

Western Ontario Editors No. 4

Commencing the duties of editor of the Brantford Daily Courier when he reached the age of 15 years, F. D. Reville, managing editor of that paper, has seen 34 years pass over his head while still wielding a trenchant pen. Into that position, and has held it with credit and vigor since.

F. D. Reville was born in Oxfordshire, England, about the year 1865, and when but 15 years of age, came to this country, to join his uncle, the late Major Lemmon, owner of the Brantford Courier. It is admitted that his cleverness with the pen, combined with a thorough knowledge of Brantford's affairs, as well as those of the province and Dominion, place him in the front rank of Canadian journalists. He has always taken a deep interest in politics, following the Conservative persuasion, and he has been offered, on several occasions, the nomination for this riding, though this he always declined, as he did when offered the shrievalty, his feelings rebelling against the leaving of affairs journalistic. He is at the present time a director of the Brantford General Hospital, and the Bell Memorial, and he is also a member of the Brantford Golf Club and the Brantford Club.

men who commit such outrages are for the most part well paid agitators who do not seem to care what happens so long as funds flow into the coffers of the people by whom they are paid. There is some talk of getting at the wealthy ladies who keep up the organization, but if that were done there would be more "martyrs."

To Baffin Bay for Gold.
A remarkable trip to the Arctic regions is being organized to trade in Arctic furs and search for alluvial gold in Baffin Land. Some years ago a Dundee whaling seaman named Charles Smith was sent to Baffin Bay in his vessel in Baffin Bay to obtain freshwater. He picked up two curious nuggets. On his return to Dundee he took them to a jeweller who declared they were gold and offered him a sum of money for them. Smith afterwards went to Newfoundland to live and before he died gave to Mr. John Brown, of St. John's, a map of the place where he found the nuggets. Smith who was wharfinger of the Dundee Sealing and Whaling Company at St. John's, is declared to have been a reliable and truthful man. In 1912 the whaling steamer *Algerine*, was taken north by Captain Munn, but she met with disaster. The new expedition are out for gold of more than the alluvial kind, oil, whalebone, to take moving pictures, and to carry a company of sportsmen numbering about a dozen who are to contribute handsomely to the profits of the voyage in return for five meals a day, cigars, tobacco and the best of wines.

A Perth Centenary.
Arrangements have been made to celebrate the centenary of Charles Mackay, who saw the light at Perth, on 27th March, 1814. Early in life he lost his mother and removed to a "lovely house" on the shores of the Forth near Newhaven, under the care of a nurse, "a bonnie and buxom lass of Falkirk." Later in life he went to London where he was under the care of the Rev. John Lees, a preacher with no "cure for souls," who preached to a very small Gaelic congregation for a very small salary. Young Mackay sat twice a Sunday to hear the popular Edward Irving, who was a great friend of Jane Welch, who afterwards became Mrs. Thomas Carlyle. Mackay joined his father in Brussels where he met Charles Lever. Returning to London he became a journalist and a poet and a friend of Samuel Rogers and Thomas Campbell. In 1844 he was editor of "The Glasgow Argus." Two years later he issued a volume of verses entitled "Voices from the Crown," which includes, "The cheer," set to music by Henry Russell, and one of the most popular songs of a past generation. His son Eric Mackay who wrote the "Love Letters of a Violinist," adopted Marie Conell, the novelist, as a daughter.

A Highland Romance.
A strange Highland legend is recalled by the death of Mr. James MacDonald, a Braemar carpenter, who was 80 years of age. Mr. MacDonald was one of the family of "Wolf MacDonald." The family has been connected with Glenclunie, Braemar, for many hundreds of years and is said to have sprung from a progenitor who, like Romulus, was suckled by a she-wolf. The late Mr. MacDonald, who supervised the erection of almost the whole of the buildings on the Mar estate, always moved at a sharp trot instead of walking from one job to another. He was in many ways a "character."

The Aberdeenshire Scandal.
The reason of the hostile demonstrations against the Rev. J. A. Crawford, Fintona, Aberdeenshire, which were continued this week cannot be withheld for very long. Last Saturday the village burned his effigy and a small coffin in a bonfire near the church. There were only two members of the church choir present on Sunday and many of the parishioners have left the church. Two policemen in plain clothes attended the service but there was no breach of the peace.

