Do You Suffer

om any form of pain? If you do, it will be your advantage to investigate Dr. Kendrick's hite Liniment, because it will relieve you. It's the largest bottle and best White Liniment on the market to-day; does not blister the in, and rubs in without leaving any trace of . Can be taken internally. Ask your druggist about it, or write us for free circular. Manufactured by the Baird Co., Ltd., Manfg. Chemists, Woodstock, N. B., and sold by all reable dealers.—7c.

resented in the house of commons for ore than forty years; I have been there yself for thirty-six years, and during ose thirty-six years not one session has assed but I have heard of the lock to be uilt at the St. Andrew's rapids of the ed river. It has taken a long time to me, but it has come, and it is perhaps pardonable pride for me to say that it s come under the Laurier government. (Cheers.)

efers to Historic Churches.

"As we were passing down this stream, we came past the church of St. Andew's, famous in the annals of this tercory of the past, as we passed by the ll more famous church of Kildonan, I ked myself what would be the astonishent and wonder of the old fur traders the past, Mactavish, Alexander Mcenzie, and the last of them all, Lord rathcona, if they were to come here and e this wonderful achievement. Their days were the days of primitive vigation. When they came to this rapid ey had to unload their canoes, put the noe on their heads and take it over to e other side of the rapids to get clear ter, but today you can take your boats th a draught of nine feet of water and clear space of navigation of 300 miles fore you. This is some achievement. It something of which we have reason to proud. But sir, it is not all. It is only e beginning of what is to be done. It only the commencement of what is bee us.

"We have opened the Red River up to ke Winnipeg, and it now remains for friend, Dr. Pugsley, to open the Saskatchewan river from Edmonton to Winpeg. (Cheers.) I am glad to say that eady my friend, the minister of public rks, is already at this work. He has gineers in the field, already surveying Saskatchewan river, and before many ars are over I hold that we shall witss such a thing as has been witnessed day—that is to say the opening to navition of the Saskatchewan river up to city of Winnipeg and if God spares and if the grace of God and the will the people keeps me where I am, I sure I shall see the day when a barge en with coal at Edmonton, nay, at the y foot of the Rocky mountains, will unloaded at Winnipeg without breakbulk on way.

t Impossible.

Do not tell me that this is impossible. is not impossible. One day the great poleon gave an order to his general, and general answered: 'Sir, I cannot do t, it is impossible.' 'Impossible,' said great Napoleon, 'the word impossible not to be found in the French dictionAnd I say," continued Sir Wilfrid, e word impossible is not to be found in language of the west. (Cheers.) There e we shall accomplish this.

Sir, we do not know the possibilities of country. We do not know yet what we ll accomplish in the future. When ock Canada was discovered by the ech adventurers in the 16th century, French crown did not believe that it worth spending any time and blood to in the country to the crown, and en it was lost by the French to the glish crown, notwithstanding the fight her gallant generals, one of the chief cials of that day said, 'Oh, France has lost a few acres of snow.'

We have since found out that those acres of snow made one of the most ile countries under the sun. (Cheers.) en Sir John A. Macdonald acquired e northwest territories from the Hud Bay, many croakers told us that never ushel of wheat would be grown in the ey of the Red river and the valley of Saskatchewan. Last year the export wheat from the valleys of the two rivers 75,000,000 bushels, and only the other a member of my cabinet, speaking in ndon stated that within a few years e western provinces will produce no than one billion bushels of wheat. I cur with that view. This will give the side world an idea of the possibilities ore the west. At the present we are y on the fringe of it. A motto we have the east is "Hope on, hope ever." I ng it to you, although I know it is in more than it is in myself." (Loud ers.)

n. Wm. Pugsley.

he Hon. W. Pugsley, minister of public rks, also spoke. He said that Sir Wil was not speaking without proper ndation when he spoke so highly of the eme of getting a waterway between nonton and Winnipeg. The hope that re would be one time, and in a few rs too, a waterway from the foot of the cky mountains to Winnipeg, was a good

I believe the scheme is practicable," he d, "what is more I do not think it is ng to cost a great deal of money. I nt to say also that where the Saskatchen river joins Lake Winnipeg there is a gnificent waterway—one of the greatest the world." In conclusion Mr. Pugsley he thought the present structure was of the best pieces of engineering work the American continent. He formally ared the locks open amidst great apse.

mong those who took part in the cereies at St. Andrew's lock was W. Z. le, dominion government district er, formerly of the St. John Street way.

