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HALIFAX--ST. JOHN

"A Tale of Two Cities," wherein is explained how each might well set an example worthy of the emulation of the other and how both would thereby contribute their share toward a solid Maritime front.

(By Edgar E. Kelley, in "The Busy East.")

The omission of the customary "veritas" from the title of this effort and the substitution therefore of a plain and noncommittal printer's dash would seem to suggest more forcefully than could mere words, the purpose herein attempted to be served. And, as further suggested in the subtitle, we will undertake to weave in word-fabric "A Tale of Two Cities," the citizens of which have for more years than we care to contemplate, nourished and fostered a narrow provincialism that smacks of childishness--detrimental, as it is, to the people.

"Halifax versus St. John; St. John versus Halifax"--What school child is not familiar with that rivalry?--a rivalry that has for its origin--what? I will tell you. A rivalry arising out of pure, sheer sectional jealousy. A rivalry in which in a sense both ends are often played against the middle, to the lasting detriment of the entire Canadian East. Is not the time come when we should put aside these childish ways, assuming an attitude toward one another that will better fit us to receive and profit by the wave of expansion due, the first ripples of which we have already noticed?

Dickens wrote "a tale of two cities," and sought to show in his opening observations that in London as in Paris, centres of gravity in two great countries, it was generally accepted that "things were settled forever." For, were there not "a King, with a large law and a queen with a plain face upon the throne of England?" and did not a king with a large law and a queen with a fair face grace the throne of France? What reason was there for doubting that things in general were settled forever! Large laws in kings, and fair faces in queens, are not the character-mirrors that reflect a disposition to look beyond the scenes on the part of their possessors. But, still, behind those scenes in England was turmoil and violence; and behind those scenes in France was an unrest that precipitated the most awful scenes yet recorded on the pages of World History. The "lords of the preserves, of loaves and fishes" in England seemed unaware that crime was running rampant; and those who helped France to "roll smoothly down hill, making paper money and spending it," doubtless overlooked the necessity of supplying bread for hungry mouths, clothes to cover ragged bodies. The "Queen with a fair face" wondered why that mob "did not eat cake!"

Dickens has summed up for us in his tale of two cities a splendid lesson. He has impressed us with the advisability of giving some consideration to others. It is a lesson we should own well.

Since long before this hand clutched at swaddling-clothes, the columns of the press of the cities of Halifax and St. John have ever and anon seemed to vie the one with the other in the matter of (in language more forceful than elegant) "tooting their own horns." This has not been well. Both have seemed obsessed of the deep-seated conviction that the advantages and possibilities of either could not be fanned save in language and attitude as this is not to be regarded as wise and prudent. For, what benefits St. John in an industrial, a commercial, and a social way, is of necessity benefit Halifax, and vice versa. While that which inures to the betterment of both St. John and Halifax, certainly must inure to the betterment of the Maritime Provinces as a whole.

When Halifax advertises to the world that St. John as a port is no better than it might be, Halifax strikes a direct blow at the warp and woof of the Halifax business fabric; when St. John in a fit of for-

getfulness, goes on record with statements better left unsaid touching the Nova Scotia metropolis, then St. John has set back the hands of the Clock of Progress where St. John is directly concerned. And, finer still, when both cities indulge in these "pleasantries" the remainder of the Lower Provinces suffers--caught between the upper and nether millstones of a sectional wrangle between our two most vital outlets for trade and commerce, through which must flow the only lifeblood a country may claim.

We are prone to the opinion that the citizens not included in the population of our two largest centres appreciate the fact more fully than do the citizens of those two cities themselves. For we must face the fact that oftentimes it would appear that St. John and Halifax are loath to admit that other, and most vitally important centres grace the Maritime map.

The Lower Provinces constitute all-too-limited a field to prosper as they otherwise would under the retarding effects of such a disjointed policy as this. We entered into a pact of Confederation with our eyes open, to be sure; but still the fact remains that out of that same pact we have not drawn that measure of recognition and benefit justly ours. And were the growing needs of more adequate terminal facilities on the Atlantic sea board not being brought home to those in authority in Upper Canada and the West, it is doubtful if even now we would see our day dawning in the East.

This rule of playing Cindereella while our sisters have gone to the ball has not proven, for us, a profitable one. Our presence is come to be regarded as a necessity today at those National "functions"--hence recent "invitations." But the very fact of the receipt of those same invitations does not serve to leave with us the conviction that our presence is sought out of plain popularity. At social festivities, you know, small children are often pressed into service to "tend the door." It may seem a bit ungrateful, but there are times when we almost feel that our sister provinces suddenly awoke to the necessity of a competent tender of the National Portals. And as precedent is regarded a sound principle of good British law, we venture the assertion that we have very fair premises for our contentions.