The Duke of Sutherland is to sell a great part of his Sutherlandshire estate in October no less than 30,000 acres in the country will be disposed of to the highest bidder. The Duke owns close on 400,000 acres of deer forest in Sutherland yielding a revenue of £13,556 which at 25 years purchase works out at about 17s. per acre. The sale, which is to include the fishings reserved when an offer was made to the government will show whether the offer of 200,000 acres at £2 per acre afterwards modified to 22s. 6d. was a bargain or a "job." Altogether the sale will be a record one for no such tract of country has ever been offered at auction in this country. It is rather singular that almost on the day that the coming sale was announced the Scottish Land Commission issued a list of several hundred revaluations of rents on the Sutherland estate. In most cases the rents were reduced; in a few cases there were increases. The Court pointed out that the estate to encourage good tenants have been in the habit of making improvements varying in cost from a few shillings to £50 without charging extra rent or interest. These improvements have been considered in fixing the new rents.

Ministers' Pensions.
Are clergymen entitled to pensions unless they are in need? This is the question that will doubtless be raised by the laity in connection with the proposed fund of the Church of Scotland to provide ministers who reach the age of 70 with an old age pension of £100 a year. The Church aims at raising £100,000 in 10 years, and have given £32,000. This the Dundee Presbytery considers satisfactory but it will be a long time before they reach the total. In short, there is a feeling of discontent on the part of ministers in the doubtful course, and that many clergymen should be able to save enough for old age. The fund is intended to get rid of men who have outlived their usefulness.