EK MISS GOULD TO GIVE HER LAND NEAR MONCTON

oston, Mass., July 19—(Special)—The ce department of Providence has been d to assist in a search for Miss Mary ld, twenty-one years old, who is said have fallen heir to real estate near ncton, N. B. The young girl recently d with her grandfather, Professor Mor a teacher of the French language at vidence.

he search for Miss Gould was started D. P. LeBlanc, a Lynn business man a brother-in-law of the missing girl. Blanc recently received word from the collector at Moncton that the land to have been left to Miss Gould by mother was about to be sold for nonment of accumulated taxes. Miss ld's father was Abram Gould, formerf Moncton. He died several years ago.

ew brooms and banister brushes should a fold of thick cloth or some indiaber tubing nailed round them so that do not scratch or chip the furniture.

e imports of jute into the United es last year aggregated for burlap $2[illegible] 000; for fibre $8,000,000, and for bags 00,000.

STIRRING MEETING AT FORT WILLIAM OPENS SIR WILFRID'S TOUR

(From Telegraph Man on Tour.)

Fort William, July 8—The initial meeting of Premier Laurier's western tour took place here last night and was in every respect a grand beginning to this renewed conquest of the west. The place of meeting was the rink at Fort William, and the attendance probably between 2,500 and 3,000. The make-up of the crowd showed plainly enough that we were in the west, or just at its portals; for the crowd was composed almost wholly of young men.

The Party Which Does Things.

We have learned already that they do not take their politics so seriously here in the west as we in the maritime provinces are wont to do. There is nowhere the same sharp division of feeling. They would say themselves they are too busy to get excited over politics; we might call it a phase of the general indifference to everything but the pursuit of the dollar. The use they have for the parties is the use they can make of them. The west wants many things done for it, and if it gives its support to the Liberal party it is distinctly because it is a party which does things. Here at the head of the great lakes they want help very decidedly, and although the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William cannot agree on anything else, they are at one on the question of government development of their waterways.

This opening address of the premier's was important in several respects. He set at ease the minds of the people of the twin cities with regard to the policy of the government towards their development. Both he and the minister of railways stated emphatically that the importance of these places in the great scheme of Canadian transportation was such that their development was obligatory. They were the gate of the traffic of the west which was now merely in its fringe. In a few years the wheat crop of the west would be a billion bushel one, and it would make a bee-line for Fort William and Port Arthur. The duty of the government was to prepare to have the immense inward and outward traffic of the west carried on; and "its duty was its policy." The first, second and third needs of the west were comprised in the one word—"transportation."

The break in the line of transportation between Port Arthur and Montreal and thence to the sea, is at Niagara. The Welland canal there is only fourteen feet deep, and boats must be unloaded there or go to Buffalo to discharge their cargo. To overcome this break in through water transportation, the Welland canal must be deepened to twenty-two feet, "and in the Hon. George P. Graham," said the premier, "you have the man to do the work."

It was a characteristically eloquent and interesting word picture the premier drew of Fort William as it was 100 years ago. He imagined the Lords of the North—the McKenzies and McTavishes, and other great names—gathered here at Fort William, as was their custom, for the yearly meeting at which the past year's work was gone over and plans for the coming year discussed. We could see the rough but cheerful banqueting hall, and the big, sunburned and bewhiskered traders and factors gathered around making merry on fare to which they were unused all through the year—fine French and Spanish wines, and the best of a bountiful forest. In their wildest imaginings they could not have begun to conceive what Fort William would be in 1910, and it was almost as hard for us today to conceive the expansion awaiting it in the near future.

He referred to the navy question. Adequate protection for this great trade must go along with its development. It is with colonies as with men—they grow. Our navy will fight for Great Britain, we will have one navy and the King of England will be its king.

Premier's Golden Phrasing.

The premier made an announcement which will perhaps do something to remove the perturbation which the present tour is causing in Conservative circles. There will be no election this fall! There have been only two years since we have had an election; why should we have another now? There will be no election until the time expires according to law.

