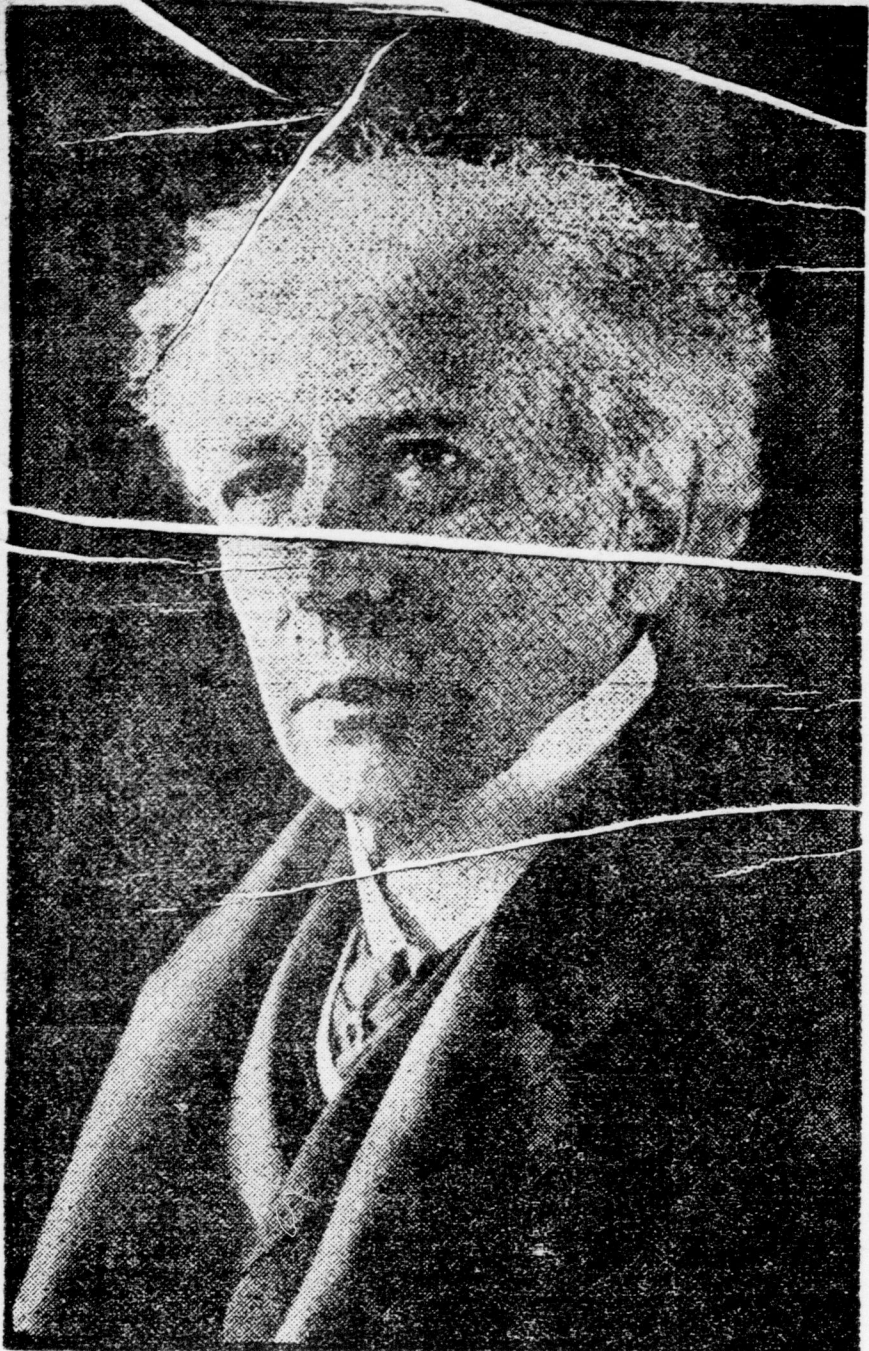




SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD

[By M. O. Hammond.]

[By M. O. Hammond.]

