

ESTIMATES OF
CHAMBERLAIN

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his fortunes on that side of the political field to which, up to that time, he had proclaimed himself to belong, and it never occurred to us to think of him as the associate of Tory dukes, as a leading member of a Tory Government, and as the champion of Tory principles. Men have in all ages changed their political faith without exciting the world's wonder. Mr. Gladstone began as a Tory, and grew by slow degrees into a Radical. Two or three public men in our own days who began as moderate Liberals have gradually turned into moderate Tories. But Mr. Chamberlain's conversion was not like any of these. It was accomplished with a suddenness that seemed to belong to the days when miracles were yet worked upon the earth. Mr. Chamberlain may well feel proud in the consciousness that the close attention of the political world will follow with eager curiosity his further career.

WHEN STILL A LIBERAL.

In Wemyss Reid's book, "Politicians of Today," published in 1880, before Mr. Chamberlain became a Minister of the Crown in Mr. Gladstone's administration of 1880-1885, there is a curiously critical analysis of the Birmingham M. P., as a man who had modified his Radicalism. His early attitude on socialistic questions was extreme and even arrogant. "It was not a little disappointing to those who knew something of the good work he was doing at Birmingham in those years when he was still without a seat in the House of Commons, to find that on questions of national policy he showed so much of the offensive self-complacency and bitter censoriousness of which I have spoken. When, for example, in wooing the electors of Sheffield, the young man, who was evidently burning with the desire for political distinction, declared that it was a matter of indifference to him whether he succeeded or not, he necessarily made himself ridiculous in the eyes of all who could see through so flimsy and useless a piece of affectation. But the manner in which he assailed nearly all the ablest and the best men of the Liberal party was even more injurious to his reputation than was the marvelous self-confidence which distinguished his public appearances. Mr. Gladstone was sneered at as a man who had done some good in his day. But whose day was evidently past; Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Love, Mr. Forster, Mr. Baxter, et hoc genus omne of common-place Liberalism, had the misfortune to fall under the lash of this superior person, who took upon himself to denounce the motives as well as the action of men of whom he really knew very little, and whom the world at large regarded—and still regards—as being by no means his inferiors in their qualifications for political life.

"Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Chamberlain's friends were very angry when anybody at that time ventured to deal out to him something of the measure which he dealt out so freely to better men than himself. His name, as I have just remarked, had become the shibboleth of provincial Radicalism, and those who declined to pronounce it the most orthodox fashion, and with the proper degree of respect, found themselves assailed as traitors to the Radical cause, and agents or dupes for the Tory party. Even this fact did not, however, hinder most Liberals from resenting the offensive superciliousness of Mr. Chamberlain's manner towards the reorganized leaders of his party; and the result was that for a time the young Birmingham politician found himself in rather a 'hot corner' in the controversies of the day.

"It is necessary to recall these facts in order to arrive at a true conception of the character and career of the member for Birmingham. There is still, apparently, a belief in some quarters that he has been in some undefined manner a martyr to his principles, and that he had received harsh and unfair treatment at the hands of those who ought to have encouraged and patronized his political aspirations. As a matter of fact, nothing can be more unfounded than this idea. True, Mr. Chamberlain has had to struggle against prejudices; but they were prejudices for the creation of which he alone was responsible. It

is true, again, that he has received some hard blows in the political battles in which he has taken part; but in every case they have been given in return for the equally hard knocks dealt by himself. So far from having reason to complain of ill-treatment at the hands of those above him, in the ranks of his party, he has every ground for feeling profoundly grateful for the manner in which he has been received.

"Long ago, at the time when, as candidate for Sheffield, he was posing before the world as the heaven-appointed leader of the future, it was suggested that when he got into parliament he would discover that, as there were brave men before Agamemnon, so there had been Liberal statesmen before Mr. Chamberlain. And, happily, this prophecy has been fulfilled. The 'terrible young Radical' who charged Mr. Gladstone with having 'disfigured' all his great measures by concessions on important points, and who held that the last Liberal administration was overthrown, not because it had gone farther than the country at the moment wished, but because it had not gone far enough or fast enough, has learned some useful lessons on the floor of the House of Commons. He no longer regards a Conservative administration with the favor which he bestowed upon it when he believed that a moderate Liberal was the worst enemy a Radical could meet. He is no longer prepared to denounce any compromise as an act of treason or principle. As a consequence, he has probably learned to regret some of his earlier utterances, and to take kinder and more liberal views of the men whom he once denounced so vigorously. And the House of Commons, in return, has taken by no means unkindly to Mr. Chamberlain. It sees in him neither the Minibean nor the Marat of any coming political and social struggle, but simply a man of considerable ability, who has made politics a study, who has had large practical experience in the manipulation of parties and the administration of local affairs, who has a decided talent for organization, and who has not shown himself to be so hopelessly wedded to any impracticable policy as to be willing to sacrifice to theory his prospects of promotion to a seat on the treasury bench."

