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HENRIK IBSEN.

How the Scandinavian Dramatist Impressed an Observer.

William Archer tells how Henrik Ibsen impressed him when he met the Scandinavian dramatist in Rome in 1881: "In glided an undersized man with very broad shoulders and a large leonine head, wearing a long black frock coat with very broad lapels, on one of which a knot of red ribbon was conspicuous. I knew him at once, but was a little taken aback by his low stature. His natural height was even somewhat diminished by a habit of bending forward slightly from the waist, begotten, no doubt, of short-sightedness and the need to peer into things.

"He moved very slowly and noiselessly, with his hands behind his back—an unobtrusive personality. But there was nothing insignificant about the high and massive forehead, crowned with a mane of (then) iron gray hair, the small and pale but piercing eyes behind the gold rimmed spectacles, or the thin lipped mouth, depressed at the corners into a curve indicative of iron will and set between bushy whiskers of the same dark gray as the hair.

"The most cursory observer could not but recognize power and character in the head, yet one would scarcely have guessed it to be the power of a poet, the character of a prophet. One would rather have supposed one's self face to face with an eminent statesman or diplomatist."

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Prize-list and other printed matter for particulars.
Geo. E. Fisher, Secretary, Hon. L. J. Tweedie,
President.

BLENDED SPIRITS.

Curious Results Obtained by Mixing Whisky and Water.

Some curious results are shown by blending of spirits. Take nineteen and one-quarter gallons of high proof spirits and add twenty-two and one-fourth gallons of water, and, strange to say, you have forty gallons, and not forty-one and one-half, as one would naturally suppose. This is reasonably explained by the large globules of the spirit absorbing the small globules of water, thereby lessening the volume of wine gallons.

Here is another phenomenon: Take equal parts of whisky and water, each at a temperature of 70 degrees F. Mix them and the temperature rises at once to 80 degrees.

If two barrels of whisky are placed under a roof, one with the bung in and the other with it out, the former will gain in proof, while the latter will lose. This is due to the fact that when the bung is in there is no evaporation, but the barrel absorbs the water much faster than it does the whisky. When the bung is out there is evaporation, and the spirit evaporates easier than the water.

These are a few of the facts that an old rectifier who can neither read nor write has gathered in fifty years of experience as a cellar man. He keeps trace of his liquors by their marks, and, strange to say, he can read his gauges and thermometers with accuracy and is curious and exact in his knowledge of chemistry as applying to his trade.

Greek Palate Tickless.

As delicacies the Greeks ate young foxes caught in the autumn, robins and sparrows and certain kinds of fish snared by moonlight. There is a scrap of an old Greek comedy in which a cook boasts of trying a fish so exquisitely that it threw him grateful looks from the pan. A famous Greek dish was the Trojan pig, half of it boiled and the other half roasted. It was stuffed with eggs, oysters and thrushes. The Romans ate snails—giant monsters—fattened until their shells held an incredible amount of snail. The kettle in a high class Roman kitchen was often shaped like an elephant's head. The water was poured through the trunk. The gridiron might be a huge silver spider or a skeleton fish.

NOT AS A COLONY BUT AS A NATION.

Mr. Archer Baker, European Manager of C. P. R.,
Tells How Canada Stands in British Eyes.

Mr. Archer Baker, European manager of the C. P. R., who is in Canada partly on a holiday and partly for the purpose of keeping himself in touch with the head office remarked that the progress made by the company in regard to the expansion of traffic from the other end of the Atlantic was without parallel, and there was every reason to believe that the advance would continue.

Mr. Baker, who is a brother of Mr. W. R. Baker, assistant to the president, first came to Montreal forty-four years ago, and by perseverance, industry and ability, he rose to the position of superintendent, and later to that of European manager.

For a number of years he has been in charge of the company's affairs in London. During those years the British end has grown from a comparatively small affair to the great undertaking it is to-day—the European centre of transatlantic on the line with its fleets of steamships on the Atlantic and Pacific.

The removal of the head office in London from King William street, in the city, to their commanding position at Charing Cross, was an important step in the development of the company's business, but it was the acquisition of the Atlantic fleet

that had the most powerful effect upon its destinies.

"When I went to England first," remarked Mr. Baker, "hardly anybody seemed to know or care about Canada. Now Canada is known everywhere and everybody is interested in it. Canada is not thought of in the sense of being a colony, as the term used to be accepted and understood but as a nation—a nation with an immense future."

Mr. Baker went on to remark that while there were no important innovations to announce, the officials and agencies on the other side of the Atlantic were eager to promote the interests of the company wherever the opportunity presented itself.

The past year had been the best yet experienced so far as the immigration to Canada was concerned, and as the demand for more settlers came from the west it would continue. The increase in population meant expansion of commerce and consequently of the freight traffic, and thus the continuation of progress was assured. The increased prosperity of the country developed more general travel, and the growing intercourse brought a better understanding of each other's wants and gave a further impulse to trade.

AT WINNIPEG STATION.

By J. W. Bengough.

Mr. Bengough's contribution to the gallery of the newspaper men's day at the Toronto Exhibition:

On a recent western peregrination I have happened in at Winnipeg station.

