

CHURCHILL AND HIS RAPID ASCENT.

The Under Secretary of State for the Colonies is the Most Interesting Personality in English Politics.

London, April 18.—Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill is probably the most interesting personality in English politics. He is only the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, but the office is more humble than the occupant. A youth in years, his rapid ascent in politics proves the passing of gerontocracy. He is like the leading character in the play; if not on the stage, he nevertheless controls the development of the drama, says a writer in the Express.

His extraordinary rise in the political scale places him apart. Posterity will in that respect class him with Pitt and Disraeli. But how different the method of advancement! Pitt rose by reason of fundamental power; Disraeli rose by reason of unconquerable discipline and resource; but Churchill, by climbing up on another man's back. It was no Quixotic fancy that declared his intention of keeping an eye on Mr. Chamberlain. It was hereditary instinct. Lord Randolph played precisely the same part in his attacks on Mr. Gladstone. Politicians of this stamp not only desire to win, but to enhance their reputation by destroying the reputation of their rivals. They not only slay with the tomahawk, but scalp the victim as well.

THE POLITICAL FREGOLI.

Mr. Churchill has the charm of versatility. He is the quick-change artist of politics. Given a purpose, he can play any part—Boer, Imperialist, Little Englander, Free or Fair Trader—with marvellous celerity. For this reason his services are invaluable as a blank cheque. Cabinet that waits upon expediency with problematic patience. This readiness for any role is not a trait due to deliberate trifling. His root is partly temperamental, for the Under-Secretary is the victim of conflicting ideals. Aristocrat and demagogue, patriot and partisan, imperialist and Little Englander, struggle with his soul for ascendancy. Consequently his mind is without equipoise and his energies seldom restful. The worst sea is where two cross waves meet. This leads to what he would call, with unnecessary diffuseness, "terminological inexactitude," but what simpler minds would describe as inconsistency and pitiful evasiveness.

His electioneering value is unrivalled, for he possesses a shrewd mind and understands the psychology of crowds. No one can pose better for the suffrages of the people. He can make his countenance serve his moods. Level-headed men repose confidence in his stern and serious phrases; ladies appreciate his accommodating kindness, and bring their photograph albums to his meetings; partisans applaud his pert, flippant repartee, and some doubtless find satisfaction in his aristocratic lineage.

ALL THINGS TO ALL SECTIONS.

He has all the deceitful glamour of the demagogue. No one knows better how to satisfy sectional interests. His plausible tongue can be prodigal in promises that involve mutual antagonisms. Like the preacher who has learned to imitate the Oxford, London, and provincial pronouncements, Mr. Churchill can accommodate to a meridian a faith that should fertilize the world. One might almost say that in his case political conviction is subject to climatic influence. But he knows how to conceal the ugly skeleton of his dapper drapery of ornate phrasing. It is a hazardous practice, to play with the affections of rival mistresses. It may lead later to a charge of political polygamy.

Mr. Churchill is a good and gifted speaker, but he is not an orator in the true meaning of the term, and never will be. That faculty, as Gladstone once described it, as the speaker's power of "receiving from his audience in a vapour what he pours back upon them in a flood." It is there that the young statesman fails. He knows both on the hustings and in the House that to be effective you must avoid being dull. His speeches are always pungent and attractive. The living picture, the graphic terseness, the sharp antithesis, the sting of irony the poser of climax, are all there; but the soul and substance of real oratorical power—the ability of returning to your audience their own thoughts and feelings, and beliefs in a form that fixes them deeper in their own minds—of the highest equipment of the orator Mr. Churchill is totally and singularly destitute. Yet he understands the witchery of words and the impressiveness of actions. The "inevitable" word is always waiting on the tip of his tongue. Sometimes, indeed, it comes before it is wanted—even by his friends.

He is an expert in epigrams, and his wit stings like a whipcord. His description of the Tariff Reform League as a disreputable body "whose support prussic acid to candidates" is a case in point. His reference to Mr. Broderick as suffering from "German measles," to Mr. Balfour as the "Sheffield shuffler," and Mr. Arnold Forster as "Jack in office," are variants of the same species. His vocabulary is large, if not select. Selection is reserved for slanderous abuse. In that direction he is one of those orators who thrive on ill-conditioned language.

ACHILLES' HEEL.

