during the fifty years that have passed since the Mutiny. Many of the descendants of men who fought against the British Raj are now its trusted servants, and there is not in India to-day a native gentleman of any importance who would not assist the Government with his life and fortune to save his country from the lawless horrors of any similar outbreak.

But these matters for the politician and the statesman. It is more fitting that this story of the lives and fortunes of a few of the actors in a great human drama should conclude with such particulars of their subsequent history as have filtered through time's close-woven meshes of half a century.

One day in February, not so long ago, a young officer of the Guides, who had come to Lucknow for "Cup" week, was standing in the porch of the Mohammed Bagh Club when he heard a young lady bewailing fate in the shape of a tikkaharry which had brought her there. Her "people" were at the Chutter Munzil Club, miles away, for Lucknow is a big place, and she was already late for tea.

Being a nice young man, the said officer of the Guides could not bear to see a nice young woman in distress. "My dogcart is just coming up," he said, "and I am going to the Chutter Munzil. Won't you let me drive you there?"

She blushed and hesitated and of course agreed. On the way, to maintain a polite conversation, he pointed out several historic buildings. "You are stationed here, I suppose?" she said.

"No, indeed. My regiment is at Quetta, but I was reared on the records of Lucknow. My grandmother went through the whole of the siege, and my grandfather was with the Second Relief. It must have agreed with their health, for they were both out here two years since, and I went over the Mutiny ground with them."

"How interesting! Was that how they met?" "Yes, they were engaged just before the Residency was invested. It is an awfully interesting yarn, and I should like some day to have a chance of telling it to you. There is a native princess in it, and a pearl necklace, which is worth quite a lot of money, and is believed to have been stolen by a sepoy before my grandfather obtained it, quite by accident. And the old chap—he was quite a young chap then, you know—had a remarkable native servant who did so well at the Mutiny that he became a nawab or something of the sort. Really, the whole thing is more like a book than a chapter of real life."

"I had a grandmother in the Mutiny," said the girl, "but she had such a sad experience that she seldom mentioned it. Her maiden name was Keene, and her father was killed at Pattachore."

"Keene! Did she ever speak of a man named Malcolm, who saved her and her sister?" "Oh, yes! You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, really, I'm his grandson. Now, isn't that the queerest thing? Just imagine the odds against my meeting you here under such conditions? Please tell me your name, and you'll let me call you 'Nana'?"

The girl was somewhat breathless. Young Malcolm was looking at her as though he felt that a special dispensation of Providence had brought them together. "I am sure my mother will be glad to meet you and hear all about those old days at Lucknow," she said shyly. So it may be that the gray ruins of the Residency, over which the flag flies ever that day, and women in '57, saw the beginning of another love idyll, destined to end as happily as that which had its being amidst the terrors and fury of the Mutiny.

The End.

ONLY WOMAN FREEMASON

Authentic Facts as Given in Masonic Historical Directory

There have been many reports current of the initiation of the only woman Freemason, and the authentic facts appeared in an account given by Brother Condoleok, editor of the Scottish Masonic Historical Directory, who made a most careful investigation. The only woman admitted into the fraternity was the Hon. Miss Elizabeth St. Leger, daughter of Lord Doneraile, and after the wife of Richard Aldworth. She was initiated under Warrant 44 of the Lodge Doneraile, Ireland (now dormant), in 1735.

The Hon. Miss Elizabeth St. Leger had been reading in the library of their house near Doneraile and fell asleep. When she awoke she heard conversation in the next room, and as the house was undergoing repairs she found that by removing a brick from the wall she could see what was happening in the room. It was a meeting of the Masonic lodge. Prompted by curiosity, she removed several bricks from the wall and was thus enabled to witness the whole proceedings without hindrance. When the meeting was over she attempted to escape, but the Tyler on guard arrested her. Her father, Lord Doneraile and the brothers of the lodge were immediately summoned by the Tyler. On hearing the circumstances of the case the brethren demanded the young lady's life. Others were more lenient. The members of the lodge reassembled and the option was given of submitting to the Masonic ordeal of death. Being asked to decide, acting on her father's advice, she gladly and unhesitatingly accepted the offer, and was then duly initiated and became a Freemason.

