

CONSERVATIVE WITNESSES FOR RECIPROCITY—NO. 2.

Following is the address of Sir John Thompson to his constituents in Antigonish in 1891, asking for re-election on a reciprocity platform:

"To the Electors of the County of Antigonish:

"Gentlemen:—At the election which will take place on the 5th day of March, I will be a candidate for re-election as a member of the House of Commons for the county of Antigonish.

"The Government of which I am a member is appealing to the country with a policy which we believe will be heartily endorsed by a great majority of the electors. We have made to the Government of the United States, through the Government of Great Britain, proposals for reciprocity in trade, which we have good reason to believe will result in an arrangement by which the markets of the United States will be reopened to the products which our people desire most to send there.

"A fair measure of reciprocity is what we desire, and we have no doubt that that can be obtained without undue sacrifices.

"I respectfully ask your support and votes, and I pledge myself to serve the best interests of the country, if I should be honored by the election, in the last elections and for which I shall be forever grateful. I remain, gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,
"JOHN S. D. THOMPSON.
"Antigonish, Feb. 24, 1891."

THE CASE OF MR. HERRON AND OTHERS.

Mr. Herron, the late Conservative member for MacLeod, has been unanimously re-nominated on the ground that he will vote for the reciprocity agreement. If he had the most rudimentary sense of honor or self-respect, he would not accept the Liberal party's policy and at the same time run against a Liberal candidate. He had accompanied Mr. Borden on his tour and spoken from his platform. While not committing himself in word he had thus committed himself in fact to the reactionist policy, and yet he now turns round and says that as all his electors want reciprocity, he will vote as they tell him. He has no mind of his own, then, in the matter; he is not concerned about the public interest; he merely wants to sit in Parliament for MacLeod and be with the great people in Ottawa. The man who sells his vote for a bribe may have no appreciation of the value of the suffrage. But what can be said for Mr. Herron? He sells himself, with indifference to either public or party principle, insensible of either party or personal consistency.

But the same indecency, a little less manifest, is being shown all over the country in the anti-reciprocity campaign. In the east, candidates for city constituencies raise a howl to frighten workmen: the cost of living will be increased because of higher prices for farm products and also Canadian industries of all sorts will suffer. Rural candidates predict the ruin of markets and the bankruptcy of the farmers. The two sorts of appeal conflict, and even the cries to the city workmen are inconsistent; they are told one moment that cost of living will be higher than ever, and the next moment somebody like Major Beattie argues for a 20 per cent. increase all round in the tariff, a price plan assuredly for reducing the cost of living. In the west the game is low tariff; the agreement is anathema because it stops short of a clear sweep of duties; farm implements in particular ought to be free, not gradually reduced. The imperialist programme in Ontario contrasts with the disloyal tactics of Conservatives like Monk and Blondin in alliance with Bourassa in Quebec. The Conservative workers seem to be making the mistake of trying to fool all the people at once, with the result of discrediting themselves everywhere.

These stultifying and disgraceful tactics are becoming plain for all to see. The reciprocity press labors also to inform the people of the volte face recently made by Conservative leaders and journals on the great issue now to be decided. Up to January last, men like Mr. Foster favored reciprocity. When the pact was first announced it was applauded by Conservative papers like the Toronto News, the Ottawa Citizen, the Ottawa

Journal, and the Kingston Standard. Then of a sudden came the proclamation of the eighteen Toronto Liberals, representatives of "Big Interests," against this measure for the farmers and the people; the Conservative leaders saw a chance for political capital and at once reversed the time-honored attitude of Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Thompson, Sir Charles Tupper, and Messrs. Borden and Foster themselves. What is a sensible man to think of such brazen-faced conduct? The old leaders of Conservatism are betrayed and their ideas sold. The new leaders sell what little they have to sell. Mr. Herron is not the only one of his party guilty of political prostitution.

WHY THIS SILENCE?

At Three Rivers, Quebec, Sir Wilfrid Laurier scored the Nationalists for his lies regarding naval conscription which they dared not repeat at St. Hyacinthe. He denounced in powerful terms their unpatriotic course and their alliance with the jingo imperialists of Ontario.

