

Dr. Pugsley, Nimble, Quick, Makes The Govt. Look Sick

Franchise Fight Again Discloses William as a Party Moses—Very Keen For Fights His Nose In—There Are Thorns on William's Roses

(Special from Toronto Star Staff Correspondent.) Ottawa, Sept. 10.—When the Liberal party in Parliament gets into a "scrap," as it did on Saturday, Dr. William Pugsley comes to the surface as naturally as a bass rises to a fly; rises, indeed, with much the same business-like energy, and the same accuracy of purpose which marks the upward dart of his latter's brother, but without half the latter's chances of being caught. In fact the honorable doctor is never caught, and that is what "rises" his opponents. Just when

they think they have him safely hooked, he jumps two feet out of the water, so to speak, turns a flip-flop in mid-air and leaves the political fisherman to pull in a loose line without fish or bait; nothing on it but the hook and sometimes not even that. The younger generation hear Pugsley spoken of so often as "Doctor" that some may have a mental picture of him as a physician. In a sense he is. He has a healing voice. The itching of an opponent for re-election, he has been known to cure with a few bland sentences. But on the whole, his political arguments are deceptive. They irritate and inflame, although the tones in which he proclaims them would indicate an intention to soothe and pacify.

H.P. SAUCE The World's Appetiser H.P. tempts the appetite, it makes you want to eat. BRITISH MADE

Appearances Deceive. He can say a nasty thing more nicely than anybody else in parliament. His political hyperemics may appear calculated to induce solemnity, but they usually have the effect of throwing the patient into a fearful paroxysm of rage. As the poet saith: "Old Doc Pugsley's health's dose Has nicer taste than Borden's Bitters; But when you watch its actions close, It ain't no balm for human critics." No! Indeed. Perhaps that is because Dr. Pugsley is really a lawyer, and a doctor of law and not of medicine. His greatest asset next to his legal astuteness, is his absolute self-control. Few men are so well able to dissociate manner from intention. He may rise in the House to "rip the hide" of a victim, yet his tone will be as placid and undisturbed as though he were going to suggest a vote of thanks to his opponent or decorate him with the Victoria Cross. But let the victim struggle and cry out while the cuticle is being removed, and the voice of Dr. Pugsley will shiver with such a deep and condemnatory indignation that the House of Commons attendants are tempted to throw open the windows to let the vibrations out, lest the very

walls be shaken down. Nobody in parliament has so much indignation stored up and ready for instant use as has the member from St. John. When he solemnly denounces the outrageous conduct of some Conservative, every inflection of his voice against whom his thunderbolts are directed becomes almost convinced that he must be guilty, even if he knows that he is not. Cool in Midst of Ructions Dr. Pugsley loves a fight. He smells it from afar, but he does not paw and prance. He twiddles his watch chain and when he rises he beams upon the Speaker whom he most probably is going to defy, and upon the victim whom he is most certainly going to dissect; and if the Speaker relaxes his vigilance, or if the victim sits back in false security, why, all the worse for both of them, for they get taken unawares. It must not be inferred that Dr. Pugsley is always attacking people, or that he never shows anger when he does. As a usual thing, he is one of the most charming of men, both in the House and out of it, and it is also true that there are occasions on which the Commons has seen him almost dancing with rage. But was it the spirit which danced, or the limbs only? There are those who aver that even when Dr. Pugsley appears angriest, he has never for one instant lost control, but that that serene machine-like mind of his has dictated that the time has come to "register anger," and that the carnal body has simply obeyed its mental master. If that is the case, Dr. Pugsley cannot sit must often sit back and enjoy the performance of its outward and manifest partner, admiring the swift and audacious thrust; the accurate and unhesitating parry.

