

BIG GUNS OF THE
TORONTO SYNOD

Hon. S. H. Blake the Most Mil-
itant Lawyer Ever Called
to Church's Councils.

BISHOP A STICKLER

For Proper Ceremonial—Chan-
cellor Worrell a Wise Man
—Provost Macklem.

It is scarcely too much to say that the Toronto Anglican Synod would not be the Toronto Anglican Synod without the presence of the Hon. S. H. Blake, surely the most militant layman whom the Church ever called to her councils. For he it is who gives to the Synod of the Diocese a quality all its own. Even the bitterest of his opponents—and so doughty a fighter as he is certainly not without them—is constrained to admit that he imparts a liveliness to their proceedings which is, perhaps, not all unwelcome. He speaks long, and often, and well. And, it may be added, not all of his speeches have much savor of that judicial atmosphere amid which he, at one time, moved, though they show all the trained lawyer's capability for exposing the weak points of an opponent's case. For a man of so kindly a heart he can exhibit a remarkable acerbity in controversy. Mr. Blake is emphatically a Low Churchman—Romanism and Ritualism are both abhorrent to him. But he is also one who abhors equally what is known as "higher criticism"—such phrases as "the old truths of Christianity have need to be re-stated in a modern way" never fail to arouse his ire. And there are some Low Church members of the Synod who have, or are thought to have, more than a little sympathy with



Hon. S. H. Blake.

the conclusions of the "higher critics." Thus it comes about that when, for a space, Mr. Blake is able to give Romanism and Ritualism a rest, he can belabor those of the Low Church school of thought who do not take their stand on quite so literal a sense of the Bible as he does.

Bishop and Chancellor

The present Bishop of Toronto, Dr. Swercy, was elected, on his election to his office, as a moderate Low Churchman. But the pronouncement in which he, in conjunction with the rest of the Bishops of Eastern Canada, recently denounced the steps advocated by certain of the Anglican clergy as making for union with other religious bodies, has lately caused many people to revise this opinion of him. The Bishop, who, by virtue of office, presides over the Synod, is a great stickler for having everything done "decently and in order." During his predecessor's time, when an ecclesiastical procession or function was in progress, things were sometimes done without much regard to due ceremonial. But the present Bishop has altered all that. Every cleric in his proper place is now the order of the day, and an order of procession has been drawn up so that each cleric may know with certainty where that proper place is. The Chancellor of the Diocese, Dr. Worrell, is another prominent member of the Synod. He was recently described to The Star Weekly by a clergyman well placed for knowing whereof he spoke, as "a remarkably wise man whose influence for moderation is much felt." He's a lawyer, but comes of a clerical family, his father having been a canon and his brother being Bishop of Nova Scotia. He has a firm grip on all the legal regulations which constitute so large a part in the working of the Synod. He is distinctly



Bishop Swercy.

a man who impregnates peace among the contending schools of thought in the Church.

Two High Churchmen

PROVOST MACKLEM, of Trinity College, is perhaps the leader of the High Church party in the Synod. He is considered a long-headed man,

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

DELIGHT ON MEN AND WOMEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE

OUR KING AND QUEEN AT THE
GERMAN ROYAL WEDDING

THE latest photograph of King George of England and his consort, Queen Mary, taken May 24, at the wedding of the Kaiser's only daughter, Princess Victoria Luise, to Prince Ernst of Cumberland. The King, in honor of the occasion, is dressed in the uniform of a German cuirassier. The dress worn by the Queen is of cloth of gold with a long train of the same material. Her Majesty wore a diamond tiara and ropes of magnificent diamonds round the neck, with a diamond pendant composed of two enormous stones.

and is remarkably astute and sagacious in debate. On various occasions Mr. Blake and he have crossed words in the Synod; for the former is no admirer of the type of theological education which is imparted at Trinity College and is not always at pains to conceal his lack of admiration for it. Another High Churchman—a moderate High Churchman—is the Rev. E. C. Cayley, Rural Dean of Toronto. He has before now stood up fairly to Mr. Blake—a somewhat formidable undertaking—and one which not every High Church member of the Synod is ready for, or capable of—and with very considerable success. Mr. Cayley is well liked generally. He is a man of very broad mind, and does not favor the Church's taking a rigorous line, as a church, in the direction of repression and restriction with regard to matters which are in the position of what may be called "open questions." For instance, in the discussion as to Sunday slides, he took the view that the question was one for decision by the civil authorities and that it was not the part of the church to take cognizance of the matter. As chaplain for several years in the Queen's Own, Mr. Cayley may be considered a soldier as well as a cleric.