"His political program, as formulated by himself, under the title of 'Free Church, Free Land, Free Schools and Free Labor,' is neither original nor extreme. Almost all its various points had been adopted by most Liberals before Mr. Chamberlain, with some hesitation, proclaimed it afresh in the pages of The Fortnightly Review. On the other hand, the practical work he has actually accomplished or attempted since he entered parliament has, like his work at Birmingham, been of such a character as to deserve the praise of reformers of all classes; and it raises the hope that the time may come when we shall have in him, not a revolutionary leader, a 'man of the mountain,' such as people once believed he might become, but a sober, efficient and industrious Home Secretary. His political vision is not sufficiently wide, and the higher instincts of statesmanship are in him not sufficiently developed, to make it probable that he will ever attain a commanding position in the State, but as an administrator of the second class he is likely to achieve a decided success."

"BYSTANDER'S" JUDGMENT.

In the Toronto Sun, "Bystander" (generally understood to be Mr. Goldwin Smith), presents a hostile but valuable criticism upon the man and his new policy. "Mr. Chamberlain's statesmanship, though marked with great ability in its way, is, to borrow a slang phrase, that of a plunger; but of a plunger apt to pause suddenly in his plunge. He once plunged into Socialistic Radicalism; told property that it must pay a ransom for its existence; and worked up Birmingham into such a state of democratic fervor that it was deemed hardly prudent for Royalty to visit the place. But suddenly he paused in his career. He plunged in the direction of Home Rule; but again paused, and refused to follow Gladstone; it was supposed, perhaps with truth, not without some personal views to the leadership. Then he plunged in the jingo direction, and attacked the independence of the Transvaal, the inviolability of which he had before most solemnly proclaimed; though it is perhaps uncertain whether he would have taken the final plunge had not Lord Milner forced his hand. Now he is plunging

in the direction of an Imperial Zollverein, and it will be very interesting to see whether when he finds himself on the brink, and sees into what he is rushing, he will draw back once more. A great and sure-footed statesman may change his course as new lights break in upon him or as circumstances vary; but he does not plunge. He can always review his own course, and, if he has changed, see when and how the necessity for change came in. The plunger has never attempted such a review. He may thus be truly called a 'unique personality,' if that is a guarantee for practical wisdom and sure guidance of the State."

"Mr. Chamberlain, we are told, is sacrificing himself to an idea. He has sacrificed himself in the course of his political career to a succession of ideas, ranging from Socialistic Radicalism of the strongest brand to Jingoism and Imperialism. Whether his present sacrifice will make him master of the country, those who are on the spot can best tell. Appearances, as we see them, are the other way. The vote for the repeal of the grain tax may not have been wholly on the direct issue. Irish members may have been voting for the land grant. Still, the majority was overwhelming. Lord Rosebery is a careful observer of public opinion. He has come out plainly against Mr. Chamberlain's idea, and his pronouncement is the more significant because he began by hedging, saying that free trade was not to be found in the Sermon on the Mount. The attempt to bribe the workingmen by artificially connecting with Imperialism the promise of old-age pensions, seems to have failed. The

then—he made long speeches, one dealing, if I remember rightly, with the wrongs of the Transvaal.

"It is curious, it is not, that Mr. Chamberlain should have made his early fame in Birmingham as 'Puff' in The Critic? He was a capital Puff, too, declares a comparison of those days. It was an amateur, truly, but the amateur would speedily have developed into the professional.

"Born in that suburb of distilled respectability, Chamberwell, Mr. Chamberlain went to Birmingham, the seat of his father's competency, to learn the art and mystery of making screws.