"The day I started on my last campaign," Sir Wilfrid Laurier said to a friend after the 1911 election, "I sat down and talked it all over with my wife. I said: 'I am going off to fight my last battle. I expect to win, but if I am defeated, I will come back and we will spend the rest of our lives quietly together as we have so long wanted to do.' Alas! I have come back, but we have lost, and lost so heavily that I cannot spend the rest of my life quietly as I had expected to do." And the voice of the 60-year-old political gladiator broke in contemplation of the evil fortunes of his party. Eighteen months in Opposition have changed the note of despair to one of optimism, and today the Liberal party is marked by a more fervent spirit than it has had in years.

Laurier's long reign was the result of the clean and healthy growth of a powerful personality. He has in a large degree the qualities of a leader of men, combined with the personal magnetism of a popular orator. The first of the French-Canadian race to become premier, he had to meet the prejudice of the Orange and the lingering jealousies of the British race. His influence grew from his attainment of power by the grace of a solid Quebec until he had a majority in the House of Commons, irrespective of that province. He developed from a minority leader in the early thirties, saying pretty flowery, oratorical things until he embodied the ideals of a busy, business people, a young man holding his head higher and higher in the world, as a new western town which boasts of its building statistics compared with its neighbors.

As though destined for his future responsibilities, Laurier learned English in his early teens, and lived to be accused by unfriendly voices of his own race of being a better speaker in the acquired than in the mother tongue. "He speaks French with an English accent," they said of him.

Is Your Back Full of Aches All Day Long?

That Stabbing Pain in the Back Is
a Sure Indication of Kidney
Trouble.



Mrs. Anna Rodriguez writes as follows from her home in Valencia: "For a long time I suffered with falling strength and nagging headaches. My limbs became stiff and shaky. I was slow and thin, felt rheumatic pains, dizziness and chills. I unfortunately didn't suspect my kidneys and was nearly dead when I discovered the true cause of my suffering. I read so much about the wonderful health and strength that comes to all who use Dr. Hamilton's Pills that I felt sure they would help me. Such blessings of health and comfort I got from Dr. Hamilton's Pills I can't describe. They speedily put me right, and their steady use keeps me active, energetic, strong and happy. I strongly urge others to regulate and tone their system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut."

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him in statecraft, and taught him the arts of a party general.

A man largely without notable business—at any rate of the financial-instruction, Laurier on taking office assembled men who could supply his own deficiencies. His first ministry has been described as the "Cabinet of All Talents." He called in the Premiers of Ontario, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, as well as other powerful ministers from the provinces. Practical details that he could not master were in the competent hands of Fielding and Sifton, Fisher and Patterson. On this day, Sir Wilfrid Laurier cannot use statistics in a speech with success. Time and again he has been confused when attempting it. His friends have never seen him essay it without alarm. He opened one of his last general election campaigns fortified with a mass of statistical material. He made "hash" of it in the first speech, and his travelling companion, a crest-fallen, That night, when it was dark, so the story goes, someone took his satchel of statistics and dropped it off the end of the car as they crossed a high bridge. There was a proper row when Sir Wilfrid missed it, and all joined fruitlessly in the search. Ottawa was telegraphed for a duplicate set. The next day, however, Sir Wilfrid made such a fine impression with a speech on general issue that he saw the difference and said: "Don't bother about getting any more figures."

In debate he is ever the master at parry and thrust. He draws the rapier where a clumsy opponent uses a sledge-hammer. Many a poor case has been carried through by sheer deftness and audacity. Many an experienced adversary has been left high and dry by Laurier's ready retort. Although the hurly-burly of parliamentary debate is more productive of repartee, Sir Wilfrid has a winning and breezy style on the hustings. Opening his last campaign he skillfully faced the annexation cry, already to the fore, but which none thought would lead to his undoing.

"Who in Canada wants annexation?" he cried. "If Mr. Borden will answer for me, I will answer for the Grits."

