

## PREMIER'S SPIRITED FINISH!

Windup of the Ontario Budget Debate.

The Opposition Leader Gets a Scorching—His Flimsy Pretense for Possing as a Purist—The Pritchett Affidavits—Government's Good Record Well Sustained.

The premier, Hon. George W. Ross, in closing the debate, was received with loud cheers. He thought the tone of the leader of the opposition was not in keeping with the gravity of the subject which he professed to discuss. He had charged that grave political offenses had been committed, and he had even gone so far as to say that our liberties were endangered, that the whole constitutional fabric was endangered, and tottering to a fall. He would have expected Mr. Whitney to present some evidence before the great jury of the house. Instead of evidence and argument he gave declamation and invective in abundance. He assumed that hereafter his honor would call the house to meet not to do public business, in order to discuss what may be for the interests of the province, but to discuss West Elgin (ministerial cheers)—the corrupt practices of the Boles, the Pritchett, the malfeasance of returning officers, and the duty returning officers. Mr. Whitney was in a pessimistic frame of mind and seemed to be losing faith in the country. There was not much timber left. Dr. Pyne wanted a smelter on the Welland Canal. Somebody else said there should be large industries at Niagara Falls. Let the opposition lie in their narrow cloisters and look out upon the great province with all its great things, industries and farming. They had made their bed; they should lie in it. That had been the decree of this country for 30 years, and it would again be the decree of the country. (Ministerial cheers.)

**MR. WHITNEY'S NIAGARA SPEECH**  
Mr. Ross went on to refer to Mr. Whitney's speech at Niagara Falls, saying: That speech was unworthy of my honorable friend. A bye-election was on; it was expected to be a very close contest. Mr. Whitney went over there with some of his associates. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Pyne and Mr. St. John. A good deal of interest was taken in the development of power from the Niagara River. An agreement had been made for the development of power on the Canadian side, but that development did not take place and the people of Niagara Falls were dissatisfied with the progress being made. One of their complaints was that the power was subjected to a duty, or rather that we had leased the power to a company, some of them Americans, and that we were paying \$25,000 per year for that lease. It was urged that because of the amount of money that these men had to pay they did not develop the power, while on the American side nothing was paid. What have we done? We have established a park there at the suggestion of Lord Dufferin. Negotiations were carried on by my predecessor, Sir Oliver Mowat, and the province invested \$600,000 in the lands that constitute that park. The interest on that amount had to be paid. We met it by certain tolls paid by those who passed through the gates, the rent of certain buildings which we own in the park, and the lease of the power on our side of the Niagara Falls. If we gave that power free what would our position be? The interest on the \$600,000 would be a charge on the whole province, instead of on the power, lease and other concessions.

**GAMBLING FOR SUPPORT.**  
What did my honorable friend offer? He went down to Niagara Falls and offered to relieve the power company, some of them Americans, of that obligation, and so throw the whole obligation of \$600,000 on the people of the province. I want the people of Ontario to know that he was gambling for a constituency, and the price was \$600,000 of the money of the people of Ontario, representing an annual income of \$25,000 which we are receiving. (Government applause.) He wanted the power to be free as air at the sacrifice of \$25,000 per year to the people of this country. I merely state the facts. My honorable friend went down in cold blood to a constituency in the Province of Ontario, in the year 1900, and his words—I have them here in the Toronto Mail—constituted an offer to give away a revenue of \$25,000 per year, for what? For the support of the electors of the town of Niagara. (Government applause.)

Mr. Whitney—Read it, read it.  
Mr. Ross—I will. "He agreed with Mr. Ross that the town should have the power. But Mr. Ross had been careful to say that the power should not be free. Mr. Whitney declared that it should be free, and anything in his power to make it free would be done, because in respect of every other consideration it would be right." "Would it be right?" asked Mr. Ross.