This thought, however, is a most gratifying one: We own the National Portals; and possibly our role as the keeper thereof may ere long assume a more pronounced magnitude in the eyes of those who, heretofore, have elevated their brows at the mention of that section of Canada lying East of the Quebec Boundary, when questions National have been in point. It has always been, and is still, the lot of Maritime Canada to play the smaller brother in the Drama of Confederation. This fact should come home to us freighted with food for serious thought. Halifax, St. John, Charlottetown, Amherst, Moncton, the Sydneys, New Glasgow, Fredericton: no matter, our positions are common positions. We must present a solid front to a common foe; that is, if we hope to potently demand and satisfactorily receive that measure of recognition we deserve--that degree of participation in Canadian progress, ours by virtue of all the laws of national equity, ours as laid down by, and written into, that same pact of Confederation out of which we have drawn but a meagre return.

This question of a thoughtless discrimination against the Maritime Provinces is a trite one, some may think a threadbare one, as well. But it is a question that will not go down. And only through concentrated effort can we hope to secure relief. Narrow, petty wrangling of province pitted against province, city against city, town against town, village against village, is not a condition calculated to make for that same concentration. Mr. W. Leonard Palmer, of the London (Eng.) Financial News, and a tried and true friend of this section of the Dominion, has laid down that policy in a masterful way. We must pool our efforts, Mr. Palmer tells us. He has struck the keynote.

On occasion, when we grow a trifle weary of this sectional wrangling, we begin to wonder if, after all, it is not simply a bad habit, perpetuated on to us through long indulgence. And a bad habit is certainly a progress-

retarder wherever, or whenever met. While a good habit, someone has told us, is a lubricant that reduces the friction of life to a point where progress is possible.

Friction we surely have, and here is a thought to mull over. The elimination of that friction will stand as the cure--the National Panacea.

Emerson, the wise, has averred that next to saying a wise thing, is quieting it. And that aphorism might be paraphrased. Next to setting a good example, comes the emulation of that example.

And, so, Halifax might set an example worthy of the emulation of St. John; St. John might set an example worthy of the emulation of Halifax, while both of our largest centres might well set examples worthy of the emulation of the Maritime Provinces, as a whole.

In a spasmodic way we have attempted to carry out this policy of concentration. Results have followed it is true, and that very fact leaves us to wonder just how far and how high we might go were this movement for a solid Canadian East prosecuted in real earnest.

Why not erase the "Veritas" from all our dealings, from all our movements, and substitute therefor a binding conjunction--the firm bonds of a common policy, tenoned and mortised deep into the individual timbers of the solid Maritime structure--the structure of Commercial and Industrial Unity?

We think we see the light ahead along the highway of Progress. Would it not be well and wise to set out and meet it halfway?

Sylvester Horne and his Message of Brotherhood

(By J. A. M., in the Toronto Globe)

It was in June, 1909, I first met Sylvester Horne, who comes as a guest of Toronto today. The First Imperial Press Conference met in London. Sixty delegates from overseas were guests of the newspaper fraternity in Britain. Princes and potentates, noblemen of all grades, Dukes, Earls, Knights, lords and ladies gay, Imperialists all--these were our daily and nightly friends and familiars. The jingo microbes might have found in me a responsive corpuscle had it not been my fate to be shovelled to the platform in opposition to the "conscription" idea so cleverly suggested by Lord Roberts and hurrahed for by a small but aggressive group of London journalists.

The idea got its final knockout from Mr. Balfour, who presided that day. For me two results followed: Max's of The National Review described me as a "damned Socialist," and Sylvester Horne invited me to speak at a Sunday afternoon at Whitfield's Men's meeting in Tottenham Court Road. I recall both with pleasant satisfaction.

Since that first meeting the man who then to me was little more than a name, has become the living embodiment of the Christian idea in its relation to the age-long social problem, the virile incarnation of the new spirit of the Church Militant, the democratic citizen who believes "it is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill," but whose fighting is never with the outgrown and impertinent weapons of brute force, but with the sword of spiritual impulses and the revolutionary power of a vital idea.

His clerical standing is among the English Congregationalists. His university degree is from Glasgow. As M.P. he is an ungrazed and positive Liberal, representing the life-long life of Ipswich, in the British House of Commons. In the pulpit he is a prophet with a message as well defined as that of his Puritan ancestry. On a hundred platforms he pleads for whatever boldest makes for social justice and gives the common man a man's fair chance. Into Parliament he went in those days of crisis when democracy itself again was challenged and the rights and liberties of Englishmen had to be fought for once more.