Campaigning through the country, Sir Wilfrid is the master of the situation. There is wit, something of the "grand adieu" about him. He has a keen sense of dramatic values. While he yields to the worship of those who crowd his car to shake his hand, he does not show himself to the public at moments before it is necessary. Sometimes the clamor of admirers forces him from his bed at midnight. With all the love for applause, characteristic of his race, and of the dramatic temper of his countrymen, he never deserts him. During his last tour of Nova Scotia, one morning his boat barely landed when the enthusiastic young woman crossed the gang plank and handed him a bouquet of flowers. Such is to be expected as part of every meeting, but here on the bare deck of a steamer the feat was not unimpressive. As he laid the gift on the hatch he turned and said over his shoulder: "Is a man ever so helpless as he is with a bouquet?"

Always a man of singular grace, Sir Wilfrid is as popular with the ladies as the ladies are with him. While campaigning in rural Quebec at the last election, he started the crowd by getting on the step of a motor and kissing a woman about 40 years of age. When the dust had cleared away it was found that she was the daughter of the late Honore Mercier, a Quebec. At Dixie, Nova Scotia, tourists from the United States swarmed to see the Liberal leader. One woman tore down a small Union Jack, handed it to him with the request that he should present it to her, and she would "keep it all her life." Sir Wilfrid made as gallant a little ceremony of it as if he had been conferring the Order of the Garter.

Laurier has always been quick to size up a condition at a political meeting. In 1895, while still leader of the Opposition, he opened his campaign in Quebec at a town meeting. As he entered the hall he was met by a crowd of men, and he was told that the meeting was for the purpose of electing a committee to support the Liberal cause. Laurier was quick to see the situation, and he was heard to say: "I take my stand with the lines of Torres Vedras," or, as he was heard to say, "I take my stand with the lines of Torres Vedras," or, as he was heard to say, "I take my stand with the lines of Torres Vedras."

A few months later he stood

in Parliament by Lord Aberdeen, resplendent in gold lace at the head of the new Government.

When faced with the combined opposition of the Conservatives and Nationalists in Quebec in his last contest, an alliance that was almost grotesque in view of the imperialism of the one and the anti-imperialism of the other, Sir Wilfrid held them up to scorn and declared: "What a salad!"

An instance of the adoration of the habitants for Laurier was on one occasion seen at Montreal. Awaiting a train he found a sweet little girl, the daughter of a basket-laden woman on her way to market. Sir Wilfrid kissed the child and walked away.

"Who is that?" asked the astonished mother of a bystander.

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier."

"En vérité?" ("Is that really true?")

When she was convinced she ran after him and stroked his sleeve while in the spirit of a worshipper. Sir Wilfrid returned and shook hands, and the astonished woman then fled in confusion.

Laurier's political principles, he has often boasted, are founded on those of Gladstone, Cobden and Bright, the leaders of English Liberalism of last century. On the other hand, he has not kept step with the movement for state ownership of various public utilities, and the Liberalism of Lloyd George is again far ahead of him. His principles have not been extreme at any time. His moderation has been a compromise, and therefore it was successful.

Like Gladstone and other eminent men, Laurier has few but decided means of relaxation. During the dull hours of Parliament, while the duties of leadership chain him to his chair, he finds rest and instruction in the dictionary. Unlike his successor, Mr. Borden—who plays golf—he follows no competitive outdoor sport, but is devoted to walking. He is intensely interested in criminology, and has read all the best detective stories. He is fond of discussing mysterious crimes and speculating on them. He has an ardent admiration for Poe's story, "The Mystery of Marie Roget." As a young lawyer he loved mysterious murder cases.

Laurier's kindness and lack of bitterness are marked characteristics. In the most heated debate he never loses his self-control. He ever speaks of his opponents with respect and regard. During one campaign an excited supporter telegraphed from a remote constituency:

"Report in circulation here that your antagonism to religion is so strong that you have never had any of your children baptized. Very damaging to party. Telegraph me if untrue."

Sir Wilfrid's reply was characteristic.

"Statement is unfortunately quite true. I have never had a child baptized."

Notwithstanding, he has a passion, a fondness for children.

During a tour to the west in 1910 he was constantly making friends with the youngsters by the wayside in the Northern Ontario wilderness. Early one morning his party, awaiting him for breakfast, searched and found him

ENGLISH AS THE INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE

[By Prof. Walter Rippmann, M. A., of University of London (England).]