**WHITNEY AS A PURIST.**  
"The ostensible reason," he continued, "it may not have been the only reason, but in my heart I believe it was, was that he (Whitney) might negatively influence the electors of the town of Niagara Falls. (Government applause.) He poses as a purist—(government applause)—he asks if ever crimes were committed as those in West Elgin. Did he ever know, or read, in the political history of this country, of a case where the leader of a great party, and the Conservative party is too great for some men who speak for it, went to the constituency and in such plain language made such an offer?"

History, Mr. Ross said, did not contain any record of such a thing being done in Canada. The offer was a blot on the career of the honorable gentleman.

**THERE ARE OTHERS.**  
The honorable gentleman from East Toronto had also endorsed the proposition, and the gentleman who had formerly represented West York had cried "Me, too." Yet these were the men who denounced Pritchett and Boyle and had Mr. Bossard loaded so that he might give evidence to implicate Hon. Mr. Davis and others. (Government applause.) There never was such a transparent bid. Mr. Ross contended, for the purpose of swaying an election.

**THE AGREEMENT WITH MR. CLERGUE.**

Mr. Ross then went on to speak of the agreement with the Algoma Central Railway. Mr. Clergue was a very progressive man, and he wished we had twenty Clergues in this country. Mr. Clergue had interviewed the government before the house met, and

treating the government as honorable men, who had made an agreement subject to the ratification of the house, the Sault capitalist had gone on with some of the enterprises which were mentioned in the agreement subsequently signed. Mr. Clergue ran the risk of having the agreement rejected by the house, but, on the other hand, the house now holds him down to do certain things which he could not otherwise have been held down to perform. Every proposition which the government had made for old or new Ontario was one from which he believed some results would flow. "Rather a thousand times fall in some of your measures than sit and hug your gold as the miser does, afraid to move," Mr. Ross exclaimed. "That is not the way this country was built; that is not the way Mr. Clergue proceeded, nor the way the great railways are proceeding. That has been our position, and it is one which is defensible anywhere."

**PRITCHETT'S AFFIDAVITS.**  
Continuing, the premier referred to the Pritchett affidavits in the West Elgin case read last session by the leader of the Opposition. Pritchett was an old friend of the honorable gentleman. (Laughter.) Of the three affidavits made by Pritchett the longest was the most dangerous, and in the eyes of Mr. Whitney so important that when asked by the commissioners to forward it to them he would not part with it.

Mr. Whitney—The statement is incorrect; it is not true.

Mr. Ross—The honorable gentleman gave them a copy.

Mr. Whitney—How do you know?

Mr. Ross—I have it here in the evidence.

Mr. Whitney—I sent the actual document which I read here.

Mr. Ross—Then the honorable gentleman did not have the original.

Mr. Whitney—I had, and I have it here now, and my honorable friend dare not prosecute Pritchett. (Opposition applause.)

Mr. Ross—He has the precious document with him; he did not give the original to the commissioners. (Government applause.) Continuing, the premier referred in caustic terms to Pritchett and his dealings with the Conservative party. The leader of the opposition had asked the honorable gentleman to pass a vote of want of confidence in the government on the strength of an affidavit made by this Pritchett, a convicted perjurer, a fugitive from justice. He (Mr. Ross) asked the members of the house to consider the high character of the associates of his honorable friend. He pictured the leader of the opposition carrying Pritchett's affidavit around in his bosom, fearful lest anyone should steal it. (Government applause.) There was no need to fear; the members of the government would not ask that the precious document be impounded. (Government laughter.)

**A PRECIOUS PAIR.**  
Then there was Bossard. What a pair of Siamese beauties! Bossard gave evidence, very curious evidence. Mr. Whitney had heard Bossard was now keeping a hotel in Penetanguishene. He (Mr. Ross) said: How did Mr. Whitney know that? Those were the men by whose evidence he tried to defame the government. Those were the men whom he posed here as representatives of Liberals. Bossard was no Liberal; never was. (Opposition laughter.)

Mr. Wardell—Mr. Davis was in Bossard's hotel.

