

Kipling on Canada--The Relative at Work

Second of His "Letters to the Family"—
The Master Writer's Impressions of This
Young Country and of the Canadian
People—How We Speak, Walk and
Sleep—Not Like Other Britons—A Note
of Hustle From Coast to Coast—The
Wonderful Railways.

Jubal sang of the wrath of God
And the curse of thistle and thorn—
But Jubal got him a pointed rod,
And grabbed the earth for corn.
Old—old as that early mold,
Young as the sprouting grain—
Yearly green is the strife between
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the new found sea,
And the souls its waves divide—
But Jubal hollowed a fluted reed,
And passed the far side.
Black—black as the hurricane-
wrack,
Salt as the under-main—
Bitter and cold is the hate they
hold—
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Anything from Kipling's
pen is read with avidity.
Many Canadians will not
agree with the sentiments
expressed in the series of
articles on Canada now
being published. But they
will read the "Letters to
the Family," as they are
entitled, if for nothing but
Kipling's inflexible literary
style. No living writer
fields so virile a pen.
The Advertiser has pur-
chased the serial rights to
Kipling's letters, and they
will appear in the Satur-
day edition. The first
one, "The Eldest Sister,"
has been given in part in
this journal and will be
reproduced in full. It is
largely a political tract.
With the second letter en-
titled "The Relative at
Work," Kipling strikes a
less discordant note, and
his real description of
Canada begins. Here it
is in full:

An up-country proverb
says: "She was bidden to
the wedding and set down
to grind corn." The same
fate, reversed, overtook
me on my little excursion.
There is a crafty network
of organizations of busi-
nessmen called "Canadian
Clubs." They catch people
who look interesting, as-
semble their members dur-
ing the midday lunch-
hour, and, tying the victim
to a stool, bid him dis-
cuss on anything. The
idea might be copied else-
where, since it takes men out of them-
selves to listen to matters not other-
wise coming under their notice, and
at the same time, does not hamper
their work. It is safely said, too, that
the whole affair can not exceed an hour,
of which the lunch fills half. The
clubs print their speeches annually,
and one gets cross-sections of many
interesting questions—from practical
forestry to state mints—all set out by
experts.

Not being an expert, the experience
to me was very like hard work. Till
then I had thought speech-making was
a sort of conversational whist, that
any one could cut in at. I per-
ceive now that it is an art of conven-
tions, remote from anything that
comes out of an inkpot, and of colors
hard to control. The Canadians seem
to like listening to speeches, and,
though this is by no means a national
vice, they make good oratory on oc-
casions. You know the old belief that
the white man, on brown, red or black
lands, will throw back in manner and
instinct to the type originally bred
there? Thus, a speech in the taal
should carry the deep roll, the direct
belly-appeal, the reiterated, cunning
arguments, and the few simple meta-
phors of the prince of commercial
orators, the Bantu. A New Zealander
is said to speak from his diaphragm,
hands clenched at the sides, as the
old Maoris used. What we know of
first-class Australian oratory shows
us the same alertness, swift flight, and
clean delivery as a thrown boomerang.
I had half expected in Canadian
speeches some survival of the Red-
skin's elaborate appeal to Suns, Moons
and Mountains—touches of grandiosity
and ceremonial invocations. But no-
thing that I heard was referable to
dignity, a restraint, and, above all,
a weight in it, rather curious when one
thinks of the influences to which the
land lies open. Red it was not; French
it was not; but a thing as much by
itself as the speakers.

So with the Canadian's few gestures
and the bearing of his body. During
the war one watched the contingents
from every point of view, and most
likely, drew wrong inferences. It
struck me that the Canadian, even
when tired, showed less than the
men from the hot countries, and while
resting did not lie on his back or his
belly, but rather on his side, a leg
doubled under him, ready to rise in one
surge.
This time while I watched assemblies
seated, men in hotels and passers-by,
I fancied that he kept this habit of
semi-tenseness at home among his
own; that it was the complement of
the man's still countenance, and the
even, lowered voice. Looking at their
footmarks on the ground they seem
to throw an almost straight track,
neither splayed nor in-toed, and to set
their feet down with a gentle forward
pressure, rather like the Australian's
stealthy footfall. Talking among them-
selves, or waiting for friends, they
did not drum with their fingers, fiddle

Jubal sang of the golden years
When wars and wounds shall cease—
But Jubal fashioned the hand-flung
spears
And showed his neighbors peace.
New—new as the Nine point Two,
Older than Lamech's slain—
Roaring and loud is the feud
they loved—
Twix Jubal and Tubal Cain.

