

ALDERSON SERVES COMMUNITY WELL

Toronto Board of Trade President Keen on All Welfare Work.

STRONG FOR ROTARY
Optimist on Trade Situation—Believes That Canada Should Hustle for Foreign Trade.

W. H. ALDERSON, the new president of the Toronto Board of Trade, stands out as a type of the twentieth century style of citizen who does not believe in living just for himself and unto himself but gives himself wholeheartedly to any movement which for the good of his community and the betterment of his fellow man. For years Mr. Alderson's name has been synonymous with social service work in many forms.

"I don't know a man," remarked a friend of his who has been a conspicuous figure in this kind of work, "who has given more time and strength to community work and that's saying a great deal."

Mr. Alderson is keen on extending public service in an efficient way and likes to promote good citizenship in business. He is especially interested in boys' work.

He started his social service work first in connection with the Big Brotherhood movement. Then he helped to start the Rotary Club in Toronto, of which he later became president, which afforded him still further scope for community service. For the most part of years he has been a member of the Social Service Commission. During the war there was not a movement of any kind to raise funds for further patriotic cause with which he was not actively identified.

His community work is well rounded out. He was president and has been a member of Parkdale Canoe Club for years not because he was particularly interested in sport, but because he is not, but simply because it fitted in with his community spirit.

For the same reason he is a member of the board which is organizing to pass the municipal quit lines. A year or so ago he helped to avert a strike of postmen. At present he is on the local committee handling the unemployment situation.

All these come under the general heading of community service. During the last few years an average of several hours a day has been given up by Mr. Alderson to some such work.

The growth of such service has, of course, been a gradual one with him. He was found willing to undertake certain phases of the work; the others were naturally attracted to him. But he received his first impulse in this direction from his home environment and from his mother who was a woman of many good works.

By the way Mr. Alderson would rather use the term "welfare work" than "social service."

"I find," he says, "that social service is not always properly understood. Some people seem to find confusion in it in some way with socialism. On the other hand, welfare implies betterment work of every kind, help for the poor, guidance to the young."

He is a Rotarian
MR. ALDERSON is a Rotarian first, last and all the time. Rotary sums up for him everything worth while. Through it he finds an opportunity for concrete expression of his ideals in business, community work and social service. "Rotary is not exactly a religion," he declares, "but it is the root under which many of different beliefs, different creeds and different outlooks can gather together to help each other and their fellow men. Through Rotary Protestants and Catholics can work together. They cannot do that in a church."

Having passed through the chair of the Toronto Rotary Club Mr. Alderson is now one of five men forming the Canadian Advisory Board of the International Rotary Clubs. They have been entrusted with launching the Rotary movement in Australia and New Zealand. It is at present well under way in Great Britain.

Mr. Alderson has made a success of his business career. Getting off to a self-start as an office boy at fourteen years of age in the Grand Trunk he is now president of the Board of Trade and he is still two years short of fifty. Just thirty years ago he became a tinsmith, working for the Ontario and Rubber Company Ltd. He served in the factory and warehouse for eight years. Later he went on the road. In 1907 he became manager of the Ontario division of the company. The position he has held since.

He extends the brotherhood idea to business dealings. He is not a giver of a little talk to his salesmen with a view to encouraging them. Frequently he issues leaflets which are aimed at being a stimulus not so much to his own business as to Canadian trade generally. He is not a pessimist about the immediate future so far as Canada is concerned, but he is a firm advocate of buying "Made in Canada" goods.

Speaking of conditions at present he says: "From my general observations I am inclined to think trade is picking up and will continue to do so. The one thing possibly that affects trade in Canada more than anything else at the present time is the ques-

EX-CONVICT TURNS OUT A WONDER MAN

Amazing Record of Edward S. Kiger During the War and Since.

FOUND NO JOB TOO BIG
Stopped Famous Train, Congressional Limited, to Let Friend Off at Small Station.

THE most joyous adventure of Aristide Pujol seems melancholy beside the latest exploits of Edward S. Kiger.

Kiger during the war was a "wonder man" in the United States Shipping Board's \$4,000,000 Emergency Fleet Corporation.