Yet Mr. Churchill is apt to become the target of his own shafts. His most vulnerable point is extreme sensitiveness to satire. A Swift on the opposition benches would spoil the session for him. Pope said Addison was very "civil"

after his famous satire on him under the title of Atticus. Mr. Churchill is amenable to the same methods. Coldness does not chill him; criticism does not unnerve him; reproach does not humble him; his complacent smile survives the most severe chastening. He may feel the blow; but in the words of Junius, "he never weeps like an April shower, with a lambent ray of sunshine upon his countenance."

Mr. Churchill's deficiencies are as conspicuous as his precocious genius. His mental furniture may be briefly inventoried. An eclectic with a patchwork of opinions picked from every quarter; a syncretist combining contradictory notions; a latitudinarian with a pretence to large-mindedness, which is called catholicity and means crudity. Appalling ignorance is linked with colossal cockiness; strong vision with weak power of observation; wide reading with rapid but ill-digested assimilation. His mind is essentially superficial. There is a crackling of thorns under the pot because there is no white heat. His nature is absorbent rather than original. Like the Lady of Shalott, he sees things reflected in the mirror of his own mind rather than at first hand. Too honest for plagiarism, he is not above adopting the role of robber. The paradoxes of politics are beyond him. Burke's famous aphorism, "Make bread dear to make it cheap," would be anathema, but that his mind is without subtlety. He himself confessed to contesting North West Manchester after a course of Machiavelli. He has a mind that plays with things rather than ideas, with men rather than principles. He possesses the power of rapid generalisation; but he generalizes from single observations and seldom corrects his deductions by ripper experience. Consequently he is continually coming across mares' nests, and apprising the public of his discovery in sonorous and impressive phrases. This faculty for constructing a theory on an infinitesimal part of a fact gives him a reputation for what used to be called clever "view-ins."

THE PRICE OF PRECOCITY.

His most exasperating quality is his irritant infallibility. He reminds us of Thackeray's comment on Victor Hugo, "He is very great, and writes like God Almighty." He wields the prerogative of perfection as by decree of Deity. It is difficult for him to acknowledge an error and his apology, like the dirty sponge, is apt to add more uncleanness than it removes. He never depreciates himself except to despise others. "I am not an encyclopedia," I am Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies," is his reply to an insinuation and timid questioner. His past is rich in achievement, his future is full of promise.

Nevertheless, grave questions are raised that only the future can answer. Can he maintain the strenuous life that so far has been his? Will the fuel last to feed such a fiery career? Or will the coming years demand the price of precocity? For good or evil the future is full of pregnant possibilities. If he discards the harlequin-like tricks to which he is constitutionally tempted, and returns to his saner self, a career of brilliant and useful service awaits him. A great statesman he can never be, far he lacks the primary condition of true statesmanship. He has probably already touched the bottom of his resources. Certainly he is not one to conceal his best. His modesty was never the strong point of the Marlboroughs. What that best is we know, and its limitations. He reminds us of the lad in Scott's novel who accepted silver and refused gold because silver was the only coin he knew.

The coming years may justify the promises and accolades of his brilliant youth; he may travel far, but it will be along a certain road, and his progress, like the tide, will involve much ebb and flow.

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ARSON, LOOT AND MURDER ORGIE.

Wild Scenes Witnessed in Northern Sakhalin—Prisoners Had Upper Hand.

St. Petersburg, May 6.—Belated letters from Alexandrovsky Post, North Sakhalin, arriving in the first mail after months of interrupted communications, bring a wild picture of the three weeks' orgie of murder, arson and loot following the proclamation of peace and the evacuation by the Japanese of the northern half of the island. The wilder spirits among the prisoners, criminal and political, who form practically the entire population of Alexandrovsky Post, broke loose from all restraint, applied the torch to public and private buildings, drank themselves into a wild fury and vented their passions

in pillage and murder. Owing to the fierce October storms, the ships containing the troops despatched to take possession of the island from the Japanese were driven off the coast and Colonel Vglyuyeff, the military governor, landed with an escort of only 50 men, a scanty force with which to face hundreds of desperate convicts during the three weeks before further troops were able to land.