Jubal sang of the cliffs that bar
And the peaks that none may
crown—
But Jubal clambered by jut and scar
And there he builded a town.
High—high as the passes lie,
Low as the culverts drain—
Wherever they be they can never
agree—
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

with their feet, or feel the hair on their
face. These things seem trivial
enough, but when breeds are in the
making everything is worth noting.
The whole affair can not exceed an hour,
of which the lunch fills half. The
clubs print their speeches annually,
and one gets cross-sections of many
interesting questions—from practical
forestry to state mints—all set out by
experts.

Small wonder we differ! Here is a
people with no people at their backs,
driving the great world-plow which
wins the world's bread, and up and
over the shoulder of the world—
a spectacle, as it might be, out of some
tremendous Norse legend. North of
this lies Nidheim's enduring cold,
with the flick and crackle of the Au-
rora for Bifrost Bridge that Odin and
his, because between such and such
comes north year by year, and drag au-
dacious railways with them. Some-
times they burst into good wheat or
timber land, sometimes into mines of
treasure, and all the north is full of
voices—as South Africa once was—
telling discoveries and making phre-
nologies.

When their winter comes, over the
greater part of this country outside
the cities, they must sit still, and eat
and drink as the Aesir did. In summer
they cram twelve months' work into
six, because between such and such
dates certain far rivers will shift, and
later, certain others, till at last even
the Great Eastern Gate at Quebec
locks, and men must go in and out by
the side-doors at Halifax and St. John.
These are conditions that make for
extreme boldness, but not for extrava-
gant boasting.

The red maples tell when it is time
to finish, and all work in hand is re-
gulated by their warning signal. Some
jobs can be put through before winter;
others must be laid aside ready to
jump forward without a lost minute in
spring. Thus, from Quebec to Cal-
gary a note of drive—not hostile, but
drive and finish—up-hummed like
the steam threshers on the still,
autumn air.
Hunters and sportsmen were coming
in from the north; prospectors with
their faces full of mystery, their
pockets full of samples, like prospec-
tors the world over. They had already
been wearing wolf and con skin
coats. In the great cities which work
the year round, carriage shops ex-
hibit one or two seductive nickel-plated
sledges, as a hint; for the sleigh is
"the chariot at hand here of Love."
In the country the farmhouses were
stacking up their wood-piles within
reach of the kitchen door, and taking
down the fly-screens. (One leaves
these on, as a rule, till the double
windows are brought up from the cel-
lar, and one has to hunt all over the
house for missing screens.) Sometimes
one saw a few flashing lengths of new
stovepipe in a backyard, and pitied the
owner. There is no humor in the old,
Butter true stove-pipe jests of the
comic papers.

The railways—the wonderful
railways—told the winter's tale most
emphatically. The thirty-ton coal cars

were moving over three thousand
miles of track. They grunted and
lurched against each other in the
switchyards, or thumped past stately
at midnight on their way to provident
housekeepers of the prairie towns. It
was not a clear way either; for the
bacon, the lard, the apples, the butter,
the cheese, in beautiful white
wood barrels, were rolling eastward
toward the steamers before the wheat
could descend on them. That is the
fifth act of the great Year-Play for
which the stage must be cleared. On
scores of congested sidings lay huge
girders, rolled beams, limbs and boxes
of rivets, once intended for the late
Quebec Bridge—now so much mere
obstruction—and the victuals had to
pick their way through 'em; and be-
hind the victuals was the lumber—
clean wood out of the mountains—logs,
planks, clapboards, and lathe, for
which we pay such sinful prices in
England—all seeking the sea. There
was housing, food, and fuel for mil-
lions, on wheels together, and never a
grain yet shifted of the real staple
which men for five hundred miles were
thrashing out in heaps as high as
fifty-pound villas.

Add to this that the railways were
concerned for their own new develop-
ments—double-trackings, loops, cut-
offs, taps, and feeder lines, and great
swoops out into uncharted lands soon
to be filled with men. So the con-
struction, ballast, and material trains,
the grading machines, the wrecking
cars with their camel-like sneering
cranes—the whole plant of new civiliza-
tion—had to find room somewhere
in the general rally before Nature
cried: "Lay off!"