He called himself "Chief Traffic Engineer," received \$200 a week and was worth every penny of it—earned the nickname of "Tiger" and when the corporation wanted a difficult task accomplished it used to say: "Sit em, Tiger!" and the job was accomplished.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's son-in-law, Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr., happened to bite the dust before Mr. Kiger on one occasion.

He "commandeered" locomotives and had the famous express train the Congressional Limited stopped at a small station in order to permit a friend to alight.

The investigation of the Shipping Board by Congress now discloses the amazing fact that this "wonder man" is an ex-convict with a long record of crime, a score or more of aliases, and the ability to change his face at will, and so escape identification.

This king of "confidence" men had been missing since April, when he was released under \$1000 bail from Bellevue Hospital, where he had been sent from the Borden Prison because of illness while awaiting trial.

He has now been discovered, however, in his new role of superintendent of the Kimberly Photograph Company in Perthamby, New Jersey, the president of the company declaring that his five months' record there is perfect.

The following is a skeleton record of Kiger's career. Born in Virginia about 1885, he graduated from Washington University, Virginia, with degrees of mechanical and civil engineer. In 1906 he was arrested in Pittsburgh under an alias, and he acted under a charge of obtaining money under false pretences by refunding in 1908 he was again arrested, but he was charged under a fresh alias, but escaped custody while bail was being arranged. In 1911 under a third alias he was again arrested, but he was discharged on a technicality. Later in the same year a further charge was preferred against him, but he vanished before the case came to trial.

In 1912 he was called on at St. Louis to answer another charge of obtaining money by false pretences, but he was discharged on a technicality. Later in the same year a further charge was preferred against him, but he vanished before the case came to trial.

In 1913 he was "wanted" for a bank fraud at Trenton, Kansas City and Williamsport.

In 1914 he was convicted before a Detroit court on a charge of motor car swindling, and sentenced to five years in a House of Detention. Three years later he was released for good behavior, and within three weeks he had become an employee of the Shipping Board at a salary of \$190 a month, soon increased to \$200, with the self-chosen title of "Chief Traffic Engineer."

During the present year Kiger was kept in Borden Prison on an old swindling indictment. He was sent to Bellevue Hospital because of illness, released from that institution on a technicality, and disappeared. He then turned up as superintendent of the Kimberly Photograph Company, where he has been since June 1.

tion of the people buying American-made goods. If we could only get them to stop and think it would mean a great deal.

"Another thing is the condition of the money market and exchange rate of course affects export trade. United foreign countries are in such shape that they can take care of themselves. It will take time to get matters back into shape. I do feel that we in Canada have a great deal to learn from those turned out by foreign countries. But we do not go after them as we might. Canada is self-satisfied to take what trade comes her way instead of going after it as they do across the line."

Mr. Alderson has no hobbies—he has no time for any. His greatest relaxation is to get into a suit of old clothes and "potter around" last Thursday night for example. He dressed down and spent most of the day cutting down dead trees on some property of his on King street, Toronto.

Team Work
HOW do the less beautiful stenographers succeed in getting jobs? "Well, say I send you a beauty this week."

"Yes."

"She marries her employer in a couple of months. Then she turns the job over to one of her plainer classmates."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WHAT'S AGE, ANYWAY?

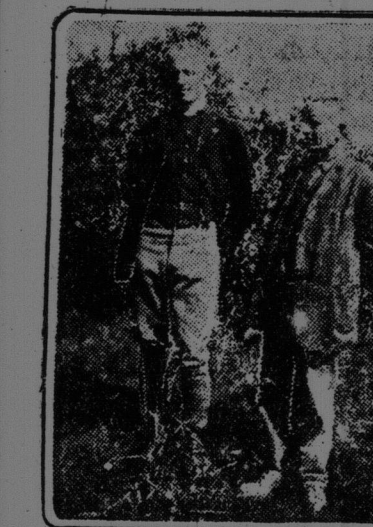
IT'S never too late to vote! says Mrs. Elizabeth Davidson of Oklahoma, registering for the first time and giving her age in clear, unhesitating tones, "One hundred ten years!"

"Not to retire from business," declares Mrs. Elizabeth Davidson, England's oldest telephone girl, retiring from active duty at the age of eighty.