The convicts prepared a warm welcome for the new governor setting fire, the day he landed, to the police headquarters and the great Alexandrovsky prison, ten separate buildings with accommodation for thousands of prisoners. These were completely consumed, the Japanese having allowed the fire engines to be come useless but by the strenuous exertions of the Russian and Japanese soldiers, who worked side by side and patrolled the city to prevent further incendiarism, the fire was finally checked. The next day the Japanese troops retired, having first sold their accumulated stocks of provisions and liquor at incredibly low prices, casks of saké, for instance, sold for \$3 going for ten cents; cases of tinned meats containing 75 pounds for 50 cents; and 275 tons of rice and quackwheat being disposed of in a lump for \$100. Everybody became drunk and with provisions enough for the winter and no necessity for working, many of them kept up the debauch for weeks. To protect the city with his little garrison and the prisons destroyed the governor had to resort to extraordinary measures. The soldiers were ordered to make free use of their weapons and for petty offences the cudgel, or knout was resorted to, thieves getting first 25 lashes, later 50, and finally 100. This sufficed, but the criminals, leaving Alexandrovsky, retired to places in the interior, and the governor was forced to divide his 50 men, sending an officer and 15 men to Pogibi, five men to Arkovo, where the Japanese had left large stores of provisions, and three men each to Ogor and Rykovo. The remnant stood guard day and night, but the convicts were able, nevertheless, to set the torch to the Chancellery of the Governor, the club, the residence of the chief jailer and many other buildings.

HOW TO GET CONSUMPTION.

Ninety per cent. of the "lungers" contract consumption by allowing the power of resistance to fall so low that a favorable condition for the development of bacilli is provided. In a healthy system consumption can't take root. But where there is weakness and debility, there you find tuberculosis. For developing strength and building up the weak, nothing does so well as the King's Pills. The way that it converts food into nutriment, the appetite that it gives, is surprising. Just what the man verging on consumption needs—that's Ferrozone. If tired and weak don't put it off. Fifty cents buys a box of fifty tablets—at all dealers.

(London Cor. Toronto Mail and Empire.)

During the past week I have seen the King and Queen at close range no fewer than three times, and I could not help wishing that all Canadians might have the like pleasure. I saw the Royal party as they were going to and returning from the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new post office extension on the site of the old Bluecoat School, on Monday; and I saw them also on Wednesday at the opening of the new street called "King's Way." The King and Queen occupy the back and front seats of the royal carriage, and the weather was fine, the loyalty fervid and the general condition excellent.

As I had not been quite close to the King and Queen for many years I was naturally interested to see what change time had wrought in them, for though in these days photography and process-engraving do much in the way of acquainting the world with the outside appearance of great and celebrated people, they do not entirely abolish the desire one has to see the people themselves. There may be some highly excited blood the theory that everybody radiates a halo of personality that can be taken cognizance of only by the exercise of a sixth sense, and that therefore there is something about people that cannot be transmitted to pictured semblance. In that case it was highly exciting to be standing with numerous others on the curbstone in Oxford street, and to know that the Royal procession would pass that way. For half an hour all wheel traffic had been stopped, and sand of a bright yellow color had been sprinkled over the broad avenue of grey asphalt, which perfectly clear of people or carriages, stretched away to the distance, east and west. In the sun and shadow of that bright morning the vista of the street with its varied sky-line of roof, facade and pinnacle, was decidedly picturesque for London, even on a sunny day, you get that grey mist which is the very making of a street-view, and invests its distances with delightful purplish and blue gradations.

The royalties were to pass at twenty minutes past twelve, and at a quarter past both sidewalks were lined with people, the line being kept by stalwart policemen, who stood about five yards apart all along the street. A large proportion of them were retired soldiers, and on this day wore their medals for honorable service. Presently a couple of mounted policemen rode along the route, and after a pause, the King and Queen, followed by two troopers of the Life Guards, magnificent horses and in full panoply, their breast plates and helmets blazing in the sun, their drawn swords held at guard in the most approved style of pageant. Presently came riding the advance escort, also of the Horse Guards Blue, about twenty-five of them, five abreast and all the very pink of military perfection.

THE CHEERING BEGINS.

And now we began to hear distant cheering that told that the Royal party were really coming; cheering that grew in volume and came nearer; cheering such as you can only hear in England and Canada, though the French are learning it. Then came two of the Royal postillions, riding spare carriage-horses. They wore black velvet huntsman's caps scarlet jackets, white buckskin breeches, and jockey boots, and their white wigs gave them an air of great distinction. The steeds that bore them were magnificent big bays, seventeen or eighteen hands high. The cheering comes closer, and soon the four horses drawing the royal carriage came into view, managed by two more immaculate postillions.