Mr. Davis—I desire to say I never was in Bossard's hotel in my life. (Ministerial cheers.)

Mr. Ross—We repudiate Bossard from this side of the house.

Mr. Wardell—I never was in his hotel in my life. I do not know him. But I did see the commissioner of crown lands in company with Bossard.

Mr. Ross—He says he would not know Bossard if he saw him. You say he saw the commissioner with him. (Great ministerial cheers and laughter.)

Mr. Wardell remained on his feet, and while the Liberals cheered, Mr. Whitney appealed for a hearing for his supporter, saying: "The honorable gentleman has a right to repudiate misrepresentation on the floor of the house."

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men were prepared to say that its members were not able, competent and honest men.

**PROSECUTIONS FOR CORRUPTION.**

Mr. Ross briefly spoke of the prosecutions in connection with the corruption in the recent elections, which numbered about 30 cases in all, and more would yet take place. The Liberals were corrupt, he said, and the Conservatives were corrupt. He claimed. When honorable gentlemen on the opposite side of the house could not get on the treasury benches by fair means, he proceeded, their friends adopted other methods, and attempts were made to buy members of the government. The premier dealt briefly with this bit of political history, and then spoke of the Dominion elections of 1896, comparing the number of spoiled ballots in several specific cases with the number in the elections for 1900. In the former year the number was very large, as compared with 1900, and there could only be one inference, namely, that ballots had been spoiled on behalf of the Conservative party. He alluded to the attorney-general's statement that it was not to be supposed that the government would do nothing in some of the cases which had been referred to, and said that proceedings would certainly go on in cases where the law could be brought to bear.

Mr. Ross concluded with a declaration as to the government's record of pure elections, in 30 years, and resumed his seat amid loud cheers.

The opposition amendment was then voted on and defeated by 10 majority.

**OVER ICE AND SNOW**

Returned to Dawson City After Traveling 830 Miles With the Mercury 70° Below.

Capt. McDonnell, of the Northwest Mounted Police, returned to Dawson City after one of the longest and most remarkable trips ever made over ice and snow of the far north, in connection with police patrol work. The trip was made with one team of five dogs, and the distance traversed aggregated 830 miles. Thirty-three and a half days were consumed in making the journey. This means that more than 22 miles were covered on an average of every day out. What makes it more remarkable is the fact that the thermometer was at times more than 70 degrees below zero, and still the intrepid officer kept on in pursuit of his duty.

The trip was made in quest of Dr. Joseph Bettenger, who started for the outside in November and was supposed to have been lost on the trail, and in search of the body of Joseph Black, who was lost near Selwyn. Besides the many days, hundreds of dollars were spent in prosecuting the search. After a persistent quest, and saving back and forth along the line from road house to road house, and calling at every tent, cabin and human habitation along the route, it was at last found that Bettenger had evidently gone outside. Not a trace was obtained as to Black other than the finding of his abandoned dog and sled on the road. The captain was accompanied by Special Constable McDonald.

"We traveled," said the captain, "in the coldest weather of the winter. At Selkirk when we were there the government thermometer, made by Zambra & Negretti, of London, and others of the government instruments kept by Gov. Ogilvie and Sergt.-Major Tucker, registered 71 degrees below. It was terrific. A kerosene lamp lit and set out in the cold burned only fifteen minutes. That was because the oil froze. I know this to be the truth, for I watched the experiment and timed the lamp."

ELLA WHEELER

WILCOX TALKS

On the Matter of "Right and Wrong Days" and How They Happen.

Did you ever notice that there are certain days when (saving yourself nobody but stupid and thoughtless people are out?

You tell the usually reliable and trustworthy maid to put certain memoranda and cards and addresses in your portmanteau, and you say, "I'll be back in a few days, and you'll find them all there. The maid, however, forgets your memorandum and your addresses; but you think you can remember the most important ones, so you go and tell the conductor, and you inform you when you reach Blank street, as you must change there. You speak twice to him about it, and he looks hurt and offended the second time, and the mere suggestion on your part that he could forget. Yet he takes you, a mile past your corner, and is only silent at your reproaches, and you get off in a state of mind not to be recorded here.