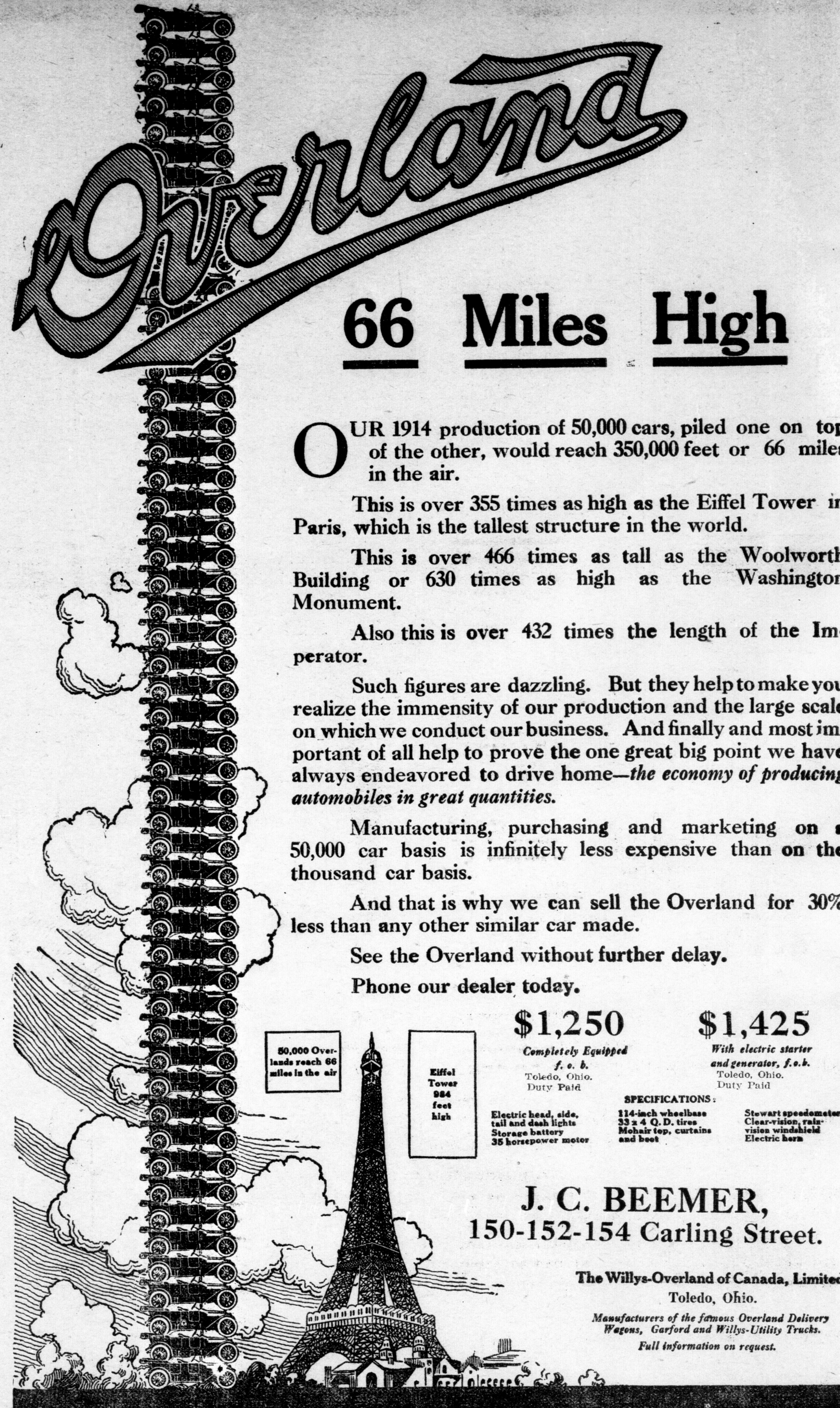
CAPITAL OF PERTHS

Continued From Page Seventeen.

inaugurated. Banquets were recently held by the industrial classes of Grand Trunk shops and the night classes of the collegiate institute. At the latter banquet, held this week, it was reported that attendance of 9,000 to classes of two hours each—making a total during the past season of 18,000 hours' study in nine subjects. When the night classes were begun three years ago, the season's record was only an aggregate of 3,000 hours of study. One of the teachers, Mr. Mayberry, declared that attendance was not half taken care of. There were many people still who needed teachers—yes, if the teachers were available, the classes could have ten times the present attendance, he declared.

Parks and Playgrounds.
Parks and playgrounds have been given much attention by the Stratford authorities and the civic playground association will add another supervised playground to the existing two this year.

The park system is to be added to. Stratford's park area is one of most attractive features of the city. For two and a half miles, from east to west, and taking a southerly turn, it follows the course of the Avon on both sides of the river. Ornate bridges car-



Overland

66 Miles High

OUR 1914 production of 50,000 cars, piled one on top of the other, would reach 350,000 feet or 66 miles in the air.

This is over 355 times as high as the Eiffel Tower in Paris, which is the tallest structure in the world.

This is over 466 times as tall as the Woolworth Building or 630 times as high as the Washington Monument.

Also this is over 432 times the length of the Emperor.

Such figures are dazzling. But they help to make you realize the immensity of our production and the large scale on which we conduct our business. And finally and most important of all help to prove the one great big point we have always endeavored to drive home—the economy of producing automobiles in great quantities.

Manufacturing, purchasing and marketing on a 50,000 car basis is infinitely less expensive than on the thousand car basis.

And that is why we can sell the Overland for 30% less than any other similar car made.

See the Overland without further delay.

Phone our dealer today.

\$1,250

Completely Equipped
f. o. b.
Toledo, Ohio.
Duty Paid

\$1,425

With electric starter
and generator, f. o. b.
Toledo, Ohio.
Duty Paid

SPECIFICATIONS:	
Electric head, side, tail and dash lights	114-inch wheelbase
Storage battery	Clear-visor, spring-ride windshield and boot
35 horsepower motor	Stewart speedometer
	Clear-visor, spring-ride windshield and boot
	Electric horn

J. C. BEEMER,

150-152-154 Carling Street.

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited
Toledo, Ohio.

Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks.
Full information on request.

DELHI, THE CAPITAL OF INDIA, DUE TO COLOSSAL AUDACITY

(From London Daily News.)