There is no contradiction or incongruity in Sylvester Horne speaking one day from the pulpit of Whitefield's, the next day from a platform at Hyde Park, and on the third day from his place in the House of Commons. The themes may vary, but there is one purpose. The form of words may be different, but there is one spirit. On all occasions he is an agitator, a Christian agitator. In a book just published by Hodder & Stoughton, "Pulpit, Platform and Parliament," he quotes with glowing endorsement a great sentence from Dr. Hatch: "The unaccomplished mission of Christianity is to reconstruct society on the basis of brotherhood." Because he believes in that mission, believes in it with no however or notwithstanding, he enters with eager step through three wide doors to democratic public opinion and public action. With three such springs to his bow, and with his quiver filled with sinewy and well-leathered shafts, he puts up no sham fight when he enters the lists.

To be sure, there are preachers who would be out of place on a political platform or in Parliament, but that depends on the preacher and his purposes. When I saw Bishop by the dozen in the House of Lords, and observed their seeming omnipotence, which availed so little for the common good, I rather rejoiced that in the House of Commons is one Non-conformist who holds his place not by special privilege, but by the free votes of the common people.

When one listens to Sylvester Horne, feels the human touch of his life, and knows that his message has blood in it and has been bathed in the blood-sweat of his own personal experience, one could wish that such voices from the pulpit were oftener heard in politics, and such voices from Parliament in the pulpit. It is a man's voice to man. His place is not with John the Baptist in the wilderness, but with Jesus in the world of men.

Neglected a Pin Scratch--Dead

A boy died last week in hospital from blood-poisoning, the result of a pin scratch!

Do you ever think such a fate might easily be yours? Suppose you knew that although you have had scratches, cuts, burns, sores, and have escaped blood-poisoning so far, the very next time you sustained such an injury blood-poison would set in and you might die! Wouldn't you be very careful to see that the next wound, although only slight, received prompt attention? Certainly.

Now get this further thought. You can't say that the very next cut or scratch or burn or scald you get and neglect will not turn to fatal blood-poisoning. Did it ever strike you that way? The same applies to your children.

The surest safeguard against blood-poisoning is Zam-Buk. No single poisoner's germ has yet been discovered that Zam-Buk does not kill. As soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a cut, burn, scratch, tear or sore place, that injury is insured against blood-poisoning from the germs in the air. Not only so, but Zam-Buk stops the smarting and pain. Healing is set up right from the first application, so that at the same time Zam-Buk is antiseptic, soothing and healing. No other salve acts so splendidly. This is why in every country in the world Zam-Buk is now the most widely used ointment. For cuts and wounds, eczema, piles, ulcers, abscesses and all skin injuries and diseases Zam-Buk is without equal. All druggists and stores at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for samples. If you have not yet tried Zam-Buk, cut out this article, write across it name of this paper, and mail with 10c. stamp to my return postage, to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. We will send you free trial box.

Lincoln the noble unable to let feelings of animosity rule. Ignored, Rebuffed, He Had Received in Early Days.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

Chicago--Another story illustrating the forgiving spirit of Abraham Lincoln is told by John T. Richards, former President of the Chicago Bar Association, who had it from the lips of the late John Bigelow, to whom it was told by George Harding one of the principals.

The story has to do with the appointment of Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War after Lincoln when the latter was a young lawyer. The story, as told to Mr. Richards by Mr. Bigelow, follows:

"In 1836 Lincoln was retained by defendants in the case of McCormick versus Manny, then pending in the United States Circuit Court. Reverdy Johnson and E. M. Dickerson represented the complainant. Edwin M. Stanton and George Harding, of Philadelphia, were leading counsel for the defendant. By agreement of the parties the case was to be heard by Judge McLean at Cincinnati.

"Lincoln was standing in the doorway of the Barnett House in Cincinnati on the day before the hearing when Stanton entered.

"Mr. Harding said Lincoln was clad in a shapless suit of ready-made clothing; he wore heavy boots; his trousers reached a point four inches above his instep. He wore no beard and his general appearance was ungainly and awkward.

"The two distinguished lawyers determined that it would not do to permit a man of Mr. Lincoln's type to appear as counsel, and decided they would tell him it would be unwise to have more than two counsel appear on behalf of the defence. He replied:

"Very well, gentlemen, I have prepared some notes which I had intended to use in my argument, I have them here," and drawing a manuscript from his pocket he handed it to Mr. Harding, saying, 'You are at perfect liberty to make such use of these suggestions as you may deem proper.'

"Mr. Harding, without looking at the manuscript, tossed it subsequently into a waste basket. Later Stanton and Harding arranged a dinner to which Judge McLean and the other counsel in the case excepting Mr. Lincoln were invited.

"Such an experience would have embittered the average man, but not so with Lincoln; for, when time came for the selection of a new Secretary of War, he brushed aside every personal consideration and named Edwin M. Stanton.

"After years of service Stanton became his devout worshipper, and after the assassin's bullet had struck the President down it was Stanton who, standing at the bedside of the great emancipator as his soul took its flight, uttered the words, 'Now he belongs to the ages.'



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