There is nothing new in the idea of a language that should serve as the universal means of communication among nations. Even when civilized mankind was comparatively small in numbers and the world seemed vast, men were attracted by the idea. As more of the world and of its many languages became known, the desire of a language intelligible to all appeared more obvious. As commerce grew and improved means of communication spanned the continents and the oceans of the world, diversity of speech was felt to be a serious obstacle.

For various reasons three languages gradually attained first-rate importance; one of the Romance languages (French), one of the Teutonic languages (German), and English, of which the vocabulary combined Teutonic and Romance elements. All three are spoken by leading nations, proud

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Draw your finger across a dish washed with soap a few hours ago. You'll leave a smear on the dish. This is due to the grease in the soap, which clings to the dishes. No matter how often rinsed, a thin film of grease will stick to the dishes. Even if wiped off from one dish on a cloth it will get on the next dish from the cloth. It's this film of grease that dulls the appearance of the china and makes it feel slippery.

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Be sure you get Snowflake Powdered Ammonia, in the giant 50c package. 10c packages of ordinary powdered ammonia of inferior quality are only about one-third larger.

Full directions on each package 10

Lawrason's SNOWFLAKE Powdered Ammonia

playing ball with a boy in the woods. Another day a kiddy of 10 or less came to his car to take his picture with a plaything sort of camera. The man who had been followed for days with little success by press photographers, walked out and stood on the track until the proud boy achieved his end.

Many and complex estimates are held of Laurier's service to his country. He will be remembered chiefly for his era of constructive statesmanship, a degree of accomplishment unlooked for by the country's greatest optimist twenty years ago. His administration brought nearly three million immigrants to the vacant western plains, the transcontinental railway will soon be completed, opening millions of acres to settlement, and giving depth as well as length to Canada. A railway outlet for grain from the prairies to the Hudson Bay is under way. The Georgian Bay Canal, if carried out as planned, will give water transportation at low rates almost from the very heart of the continent. Religious and racial differences have been silenced, while Canada's standing in the British Empire has been made more autonomous by the granting of the right of self-government to the provinces, and the commencement of the navy; at the same time the imperial tie has been strengthened by a voluntary preference in the tariff in favor of the mother country.

they refuse, there is a split,—that is what past experience leads us to expect.

For our present purpose, however, we will assume that Esperanto (or Ido, which does not matter) is the best artificial language that the wit of man can devise. I have studied it with some care, and I have profound admiration for Dr. Zamenhof, its creator. It is a very fine piece of work which does credit to his linguistic skill no less than to his humanitarian idealism. I do not propose to criticize it in detail, but I am willing to concede that the spelling it represents is chosen adequately, and that the grammar is very simple. To my mind the grave objections to any artificial language arise from a consideration of its vocabulary.

The vocabulary of Esperanto is mainly based on the Romance languages. To those who know, say, French or Italian, the meaning of most of the roots is fairly obvious; but the millions (think of Asia alone) who know no European language, have to learn the roots without such assistance. The roots which know Teutonic languages only will recognize little that looks familiar.

But there is a much more serious consideration. Language may be said to consist of words, and a simple meaning. To the former we may reckon the numerals, designations of things, as men, of concrete objects (linnet, daffodil, such words as and, or, but). When translating from one into a foreign language they give us no difficulty; the rendering is obvious. But the complex words, which really matter, are those which have many associations. If we look up such a word in the dictionary, we find that no one foreign word is an exact equivalent. The words and phrases render good translation so difficult that we call it a fine art, and when we know two languages really well, even the best translation from one into the other leaves us dissatisfied. We pay our tribute to the skill of the translator, but feel that the rhythm that delighted us in a piece of majestic prose, the perfume of an exquisite lyric are lost in the rendering. The finer literary quality of the original, the more we miss in the translation. Even in the rare case when poet translates poet, the work of the second hand is noticeable almost always.

The complex words (gentleman and fellow, esprit and gout, Wehmuth and Schadenfreude may serve as examples) are the words that matter. The meanings are a reflex of national psychology; they come from our national life. We acquire a full knowledge of these words in our own language through meeting them many times in many contexts. We do not know a foreign language well, until these words arouse the same associations in our minds as in the foreigner's.