It is now more than two years since the Government of India sprang its gigantic surprise packet upon a dumb-founded public in the shape of an announcement, by the King-Emperor at Delhi, that the seat of the Government of India would be situated in Delhi for the future. The colossal audacity of the proposal took the breath of India away, and to the many unthinking people outside of India who had not the faintest idea of what it meant it doubtless seemed a bold and magnificent move. Even in India there were a few—mostly Indian princes who imagined it would be more convenient to pay periodical visits to Delhi than to Calcutta—who honestly thought that it was not half a bad idea.

In Bombay the feeling of jealousy of Calcutta has always run ludicrously high, and when the citizens saw Calcutta flung on one side by the Government of India, their indignation knew no bounds. They led the acclamations which the Government interpreted as signifying India's approval of its headless step.

The opposition of Calcutta was, of course, whole-hearted and strenuous, but the advocates of the scheme were naturally able to represent—and did represent—that it was entirely due to blague. From my knowledge of local opinion I can honestly say that this element entered into the matter in a very subordinate degree. The main objection of the Calcutta merchants, who were quite shrewd enough to see that it would make no difference to their trade, was on account of the gigantic expense which they saw it would entail. India, it cannot too often be insisted upon, is a wretchedly poor country, and cannot afford the luxury of a new imperial capital "made to order," as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald says, together with the hundred and one other expenses which the change has entailed.

Unending Expenditure.
For although the Government of India is not yet in a position to say what the new capital will cost—probably will never dare to say it straight out—the expenses of Delhi itself do not give any idea of the total cost of the enterprise to the Indian taxpayer. Three new governments have had to be created, and each of these must have its own paraphernalia in the shape of secretaries, members of council, government houses, council houses, high courts, etc.—adding to the general expenditure by many crores of rupees.

And then the hideous wastefulness of it! In Calcutta today there are gigantic Government buildings empty, that have cost untold money to build, and this is in a city where land can hardly be bought for money, so valuable is it. And the Government which has left these buildings empty is in the meantime building a temporary home of "lath and plaster" (again to quote Mr. Ramsay MacDonald), which is "wasting the revenues of India like a famine."

As to the cost of the work in Delhi itself, the Government of India, in recommending the change of capital to the secretary of state, airily reckoned it at four millions, including land and buildings. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who is the latest English visitor to publish his reflections upon the subject, puts the cost at a minimum of eight millions. The "Englishman" special correspondent, commenting upon this estimate, congratulates Mr. MacDonald upon being so sanguine, and assures him that no one in Delhi would venture to put it nearly so low!

Last cold weather it was impossible to judge what Delhi was like as a legislative and administrative centre; for the outrage upon the viceroys as he was riding into the new capital so upset the nerves of the Government that practically nothing was done all that session—that is, practically no legislation was attempted, except an abortive effort to pass an amended companies act. It was so badly done that the chambers of commerce would hardly look at it, and finally the Government of India, in a very bad temper, had to agree to part of it being kept back for another session.

This year Delhi is more like its normal self—and a terribly dull self it is being discovered to be. The viceroy has hardly spent a month there, the whole cold weather; and as many of his secretaries and colleagues have been able to have followed his example. As for non-officials, it has been found practically impossible to induce them to stay at the place. The work of the Imperial Legislative Council is being seriously interfered with, because there are no non-official members of council, or hardly any, to make up the quorum of the various select committees. It is universally agreed, by the few people who have attended the debates in the Legislative Council, that they are as dull as ditchwater. All the life has gone out of the council.

entirely deadening and soporific. Whenever a member of the Government desires seriously to get into touch with the life of India, he comes quietly down to Calcutta, or, less quietly, across to Bombay.

The Lean Years.
The enormous works which the Government of India is throwing up at Delhi literally regardless of expense, and for the glorification of a handful of officials, who, as the "Statesman" once wittily remarked, could easily be accommodated in a single Calcutta hotel, are steadily growing more obnoxious to public opinion in this country. And during the past few months a situation has grown up which lends special point and emphasis to the scandal. The bumper years which India has enjoyed for so long have come to an end. The opium revenue has been cut off. There is famine in Northern India, and there will be an enormous falling off in the land revenue, in addition to which large grants will have to be made to the famine-stricken areas. The finance minister is faced with a deficit. The viceroy was obliged to tell the senate of the Calcutta University, when he was here a month ago, that he had no more money for education. Everybody is asking how the indispensable railway and other public works are going to be financed. And meanwhile the Government of India is pouring out money like water upon a scheme which is perfectly insane alike in its extravagance, its uselessness, and its blind indifference to the stern facts of India's necessity. Is it possible that a Liberal Government will consent to the consumption of a folly into which it was in an evil hour betrayed?