But however loud our Toronto jingoes' denunciation of Laurier's conduct at the Imperial Conference, where in fact he was in entire accord with all the premiers except the impetuous Sir Joseph Ward, what have these jingoes themselves to say at present on the navy question? The Denisons and the rest are roaring like any "sucking doves," though a year ago "The Empire was in danger," and they were prepared to make an imperial navy the one great issue at the polls, and the old fogies of the Ontario education department branded the school readers with a "one fleet" motto. When the shriekers have so much still to say of "Laurier's treason" at the Conference, of Mr. Oliver's and Mr. Lanctôt's misdeeds, and of Northwest lands, and when their Nationalist wing in Quebec makes such a specialty of the navy question, it is strange that on this all important issue of a year ago mum is the word in the jingo camp at Toronto. And yet the international situation has been really strained in the last few months over the serious difficulty in Morocco, whereas a year ago the only strain or war peril was in the Harnsworth yellow press and the equally yellow Unionist campaign literature of the British elections. Yet nobody now aims into our ears that there is an emergency demanding "immediate and effective aid," to quote Mr. Borden's phrase on Tuesday night. What is the explanation?

In the first place there is the alliance between the lip loyalists of Ontario and the lip disloyalists of Quebec. That accounts for the sudden diminution to planissimo in Mr. Borden's utterances on the navy. There is also no doubt something of a reaction of feeling from the panic flurry of two years ago, but more than that the lull is due to a real feeling among the jingoes themselves that the Laurier Government has done pretty much what can be expected of Canada towards the maritime defence of the Empire. The lull is an unconscious tribute from the noise-makers to the adequacy of the new Canadian navy. But the deepest reason of all for the cessation of swashbuckling harrying is that the naval policy like all the other "policies" of the Opposition has been from the first nothing but a sham, a piece of cunning tactics.

When Mr. Borden came out first flat-footed for "a navy of our own" (see Hansard, March, 1909), in the midst of the "emergency," or rather manufactured furor, the idea was to force the Government into a course which would compromise it in Quebec; Mr. Borden cared nothing for a Canadian navy policy or any other navy policy, but thought to embarrass the Government. As soon as the Government had adopted its naval plan, Mr. Borden faced about and when the "emergency" was past, advocated a contribution as "an immediate and effective aid." But since the new alliance with the Anglophobes in Quebec the jingoes have made a new turn in practically withdrawing everything and avoiding the whole subject.

There is the history in a nutshell of the whole despicable agitation, which reveals Mr. Borden and his crew as a set of political dodgers. They are silent now in Ontario though vociferous in Quebec.

ARTHUR STRINGER'S IRISH POEMS.

One of the chief ornaments of London, not present but still owned with pride, is Arthur Stringer. There are very few Canadian cities which can lay claim to a poet of his feather. It is true, unhappily, that there are many people of this city, which is as yet more the mart of trade than the citadel of letters, to whom the name of Stringer is but a nominal umbra or recalls a couple of successful novels. But it is as a poet that he confers most distinction on the city of his boyhood.

His latest publication, a small volume of "Irish Poems" (Publ. Mitchell Kennerly, New York; pp. 110; price \$1), written in a mild sort of dialect, is a bit of a surprise to those not familiar with Mr. Stringer's occasional work for periodicals. But for a Canadian he seems to have a quick sense of Irish feeling, something of the careless Irishman wit and a fine ear for the soft sounds of the Patrician speech. The dialect itself is meant to be a composite suggestion, rather than the real thing of any particular province. The pure quill is considerably watered with ordinary English, so much that it is only a stick in the

mixture. Gentleness, lightness, linked sweetness of note and a certain northern melancholy, characteristics of this poet's work, are afforded a free and natural scope in the field of "Irish Poems."