"In municipal life he thrived until he passed the chair, and while yet serving the burgesses so, Mr. Chamberlain entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales at Highbury Moor, his now almost equally famous home in the Midlands. Never did a more finished example of London assurance turn up in a more simple-minded, if prosperous, community.

"Mr. Chamberlain was a great parliamentary success. Sir Charles Dilke took him up and helped him really into cabinet rank before he had even thought of him of the pot-hooks and for progress. People read his speeches and noticed a business-like fluency in them, a 'shop-counter' way of treating backspace subjects somewhat as that shopman treats customers whom he induces to buy what they have not thought of, and thus approves himself an artist at his business. Any one can sell a customer what he wants, but not what he doesn't want.

"Mr. Chamberlain brought a style to parliament in debate which we see

rich enough not to be on the make, and vain enough to seek a small office—a groom of the stole."

Mr. Chamberlain is most dangerous when most polite. He is in this respect a combination of Chucks, the boatswain and Richard III. He may indeed say with that editor, 'I can smile, and murder while I smile.' Mr. Chamberlain's latest style is his newest. It is a style compounded of suppressed force. When Joseph's voice is low and persuasive, Joseph means murder. When he plays the role of injured innocent, look out for 'fructions.' Just now, Mr. Chamberlain is playing the part of the injured innocent; the man who in wilfully misunderstands; rhetorically speaking, we have Joseph in a dar lokot, a mask, and holding ready for use the midnight dagger and the poisoned bowl.

"In the summer afternoon the aristocratic acre of Birmingham is to be seen bowing at the side of princesses or handing tea to duchesses on the terrace. He is an entirely changed character—whether a reformed one or not is a question which the curious reader should address to—well, sometimes the criticized and the critic may be sitting on the same benches again."

BOY'S QUICK WIT

The coolness of Herbert Amon, elevator boy in the Riviera apartment house, 2441 Seventh Avenue, New York, averted a panic among the tenants and prevented serious consequences the other night. Alone, he extinguished a fire, and then went through the house quieting the excitement.

Amon beheld cries of "Fire!" from the seventh floor. He ran his car up and dashed into the apartment of C. F. Gregory. The tenants were running pell-mell down the stairs.

The boy tore down the blazing curtains in the front room and threw them out of the window. Then he picked up a sofa, wrapped in flames, and crushed it through the window, narrowly missing a woman and two children passing below. With his own hands and a bucketful of water he beat out the blazing carpets and then turned on the emergency hose.

After finishing the job Amon ran his elevator down slowly, reassuring the fleeing tenants that the fire was out. His hands were badly blistered and his hair singed, but the plucky boy refused to go to a hospital for treatment.

"I'll just rub a little vasoline on and they'll be all right in the morning," he modestly replied as he continued to operate the car.—New York World.

Self-laudation dwarfs mental expansion and drives away friends.

HOW THE POPE
IS CHOSEN

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crimson velvet mozzetta, stole, and white skull cap, the new pontiff came forth and took his seat on the "sedes gestatoria," which, since the beginning of the conclave, had been standing ready near the altar. There the Holy See received the "obedience" of the cardinals, each kissing his foot, hand, and either cheek. The fisherman's ring was immediately afterwards placed on the pope's finger, and then by him withdrawn and returned that his name might be engraved inside. "WROUGHT IN A SAD SINCERITY."

After an interval, the new pope enters the great balcony above in the front of St. Peter's—already there is a huge multitude waiting there for his appearance; and there is a great cry of welcome; and the new name of the new pope is pronounced; and then he gives the benediction with outstretched hand, not only to the congregation immediately before him, but to that wider congregation throughout the world which owes him allegiance. He would, indeed, be a strange man who did not feel much misgiving at such a solemn hour, and in taking up such and overwhelming responsibilities; and possibly if one could see inside the heart of this elderly ecclesiastic who at that moment reaches the highest of all ecclesiastical positions, it would be found that it throbbled not with the exultant pulse of gratified ambition, but with the terrors and misgivings and searchings of heart with which all men, who have known life, approach great new duties. T. P.

District Dashes

Miss Margaret Lewis, who has been out to Calgary for the summer, returned home a week or so ago, much improved, both in health and appearance. Miss Lewis enjoyed her trip immensely, and is very much in love with the country and climate in Canada's west. She admits, however, a hankering for home and relatives in Raleigh.—Merlin Mirror.