Does any one remember that joyful
strong confidence after the war, when
it seemed that, at last, South Africa
was to be developed—when men laid
out railways, gave orders for en-
gines, and fresh rolling-stock, and la-
bor, and believed gloriously in the fu-
ture? It is true the hope was nur-
tered afterward, but—multiply that
good hour by a thousand, and you
will have some idea how it feels to
be in Canada—a blackish, white, or
"Imperial" Government can not kill.
I had the luck to be shown some things
from the inside—to listen to the de-
tails of works projected; the record of
works done. Above all, I saw what
had actually been achieved in the last
few years since I had last come that
way. One advantage of a new land is
that it makes you feel older than time.
I met cities where there had been no-
thing—literally, absolutely nothing, ex-
cept as the fairy tales say, "the birds
crying, and the grass waving in the
wind." Villages and hamlets had
grown to great towns, and the great
towns themselves had trebled and
quadrupled. And the railways rubbed
their hands and cried, like the Africs
of old: "Shall we make a city where
no city is; or render flourishing a city
that is desolate?" They do it too,
while across the water, gentlemen,
never forced to suffer one day's
physical discomfort in all their
lives, pipe up and say: "How grossly
materialistic!"

I wonder sometimes whether any emi-
nent novelist, philosopher, dramatist,
or divine of today has to exercise his
imagination, not to mention
insight, endurance, and self-restraint,
in what is accepted without comment in
what is called "the material exploita-
tion" of a new country. Take only the
question of creating a new city at the
junction of two lines—all three in the
west. The drama of it, the plot, the
of the human virtues, would fill a book.
And when the work is finished, when
the city is, when the new lines em-
brace a new belt of farms, and the
tide of the wheat has rolled north and
the unexpected degree, the men who
did it break off, without compliments,
to repeat the joke elsewhere.

I had some talk with a youngish
man whose business it was to train
avalanches to jump clear of his sec-

Medicine in the Spring Needed By Everyone

WINTER WEAKENS THE SYSTEM,
SAPS THE BLOOD, LEAVES
US TIRED AND THIN.

Great epidemics break out in spring,
such as fevers, pestilence and infec-
tious skin diseases.
Winter shuts us in from air and
only the most robust get even a little
sunshine. As a consequence of this
unnatural mode of life, the blood be-
comes polluted, thin, colorless. Then
we grow listless, and easily tired,
have headaches and find our work a
burden.

Reduced to this condition we be-
come an easy prey to disease and ill-
hospitals and churchyards.

To rapidly force rich blood, to ex-
punge the accumulated humors that winter
has stored up in the system, to call
back the energy, endurance and vim
that will make life joyous, just take
Ferrozone, a spring cleanser, unequal-
led in medicine.
Ferrozone purifies by rebuilding
nerve tissue and vitalizing the blood.
The entire system soon feels the bene-
ficient action of new, rich blood; sick
organs are stimulated to normal ac-
tivity, expel poisons and wastes from
the body, and the result is the beau-
tiful, harmonious working of the sys-
tem. Weak folks are restored and
health becomes as natural a conse-
quence as growth from moisture and
sunlight.

Men and women fortify your nerves
with Ferrozone, renew the blood-
forming power, regain vigorous and enduring
strength by its action upon appetite
and digestion. Use Ferrozone if you
want to be strong.

I increased my weight seven
pounds in one month and regained
health that had been lost for two
years—did this by using Ferrozone,"
writes Mrs. C. B. Mayhew, of Center-
town. "Ferrozone made me eat and
sleep and good digestion, enabled me
to relish my meals and work hard all
day. I consider it the finest tonic
most nourishing medicine I ever
used."

Try Ferrozone yourself, 50c per box
or six for \$2.50, at all dealers.

tion of the track. Thor went to Jot-
unheim only once or twice, and he had
his useful hammer Mjolnir with him.
This Thor lived in Jotunheim among
the giant, once owned peaks of the
Selkirk—where if you disturb the
giants at certain seasons of the year,
by making noises, they will sit upon
you and all your fine emotions. So
Thor watches them glaring under the
May sun, or dull and doubly dangerous
beneath the spring rains. He wards
off their strokes with enormous brat-
tices of wood, wing-walls of logs bolted
together, and such other contrap-
tions as experience teaches. He bears
the giants no malice; they do his
work, he has no better for them.
A little is that the wind of their blows
sometimes rips pine out of the op-
posite hillsides—explodes, as it were,
a whole valley. He thinks, however,
that he can fix things so as to split
large avalanches into little ones.