SCOTLAND ANGRY AT THE CAMPAIGN OF SUFFRAGISTS

Mrs. Pankhurst's Visit to Glasgow Did More Harm Than Good to Her Cause.

NEW SEARCH FOR GOLD Centenary of Charles Mackay, the Great Journalist, has Been Remembered.

Glasgow.—We had lively scenes in Glasgow recently when Mrs. Pankhurst was billed to speak at the Anderson Hall. The lady who knew she would be arrested if she spoke, duly arrived and succeeded in eluding three Scotland Yard detectives who were waiting her arrival at the hall. When Mrs. Pankhurst appeared they endeavored to reach the platform. The stairways were blocked, and the ladies in blue and white, who promptly jumped up from the front. They discovered that the ladies were not defenceless. An innocent looking row of plants which had been placed by the women to conceal a barbed wire fence. The cloth was whipped from the chairwoman's table to disclose many pails of water and the women resumed their march while one person brandished a life life preserver of lead and another discharged blank cartridges from a revolver. Efforts were of course made to secure Mrs. Pankhurst's escape but the local policemen who were having their first battle with the suffragettes were keen on capturing the lady. Those who stood in the way, afraid, received rather rough treatment, but to interfere with the police in the execution of their duty is a criminal offence and as the suffragettes refused to be taken for it," Mrs. Pankhurst refused to walk and had to be half dragged, half carried to the street amid crowds of indignant women. She refused to enter the hall and was put on the floor while, as one lady indignantly observed, "the police occupied the seats themselves." Meantime the other suffragettes proceeded to call on the Lord Provost at 3 o'clock in the morning, while Mrs. Pankhurst in prison declined to take food. All the railway stations were watched by the police but the police quietly drove their prisoner by motor car to Coatbridge where she was put into the London train and so back to Holloway jail. Next day a deputation of suffragettes waited on the magistrates to complain about the conduct of the police. It was amusing to find that the magistrate's table was covered with a collection of suffragette bludgeons but the ladies have no need for logic so long as they get notoriety. The destruction of priceless treasures and ancient buildings is causing a revolution of feeling among those who were formerly to votes for women. Wo-

men who commit such outrages are for the most part well paid agitators who do not seem to care what happens so long as funds flow into the coffers of the people by whom they are paid. There is some talk of getting at the wealthy ladies who keep up the organization, but if that were done there would be more "martyrs."

CAPITAL OF PERTHS

Continued From Page Seventeen.

inaugurated. Banquets were recently held by the industrial classes of Grand Trunk shops and the night classes of the collegiate institute. At the latter banquet, held this week, it was reported that attendance of 9,000 to classes of two hours each—making a total during the past season of 18,000 hours' study in nine subjects. When the night classes were begun three years ago, the season's record was only an aggregate of 3,000 hours of study. One of the teachers, Mr. Mayberry, declared that attendance was not half taken care of. There were many people still who needed teachers—yes, if the teachers were available, the classes could have ten times the present attendance, he declared.

Parks and Playgrounds.
Parks and playgrounds have been given much attention by the Stratford authorities and the civic playground association will add another supervised playground to the existing two this year.

The park system is to be added to. Stratford's park area is one of most attractive features of the city. For two and a half miles, from east to west, and taking a southerly turn, it follows the course of the Avon on both sides of the river. Ornate bridges car-

ry the streets over the water, necks of the house's former inhabitants. Hanging on the bedpost was, Villa's whored cap, and on a near-by table were his field glasses and revolver. The latter, I noted, was within easy reach of his hand.

MEXICO'S FIGHTING MAN
Continued From Page Seventeen.

Unreasonable Demands.
"If that train isn't out of the station in five minutes," he snarled, "I'll blow your head off."

"But, general," expostulated the trembling official, "I'm not responsible for the delay. The engine's broken down."