"Not to take a vacation if you've earned it," adds "Mother Piffers" coming out of Alaska at the age of seventy for a vacation from welding the pick and shovel, stating claims and helping the inexperienced miner get a start.—Pictorial Review.

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



Rev. W. A. Giddes, B.A. (left) returned chaplain missionary to Indians of British Columbia, and W. D. Young, lay missionary.

BISHOP OF YUKON A UNIQUE CLERIC

Went From Toronto to Arctic Circle the Day He Became a Minister.

HAS EATEN HIS BOOTS

Right Rev. Isaac Stringer and his wife have had a wonderful life in far North.

By KATHRYN MUNRO.
IN the spring of 1922, five years before the Klondike gold rush, there was graduated in arts at Princeton University, Virginia, with degrees of mechanical and civil engineer. In 1906 he was arrested in Pittsburgh under an alias, and he acted under a charge of obtaining money under false pretences by refunding in 1908 he was again arrested, but he was charged under a fresh alias, but escaped custody while bail was being arranged. In 1911 under a third alias he was again arrested, but he was discharged on a technicality. Later in the same year a further charge was preferred against him, but he vanished before the case came to trial.

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Rt. Rev. L. O. Stringer, D.D., Bishop of Yukon.

the stout-hearted adventurers who came and dared the perils of virgin trails and death-dealing rapids that pulse through the vast, unbroken northland. The unwritten story of the grim hazards and appalling odds that faced civilized men in the early days from Skagway north across the uncharted solitudes is much more wonderful than any legendry.

During certain months of the year the only way out of the Arctic coast country is by white boat, traveling north, then down the west coast through the Behring Straits, and on to San Francisco. Several years ago Bishop and Mrs. Stringer made this trip in eighty-one days!

Last summer Bishop Stringer visited his large diocese, traveling continuously on a journey of 2,000 miles, visiting the missions of the Yukon and confirming and ordaining at different points. The trip from Dawson to the Yukon River, to Fort Yukon, on the Alaskan side, then along the Porcupine River to "Tampart" house, an old trading post, and "Old Crow," another trading post, where there is a settlement of Indians; one hundred miles across the Rocky Mountain Divide, on to Fort McPherson, and down the delta of the Mackenzie to Shingle Point and on to Herschel Island.

An old pocket journal, dated 1909, tells the following story: Accompanied by an assistant worker, Mr. C. F. Johnson, Bishop Stringer started on what proved to be the most perilous journey in his experience. Skirting the Arctic Ocean eastward for several hundred miles toward the mouth of the Mackenzie River his plan was to proceed upstream to the Great Divide, cross-country to the Porcupine River, down the Porcupine to Fort Yukon, and up the Yukon River to Dawson.

On the first day of October Bishop Stringer and his companion found themselves on a lost trail somewhere in the Peel River country, with rations almost gone. Day after day they trudged wearily along, growing steadily weaker from lack of food and forced marches. They sighted no game. A snared rabbit and a chance ptarmigan boiled over sappy willow branches were sparingly "fed out." On her 10th day they were only two rifle cartridges left, and their last square of chocolate gone. To quote direct:

"Sunday, Oct. 17th—Traveled 15 miles. Made supper of toasted rawhide sealskin boots (called muskrat licks). Palatable. Food encouraged licks. Oct. 18th—Traveled 10 miles. Made supper of my sealskin boot, boiled and toasted for supper. Used sole first. Set rabbit snare."

"Why not ask him," said Nickle "let's talk of something else. I'd like some time to tell you the exact reason why I didn't join Drury. His offer was the greatest compliment I ever received. I agree with him that a Farmers' party can't long carry a Government in Ontario. The fact is our party conditions are all in a state of flux. If I'm a Conservative, which I some times doubt, I'm a radical Conservative. A radical Conservative has no business to lead a party that hinders for the old partisan trimmings. Really I think I'm too independent to be a Canadian politician, even if I had the ability."

"Sometimes I've even told I've got too much brains to have been offered a Cabinet seat by Sir Robert Borden. George McCraney of Saskatoon told me several times I ought to be in the political arena, even if I had the ability."