The Unity Question

VARIOUS circumstances have conspired to make the question of the possibility or otherwise of closer relations between the Anglican and other communions one of especial interest just now. And Canon Plumpré has taken a foremost part among the clergy who are trying to bring about such relations. He is a definite Low Churchman of the Liberal school, and, as a speaker on these matters, he is definite and scholarly and convincing. Canon Plumpré can be very resolute in support of the principles which he has at heart, and a closer union between Anglicanism and other bodies professing Christianity is very near to him. Another Low Churchman who must gain, and is, in fact, gaining an increasing influence in the diocese is the Rev. Dyson Hague of the Church of the Epiphany, Toronto. He also holds strong views on the desirability of less aloofness on the part of the Church of England in relation to other churches. But with regard to the unity question generally, it may be remarked that there are very strong forces in the Diocese of Toronto, as elsewhere which are very far from sharing the views of Canon Plumpré or Mr. Hague on this matter, and with certain notable exceptions, the Anglican laity do not seem very articulate with regard to it—at any rate, in public.

GILMOUR'S HUMOR

WARDEN GILMOUR, of the Central Prison, who has recently been in the limelight as one of the witnesses in the Hanna-Whitney charges, is described by one of his friends as a "Methodist with a sense of humor." His weakness for jokes was well illustrated recently. The warden was taking a car full of passengers from the Central Prison in Toronto to the Prison Farm in Guelph. His charges were quiet and well-behaved, and at Streetsville Dr. Gilmour felt confident enough to leave them to the care of a couple of assistants, while he himself stepped out to the platform of the car to have a rest. He was soon accosted by a bucolic-looking individual who boarded the train and expressed a desire to have a seat in the car watched over by the doctor.

"You can't go in there," warned Dr. Gilmour, but did not take the trouble to explain the prohibition. "I'd like to know why I can't," snarled the stranger. "Haven't I a perfect right to a seat in there?"

"No, you haven't," was the reply. "That car is only for gentlemen." This seemed to the passenger all the more reason for getting in, and the dispute on the platform continued until the conductor came along, and explained what kind of gentlemen the doctor was referring to.

THE FAT IN THE FIRE

SIR GEORGE REID, High Commissioner for Australia, is well known for his geniality, his bulk, and his ready tongue. Talking to him not long since, a correspondent asked him had he ever found himself at a loss for a back-answer. "Well," he said, "I was fairly nonplussed one day at a political meeting 'down-under.' It was near the close of my last campaign, and I remarked that I thought of retiring from politics, as I felt I was fast nearing that bourne from which no traveler returns. Upon which a voice at the back of the hall observed sarcastically, 'My word, the fat will be in the fire then, George!'" Glancing down at his ample waistcoat, the portly High Commissioner continued, "The roar of



Sir George H. Reid.

laughter that greeted this sally was homeric. I faced it for a few moments, but nothing effective by way of reply occurred to me, and I sat down—absolutely 'flummoxed' for, I think, the first time in my life."

GREAT BELGIAN LEADER

M. VANDERVELDE, the leader of the Belgian Socialists, is adroit, intelligent, a man of taste, in touch with all modern views (so fluid and so widely tolerant), a "leader" who keeps his position by skillfully adapting himself to his party's desires. You must not think that because he calls himself "Socialist" that he has a hoarse voice and believes in all sharing alike. He is a barrister, and very well off. He lives in the Mayfair of Brussels. In England his political opinions would be considered mildly Radical. Mr. Fyfe, of the London Mail, says of him: "He gained his position in Parliament and the country by his eloquence. As I sat and talked with him in his snug little room, a Rodin statuette on the mantelpiece, a few quite 'modern' pictures on the walls, every detail of decoration and furniture expressing the new spirit which demands clear space, light and air, as I listened to his lucid sketch of the situation, I was charmed by his frank manner, his admirably turned phrases. He wears a trim 'naval officer's' beard. His fine dark eyes are aided by a pince-nez. It did not need the numerous English and German books on his shelves or the fact that his wife is English to tell me that he was a citizen of the world."