Another man, to whom I did not talk,
sticks in my memory. He had for years
and years inspected trains at the head
of a heavyish grade in the mountains
—though not half so steep as the Hex—
where all his brakes are jammed home,
and the cars dither ready for ten
miles. Tire-troubles there would be
inconvenient, so he, as the best man,
is given the heaviest job—monotony
and responsibility combined. He did
swoop out into uncharted lands soon
to be filled with men. So the con-
struction, ballast, and material trains,
the grading machines, the wrecking
cars with their camel-like sneering
cranes—the whole plant of new civiliza-
tion—had to find room somewhere
in the general rally before Nature
cried: "Lay off!"

Which reminds me that the other
day I saw the Lady herself in the
shape of a tall woman of twenty-five
or six, waiting for her train on a street
corner. She wore her almost fix-
ed gold hair waved, and parted low
on the forehead, beneath a black astrachan
toque, with a red enamel maple-leaf
hatpin in one side of it. This was
the one touch of color except the flick-
er of a buckle on the shoe. The dark,
tailor-made dress had no trinkets or
attachments, but fitted perfectly. She
stood for perhaps a minute without
any movement, both hands—right bare,
left gloved—hung naturally at her
sides. The very fingers still, the weight
of the superb body carried evenly on
both feet, and the profile, which was
that of Gudrun or Aslauga, thrown out
against a dark stone column. What
struck me most, next to the grave,
tranquil eyes, was her slow, unhurried
side, the grace of her walk. She
was evidently a regular fare, for when
her tram stopped she smiled at the
lucky conductor; and the last I saw
of her was a flash of the sun on the
red maple-leaf, the full face still light-
of old: "Shall we make a city where
no city is; or render flourishing a city
that is desolate?" They do it too,
while across the water, gentlemen,
never forced to suffer one day's
physical discomfort in all their
lives, pipe up and say: "How grossly
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Two poor orphans.
Apropos of the coronation of George
IV, Horace Walpole tells many
amusing things re that ceremony. "The
peereesses," he says, "were so deliged
with their coronation robes that they
exhibited themselves in them for the
whole day before the function to all
whom their servants could persuade
to come to see them. I was extremely
diverted," he adds, "with my mother's
and my old milliner, Mrs. Burton, who
came the other day to present to me
a petition. 'What is it, Mrs. Burton?'
'It is in behalf of two poor orphans,'
said she. 'I began to feel for my pur-
se.' 'What can I do for them, Mrs. Burton?'
'Only if your honor would be so com-
passionate as to get them tickets for
the coronation.' I could not help my
contentment, and these distressed or-
phans are respectively two-and-thirty
and twenty years of age! Did you ever
hear of a more melancholy case?"

QUEEN CAROLINE'S SHAMELESS-
NESS.
Speaking of Queen Caroline's child-
ish and vain attempt to force her way
into the Abbey at George IV's cor-
onation, the Countess tells the most
amusing story of that royal lady's
orgies in an inn near the streets than an
mistress of the inn told me that the
Queen had stayed a week at her house,
but that after the first evening she
had hastened to send away her daugh-
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ashamed, madam, of what I saw my-
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servants to wait upon her.' And then
the Countess tells of orgies so shame-
less that the Queen upon leaving the
little Swiss village had a narrow es-
cape from being stoned by the scandal-
ized populace.

GEORGE IV'S "MORAL ENEMY."
The news of Napoleon's death, says
the Countess, made no sensation what-
ever in France. "I heard the news-
paper sellers in the streets crying, 'The
death of Napoleon Bonaparte; two
souls! Despair of Madame Bertrand;
no more effect in the streets than an
advertisement of a lost dog.'"

She adds, "Lord Castlereagh went into
the study of George IV and said to him,
'Sir, I come to tell you majesty that
your mortal enemy is dead.' What!'
he cried, 'is it possible? Can he be
dead?' Lord Castlereagh was obliged
to calm the monarch's joy by the ex-
planation that he referred to the death
not of the Queen, but of Bonaparte."