Perhaps Mr. Stringer's forte is as a song-writer. He gives just enough burden of philosophy, and not too much, to his work, the pieces are brief swallow-flights, the style and matter simple and fresh, there is the necessary touch of the conventional and the theme is persistently the way of a man with a maid and the love of women. Something of that preoccupation with woman's charms which distinguished the princes of song from the troubadours Burns and Byron dwells in Mr. Stringer's work, always finding refined expression. Here is a bit of lover's reminiscence:

Och! up to mine her face still lifts,
And round us still the white May
drifts;

And her soft arm, in same old way,
Is here beside me, night and day;

But, faith, 'twas her they buried dead,
Wid all that love she couldn't keep.

Aye, deep an' cold, in Killinkera,
This many a year—this many a year!

The lady dead, from Petrarch's Laura to Mary in Heaven has been the subject of the sweetest and tenderest muse, and Mr. Stringer is not unacquainted with this muse. There are many beautiful things in his little book, in various keys.

A lynching in Pennsylvania is the latest argument against reciprocity.

Old Man of the Sea Foster is on his party's back again; but the party has made no effort to shake him off.

The Kingston Standard describes reciprocity as "a herring drawn across the trail of the Government's iniquities," but Mr. Herron thinks it safer to follow the herring.

The opponents of the Government are even more than ordinarily blind if they cannot see that the reciprocity issue is having a rejuvenating effect on the Liberal party.

Mr. Sifton is to stump Ontario against reciprocity, and will be smeared with the flattery of men who a few years ago pelted him with all the mud in their vocabularies.

Our local contemporary says that only dead Conservatives can be quoted in favor of reciprocity. Are we to infer that the majority of Western Conservatives, from Haultain and Herron down, are dead ones?

Armand Lavergne complains that the Government is keeping out the French and bringing in "the scum of the English cities." Lavergne is one of the leaders of the crew which is in alliance with the party in Ontario that is trying to convince the British newcomers of its superior friendship for them.

The Toronto News says that the "political history of London will date from the Borden meeting"; that 3,000 people packed the Opera House (which seats 1,700); that Mr. Borden was greeted by mighty shouts of welcome on the streets; and that he thrilled the audience and "brought it to its feet with outbursts of frenzied applause." The News is drawing a long bow in this election.

The South Australian Legislature has passed a resolution congratulating Australia on the passage of the veto bill. The British Unionists trade too much on the false assumption that the British dominions favor their views; but it is not good policy for a legislature in any British country to interfere in matters affecting the internal politics of any other British country. Canadians, of all parties, would certainly resent a resolution of the British House of Commons on the reciprocity question.

"Support the United States had put a clause in their tariff act saying the very moment Canada makes natural products free the United States will make them free, would we not have a pressure which it would be totally impossible for us to resist?"

No, gentle reader, this is not a question asked by Laurier or Fielding. It is the language of Mr. Foster, when he was finance minister. He referred, of course, to the pressure of the Canadian farmers. That pressure is being applied today, and it can no more be resisted now than when Mr. Foster correctly diagnosed the temper of the country.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is quoted as saying a few years ago that Canada no longer needed or wanted reciprocity. Sir Wilfrid's opponents are not candid enough to point out that Sir Wilfrid referred to the only kind of reciprocity which it was supposed the United States would give, namely, the Canadian markets for American manufacturers, in return for the American market for Canadian farmers. No one then dreamed that it would be possible to secure the free exchange of farm products exclusively. The present pact is an unexpected prize-packet for the Canadian people, due to party exigencies in the United States. The Liberals always favored such a deal; the Conservatives begged for it till the last day they were in office.

ON THE DEFENSIVE.

[Items.]
A distinguished novelist recently found himself travelling in a train with two very talkative women. Having recognized him from his published portraits, they opened fire upon him

in regard to his novels, praising them in a manner which was unendurable to the sensitive author.
Presently the train entered a tunnel, and in the darkness the novelist raised the back of his hand to his lips and kissed it soundly. When light returned he found the two women regarding one another in icy silence.
Addressing them with great gravity, he said: "Ah, ladies, the one regret of my life will be that I shall never know which of you it was that kissed me!"

SHOULD HEAR HIM THEN.

[Horton Transcript.]
Wife (complainingly)—You never praise me up to anyone.
Hub—I don't, eh? You should hear me describe you at the Intelligence office when I'm trying to hire a cook!