We regret to learn that John Richardson, Sr., of Valdez, was again hurt last Thursday by being thrown from a buggy while driving home from Tilbury. The horse became frightened and the buggy was overturned in the ditch. Mr. Richardson will soon be around again.—Tilbury News.



Striped Silk and Linen Summer Costume—The shirt-waist form is here shown in its simplest but best outline. New button straps in the skirt, new arrangements of tucks, and the particular design in which the striped material is laid, form the novelty of the costume. The new broad wicker woven hat is stylish in outline and particularly tasteful.

use of such a bait is in itself enough to show whether Mr. Chamberlain is sacrificing himself for an idea.

"We are not asked for a plan, Mr. Chamberlain says, till he has got a mandate. His plan must precede the mandate. He surely has not proposed a complete reversal of the commercial policy of the country without having formed some general idea of the manner in which the new policy is to be carried into effect. Our giving the mandate must depend on our seeing that the scheme is practicable. And this we cannot see till it is presented in an intelligible form. The tributes of approbation telegraphed from the colonies had evidently been solicited; they are far from being promises of the mandate for which Mr. Chamberlain sighs, since their terms are to be laid on foreign goods, those on British goods are to remain the same. In that case it will be a curious Zollverein."

A PEN PICTURE.

"Mr. Chamberlain," writes Mr. Alfred Kinnear, the well-known parliamentary correspondent, in his book, "Our House of Commons," "must be always regarded as the triumph of unaided ambition. He was on the outside of his political career, without a patron. By every Tory gentleman he was distrusted. His famous speech about the Tory landlords paying ransom for the past made him the bogey in the nursery of a thousand noble scions.

"He came like the man in the epitaph; nobody knew, and would go nobody cared where. He was tainted with republicanism; was brilliant only in Birmingham, a rich place without art, and saved only by being represented by John Bright.

"For years the dowagers were agitated at this man's pretensions. His name made them scream; and his advance caused the proprietors of classes to look to the priming of their blunderbusses.

"It was a most extraordinary time for Joseph Chamberlain and all his brethren. But he pushed on bravely, smilingly, defiantly.

"I recall him a platoon, a manufacturer, and the best dressed man in the House of Commons. He was always cheerful. Sitting at the end of the second bench below the opposition gangway—the Tories were in power

adopted by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Haldane, Sir R. T. Reid. He has not the same time played many parts. Beginning as a Tory, he became a Republican, then a Radical of the most sordid hue and aim, next a Liberal Unionist, and once again an admitted Tory. I remember a well-known member of the ministry of a former parliament, then one of the most violent of Mr. Chamberlain's opponents, saying in the lobby: 'The idea of a d-d-republican wearing an eye-glass.' But Mr. Chamberlain took up the eyeglass when he adopted Puff and has never dropped it.

"Yet to-day he is almost at the top of a party whose instincts are Tory and territorial. The Prince and Princess of Wales visit him and his wife. He has a son, an early political friend in Mr. Jesse Collings, and another in Mr. Powell Williams in the Administration, and he is the inventor of the phrase applied to Liberal Unionists as the 'Gentlemen of England.'

"But Mr. Chamberlain is purely bureaucratic. He is of the town exclusively. He does not understand country life, and has no sympathy with it. He cannot ride, drive, fish or shoot. His friends predicted he must die twenty years ago. He has helped to bury several of them. He stoops in his walk, and walks as little as possible. His diet is promiscuous of uric acid. John Burns has spoken of him as an accreted political drop.

"Mr. Chamberlain is no humbug. He has taken a magnificent revenge upon the obloquy of the duchesses of the past who shuddered at his name. He has made himself feared. There is no one equal to him in debate or audacity on the Treasury bench. He may be true that he is selfish. But at least he is selfish on the right lines. He has got the lead out of the hands of those who, as they drove, spat his way and betrayed him with dust. It is different now.

As to his selfishness from another point of view; well, he always stands by his friends. He did not forget those who went with him into the chalk dunes of the Home Rule disruption. John Morley ought not to have a hard word for Chamberlain, and Charles Dilke has not. For Sir William Harcourt he has a beaming affection.

"He has few scruples in public life. His opponents are aware of this. Some are foolish enough to draw him, but too slow to clear his claws. A Radical once summed him up thus: 'He is

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