Where people of every tribe and nation

Formed a curious congregation.

It's a clearing house of immigration

And may well excite the admiration

Of any person of observation

So I passed some time in contemplation

Of the motley throng and the brief narration

I now submit for consideration,

Is what I heard of the conversation,

And how, as you'll see, a clear relation

To our glorious west and its destination.

But perhaps it's time to let up on this rhyme.

Which hasn't a very musical ring.

Like a violin solo played on one string.

To proceed with my story, I strolled about

'Midst bales and boxes, and babies and bags

And young fat maidens, and old lean bachelors,

Till I came to a group

Gathered round like a hoop

To which I noticed the people all trooped.

And as I drew near

My delicate ear

Caught the sound of a voice saying

"Bravo, hear, hear."

Ah, speeches, says I,

I must hear 'em or die

So I climbed on a mountain of baggage close by.

And the speeches I heard

I'll give word for word.

As I caught 'em and jotted 'em down

On the fly.

The Englishman—

I'm jolly glad to be 'ere

Away from the country of bettin' and beer,

Oh! Hengland, I know is a beautiful place,

But it's owned by the parson, Sir John and 'is Grace,

And the bloomin' ole place, w'erover you paws

Is filled up with notices "Keep off the grass"

To call it my own, my native land, When a cove don't 'ave 'ardly room to stand.

Is a bit of a joke, but I, for one, Don't see as that joke 'as got much fun.

So I come out 'ere, snow 'ome to carve—

I 'ad to do it, or stoy an' starve

Now 'ere is a spot where a man is a man.

And if 'e beives 'e can 'old up 'is 'ead,

And 'e don't 'ave to beg for 'is daily bread;

With the same old flag I knew at 'ome

To live in freedom o'er all 'oo come

So, mates, I'm a-goin' to do my best.

To 'elp to build hup the bloomin' west!

The Irishman:

Right you are, John Bull;

You talk loike wan that's not half a fool;

Thru for you, me boy, 'twas a fortunate day

Both when you and me kim over the say!

I'm sick, so I am, of Donnybrook Fair

An' home rule ructions everywhere

In the dear old soil, where you starve and stint

An' may all yez own an' more for right!

I was nearly starved on 'peratives an' p'int'—

Do yez know what I mane be that sayin' quaint?

No! Well, when we had what we'd call a feast.

W'd his rev'rence present—the parish priest—

'Twas peratives and buttermilk we 'ad

Bite an' sup, turn about, bodad

An' whin no buttermilk could be got

We'd ate the peratives an' p'int to the spot

(Which was just as good, we'd often find)

To thin iv unusual active mind.)

But here I'll feast like the Bishop himself,

For this is the land of plenty and pelf;

I'll have roast beef, roast lock an' lamb

An' apple poy, plum puddin' an' jam

An' I'll turn me shillelah away—be-gor!

I wudn't know what I wanted it for

In a country loike this where they have Home Rule

An' iv'rything free, both Church an' school

An' wan may live at peace wid his neighbors—

All but the Government, iv course, be jabbers!

The Scotchman:

Weel, a' cam' oot, ye ken

Wi' ma wife, and bairns and some countrymen

To try ma fortune in wider space

For Scotland's but a wee bit place.

(It's no sae large as 'twas first create)

But it's sma'er noo, wi' yon land-lords bide

Biggin' high stane wa's, to presairve their game

An' 'croodin' the folk to their burnin' shame

Into closes an' lanes, to mak' way for neer

An' 'seallin' mair land frae year to year

A' lo'e auld Scotia, ma he'r aye yearns

For the lilt an' sangs o' Robbie Burns

But a' canna live on sangs; a' maan eat,

An' a' simply couldna mak' baith ends meet,

So a' cam' oot o'er, an' a' a'm feelin' wi' gloe

As you Cockney says, that a'm free.

A'm free!

Scotland, England, Germany France

There's nae like Canada, to gie a' a chance.

To an honest man wi' a willin' he'r

And a' that a Scotchman seeks is a stair

Gie me a stair an' it winna be lang

Ere a' faimur matters a've botten the hang

An' a' raise great crops o' wheat

Wi' ease

An' fill ma pouch wi' bricht bawbees

An' a' tak ma place, as all Scots men do

The vera front of the foremost

An' a' be a pillar o' Kirk an' state

Ay will I—an' you'll no hae lang to wait

Then the Yankee spake:

Well, neighbors gay,

I guess I'll parley voo my say

I calculate these some surprise

To see me here amongst you guys.

But here I be, there hain't no doubt

From crost the border I've lit out

To git my share of what's a-goin'—

I'm g'il'us 'round when somethin's doin'.

A course you hear all 'Mericans brag

'Bout their, great kentry, and their flag,

An' how the land that give en birth

Is jes' the slickest land on earth—

An' so it is—that's all straight goods,

From Texas to Wisconsin woods!

Well, you may say, if that is so

Why have you shook it? Well, you know,

These two things different as can be—

A kentry and its doin's—so?

Now, es I say, the kentry's sick,

But I allow I'm good and sick