The object of the present journey over the four provinces of the west is that the premier and his colleagues may become better acquainted with the new people in those provinces, to extend a welcome to the new citizens. Western Canada, the Canada of the future, begins here; and it would be the privilege, as it was the duty of himself and colleagues to renew their acquaintance with the people and conditions.

The premier's address closed with a characteristically eloquent reference to the late king and the new, which drew the audience very close to him. It was that touch of Laurier oratory and golden phrasing which men hope it may be their good fortune to hear when they know that Laurier is to speak. It left his hearers thoroughly satisfied with their leader, their country and themselves.

The speech of the minister of railways was also a notable effort, and it contained much meat for the reporters. With characteristic mindfulness of his old confreres he had had prepared a number of copies of that portion of his address relating to the Quebec bridge, which was really live news. Some statistics of a comparative nature regarding this structure are given herewith. Speaking here, where the question of transportation is of so vital importance, it naturally formed the keynote of all the speakers.

One of the Finest Roads in the World.

The minister of railways dealt with several phases of the Transcontinental railway question. He made the statement, advisedly he said, that in a few years the Canadian Northern would run from ocean to ocean. The National Transcontinental would be one of the finest roads in the world when completed. No other transcontinental road in America approached it in the matter of low gradients. While the grades of even so great a road as the C. P. R. were about one and one-half per cent., those of the N. T. R. were, going east, only four-tenths of one per cent., except in two places, and going west six-tenths of one per cent., except in two places. This means a double hauling capacity for every engine, a reduction in the cost of hauling, a decrease in the cost of goods hauled in and out. This careful manner of building the road will mean that in ten years it will pay the interest on the road.

The Quebec Bridge.

Much had been made, by the opposition, of the Quebec bridge disaster, which it was said would mean a serious delay in the completion of the road. Nothing of the kind would happen. The bridge formed no part of the plan of the road; it was not in the contract and had been begun long before the road. It was to have been built, anyway, and the company had promised that if the bridge should not be ready when the road was, that trains would be ferried across at Quebec. There had been serious trouble over the bridge, although the best engineering skill available had been engaged in its construction, and it had fallen; but he would make the prediction that the new bridge would be completed and it would not fall. It would be the greatest structure of the kind ever erected in the history of the world. He then gave some interesting comparisons with the Firth of Forth bridge, already referred to.

Canada still wants more railways, and we shall build more, and more, and more, until we get all we need. We shall not be satisfied, moreover, until we can carry not only all our own goods, but can be kind and affectionate to our neighbor to the south and carry some of his goods also.

Winnipeg, July 12—The first place we have been able to tap the Grand Trunk Pacific is at Port Arthur, so in order that the premier may inspect the portion of the road from Fort William to Winnipeg just about completed, we leave the C. P. R. here and proceed to the Prairie Capital by the new route. From Fort William to Superior Junction is one of the branch lines which, under the terms of the agreement, was built by the company. As the government is not so intimately concerned with that we run over it in the night, and strike the main line, built by government contractors, early in the morning. Here we pick up the contractors themselves, Messrs. McArthur, O'Brien & McDougall Brothers, all of Winnipeg, and they travel over the route with us.

The distance from Fort William to Winnipeg is 428 miles, and the country is not very attractive. It is covered almost completely with scrubby timber which might be suitable for pulp, but with the exception of the Wabigoon Valley, about sixty miles from Superior Junction, where there is some good land, the country is barren until within about sixty miles of Winnipeg.

It is the famous "District F," with which the over-classification charges are associated. It is pretty hard to see how the rock cutting in this district could be over-classified. We should be inclined to put it down as Number One Hard. All day we rode between cuttings, and deep cuttings in many places, where it must have taken the labor of Titans to blast and tear a path. Traveling through these walls of granite one recalls with a smile of pity some of the poppy-cock spoken and written about this part of the country by politicians and papers without any more knowledge of the district than they had of the North Pole.

It is simply a succession of cuttings of the heaviest conceivable character, and the flinty boulders torn out are here in evidence still. The fact that we are passing through this district as I write leads me to emphasize this feature, and the fact that I am interrupted at frequent intervals to plunge into gloomy tunnels lends acrimony to my feelings towards the futile pifflers who framed and pressed the charges.

The back country is supposed to be partially mineralized, but nothing of much importance has yet been revealed. An American company, the St. Anthony, has been working for gold around Sturgeon Lake, but without much success. The pay of laborers here runs from $2 to $2.50 in summer, and about $1.75 in winter when they are more plentiful. They are principally Swedes, Finlanders and Galicians.