TWO ARCH TRAITORS.
It is some satisfaction to our sense
of poetic justice to find that Bour-
mont, who betrayed Napoleon in 1815
at Waterloo, tricked out of the Al-
gerian command Marmont, who be-
trayed Napoleon before the walls of
Paris in 1814. Marmont, the earliest
of Napoleon's friends, was also the
most favored and the most trusted of
his generals. "I have," said Napo-
leon, "placed Marmont in that posi-
tion—the position which enabled the
marshal to betray him—because he
is my very child, brought up in my
tent." Bourmont, the other traitor,
having obtained from the Emperor the
command of a brigade, deserted on the
evening before Waterloo, and carried
to the enemy the most precise and im-
portant information of Napoleon's plan
of campaign and of the disposition of
his forces. Hence one's gratification
in learning from the Countess de
Boigne that Bourmont, having in-

T. P. in His Anecdoteage

Stories of Queen Caroline, by T. P. O'Connor, in T. P.'s Weekly.

A BOURBON BOMB OUTRAGE.

The abortive result of the trial of
Mrs. Walsh the other day leaves it in
doubt whether the Ashton bomb out-
rage will ever be cleared up as satis-
factorily, or unsatisfactorily, or the
house of Louis XVIII, after assassina-
tion by Lowell of the Duc de Berry.
"A bomb," writes the Countess de
Boigne in the third volume of her
"Memoirs" (Heinemann), "was placed
in a disused stove which stood upon a
secret staircase of the King's apart-
ments. The explosion was violent,
and search was made for the authors
of this outrage without success. Other
bombs were discovered about the Tuil-
eries, and some went off beneath the
windows of the Duchesse de Berry.
Soon after this, threatening letters in
her room, and one whereby she was
urged to her dressing table, purporting
to be written by the confederates of Lou-
vel, contained appalling threats against
the duchesse and her unborn child."
When the police discovered at last that
this letter had been written by a fa-
vored chambermaid of the duchesse
herself at her dictation, then that
royal lady confessed without either
shame or compunction that the bombs
were of her own laying! She felt that
she had done absolutely the right
thing, since "she had merely," she
said, "anticipated the intentions of the
assassins in order to stimulate the
activity of the police."

UNFORTUNATE SPEECH.

It is odd to find from the Countess
de Boigne's "Memoirs" that M. Breze,
grand master of the ceremonies at the
coronation of Louis XVIII, made the same
precise maladroit apology for mistakes
in the ceremony that Lord Edingham
made to George III, complained of the
lack of precedents for the proceedings
at the coronation, Lord Edingham,
while admitting these omissions in the
early marsh's office books, claimed to
have taken such care this time about
the records that the next coronation
would be as correct in all the details
of its ceremonies as his majesty could
desire. George III, had sufficient sense
of humor to be tickled as to insist
on Lord Edingham repeating this mal-
adroit speech many times. "King
Charles X," writes the Countess, "said
a few kind words to M. Breze, grand
master of the ceremonies, thanking
him for the excellence with which he
had prepared and organized the de-
tails of the funeral of Louis XVIII.
'Oh, sire,' he replied, modestly, 'your
majesty is very kind, but there were
many defects. Next time we will do
better.' 'Thank you, Breze,' replied the
King, 'but I am in a hurry.' There-
upon M. de Breze collapsed."

TWO POOR ORPHANS.

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Boigne that Bourmont, having in-

duced Marmont, by the promise of the
command of the expedition to Algiers,
to smooth away all the thousand diffi-
culties in the way of that adventure,
when it was at last decided upon, as-
sumed the command himself.

AN AMAZING BIRTHMARK.

"I take this opportunity," says the
Countess, "of noting a remarkable fact
which I am obliged to believe, as I
saw it for myself. In 1828 a little girl
of two years old was brought to me
with bright blue eyes which seemed in
no way remarkable at first sight. When,
however, the eyes were examined more
carefully, it was seen that the iris was
composed of little filaments forming
white letters on a blue background
placed round the pupil and making the
words 'Napoleon Emperor.' The word
'Napoleon' was equally distinct in
either eye, but the first letters of the
word 'Emperor' were indistinct in the
right eye, and in the other the last letters.
Her mother explained the cause of this
strange freak of nature. Her brother
upon being drawn for the conscription
gave her a newly-struck coin of twenty-
five sous. He had to go away in a short
time after that his regiment was to
pass within three leagues of her vil-
lage, she went thither to see him for a
moment. She was so exhausted in
returning that she stopped to drink a
glass of beer at a tavern, forgetting
that she had given her brother every
farthing that she had except the pre-
cious twenty-five sous. This she had
to pay to the inexorable landlord for
the beer, and his loss made her utterly
miserable. She was so incessantly
that her husband went in search of the
coin, and succeeded in recovering it;
and her joy in recovering it was so
great that the child leaped in her
womb, and, as she expressed it, she
"felt faint with delight."