He's Off Again, on Again Dr. Pugsley has the rare faculty of instantaneous self-transformation. He can be "all twinkles" one minute and all horror the next. The reverse operation was seen on Saturday. There was Pugsley, his whole attitude that of a man who was putting the "pin" in pug-nacious, standing with flaming eyes in open defiance of the Speaker, his whole being bristling with belligerence—and what happened? The Speaker told him that he would "name" him if he did not sit down. Dr. Pugsley knew with absolute certainty that the Speaker Rhoades would keep his word and moreover that he would be justified in keeping it. Caught in a wrong, he rejected the temptation with punishment the average member would have had but two courses open: One, to stay standing and be "named," the other, to subside like a beaten man. But not so the member for St. John. If he was tempted to continue his defiance (and it is) he is the hardest thing in the world to draw back from defiance when it is once begun, that smoothly-working mind of his rejected the temptation as involving no gain in tactics, and, with the same lightning-like rapidity, prompter words and actions which took all the sting out of the situation. Said Speaker Rhoades to the glaring Pugsley: "I will name the hon. member if he does not sit down." In a second, the belligerent face in the Liberal front row was transfigured with good humor. His eyes twinkled as though his own retreat were the best joke in the world, he said: "I will do that immediately," and did. It was irresistible. The House laughed with him; the tension snapped. Even the Conservatives admitted that the enemy had successfully evacuated his front trenches under fire and had covered his retreat with a battery of smiles. Has Personal Charm While Conservative papers are wont to cartoon the Honorable William as a very dreadful human being, indeed, he is known at Ottawa as a man whose personal habits are beyond reproach. He is the best company imaginable and has a grace of manner which he bestows upon the humblest stranger as freely as upon his most influential constituent. His thoughtfulness for others (except men whom he happens to be fighting), is acknowledged even by his foes. It was R. B. Bennett who paid tribute to his personal graces in the house the other day, and what he said of the learned Doctor was this: Mr. Bennett: "When I was a young man and used to learn much from the hon. member from St. John."

Mr. Pugsley: "I am afraid you have gone astray." Mr. Bennett: "No, I have never forgotten many of the lessons that I learned, but the lesson of urbanity I have never yet been able to learn. I have never been able to say 'Thank you' with that same kind of consideration that he does. I should like to, but I fear I never shall." With becoming modesty, Dr. Pugsley himself occasionally refers in the house to the attributes so often associated with his name. The other day he read a letter written some years ago to Mr. Hazen, in which a political opponent had referred to Pugsley as the "Genial William." The half-credulous tone in which "William" pronounced those two words stirred the house to suppressed laughter. "Meaning me," added Dr. Pugsley, and at the awe of his voice the laughter became unrestrained. "The only true words in the letter," commented D. D. Mackenzie. Cothens Hates Him There is one man in the house, however, who cherishes a deep and undying resentment against the member from St. John, that man being the Hon. Thomas Cothens, minister of labor. He it was who presented the case against Pugsley to the house when charges were made against the latter some years ago. He it was, on a later occasion, who used in the house the expression "Slippery Bill." At intervals ever since, Dr. Pugsley has taken the opportunity of sticking parliamentary pins in tender portions of the minister's anatomy. The minister also, but generally ineffectually to plant

bombs under the gentleman from St. John. It would please him vastly to see the hon. member blown up. If the liberals continue this week their fight against the war-time elections act—that is, if they are to adopt blockading tactics and all that sort of thing—Dr. William Pugsley will be right there or thereabouts. And nobody will be able to judge from the front of his face what is going on in the back of his head. All of which gives rise to the question which so many people have asked, to wit: "What would Dr. Pugsley look like without his whiskers?" DOMINION OWNS BEDFORD BASIN Status Fixed in Judgment Awarding \$2,915 on \$150,000 Claim at Halifax

Halifax, N.S., Sept. 14.—Sir Walter Cassels, judge of the Exchequer Court, in filing a judgment in the Halifax case of Edward Maxwell vs. the King, gives an interesting decision regarding the status of Bedford Basin, an expansion to the northward of Halifax harbor. Maxwell claimed compensation for lands appropriated by the Crown for the construction of works at Halifax in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, and for land bounded by high water mark in Bedford Basin, and for a water lot and damages to property. A total claim was made for \$150,000. The crown tendered \$2,915.75. The Exchequer Court now makes it \$2,915.75. In opposition to Mr. Maxwell's claim, the crown contended that Bedford Basin was at the date of the Confederation act under a provincial grant, and that grant of the water lot by the province of Nova Scotia, after Confederation is void. The judge says: "I have no hesitation in coming to the conclusion, bearing in view the reasons in the Fisheries' case and the English Bay case, that at the time of Confederation Bedford Basin was a public harbor, the property of the province of Nova Scotia, and passed to the dominion by the provisions of the British North America Act."

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DECLARES PROHIBITION RESULTS IN ONTARIO ARE VERY SATISFACTORY. Toronto, Sept. 14.—Sir William Hearst, premier of Ontario, speaking of the effects of prohibition of which the province has had a year's experience, said: "We have now had twelve months' experience of the Ontario Temperance act, and I am thankful to be able to say that the operation of the law has come up to my greatest expectations. Reports from all parts of the province indicate the success of the measure, as well as the great benefits that are resulting from it. One very gratifying result of the act is the increase in the efficiency of the workers of this province in every branch of production."

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