"I don't know that I'd put it that way either. At all events, I received a Cabinet seat by Sir Robert Borden. George McCraney of Saskatoon told me several times I ought to be in the political arena, even if I had the ability."

"I like everybody that's clean. It's curious though how near you may be to men in Parliament and how little you may know them. I sat in the Commons from 1911 to 1913 with Ernest Lapointe before I met him personally. I got to know him after the Union election of 1917 which appeared to have done more to smother the French than anything that happened for forty years. But it was directly after the new Parliament met that a unprecedented thing happened. Several private dinners took place at which French and English from both sides of the House met purposefully to talk over their relationship to each other, as Canadian citizens who cared for their country."

"You were one of them, of course?"

"Why of course? But I was one of them and most interesting meeting they were. One of two of our fellows were flustered by what they heard I wasn't because though I hadn't met Lapointe I had come to see that the bilingual question is more national than Provincial just as a bull on your neck is more a matter of the blood in you than of the body. It is a local irritation under your collar. In 1916 I had spoken against the bi-lingual resolution Lapointe had moved though I didn't take the same ground as my French neighbor, Dr. Edwards. We've a good deal to learn from the French and they've something to learn from us, I think. They were with me to a man on titles, three

"Your own statement is plenty for me," I said, and Nickle continued: "I told them it was out of the question. General Ross was my very close personal friend. When his wife died tragically in England his family stayed with us till he was through with the war. He had joined the French Cabinet just before the war. He liked political fighting which I detest. I flatly refused to consider rivalry with him, and they were away."

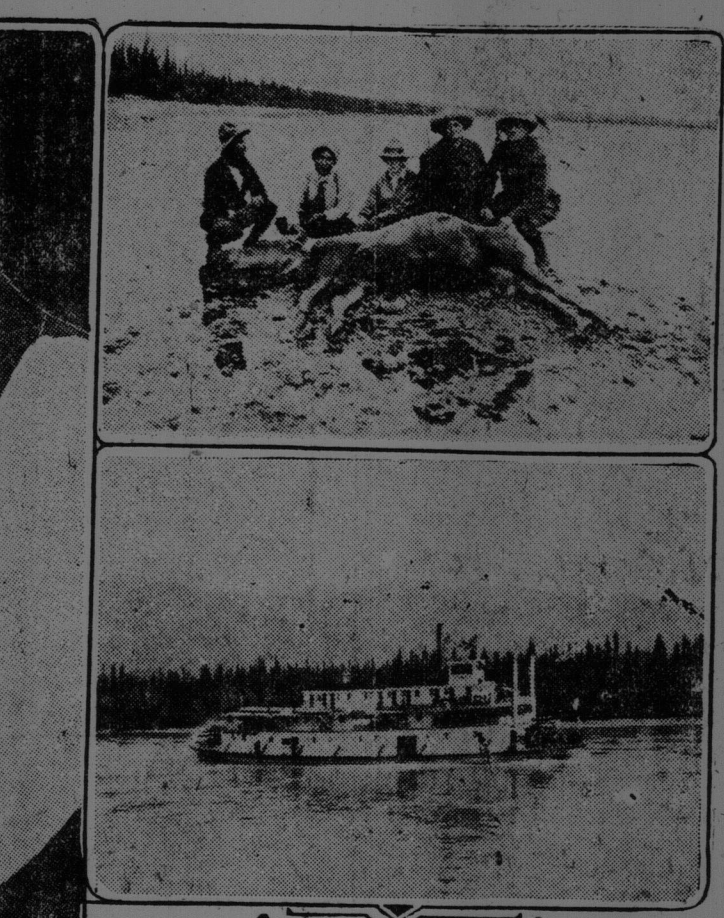
"Didn't they know General Ross wasn't a ghost of a chance?" I enquired.

"They didn't say so."

"And didn't they go to him to say what was for the good of the party?"

"I didn't advise them to see him and naturally they didn't. In my opinion after what they had heard, I'll hazard a guess that they didn't think of it. Joe's a Fergusonian, or I miss my bet."

"But don't you know I'm in private life and haven't anything of public interest to say?"