Travelers who crossed on the Trans-Siberian railroad during the war between Russia and Japan used to tell that no matter what hour they looked out of the window they could see at intervals of a few yards Cossacks and other Russian troops, standing in the storm, the dark and the cold, guarding every foot of the way across that lonely stretch. Some thought of this occurs to us as we pass through the ranks of the men who are doing a man's work on the lonesome trail. Trains will pass this way hereafter laden with the roving tourist, the hopeful homeseeker, or the happy honeymooners; they will never give a thought to the men who fought the granite hills to a finish, who poked the nose of their canoe into unknown currents and dragged their transits through the silent places, but their work is done and it will take more than a windy member of parliament to wipe it out.

Early this morning our train stopped at the junction of the branch and the main lines. It was about 6.30 in the morning, and fine enough to tempt one out. I found on a siding there the private car of the contractors of the road, and the contractors themselves wondering when they would be able to get into communication with the premier and minister of railways. "Are there any Nova Scotians here?" I inquired.

"Nova Scotians! Damn it, man, the country is overrun with them, and New Brunswickers, too. We were talking about that very thing last night." I proceeded to hunt some of them up as a before breakfast pastime, and found quite a bunch within a short radius of the car. A. N. McGillivray, a son of Judge McGillivray, of Antigonish, is assistant district engineer on "F"; Alex. Finlayson, a brother of Judge Finlayson, of Cape Breton, has a contract east of Superior Junction; G. Wade, a brother of the late F. B. Wade, is track inspector; Drury Allan, of Moncton, is a member of the engineering staff; H. C. McKenzie, brother of the chief engineer of the I. R. C., is division engineer of construction—and so on. You can't lose them!

One of the places of local celebrity passed today was Hodgins Lake, named after the major of that name, who will go down to fame as having launched a fizzle.

Winnipeg, July 12—The west is the land of "hustle." Westerners are "hustlers," they say so themselves, and it is one claim, at least, which may fairly be allowed them. Whether hustling is an unmitigated virtue or not is a matter about which there might be easily two opinions when we come to regard some of its effects upon both the hustler and hustled—the latter particularly—but at all events, it is from this spirit that much of the material prosperity of the west springs.

The type is almost unknown in the east. We have there, of course, men distinguished above their fellows for activity and altertness, but the hustler as a man who can make you believe two blades of grass grow where not one could by any alchemy known to the common or garden agriculturalist be produced, or who can imagine fine city blocks where the uncultured eastern eye can see only rude shacks, is distinctly a western product. He has no need of capital; his office, if necessary, is under his hat, and there is no such word as fail in his bright lexicon.

In the Canadian west the man who sets the pace for the type is almost invariably American born, the native-born is a little slower, but still a very good imitator. While we were yet on the threshold of the west, we came upon a specimen of the race, and as I feel sure we cannot better him elsewhere, I describe him here for he bulks large on the landscape of the west. As I shall not say any more about him than he would frankly admit about himself, I may make the picture more interesting by giving his name.

Here's the Type.

J. J. Carrick, M. P. P., came into Port Arthur about seven years ago, from Terre Haute, Indiana, to teach school. His capital consisted of a good "jollying" manner, free-handedness, abundant good-nature, and "hot-air." There is a very large proportion of the "leading business interests" of the west capitalized entirely on "hot-air," who make no bones about confessing that they are artists of that type.

Carrick did not teach school long; the profession is a perfectly honorable one in the west, as elsewhere, and rather more lucrative; but the sage references made by Falstaff to honor appeal perfectly to Carrick. Honor cannot "set a leg," and what is more to the purpose, it cannot "pull" one. So Carrick early left the profession.

Patriotism has been referred to as "the last resort of a scoundrel" but in the west everyone turns to real estate instead. Some scoundrels get in the business, but I found no one, even in his own town where his success might naturally provoke jealousy, characterize Carrick as such. In seven years he has built a comfortable fortune out of nothing, and this is how it was done—advertising!