THE HERALDS FASHION PLATE.



A PRINCESS DRESSING SACQUE.

With the princess in such marked favor it is not surprising that its vogue should extend to dressing saccos, and even full-length house gowns, a fact which brings to mind the one-time popularity of the princess wrapper. A creamy white chalis, scattered with pink roses, is cut on princess lines, the skirt of the jacket coming almost to the knees. There is a prettily-shaped broad col-

lar of the chalis, lined with white silk, trimmed with a broad edge of Torchon lace, and inset with insertion to match. The fastening is made straight up the front, with hooks and eyes beneath the front pleat, on which are set white silk-covered buttons. The sleeve is of full length, bishop pattern, and gathered into a lace-trimmed band. It might be well to note that the jacket is made over a fully boned and fitted lining.

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THE KING, GOD BLESS HIM!

The carriage is a roomy one, hung on C. springs, and everybody is cheering with a will, as it comes gently along, and it is seen that the King and Queen occupy the back and front seats of the royal carriage, and the weather was fine, the loyalty fervid and the general condition excellent. As I had not been quite close to the King and Queen for many years I was naturally interested to see what change time had wrought in them, for though in these days photography and process-engraving do much in the way of acquainting the world with the outside appearance of great and celebrated people, they do not entirely abolish the desire one has to see the people themselves. There may be some highly excited blood the theory that everybody radiates a halo of personality that can be taken cognizance of only by the exercise of a sixth sense, and that therefore there is something about people that cannot be transmitted to pictured semblance. In that case it was highly exciting to be standing with numerous others on the curbstone in Oxford street, and to know that the Royal procession would pass that way. For half an hour all wheel traffic had been stopped, and sand of a bright yellow color had been sprinkled over the broad avenue of grey asphalt, which perfectly clear of people or carriages, stretched away to the distance, east and west. In the sun and shadow of that bright morning the vista of the street with its varied sky-line of roof, facade and pinnacle, was decidedly picturesque for London, even on a sunny day, you get that grey mist which is the very making of a street-view, and invests its distances with delightful purplish and blue gradations.

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

As for our gracious and lovely Queen, she is just as charming as ever, just as rural, just as womanly, and one might also say just as young, for I could really see very little difference between her on Monday and her appearance a quarter of a century ago. She was in heliotrope and ermine and her response to the cheers was winning, if only from the total absence of the merely perfunctory. When the carriage had passed by followed by one containing members of the staff, and when the rear guard of twenty-five more resplendent troopers had clattered after, the crowd stood for a few moments spellbound by the remembrance of the witchery of the Queen's smile. I happened to be in a particularly good place for seeing the party as they returned from the function at the Post Office and the King then looked entirely genial and happy, and was bowing right and left with evident pleasure at the cheers which everywhere greeted him.

Having had a still better opportunity of observing King Edward and his consort on the following Wednesday, I am in a position to say that it is no wonder that they are beloved and that everybody is proud of them. There is no doubt that the King is the most popular man in the world at the present moment and it is remarkable that even the ultra-radicals and those who are eager for the most sweeping reforms, never breathe a word against Royalty and do not hint at the "advantage" (?) of republicanism.

GALLANTRY OF MEN.

Comparison Between the English and American Varieties.

An American lady has been contrasting with a noble impartiality the manners and customs of those

curious and interesting animals, the American man and the English man. Here is the result:

The American girl makes a habit of compelling man to serve her in small ways. She drops her handkerchief or fan under the table after dinner, and man makes a contortionist of himself to recover her possessions. He is always on his knees to her, except when he is signing checks, and even then is nobility of demeanour is beautifully unconscious.

The Englishman is an entirely different animal. Even when he is desperately in love he keeps his dignity intact and never obliterates himself. He lets servants carry his lady's cloak and assist her with it. His habitual quiet and reserve and conventional extension to his emotionalism, and while his loyalty is probably bone-deep, his outward seeming is never that of a courtier.

He is an Englishman first, and after that a son or husband, or lover. Over this touching picture of the American man one almost drops a tear, feeling at the same time a not ignoble pride in the stately dignity of the Englishman. But there is something a little too dramatic about this contrast, protests the London Telegraph. Even in England, if a girl drops her fan, a man will dive several men will dive if she is pretty—to pick it up. It is no doubt, true that the Englishman never "obliterates himself." That excess of modesty belongs exclusively to Americans.

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