CARVELL'S "BULL"

MIXED metaphor is one of Parliament's perennial enjoyments, and the best "bulls" live in the Parliamentary annals for decades. Many distinguished members have been enrolled in the list of those who have furnished amusement to the House by the careless twisting of a sentence. It fell to the lot of Mr. F. B. Carvell to head the collection of "good things" which characterizes the present session. The fighting New Brunswick member was making his notable speech, enunciating what he held to be the Liberal policy. "Reciprocity is dead and buried," vouchsafed a Conservative member, interrupting. "Then we will resurrect the corpse and nail it to the mast-head," replied the member for Carleton, amid the customary roar of laughter.

THE GOULD MILLIONS

MR. George J. Gould, the head of the Gould family, is a millionaire who is conscious of the responsibilities entailed by great wealth. He has a family of six children, and they are all being trained for definite careers, though in the course of time they will inherit millions of money between them.

The story of how the Goulds amassed wealths partakes of a romantic nature. Jay Gould, the founder of the family fortune, started life at fifteen as a store clerk. He worked from six in the morning until ten at night, and in order to improve his education he was accustomed to rise at three in the morning. In this manner he acquir-



George J. Gould.

ed a knowledge of mathematics, and secured a post as assistant to a surveyor. Gradually he acquired a sum of \$500, and with this capital he started on his own as a maker of maps. His work was of such an accurate nature that ere long he found his capital had increased to a round \$5,000. Then he migrated to New York and became a leather merchant.

For years he struggled along until his great chance came. The Erie Railroad was on the brink of ruin, but Jay Gould saw that if properly worked it could be made into a prosperous concern. He succeeded, in conjunction with two partners, in securing sufficient capital to buy up the stock, and in a short space of time they had made five millions between them out of the railroad. Jay Gould continued to buy up neglected railways, and eventually made his pile.

At his death he left fifteen millions to his eldest son, George, whilst his four other children received ten millions each. It was laid down in the will that George Gould should look after the money, and so successfully has he done this that he has increased the family pile to one hundred millions.

UNANSWERABLE

IT fell to the lot of Mr. David A. LaFortune, the eloquent French-Canadian member for Montreal, to submit to the House one Friday night an unanswerable argument against the Borden naval proposals and the construction of three Dreadnoughts by Canada in the British shipyards.

"Of what use," he enquired dramatically, "of what use to Canada would be



D. A. LaFortune, M.P.

our railways if they were constructed in England?"

"You have us there," put in Hon. Mr. Pelletier, amid laughter.

SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE
AND HIS FAMILY AT BOSTON

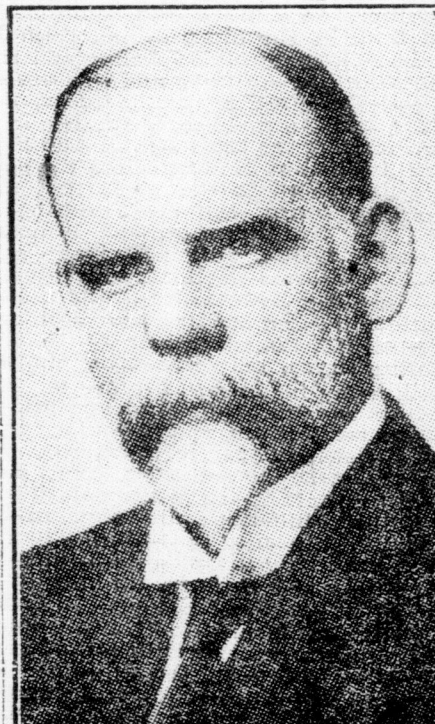
LATEST photograph of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the new Ambassador from England to Washington, and his family, taken aboard the SS. Franconia on her arrival at Boston, June 5. The family of the Ambassador will have their home at Dublin, New Hampshire, near the summer capital chosen by President Wilson. From left to right—Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, Lady Spring-Rice, Betty (age 7), Anthony (age 4), and Viscount Campden, an attaché of the British Embassy.