Carrick told me that he was always ready to spend half of his profits if necessary, on advertising. There are four papers in Fort William and Port Arthur and he is the largest advertiser in each of them. His advertising is not dignified. He does not say anything about lots "close in," "good buys," or use any of the other shibboleths of the western real estate dealer; but he has every one reading his ads, and tucked away down at the bottom in an obscure place is a concise reference to the property he is pushing for the time being. The day after the press representatives' car reached Port Arthur, Carrick was down bright and early with two automobiles, and introduced himself to us while we were getting out of bed. He picked up various items of information quietly from the miscellaneous remarks let drop in a casual manner, and that night the citizens of Port Arthur knew more about the press representatives than they did themselves; how such a man spent his time reading the Life of Laurier; how another was the chaplain of the party; ending up with a reference to the incomparable advantages of the particular proposition then engaging Carrick's attention.

On the day when Sir Wilfrid Laurier and party arrived, the Realty Review consisted of an address to the premier in which various suggestions very embarrassing to local politicians were made, and tucked away down at the bottom was the P. S. "Why is Mariday Park like Sir Wilfrid? Because they are both pretty smooth propositions. There are no flies on them."

Carrick and Conmee, who is the federal member, are opposed politically and are not bosom friends, but when Sir Wilfrid came and Conmee invited him on a trip on his yacht, he asked Carrick also. But in the meantime Conmee figured in one of Carrick's ads, in what he considered an undignified manner, so he telephoned withdrawing the invitation. Carrick published both conversations in full with the comment: "Poor John, no boat trip for him! But if Sir James (Conmee) is going to be ugly about it, we won't let them see Mariday Park."

"Hot Air" Advertising.

This, of course, does not represent Carrick's complete stock-in-trade. He is a very bright, enterprising chap, otherwise, he could scarcely have succeeded in accumulating a fortune, becoming mayor of the town, and member of the legislature, all in seven years. He is now a Canadian citizen, but was not so when he became mayor. He frankly refers to his real estate methods as "hot air."

The Mariday Park to which reference is made in the selections quoted from his advertising, is a good example of how a smart real estate man makes money. In this case the first move was to secure a tract of 100 acres in what is certainly an admirable residential district; the next was to hypnotize the city council of Port Arthur into extending the street car, water, and sewer accommodations to the property, to macadamize the streets running through it, and put in granolithic sidewalks; quite a few favors to ask for a private enterprise, but Carrick got them all. Then he began to sell the lots. He called the place Mariday Park, after his wife—Carrick, as has already been intimated, has not much delicacy when it comes to a matter of business—put up an electrical sign about 30 feet high which can be seen all over the country, and told the brokers to go ahead and sell the lots. And they did. They like to work for Carrick, because he pays them a good deal better commission than any other property owner; every brokers office in town looks as though it belonged to him. A big part of the property was gone almost as soon as it was placed on the market and the people realized the improvements that were to be made by the city. It will not be long before the lots are all gone and Carrick will be a quarter of a million richer for his foresight and push; or as he calls it himself, his "hot-air."

With all the faults of the class to which Carrick belongs, it cannot be denied that they do more than a little to give a town the faith in itself without which it cannot make much progress. The real estate boomsters do not depend on "hot air" alone for their ammunition, they are never found in a place without pretty substantial possibilities, and though they usually look to the main chance they are by no means the least useful citizens of a western town.

Winnipeg, July 13—The Laurier meeting at the Horse Show Amphitheatre here last night was one which will live long in the memory of the 10,000 people who turned out to hear the man from whom every Liberal felt an added affection after he had so magnificently made good in a semi-hostile camp, and for whom "even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer" when he concluded with a characteristic piece of word-wizardry which brought the audience to its feet and held it there to pour out cheer after cheer for the slim, graceful figure standing so modestly before them.

Roblin Gets Answer.

The arrival of the Laurier party came at an exciting and interesting moment. When Premier Roblin learned that the premier was to tour the west, he hurriedly sprang the elections so that they might be brought on before there might be an opportunity to hear the other side of a very interesting question, the presentation of which, from an entirely Roblin point of view, has been well worked as political capital.

The Manitoba boundary question has been a large part of the Roblin stock-in-trade for some time, and as Roblin has presented it to the people of Manitoba it has enabled him to pose in the light of a doughty champion battling for the rights of the people of the province against the oppression, and worse, of the dominion government.