The story of a woman hidden in a clock and all its romantic details thus vanishes and the true history is told.

ON THE DOWN GRADE

New York Evening Post Comments on Staple Prices

The following interesting comment on United States commodity markets is from the New York Evening Post:— Whatever else may be said of the season's very remarkable movement of staple prices, one thing is certain—a supply of grain and provisions in excess of consumptive requirements certainly confronts the trade at present. How long it will last, and how much lower prices will go, is the problem everyone in the trade is trying to fathom.

Conditions are now pretty clearly the reverse of those prevailing in past years. Having completed its cycle of high prices, the history of market averages is repeating itself and values seem to be working to a generally lower level. How low they will go before the bottom is reached is costing the trade a lot of money to determine. Some speculators have lost as much money buying on declines, under the belief that the break had reached the limit, as they made on the upturn.

There is a surplus of grain and provisions the world over; that is evident. Should there be no material damage to the growing wheat crop, a still lower level of prices is anticipated, notwithstanding the fact that there has been a drop of 30 cents in wheat from the high point of the season, while corn is off 20 cents and oats 15 cents. Pork has dropped over \$5 a barrel, lard 2 1/2 cents a pound and short ribs 2 cents, and beef over \$4 per hundred from the high point of last year. Hay has declined over \$5 a ton, butter nearly 10 cents a pound, and eggs over 10 cents a dozen. All the inflation is out of the prices of farm products, and if there are to be further declines, it is expected by the best judges of market conditions that they will be gradual.

Tenders Wanted

Sealed Tenders will be received for the sale of Pine Grove Cheese Factory and contents, separate or together, on or before the first day of July, Nineteen Hundred and Eleven. Mark letters tender for Cheese Factory or contents. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. For particulars apply to GEORGE MURPHY, Lindsay.

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We are using over 2000 lbs of wool every day. We have a large supply of home-made yarns and blankets to exchange for wool. We allow 1 to 2c per lb extra in exchange for wool and we have made arrangements, so that our customers can trade for their wool at any of the dry goods stores in Lindsay.

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FOR SALE.—The Silverwood Homestead adjoining the village of Oakwood, one of the best and most desirable properties in Ontario for mixed farming, consisting of 140 acres more or less, together with the best outbuildings to be found on any farm in the province. Owner will sell and give immediate possession either with or without growing crop. This farm is situated just 1 1/2 miles from Mariposa station on the G. T. R. and 8 miles from Lindsay. For further particulars apply to James Taylor Oakwood, P.O.

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FOR SALE.—Farm for sale, north half of lot 6 con. 12 Manvers, 963 acres more or less all cleared, 45 acre grain crop, 27 acres hay, a large orchard, mostly spies and other good winter apples. Large stone house two wells at house and one at barn, one barn 30 by 50 feet., two 30 by 55 ft., one with stone stabling room for 16 head of cattle and 5 horses. Farm borders the village of Janetville, convenient to church, school and Post Office, cheap for \$6000 including growing crop, falling health is the cause of sale. For further particulars apply to Thos. Parrington, Janetville, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE.—The estate of the late Dugald Jamieson, lot 13, con 8, Elgin, 211 acres, about 170 acres under cultivation, 5 acres o., maple grove, the rest good pasture land, with a never failing stream. This farm is in good shape. There is on the premises two good houses, 3 good wells, 2 good barns on a stone foundation, 2 implement houses, 2 orchards. This property, at one time, was owned by two partners. For further particulars apply to C.E. Weeks, solicitor, Woodville, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE.—North half of lot 6, con. 9 and South half lot 6, con. 10, Mariposa, containing 200 acres more or less, good brick house, frame barn 40x80, good stone stabling, small orchard. On north farm 12 acres hardwood bush, on South farm 20 acres hardwood bush. The balance tillable and under good cultivation. 1/2 mile from school, two miles from church, 3 miles from post office and church, and blacksmith shop. The property of William Ham. For particulars apply to ELIAS BOWES, local estate agent, Lindsay.

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