THE DUKE GOT WET

THE Duke of Norfolk's kindness towards the aged residents at Arundel is proverbial. A typical example of his good nature occurred when he arrived one day at Arundel Station from London. It was raining heavily, and the Duke noticed sheltering beneath the station porch an old woman who was so feeble that she was almost unable to stand. The Duke, seeing her plight, took her by the arm, and led her towards the carriage which was awaiting him. He assisted her in, and, closing the door, said to his coachman, "Take her to her home. I will walk." His Grace eventually reached Arundel Castle soaked to the skin.

A HINT IS ENOUGH

DR. MICHAEL CLARK was a guest at a private dinner one evening, and the perpetual subject of "the emergency" came up for discussion. The epigrammatic Red Deer man was sitting next to a young lady during the discussion, in the course of which one of the guests quoted in support of his



Dr. Michael Clark

contention the ancient proverb: "Si vis pacem para bellum."

"Well, if I wanted peace I wouldn't get things ready to fight with," observed the young lady. "I'd prepare for peace."

The doctor said nothing, but the young lady, sitting next day in the Speaker's gallery of the House of Commons, was surprised to hear him in an earnest exposition of her theory, and a paraphrasing of the quotation to "Si vis pacem para pacem."

RYAN'S JOKE

ARCHBISHOP RYAN once attended a dinner given him by the citizens of Philadelphia, and a brilliant company of men was present. Among others were the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; ex-Attorney-General MacVeagh, counsel for the road, and other prominent railroad men.

Mr. MacVeagh, in talking to the guest of the evening, said: "Your Grace, among others you see here a great many railroad men. There is a peculiarity of railroad men that even on social occasions you will find that they always take their lawyer with them. That is why I am here. They never go anywhere without their counsel. Now, they have nearly everything that I want, but I have a suggestion to make to you for an exchange with us. We can give free passes on all the railroads of the country. Now, if you would only give us, say, a free pass to Paradise by way of exchange."

"Ah, no," said his Grace, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "that would never do. I would not like to separate them from their counsel."

THE NEW KITCHENER

ON September 28, 1911, Lord Kitchener arrived in Egypt to fill the post of British Minister. Whatever may have been the case elsewhere, it cannot be said that the appointment was viewed with approbation in Egypt," writes the Cairo correspondent of the Manchester Guardian.

"The tasks which confronted Lord Kitchener on reaching these shores required careful handling. Apart from the nationalist agitation, the chief task was the pacification of a religious feud between Moslems and Copts. With an art which displayed great insight into character he settled their differences, and, thanks to him, they are now once more living, as heretofore, upon terms of amity. There remained amongst them a grievance of another kind over which even in the heat of their controversy they were united. Though avowedly a rich and intelligent portion of the community they were underrepresented on the Council of Ministers. This ground of complaint has now been removed by the appointment of a Minister professing the Coptic creed.

"A still greater surprise awaited us. Lord Kitchener revealed a side of his character which had been studiously withheld from public cognizance. The man of 'blood and iron' had undergone a complete transformation. To everyone he was urbane and cordiality personified. Those amongst the natives who had grievances flocked in their hundreds to Kase-el-Doucharah, and no one was turned away without a patient and considerate hearing. Society, too, which is here more composite in nationality than perhaps elsewhere, acknowledges its debt to Lord Kitchener's hospitality. Never before has the Agency been so frequently crowded with callers, nor have dinners, balls, and receptions followed in such rapid succession.

"No less remarkable are his achievements in legislation and administration, though, as might well be expected where conflicting interests are at stake, they have not always met with unqualified approval."

NOYES' SORE POINT

ALFRED NOYES has the reputation of being the only poet who can make a living out of poetry. But he explained recently that he wished it to be understood that his poems were not putting him in the millionaire class. He added: "While my poems afford me a competence, I am still hit hard by the story of Mrs. Blanco."

"Who is that young man who is paying you such marked attention?" Mrs. Blanco, a society leader, asked her daughter.

"He is a poet, mother," the young girl replied.

"Gracious!" cried the mother. "And can you, a millionaire's daughter, seriously contemplate throwing yourself away on a starveling poet?"

"Oh," said the young girl, "you don't understand. He isn't an ordinary poet. He writes poetical advertisements."

"My darling," said the mother, "ring him up at once. I'll ask him to our week-end house party."