All these finer shades, the perfumes, the over-tones are lost in an artificial language. The complexity of the words that matter is ignored, the idiomatic phrase that delighted us has to yield to a colorless, matter-of-fact expression. The artificial word is regarded as the equivalent of some English word by an Englishman, or some French word by a Frenchman, but the English word and the French word are not equivalent. It is just here that the idea of universality is elusive; it is the words which renders an original literature in an artificial language impossible.

Compare the literature of Esperanto (and any conceivable development of that literature) with the literature of England, France or Germany. You are holding a rushlight to the sun! It is made up largely of translations which may content those who do not know the originals, but are no substitutes for the originals. Original Esperanto verse is almost impossible to render, and that is all that can be said for it.

I know that many English people derive genuine pleasure and satisfaction from their knowledge of Esperanto. They have learned a foreign language with a minimum of effort; they are delighted to find that they can converse at congresses with people of many nationalities; it appeals to their desire for universal brotherhood. Yet I wonder whether the efforts so earnestly devoted to the propagation of Esperanto are really to the advantage of mankind; and whether they are directed to the purpose of purifying our mother tongue, so that it may more quickly become the world language.

How do things stand at present? English is spoken far more widely than any other language; it is the speech of 150 millions, reckoning white men alone, and it is the official language and in great measure the common means of intercommunication in the British possessions with their population of 250 millions. It has a well-recognized commercial value; it has a splendid literature; in both respects it is far ahead of any artificial language. All this—the advocates of Esperanto tell us—is of no account in face of national jealousy. Particularly the French and the Germans will not recognize English as the world language. Probably not in theory; but when we consider their practice, what do we find? In France and Germany English has never been better taught and more widely learnt than at the present day. A quite exceptional experience (as director of the London University holiday course in English for foreigners, for nine years)

enables me to say that the same is true of almost every other country. As soon as we do our full duty in India, the number of those who know English will be very largely increased. Consequently, I will urge that we should use Esperanto for the education of our fellow-subjects of alien race.

There is no reason to anticipate a decline in the spread of English; and we can contribute our share, by making it better fitted as a world language. Foreigners tell us that the grammar gives them little trouble, and they can soon acquire a good working vocabulary, but they are unanimous in regarding the irregular spelling as a serious obstacle to the beginner. The pronunciation is not difficult in itself, even the "th" can easily be taught; the seat of the trouble is the irrational spelling which so often gives no clue to the pronunciation. Some difficulty is also due to our not having laid down at all clearly what we mean by "good English," or "pure English" speech. Here, there are two ways in which we can make our language more attractive and valuable, not only to the foreigner, but to ourselves.

That is the work undertaken by the Simplified Spelling Society, and a postcard to the secretary at 44, Great Russell Street, W. C., will furnish the reader with particulars of a movement which is attracting well-merited attention. Those who are inspired above all by the desire to save a year (at least) of the education time of our children and to enable an essential subject to be taught reasonably and easily which must now be taught unreasonably, at the cost of much time and labor. But they also devote their energies to the movement because they believe that our English language can and should be made a still better instrument of thought, and rendered so attractive that men of all nations will of their own free will learn it. There is no need to force it upon anyone; that would arouse a very natural resentment. But if the English language is making its way now, and in spite of its defective spelling and the absence of a well established standard of speech, should we not do our utmost to remove these acknowledged obstacles? Granted that in grammar an artificial language may be simpler than ours,—but ours is the key to the splendid treasures of our past literature, and what foreigner would be indolent and so shortsighted as to think that the artificial language weighed heavier in the balance than English?

The day will surely come when the English speaker will find an audience throughout the world, and the works of our philosophers and poets, our men of science and our men of business will be read and appreciated in every country and in every clime.

Buenos Aires is to outdo the Eiffel Tower of Paris by erecting a structure 1,067 feet high, topped by a 166-foot statue, bearing a million candle-power searchlight. The Argentine tower will thus be 1,173 feet in height, exceeding the Eiffel Tower's height by 189 feet.

"So you regard Slocetown as the centre of the universe?" asked the visitor. "Yes; we appear to stand still, and everything else moves around us," explained the native.—Buffalo Express.

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