Above—Bishop Stringer, wife and party after a lucky shot. Next day the moose was divided among a band of starving Indians. Below—River boat "Casca" carrying tourists to Fort Yukon.

This was the last entry made. A little later they heard children's voices in the distance and saw houses a mile away. Bishop Stringer had lost 50 pounds in twenty-one days.

The unusual hardship, and privations endured by Bishop and Mrs. Stringer and their devotion to the primitive peoples of the north reached the ears of royalty, and when Bishop and Mrs. Stringer related England a few years ago they were invited to dine with the King and Queen, who were much interested in learning more about the Canadian northland.

The privilege of an interview with Bishop Stringer reveals a man of marked personality. Of modest self opinion with an serene simplicity of manner that has no trace of official formality, and the habit of commending the deeds of others rather than his own.

W. H. Fairchild. A cold wind blew from the waters. Suddenly, Fairchild and a particular pal had a happy thought. A sick Indian in a vapor tent of his own making with a white man's bottle at his side had inspired their notion. The red man had sealed up his tepee, and then had dashed water against a heated stone, a Turkish bath resulting.

Well, Fairchild and his friend dug a hole, filled it with red-hot rocks, and then replaced the earth to the depth of a few inches. With their tent over the warm bed, they donned their sweaters, rolled up in their blankets and—

But the red hot stones and congealed moisture in the soil ran the mercury and the humidity so such a height that they doffed everything but their underwear and, finally, sat out on their blankets in the chilly night to cool off.

If Mr. Fairchild doesn't understand heating who does?

His Father
SCHOOLMASTER: "What is your father?"

New Boy: "Dead."

Schoolmaster: "No, not what was he?"

New Boy: "Buried."

Schoolmaster: "Not Before that, I mean?"

New Boy: "Alive, sir!"

years ago, since when Canada has refused to be re-knighted.

"In that you were a revolutionist; not the typical leader of a Conservative party that stands for continued appeals to the Privy Council."

Nickle laughed once more. "I'm a democrat," he said, "but I wouldn't have passed the order-in-Council the Government did in March 1918 without first getting a vote of the Commons. Al I wanted to do was to stop any more needless titles. The Cabinet told the King he had better find means of taking the necessary quantity out of honors he had already bestowed—the blindest interference with the royal prerogative we have seen since William the Third accepted the Declaration of Rights, but I'm becoming historical, and here's Mr. Nickle. Don't give me away to her."

I merely told Mrs. Nickle what I really thought of her husband who gaily ranks himself among the men who are in love with their wives.

The reader will not take too literally the observations of leaving men about themselves recorded by Mr. Longue Ben, but will understand that they are what the speakers would be likely to say conversationally.

How Baden-Powell Picked Out His Wife

Read Her Character From the Way She Placed Her Feet.

SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, the Chief Scout, speaking at a women's educational conference in London, said that in tracking it was important to read the character of the person who made the tracks, and for years it had been his pastime to watch people putting their feet down and in that way to judge their characters.

"It was by that method of testing and examination that I chose my wife," he said. "And I was not wrong. She has proved the best wife I ever had."

Forty-three per cent of women tread on the inside of one foot and on the outside of the other which, read in the light of the rules of the trackers of the African desert, meant that they were emotional and impulsive.

Sir Robert married in 1912, Miss Olave Soames, a Dorsetshire girl.

Heating Plant Worked Too Well

Galt's Retiring Civic Engineer Tells Good Story on Himself.

ALTO Ontario with its great war record, and its policy of progress during a long peace, hasn't installed a community heating system—at least not yet.

But when that comes W. H. Fairchild, who has resigned as city engineer to devote all his time to public utilities, will be in his element.

As Mr. Fairchild tells the story, there can be no harm in repeating it here.

In 1901 Mr. Fairchild, an old Hudson Bay settler, twenty miles north of Birgin Falls on the east shore of Lake Nipigon.

He and his party were on some mining stunt or other. The month

was September. A cold wind blew from the waters. Suddenly, Fairchild and a particular pal had a happy thought. A sick Indian in a vapor tent of his own making with a white man's bottle at his side had inspired their notion. The red man had sealed up his tepee, and then had dashed water against a heated stone, a Turkish bath resulting.

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