THE PEOPLE OF DREAMS.

[Irish Poems, by Arthur Stringer.]
I dream away the good days gone,
Av the luck I still might find;
But the lull—most times these eyes
Are the years left far behind!

Are, how a Kelt heart clings
To the dreamland and not the truth!
How it harks on the old good ways
And sings
In the teeth at its wasted youth!

We travel too early or late
For the spot where the sunlight
glows;
And it's never the place we watch and wait
That the rainbow meets the road!

A FEW REMARKS.

[Aitchison Globe.]
When a pugilist quits training, his body usually becomes as fat as his head was in his palmy days.
Times really change less than the old people who talk about the excellent times of the past.

Springing the boom at the logical time also has much to do with determining the logical candidate.

A piano contains a mile of wire, and the young lady practicing on it travels the distance too often.

Incidentally you are doing a friend a favor when you add a little bit to your savings bank deposit.

People never begin to prepare for winter until they are too cold for comfort in their summer clothes.
Family quarrels shouldn't be staged so early in the morning as to disturb the beauty sleep of the neighbors.

A poor man's notion of a joke is to hear a rich man talk about the burdens and responsibilities of great wealth.

TIMELY TOMMY.

[New York Globe.]
Teacher—Now, little Tommy, give us an example of the double negative.
Little Tommy—I don't know none.

LONDON OLD BOYS.

The Toronto News describes a number of the "Old Boys" of London, Ont., who returned to that city from the United States for the recent reunion, as "offensive and undesirable persons," adding that although they may have been born in Canada they are now "foreigners, as Americans as Connecticut." The News thinks that if Canadians trade more largely with the American nation they will become even as these renegades, and that the influence of trade and environment will inevitably affect their loyalty.

It is a matter for sorrow that some Canadians who remove to the United States do so far lose their national consciousness as to become more American than George Washington.

So far, however, it has been necessary for us to go to the United States and actually live under American institutions before that change has been affected. The whole of Canada lived for many years in the closest trade relations with the United States, and it was not observed that our people were perceptibly republicanized in that period. It is the influence of the trade that affects the loyalty of the Canadian expatriate; it is the political institutions among which he finds himself, and to which he must conform unless he proposes to remain an outlander without stake in his new country.

THE SWEET THING.

[Town Topics.]
Clara—He says he thinks I am the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to marry me?
Sarah—No, dear; let him keep on thinking so.

NOT EXACTLY.

[Brooklyn Life.]
Conductor—Did you get out and stretch your legs when we stopped at the junction?
Passenger—Well, not exactly; I went into the dining-car and had them pulled.

SAVES A LOT OF HARD THINKING.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]
An inherited superstition has done fairly well in serving many a man as a religion.

CROSSES OCEAN 1,000 TIMES.

One thousand trips across the trans-Atlantic Ocean lane, a total distance of 3,000,000 miles, was Purser Thomas Kinsey's proud record when he arrived in England on the steamship St. Paul, which sailed from New York the other week. Purser Kinsey has been many years in the service of the American Line, just how many he will not admit, as he said that would give his age away. Kinsey has also seen service in the Chinese and India trades, and has sailed all around the world.

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181 Dundas Street.

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Men's Blue and Black Suits
Navy Blue & Black, Finest Grades of Worsted, Cheviot and Serge, Finely Tailored Throughout

This is a sale of rare occurrence—we hold but two in the year, one in the summer and one in the winter. It is six months since our last, so we know a great many men are looking for this sale, which starts Saturday (tomorrow), and continues until the end of August. Prices are reduced according to the scale given below, and every navy blue and black suit in stock is included. The finest grades of worsteds, chevots and serges, weighing 18 and 20 ounces to the yard, which means a suit of tremendous wearing qualities, that can be worn at any season of the year.

Particularly do we direct attention to the way these suits are tailored. They look like custom-made suits; all details of finish are unusually well done. The latest single and double breasted styles. Every suit guaranteed.