"That doesn't concern me," said Villa coldly. "I'm not an engineer—I'm a soldier. If that train doesn't move in five minutes you'll be dead."

The condition of the room in which Villa received me was indicative of the disorder which marks the present stage of the revolution. Lined against the wall was a row of canvas sacks, each stamped "1,000." There were thirty in all; I counted them. They doubtless comprised the war chest of the rebel army. Piled carelessly in one corner were a dozen Mauser rifles, two or three cavalry saddles and a half empty case of ammunition. In front of these various implements, and half screening them, were a baby's chair and a sewing machine—relics, no doubt

of the house's former inhabitants. Hanging on the bedpost was, Villa's whored cap, and on a near-by table were his field glasses and revolver. The latter, I noted, was within easy reach of his hand.

Educated Advisers.
My conversation with Villa was constantly interrupted by the comings and goings of officers and officials, for the commander in chief is still too new at the business to intrust any decision to a matter how unimportant, to his subordinates. The thing that impressed me most, I think, was the fashion in which his advisers—cultivated, educated, polished men for the most part, many of whom were educated at Harvard and Oxford and the Sorbonne and who are at home in the best of society of half the world's capitals—stood, but in hand, awaiting the orders of this illiterate ex-bandit and at his bidding pocketed their dignity and became messenger boys.

Much of the remarkable loyalty is due, no doubt, to fear and some of it to faith in the man's abilities as a soldier, but I can't imagine anyone serving him from love, for there is nothing that is lovable about him. But, mind you, he hasn't lost his head. I could not detect a single evidence of vanity or conceit. I think I can best describe him as a man that I would not care meet in a lonely neighborhood on a dark night.

Always grim and sullen, when angered by anything, no matter how trivial, he becomes as ferocious as a wild beast. He has about as much regard for human life as a tiger. Here is an incident to illustrate my point:

Surveying the Captives.
After a recent rebel victory in northern Chihuahua four-score or so federal prisoners were lined up in the plaza for Villa's inspection. The rebel commander, hands thrust into the pockets of his frayed sack coat, sombrero pulled over his eyes, strode forward and surveyed the cowering captives.

"Viva Villa!" he snarled. "You shout 'Viva Villa!' today because I happen to be on top, but if I lost a battle tomorrow you'd be shouting 'Viva Huerta!'"

Then, turning to the commander of the guard: "Take them out and shoot them—and mind that you waste no ammunition. We've none to spare."

They arranged the prisoners in groups of five, as close together as they could stand; and a soldier placed the muzzle of his Mauser against the breast of the foreman in each group—and pulled the trigger. In this way one bullet did the work of five.

sent to Villa by Felix Diaz was taken out of that very room where we sat and shot to death beneath the very window out of which I had been looking. It made a most unpleasant mess in the little garden.

As I rose to take my departure, Villa, though obviously in considerable pain, stood up and took my hand.

"Good-by, general," I said. "Perhaps the next time we meet it will be in the City of Mexico in the national palace."

His eyes flamed. "In the City of Mexico, perhaps," he answered, "if God let me live to reach there. But in the national palace—never. I have no wish to be president. Who am I to rule a country? I have no education for such a post. For eighteen years I was an outlaw with a price on my life. It was not until I was in prison in the capital, two years ago, that I taught myself to read and write. And my wife cannot read and write at all. I am no politician. I am a fighting man. I am fighting to free my country from the rule of a despot and to avenge the murder of Madero, who believed in me and befriended me. And I shall never rest until I have settled that score."

Whether this former outlaw, who, less than a year ago, slipped out of El Paso with a revolver in his belt and \$750 in his pocket, and who is now at the head of 20,000 victory-related men, will ever sit in the presidential chair, only time can tell. For stranger things have happened below the Rio Grande, as those who are familiar with the history of Porfirio Diaz know. And Villa is but following the path that Diaz trod.

As I turned my horse's head toward the river and El Paso I caught a glimpse above the housetops of the great bronze statue of Juarez, the liberator, standing on his marble pedestal, looking southward over Mexico. And, as I rode back into civilization again, I wondered what that great patriot, were he alive again, would have about this bloody, bloody business.