SPARTAN HEROISM.

At the uprising of all Paris in 1830
against Charles X, a man who could
shoot asked a workman who carried a
gun of which he could make no use,
"Lend it to me." "Certainly, sir; rest
it on my shoulder." He made such a
good practice with the gun in this
position that the man on whose shoul-
der it rested called for another work-
man to help to mask the marksmen,
who then exclaimed, "Stand aside,
friends; you are making me ridicu-
lous." "Certainly not, sir. It doesn't
matter a pin whether we are killed,
as we cannot shoot; but your life is
of consequence."

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SEASONS"

Continued From Page Eleven.

times quite oppress him, that you
could hear little else than some ill-
articulated sounds, rising as from
the bottom of his breast."

HIS LOVE AFFAIR.

The serious passion of Thom-
son's life seems to have been for Miss
Elizabeth Young, the "Ananias" of
"The Seasons" and other of his verses.
He seems to have been the lady's ac-
cepted suitor; as this passage from a
letter indicates: "Let me now, my
goodness, I shall soon, I am afraid,
have occasion for all your friendship,
and I would fain flatter myself that
you will generously in my absence
speak of me more than you ever owned
to me. If I am so happy as to have
your heart, I know you have spirit to
maintain your choice; and it will be
the most earnest study and purpose of
my life, not only to justify but to do
you credit by it. . . . I will not be
so extravagant as to hope to hear from
you, but I will hope to hear of you,
or rather from you by the hand of
my friend. Think with friendship and
tenderness of him who is with friend-
ship and tenderness inexpressible all
yours,
JAMES THOMSON."

But Miss Young's mother, "a coarse,
worldly woman," as Thomson's mother
put it, was not so easily won. She
poet a good match, and the obedient
daughter married some else.
JOHNSON'S SUMMING UP.
Dr. Johnson, who was not too kindly
disposed towards Thomson, generously
summed him up thus: "As a writer he
is entitled to one praise of the highest
kind; his mode of thinking and of ex-
pressing his thoughts is original. His
blank verse is no more the blank
verse of Milton, or of any other poet,
than the rhymes of Prior are the
rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his
phases, his diction are of his own
growth, without transcription, without

INFORMATION

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We want the people of London to
know that we believe the most valu-
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tonic reconstructer, health restorer
and strength giver known to medi-
cine today is Vinol.

Vinol is not a patent medicine as
everything it contains is named on the
label of every bottle. We guarantee
Vinol contains beside tonic iron all
of the medicinal, curative and body-
building elements of cod liver oil ac-
tually taken from fresh cods' livers,
but without a drop of the useless oil
to clog the system, upset the stomach
and retard its work. This is why Vinol
is so far superior to old-fashioned
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Vinol is guaranteed by over five
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United States to create health and
strength for old people, weak, staid
women and children, nursing mothers,
and after a severe sickness, and for
hacking coughs, chronic colds, bron-
chitis and throat and lung troubles.
Try Vinol on our guarantee. Ander-
son & Nelles, druggists, 268 Dundas
street, first store west of Wellington
street. Sign "Big Red Cross." Phone
No. 26.

imitation. He thinks in a peculiar
train, and he thinks always as a man
of genius; he looks round on nature
and life with the eye which nature
bestows only on a poet, the eye that
distinguishes, in everything presented
to its view, whatever there is on
which imagination can delight to be
detained; and with a mind that at
once comprehends the vast and at-
tends to the minute." The praise is,
perhaps, too high; but there we may
leave it.

It is possible to convince a man that
he is a fluent talker by merely keeping
your mouth shut.
Most of us are very ambitious, but
the trouble is that too few of us work
at it very much.
By a new law all immigrants into
British Columbia must pass an educa-
tional test.
The same force which moves a ton
over a road will move eight tons
on a railroad, or 32 tons on a canal.
The Chicago Board of Education has
voted to increase the salary of every
teacher in elementary schools from \$25
to \$100.

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A SOURCE OF DANGER
When you give your child a so-
called "soothing" medicine you are not
curing his sickness. You are merely
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beverages always results in a diseased
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of the power to act at the proper time and
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has secured a firm hold, and because of
the diseased nervous system he has not
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we all know.
Drunkenness is no longer considered