How effectually the other side of the case was presented has already been told in the telegraphic story of the meeting and need not be repeated here. The matter was precipitated by an interruption from a young man sitting in the saw-dust on the floor near the reporters' table. He called out in an injured tone: "What about that Manitoba boundary question?" somewhat as though the boundary jutted over somewhere on his own garden, and he could not get any weeding or anything attended to until this thing was straightened out.

The interrupter is very often the greatest friend to the adroit platform speaker. If there was any idea that the premier intended to dodge the question, it was quickly dispelled, for he sailed right into it, and showed plainly that the dominion government and he himself had made every possible effort to arrange an equitable settlement with the Roblin government, but in vain. The charge of unfairness he repudiated in an emphatic yet gently dignified way which carried conviction in its every word. He alluded nobly to the hour in which every Canadian who loves his country turns from contemplation of as he does from his own inevitable hour—when he who is in so large a sense the embodiment of Canada should pass from that elevated sphere which, in the words of Burke, he has been so long "cheering and decorating."

He concluded his address as follows: "I am no longer a young man. I have not many years to live, but when I am in my grave no man will be able to say I have ever favored dissension or discourtesy in this land. On the contrary, when Canada becomes one of the great nations of the British Empire—nay, of the whole world, in that consummation I want the province of Manitoba to take a glorious and prominent part."

It is true enough that we in the east are lethargic about many things. We do not know how to cheer, for example. When you cheer in the west, owing to the rarification of the atmosphere or some other cause, you have to get off the ground to do it satisfactorily. This audience fairly hauled themselves up off the ground by their lungs, so to speak, but that was not exactly what answered to requirements, so they climbed on chairs and then jumped in the air. They surged up to the platform and reached up for the premier's hands and crowds were clutching for both hands at once. Those who could not grasp his hands patted his arms in an affectionate way. Then his secretary, Mr. Lemaire, who watches over him very carefully, came and restrained him, and the people were requested to come up on the platform at the conclusion of the meeting.

Prosperity Under Liberals.

There were more grey-beards in this audience than we had seen at the Fort William meeting. Winnipeg is not very old, but it is getting on, and a good many of those who came here in the early boom days and followed it through its ups and downs, are now beginning to "feel the gaff." They look prosperous as a rule. A great deal of money has been made in this western country, and by the same token nearly all of it has been made in the fourteen years since the Laurier government came into power.

At this meeting several projects of the most vital interest to Winnipeg were touched on by both Messrs. Pugsley and Graham. One of these was the extension of navigation from Edmonton to Winnipeg, a distance of about 1,300 miles, by way of the Saskatchewan river. This is a project of the most vital importance to Winnipeg. That city needs coal, needs it as much as any part of the world, almost, because it is cold in winter in Winnipeg! At the present time practically all the stove and furnace coal coming into the city and a great part of the province comes from the United States, and hard coal costs $10 a ton here. This water route from Edmonton would land the coal of Alberta in Winnipeg very cheaply. There was, I believe, through navigation on this river once, and if it could be made equal to modern conditions, it would be a vast advantage to Manitoba.

The Premier at Ste Anne.

Winnipeg, July 13.—The people of Ste. Anne des Chenes are French almost to a man—and even that man is French. I drove from the picnic grounds with him, and his name was Hogan, but he shouted "Marche done!" to his horses, and his boy, who squeezed into the seat beside me, was Leetle Ba't'eese. His father and mother came from "the old sod," and spoke its tongue, but he and all his family were now French to all intents and purposes.

Ste. Anne's is about an hour's ride by train from Winnipeg. When the train drew up there, there was a cavalcade of young Frenchmen mounted on the somewhat scrubby horses of the district, and everyone carried flags with the words "Bienvenue!" They fell in behind Sir Wilfrid's automobile, and with shrill shouts of welcome, with cheers and galloping we all poured out across the dusty prairie. The way was lined with spruce bushes thrust into the ground, and looking anything but at home there. The tricolor, which the church loves not, the Flag of the Sacred Heart, which it would fain see supplant it, the Lillies of France, and the Canadian and British flags all mingled in delightful confusion. The day was hot, almost to exhaustion, and the dust from flying automobiles and the miscellaneous "rigs" which lumbered past, loaded to the gunnels with the flower of Ste. Anne chivalry, enveloped us in a cloud. There is nothing on the prairie to mark one's progress, but finally we saw a congestion of the traffic ahead, and in a minute had formed part of it. It was the picnic grounds, and thus we came to Ste. Anne's.