Here are the prices for the next two weeks:

- Men's \$10.00 Blue or Black Suits Now \$7.95
- Men's \$12.00 Blue or Black Suits Now \$9.95
- Men's \$15.00 Blue or Black Suits Now \$11.95
- Men's \$18.00 Blue or Black Suits Now \$14.95

BLUE SUITS FOR BOYS—Fine quality all-wool indigo blue cheviot, cut in the latest double-breasted style—the style that boys want. Perfect-fitting suits, tailored carefully throughout. Some two-piece, others are three-piece. Sizes 8 to 14 years. Our regular \$6.00 and \$6.50 values. On sale at the same time as the men's blue suits, at..... \$3.95

Ladies' Lingerie Dresses Now \$3.89 and \$4.89

Clearing sale of Ladies' Lingerie Dresses continues, \$5.00 to \$7.50 values. Now..... \$3.89
\$7.50 to \$9.00 values. Now..... \$4.89
Ladies' Wash Skirts, made of good quality white linen, also colored ducks; panel and inverted pleat backs. Regular \$1.75 and \$1.82 values. Saturday..... \$1.15
25 dozen Ladies' Wrappers, of printed percale, in good washing colors, deep flounce on skirt, and waist lined with cambric; sizes 34 to 38. Saturday..... 89c

Black Sateen Petticoats for 39c Each

THE LAST FOR SOME TIME is the final word from the manufacturer of these petticoats. Twenty-five dozen have been secured for Saturday's selling. Mail orders will be filled. Please mark orders "City Ad," and include 10c extra for postage.

J. H. Chapman Co. 126, 128 and 128 1/2 Dundas St., London

POWERFUL PLEA FOR CHURCH UNITY

Economically Ridiculous to Have 142 Different Sects in United States—So Says Dr. Thomas E. Green—People Waiting for the Church of the Future.

N AN article headed "What is to Become of the Preacher?" in the August Hampton Magazine, Dr. Thomas E. Green, long noted as a preacher in the Middle West, and now a public lecturer, makes a strong plea for the union of churches. He says:

"Outside of various independent congregations, there are in the United States a hundred and forty-two different sects and sorts large enough to maintain a definite organization. It is questionable whether the average reader has ever given a serious thought to the reason why there are so many religious denominations; why, to use the ordinary phrase, there are so many different churches in the town in which he lives? Were it anything else he would brand it at once as foolishness, as suicidal. Attempt the same plan in education, in business, or in politics and it would be self-evidently absurd. Judged by any standard of practical efficiency the religious condition of the average town would be ridiculous were it not so pitiful.

"There are in the United States fourteen kinds of Baptists; twenty-four sorts of Lutherans; fifteen types of Methodists; twelve subdivisions of Presbyterians. Between the minor divisions the differences are often infinitesimal, their beginnings so long ago that they have been absolutely forgotten. Once begun they continue, not because the issues of whose discussion they are the monuments still exist, or have an earthly value, but because no one has the courage to challenge their value or usefulness, or reverently to lay them away among the other relics of antiquity.

"In a town near the border of Manitoba there is a Southern Methodist Church, its very name a relic of the civil war, and on the Gulf of Mexico an assembly, starving Northern Presbyterians, struggling to keep their congregation together. Between the great denominations there were originally tremendous

differences of expression and of worship, depending largely upon the root stock upon which they grew. English, Scotch, Dutch, Saxons and Latin peoples naturally differed in many traits of character. But these beginnings are long past. With a most unique and unprovoked competition for assimilation, an ethnic digestion that is one of the wonders of the world's life, we have made a composite temperament in which the best and the most virile from every whither have endured, and the weaker and local peculiarities have sloughed away.

"No one will dispute the fact for which the church contends that religion—a religion—is necessary for the well-being of humanity. No one will dispute the fact that from at least our viewpoint Christianity is the highest in ideals and accomplishment of all the world religions. No one will dispute the fact, apparent on every hand, that the present condition of organized American Christianity is neither satisfactory nor promising.