COMPENSATION

ONE of the Irish members of Britain's Parliament recently told the following amusing story. An old peasant and his wife were discussing the "natural law of compensation." "Just fancy," exclaimed Bridget, "according to this paper, when a man loses an ear he sins another gets more developed." "Sure an' it's quite true," said Pat. "O've noticed it myself. When a man has one leg shorter the other's longer."

JUDGE MORSON HAS
A MIND OF HIS OWN

When He Upset "Deborah" Conviction He Did Not Surprise Those Who Knew Him.

HE IS A SPEED ARTIST

Like Colonel Denison—Ever on the Guard Against Injustice—Is Popular.

By R. K. M.

THE condemnation in Toronto of the play "Deborah" by Magistrate Denison as immoral, and its rehabilitation by Judge Morson, to whom an appeal was made, as a drama teaching a great moral lesson, has focussed the public eye for the moment on Judge Morson. But he has been a rather interesting study to lawyers and litigants for some years. So far as externals go, his Honor is a tall, lean, greyish, elderly man. His voice is somewhat less dulcet than Caruso's, and, in fact, like the questions he asks, it is sharp and penetrating. He impresses an occasional person as irascible, but the longer you know him the less importance you attach to this first impression.

Judge Morson is a Division Court Judge. Had fate so willed, he might have been a High Court judge, but the fact remains that he holds sway in the Division Court of Toronto instead. He is almost as noted in his sphere as Police Magistrate Denison is in his. Col. Denison convicted the "Deborah" players; Judge Morson took off the ban. They have differed on "Deborah," but their methods on the bench are not unlike.

Magistrate Denison dispenses with red tape. If you except the bailiff on his Honor's left, Judge Morson waives fuss and feathers. Col. Denison isn't alarmed when somebody says "Law" to him, but Judge Morson treats precedent, without worshipping it, with rather more respect. The magistrate has been reported as saying that he does not know too much law, and is glad of it. Judge Morson may not see



Judge Morson.

much reason for joy in such an admission.

Both Speed Artists

COL. DENISON has been blamed at times for the despatch with which he has won off the calendar. Judge Morson too has a robust contempt for time, and is no mean exponent of the art. "Judge Morson's court is not opened when the clock strikes and closed when it ceases to chime. His jurisdiction is not limited by the clock. He is a mere student to appear and plead. If he were to venture to rise in a High or Supreme Court a judge would say, 'and that is all that I do not see the gentleman.'"

"Not only does Judge Morson see the point, but he listens to him. His Honor may not hear in a case. Indeed, his bench may question the logic of the embryonic bar."

But lawyers, whether novices or the finished product, are not wholly intimidated by Judge Morson. Indeed, they are sufficiently to probe for himself, and if he is not satisfied with the dialogue between questioner and questioned, he does not hesitate to help himself, so to speak.

Judge Morson can get to the root of a matter and give judgment with or without costs in, say, three minutes. While the average life of a hearing may be longer than that, Judge Morson is credited with having saved a good deal of time, besides chopping costs, since his elevation to the bench in 1891.

He Is a Lawyer, Too

JUDGE MORSON is a lawyer, too. He collects no fees, but when a litigant has no counsel, his Honor sees that he does not suffer from the omission. A laborer sues a former employer for alleged wrongful dismissal. The claimant tells his story, and the defendant's lawyer attacks the story. "Mr. Blank," says the Judge to the counsel, "you know that your client has no right to dismiss this man as he did dismiss him. I am going to give this man judgment for the full amount, and I wish it were more."

A lawyer attempts a little "fishing" to pick up the case as it proceeds. "Some of you counsel need to be shown how to prepare a case," rebukes the judge, or, if a witness is confused, his Honor says, "Stand aside, please, and let me ask a few questions for myself."

Morson is the family name. This judge was christened Frederick Morley. He is in his 50th year. He was a great cyclist years ago. He is an angler to-day, and interested in the observance of the fish and game laws. He enjoys an afternoon at the Woodbine, and he plays a good hand of whist. He is a clubman, too. While minus Judge Morson's patriarchal white beard Judge Morson is humanitarian in his sympathies.

ANECDOTES WANTED.

The Star Weekly wants anecdotes about Toronto and Canadian affairs for this page, and will pay one dollar for every one that is accepted and printed. The only conditions are that the stories must be true and must not exceed 200 words in length.