A Great Ovation.

What an ovation they gave their great compatriot! Greater, in some respects, even than that prolonged roar which almost raised the roof of the Winnipeg amphitheatre the night before. Here there was only a fraction of that great crowd, but they were each and everyone acclaiming the Hero—the darling hero—of the French race beyond the seas. It was the admired and beloved of all Canada that had come among them, but more than that it was the great son of French Canada, so let her go once more!

And there was a peculiar tenderness not far from tears in Sir Wilfrid's eyes and an even softer note in his vibrant voice as he arose and leaned over the platform to look down into the sunburned faces gazing up at him so earnestly. He spoke in French to them, and though in the case of most of us, our French was of the smallest, we could easily trace the emotions which held him and thrilled through his voice like the tenderest notes of the 'cello, as he spoke to them like a kind father to his children.

He did not enter deeply into the problems of the country when speaking to these people. What do they care about the problems of the country when they have a man who can solve them for them, and whom they can trust through and through! He just told them how he loved them, above all others of the beloved and they could see in his face that he meant it every word. He repeated his words in English, largely, and was about to sit down when a note was handed up to him from the crowd. It was from an old Metis, who complained that there had been a word for French and English, Irish and Scot, but nothing for the Metis people—these who owed their origin to a mixture of more than one race. He got to his feet again with a smile to apologize for his omission, and spoke in French to them for some time.

The crowd looked for all the world like a crowd of French-Canadians look at Digby or Tracadie or wherever you may find them. They have not taken on much of the western smartness of appearance which distinguishes some of the other localities they have been in. The automobile is quite a common vehicle among these aristocratic agriculturalists, but not for Pierre! He pulls his rather ill-matched team off the road as far as possible when he sees the devil-wagon approaching.

R. L. Richardson, who once was a friend to Laurier himself, published an article in his paper, the Tribune, on the day of the premier's arrival, in the course of which he took occasion to remind him that he was not the great man which his "flatterers and parasites" assured him he was. R. L. may be correct, but if so, Sir Wilfrid has been wonderfully successful in hood-winking whoever has come in contact with him. The glamor only grows on the correspondents and others in his party, the more they see of him, and all are too busy watching his sensitive, dignified countenance, and listening to the music of his voice to attend properly to their business of recording his utterances. He is never disappointing. We always expect something worth hearing and we always hear something.

Mr. Graham's Good Impression.

The minister of railways is making a very good impression on this tour. He talks straight to the point, and has always a record to relate of big things doing or to be done. He reminds them that he is spending their money, and does not make any bones of the fact that he means to go on doing so, until he has all his plans for the solution of the great problem of transportation satisfactorily carried out. The people of the west like that sort of thing. They have no time to waste over a man who beats around the bush. He tells them he means to give them value for every cent, and they seem inclined to believe him. He impresses on them that the government of Canada is doing more than any other in the world today in the matter of railroad construction, and the crying need of the west is railroads.

George Graham was a good card to take west, all right. There is nothing that appeals much more to the people who are busy growing the wheat for an empire than plain words from the man who has the job in hand, in which he explains how he proposes to put western wheat in the world's markets at several cents a bushel cheaper than it has ever been put there before.

"We propose," he told the farmers of Ste. Anne's, "to give you the best facilities in the world to take your goods to market, so that every man can get the best return for every day he puts in on the farm." You can't beat that sort of argument with talk about "dog biscuit," and "direct contributions of Dreadnoughts" and Maria Allson.

F. F. Pardee and E. M. McDonald have both been making a good impression on the people of the west, and are excellent "second strings." At Fort William and here again at Ste. Anne des Chenes they gave some hot stuff to the enemy wherever they found him. Every audience has a big proportion of men from both Ontario and the maritime provinces, and they are anxious to hear from two men who have cut a big figure in the house.

Winnipeg, July 15—To a good many of the places visited on the present tour Sir Wilfrid Laurier is coming for the first time since assuming the position of premier. On his last visit he was heir apparent as everybody knew, but he had not actually come to the throne. Today, though in manner he is in no respect changed from the unassuming gentleman he has always been, he has naturally assumed more importance in the eyes of the people by reason of having come into his inheritance, and as a result of his brilliant administration of the same.