You hunt up a police officer, who knows nothing about anything, and is glad of it; and you find another, who seems to know everything in the world save the one fact you desire; and you approach a third, who directs you to the most minute care to the place you are looking for—a dressmaking establishment. You change cars twice to reach there, and walk half a mile, and find a stable.

Being tired and nervous, you stop somewhere for refreshments, and order a cup of tea and a chop.

The waiter brings you cold ham, which you never eat, and coffee, which you never drink after breakfast.

You say forth discouraged, and decide to give up all your plans save a purchase or two at a shop, so you make them—a tea gown and some long evening gloves, which you order sent home.

After you have dropped down on the divan to repose your shattered nerves, and are about to fall into a quiet sleep, the maid taps on the door and tells you a package has come. You feel the want, and decide to look at it. You purchase immediately—and you open it to find a suit of gentleman's underwear and a pair of suspenders!

Another day everything goes like this. You get up to go to work, and you find a long city journey to see a friend, and find her at your gate, coming to see you. You have a sample of goods two years old you want to match, and you find it on the first counter you look at.

An address which you have mislaid and worried over, a chance acquaintance mentions in your presence, and from dawn till dark everything happens just as you first think it.

There are days when you see nothing but beautiful faces on the street. Wherever your eye roams it falls on something to please it; and again there are ugly women days—when it seems as if the houses of the homely

## Tired and Depressed

Hundreds of young girls and women have to depend upon their own efforts to gain a livelihood, and there is no class more widely admired for their independence and pluck. But whether it be behind the counter, in the office, the factory, or in the home, work means close confinement—often in badly ventilated rooms. There is a strain on the nerves; the blood becomes impoverished; the cheeks pale or sallow; frequent headaches; a constant tiredness; a rapid palpitation of the heart on slight exertion; perhaps wrinkles and a prematurely aged appearance. If the first symptoms are neglected it may lead to a complete breakdown and perhaps that most dreaded of all diseases—Consumption. A tonic is needed and for this purpose

## Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

are without an equal. Their wonderful record of cures place them at the head of all medicines throughout the world. The use of these pills has made thousands of weak, ailing, despondent women and girls bright, happy and strong.

**PROOF OF CURE.**

Miss Emma Chaput, Lake Talon, Ont., writes:—"I cannot thank you enough for the good I have derived through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I honestly believe that but for them I would now be in my grave. My health was completely broken down. My face was as white as chalk, and if I made the least effort to do any household work I would almost faint from the exertion, and my heart would beat violently so that I feared I would drop where I stood. I was a great sufferer from headaches, and dizziness as well, and my appetite was so poor that I scarcely ate at all. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me, and then I decided to send for some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got six boxes, and before I used them all I was as well as I had ever been, with a good healthy color, a good appetite and an entire freedom from the ailments that had made me so miserable. You may be sure I will always have a warm regard for your invaluable medicine."

But you must get the genuine, and only the genuine have the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

had been raided and all the ugly ducklings had flown into the street.

I have encountered a score of lame people in an afternoon in different portions of a city, and all these experiences lead me to think there may be some truth in astrological science, which tells us that certain conditions of the solar system affect certain classes of people, and cause them to be stupid, or bright, or go out or stay at home. When one stops to ponder on the wonders of that mighty system, everything seems possible which may be said of it.

**Questions Answered.**

**THAMESFORD.**—The doorkeeper of the school concert had no legal right to appropriate the proceeds of the concert in his hands, and he is accountable to the committee who got up the concert, not to the trustees, unless they were on the committee. He may be sued in the ordinary way for a debt, and possibly a criminal charge of embezzlement might be laid as to which you had better consult a lawyer.