"The people of America are still a Christian people. When Christianity expresses itself through a church which answers the people's needs, they will support that church, just as at present they support foreign missions, social settlements, hospitals, humane institutions of every kind. They are waiting for the church of the future, whatever that church will be, it will eliminate the narrowness of denominationalism.

"The people are waiting for church unity, but not as the term is generally used. No one will venture for a moment to believe, what was once the inspiration during generations of doctrinal discussion and dogmatic warfare, that any one of existing denominations will be the ultimate form to which all others will come. That kind of church unity, long indulged in by visionary enthusiasts, is merely an 'iridescent dream.' The practical proposition is a combination by eliminating the necessity of a common round, framed by the fundamental syllables of common belief.

"Already far-reaching leadership is re-igniting the necessity of common belief. The many sorts of Methodists are reaching out to a greater Methodism; Presbyterians, Lutherans, Baptists are insisting, to learning from the children of the world.

"At a recent general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church a commission was created to unite the religious world at large and attempt a corporate union of the religious forces in America, and behind its prospective work one layman placed a fund of one hundred thousand dollars to insure its



What

Even now feminism for the autumn and short, but decided. The jacket will bring brought down. The big direct, sash or soft velvet straight sleeve will show, and while a other. This turns

New skirts are fully distinct, and all at the foot. Most of them have at the back.

The waistline is either plain or and a single rever the present moment. Fichus and color very good. The dress.

For tailor-made, velours de laine—laine Either plain or for the after for morning suits to the other.

For daytime wear this season of the Paris, the city blue for the fall, colors, and while a is always shown as ally push forward.

This season the its claims as a p shades of royal pur dresses, or with g

THE

CHAPTER

The Making Donaldson, with a stood in front of a slumped down into and admired his work. He was doing it before him with the brought in there g

ference in the life of factory. Arsdale, with clean-shaven face, in shoes to collar, and pressed, began to loc

"How do you feel al said.

Arsdale hitched for his chin in his hand stared at the floor.

"Like hell," he an Donaldson frowned said, "you deserve it, b

"Oh, I deserve it al and more."

"Yes, you do. But any."

Arsdale groaned. "There isn't any t leastly mess out of self."

"I wish I could an answer," Donaldson. He walked up and d fore the fellow, stud worried and perplex

him was an unpleas overcome a natural in dinary circumstances

Arsdale's usual feeling of nothing but his own passion for he neither demanded pathy for personal in takes, and in turn

Pass upon either the another, but his own of the fact that he extricably entangled

now he recognized t such interference. O failure to arouse Arsd

the happiness of a "No," he reflected, "I don't how much punis for the pain you suff not, unfortunately, the slightest. It wo for me to be told, or I'd do it. It w good for me to turn lce, or I'd do that

What is laughter? An American humorist has called it "an undignified widening of the human mouth, accomp

panied by a noise resembling a cough in the effort to avoid swallowing a chestnut."

"Laughter," says Professor Sir Charles Feil, "is a convulsive action of the larynx. In this state the person draws a full breath and throws it out in interrupted, short and audible c

inuations. This convulsion of the diaphragm is the principal part in the physical manifestation of laughter.

"But there are several accessories, especially the sharp vocal utterance arising from the violent tension of the larynx and the expression of the features, this being the more intense form of a smile. In extreme cases the eyes are moistened by the effusion from the lachrymal glands."

"There are some people who cannot laugh—who are wholly unable to enjoy either the physical or the mental luxury of a laugh. Thus, it was said of William III. that he was utterly at a loss to understand what could be got out of laughter except loss of dignity.

There are many persons of history who have been, according to common report, incapable of laughter. Queen Maria Theresa, for example, and the Iron Duke himself rarely, if ever, went beyond a grunt.

ANOTHER STROKE OF GENIUS.

The "trainometer" is the latest. If you are on a train and you are curious to know how fast you are going you put a penny in the slot and the hand on a dial informs you. H. W. France, an Englishman, is the genius who thought of this idea, but it has not been adopted in this country as yet.

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Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for hemorrhoids and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials to its efficacy in our pamphlet. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. Send for free pamphlet to Dr. Chase, 1000 Broadway, New York City.