This was his first visit to Morden, for example, in sixteen years. This day will be remembered by the Mordenites for many years, and it will not be forgotten by some of us who went there; for the reception we received was warm in every sense of the word. One hundred and four in the shade the thermometer stood, and we could have believed it still hotter when we crowded into the tin-roofed rink where the meeting was held. Bad enough was the plight of us scribbling down below, and our heartfelt sympathy went out to the speakers as they mopped up the perspiration which rolled off them.

Mr. McDonald's Speech.

T. G. Norris, the Liberal leader in Manitoba, made an excellent speech, recalling that when Sir Wilfrid was here sixteen years ago he had promised them peace, progress and prosperity, all of which benefits Mr. Norris said, they had enjoyed during the fourteen years of Laurier government.

S. M. McDonald gave his first long speech of the tour, at Morden, and created an excellent impression. He referred to the present visit of the premier and its objects, and evoked considerable enthusiasm when he said that he had been told that, had Sir Wilfrid arrived in the province sufficiently long before the recent elections to have been thoroughly heard by the people on the Manitoba boundary question, Mr. Roblin would not be where he is today. This seems not improbable, as the premier's able exposition of the boundaries case at the Winnipeg meeting let in a lot of light on the matter which would have been rather embarrassing for the present administration here.

The member for Picton dealt at length with the navy question about which they do not know much on the prairies, and perhaps care less. Wheat looms larger than anything else here, but they will eventually have to take into consideration the fact that they must have protection for that wheat when they come to control the world's markets as they hope to do.

The premier spoke well here, notwithstanding the heat of the day. He reviewed several of the great undertakings which the government now have in hand or in contemplation for the benefit of the west in particular. Among the projects referred to were the construction of the Hudson Bay railway, which has met with great favor here as providing another outlet for the western crops, and giving for some months in the year the shortest way from Canadian wheat fields to the world's markets.

The premier's imaginary interview between "Bob" Rogers and King George, when the former fulfils his threat of taking this Manitoba boundary question to the foot of the throne, was exceedingly clever and created much merriment in the audience.

On Saturday the party was again early astir for a run of about ninety miles to Somerset. We have been changing about so much from the C. P. R. to the C. N. R. and back again that it is a little difficult to know just where we are to find our cars when we go in search of them. This run to Somerset was through a country which afforded a much appreciated change from the eternal flatness of the prairies, as it was into a rolling hill country.

Bill Stapios, M. P.

We found here, too, something else that was a change, and very refreshing. These people of the west like to speak of themselves as being big in every way. Politically we have been inclined, from our experience of them, to consider them somewhat small. The Conservative politician, at least, has not shown much of that bigness with which he credits himself, for up to the time of our trip to Somerset there was no evidence that the Conservatives of Manitoba were any bigger than their leaders. But when we arrived at Somerset the first man there to greet Sir Wilfrid was the picturesque and typical western figure of Bill Staples, M. P. for McDonald, who had driven in from his farm twenty miles away and was running the whole show. His action was thoroughly appreciated by the premier and every member of his party. There was a peculiarly genial air about Sir Wilfrid during the whole of the day and I have no doubt he appreciated this action of Bill Staples as much as anything he has encountered on the whole trip. The people of the district seemed to like it also, and all hands united in a most hearty cheer for the member for McDonald at the conclusion of the meeting when cheers were going.

Both Sir Wilfrid and Mr. Graham met relatives here—the former a cousin, and Mr. Graham an aged uncle, well over eighty, who drove in twenty miles to hear his hopeful nephew, and seemed justly proud of him.

On one of the stops made on the return from Somerset, the premier, when speaking from the rear of the car to the crowd at the railway station—it was at Carman—said he had been "cheered in health and in heart by this trip west." He certainly looks it. There is no sign that he has ever been the broken man physically which the Conservative organs used to depict him as being. The further he goes the stronger and more lively he seems to get. The most interesting part of the tour will now come and that to which he probably looks forward with the greatest anticipation. We shall in a few days begin to meet those new settlers from the United States with which the west is filling up. It will be interesting to see the mutual impression created.

T. M. FRASER.

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SIR WILFRID LAURIER REPLYING TO CIVIC ADDRESS OF WELCOME AT PORT ARTHUR

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