**DEBENTURE SALE.**—Is it legal for a municipal council to issue and sell debentures bearing interest at four per cent per annum for a certain number of years, to pay for local improvements, such as granolithic sidewalks, without advertising for tenders for the same? Ans.—Yes; the council for such a course is responsible to the electors. Such a sale is open to suspicion but is not necessarily unlawful.

**ONTARIO.**—A farmer's wife, in order to satisfy her spiteful feeling, administers drugs to her husband in his victuals, grinding and purging the life out of him, and sending him to the workhouse. When her husband referred to her vile practice, kept up at intervals of two years, she threatens to have him and his door arrested, saying they cannot prove it. What course should the husband take to bring her to justice and to stop such practice? Ans.—Lay a criminal charge of attempting to poison, or have her bound over to keep the peace—or sent to the asylum for the insane as a criminal lunatic.

**LUCAN.**—In reply to your request for further information as to the measure of a log 40 inches in diameter by 13 feet long, the former answer gave the rule by which the number of feet in the log could be ascertained. From your letter it would appear that the question is submitted to decide a wager and for no practical purpose. We do not keep a scales or culler on the staff and do not feel at liberty

to call upon Mr. Beck's employees to decide the question for you, but you might apply to them on your own account. A mode to ascertain the exact number of feet in the log would be to ascertain the square at the small end of the log by actual measurement and then multiply that by its length. As the diameter of the log is 40 inches, another mode would be to say that the diameter being equal to the diagonal of the square in that end of the log, and the area of the square being one-half of the area of the square of the diagonal, you have 8,000 square inches as the area of the square. This multiplied by thirteen feet gives, in cubic measure, 104,000 inches as the contents of the log. The number of square feet is, of course, less than 1,100 inches. The square feet in a log is only necessary to be known for the purpose of ascertaining its cubic measure.

**WONDERFUL CHANGES MADE IN THE MAP**

Natural Causes for the Many Strange Geographical Alterations Visible on Recent Charts.

Why, where is Patagonia? was the astonishing query recently put to me by an old schoolmate, as, carelessly turning the leaves of his little son's geography, he suddenly came upon a recent map of South America, says Joseph S. Scribner's Magazine. The boundaries which we boys had once regarded as immutable had changed; and the map, which the vivid impression of youth had engraved firmly upon our memory, was no longer in existence. The experience of my friend, a man of considerable intelligence, is not an isolated instance. The rapidity of our geographical progress within the last decades has rendered it extremely difficult for the layman to follow the course of events.

In 1835 three great continents were practically unexplored. Australia, or New Holland, as it was then called, was nothing more than a terra incognita—a mere geographical idea; the vast expanse of Africa—with the exception of the Mediterranean region and the little settlement at the Cape—was still the land of wonder and conjecture, as it had been in the days of the Romans; while Central Asia, with its millions of inhabitants, was effectively closed to Europeans. In the south, Nature had reared her mighty barrier, the Himalayas, and in the east we find China immured, both in a literal and figurative sense, within that gigantic wall of exclusiveness which seemed designed to screen forever from the prying gaze of the civilized world the sacred and inviolable "Empire of the Sun."

Yet it is upon the American continent that the most marvelous changes have

been wrought—changes whose magnitude we, the living witnesses, can scarcely appreciate. As the rising flood imperceptibly but steadily advances the water, thus constantly altering the contour of the beach, so the swelling tide of population, surging westward, has, throughout this entire century, surely but incessantly pushed forward that long western boundary line of 1,600 miles, the outlines of which have never for a moment remained the same.

We wish that we could engrave our name on every flake of our celebrated Pan-Dried Oats, so that you could always feel sure that it was

**Pan-Dried**

**Oats**

you were buying. But there is a way by which you can always tell. That rich, nut-like flavor, freedom from hulls and specks belongs to our own process of manufacture.

Sold in bulk—so be sure you ask your grocer for Tillson's

Oats