

Some Canadian Tales of the Day

"And that Reminds Me of—"

CERTAINLY the amazing scene in the House of Commons recently must remind a good many old-timers—genuine old-timers, and not middle-aged chaps like you and I—of the broil that preceded the resignation of the Macdonald administration in 1873. Sir Donald Smith—he hadn't received the accolade then, and he is, of course, Lord Strathcona now—had long been a friend and even crony of Sir John Macdonald. The Pacific Scandal loomed up, and Smith bolted both his support and his friendship for Sir John. The Premier knew defeat was coming either in the House or at the polls, but they say that Smith's secession made him angrier than any other incident during that time of turmoil. When the House of Commons had adjourned, Sir John went into the lobby in a towering rage. Just then Donald A. Smith passed, and Sir John, the story goes, made a half movement at him. "I can lick that man Smith quicker than h—I can scorch a feather" roared the infuriated Premier. But Alonzo Wright, the "King of the Gatineau," and some others saw to it that no fracas took place.

Clarke Wallace's Retort

THE late Clarke Wallace was the possessor of one of the roughest tongues owned by any public man in Canada when he became worked up. In the fierce campaign of '96, which preceded the defeat of the Tupper Government, Wallace, as we all remember, went up and down Ontario and journeyed as far afield as Manitoba denouncing the Remedial Bill. He returned to Toronto in time to hear that one of the cabinet who had stood by Remedial legislation was to address his constituents in his home town the next afternoon. Tired, and with the dust of travel still on him, Clarke Wallace boarded a train for the East. He had a cherished and particular private feud with the Minister, and he proposed to meet him within his own barbian and challenge him to public debate.

Wallace's train arrived at the minister's town in the middle of the afternoon. As he disembarked, he saw the public square jammed with a roaring, cheering, hissing mob of citizens. They were not all by any means with their member, for many of them were Conservative Orangemen who had become much wrought up over the Remedial Bill.

As Clarke Wallace, leaning heavily on his trusty stick, limped his way through the crowd, he was noticed by "the Brethren" and a mighty cheer went up for the Grand Sovereign of the Order. Slowly he climbed the steps leading to the platform whereon sat his enemy. And the minister raised no hand in greeting. Wallace sat down, stood up again, took off his hat and demanded that he be given half an hour in which to reply to the Minister. Consent was given—it would have been fatal to refuse it. The member of the Government made his speech and then Wallace waded in. He took the Remedial Bill and tore it to shreds. Then he sailed into the minister himself—a gentleman who possessed liberal ideas as to the best methods of amusement. The administration of the department was rotten, roared Wallace, proceeding to detail evidence to support his statements. Finally, when he made one particularly ferocious charge of maladministration, the minister ceased his writhing and arose.

"I give you my word," he drawled, "I never heard of the case before."

Wallace swung on him like a tiger. "Heard of it!" he shouted, "Heard of it! Carousing all night! Sleeping all day! How could you have heard of it?"

And the admiring howl of "the Brethren" must have sent a vivid fear into that minister's mind. However, he was re-elected and sits in the House of Commons to-day.

The Archbishop and the Lunatic

WHEN Archbishop Matheson of Ruperts' Land left Winnipeg for England last year he was prepared to meet many distinguished brother prelates and statesmen and merchant princes, for His Grace was

in search of funds to help carry on the immense work of his see. The Archbishop, however, encountered one Englishman whom he does not want to meet again in a hurry. It was at Euston Station that he arrived barely in time to "make" his train. A watchful guard, seeing the archiepiscopal apron and gaiters, grabbed His Grace's bag and, shouting "Here y' are, me Lord," shoved him and it into a dark compartment in one of the carriages. At once a loud and melancholy voice was raised. "I am a poached egg!" it wailed, "and I can't find my toast!" The Archbishop's nerves are pretty fair, he says, but he has mild objections to travelling with men who are certainly crazy. He is prepared to take a chance on the others. So the prelate's head was projected from the window and in response to archiepiscopal bass roarings the guard returned. The poached egg gentleman was marched off by a bobby and His Grace went on his way in solitude—which, you must know, is the most popular method of making a railway journey in England.

Railway Competition Again

SO very dark have the details of this little incident been kept that even the Canadian Pacific officials assert that they know nothing about it. Nevertheless the facts appear to be as will be recited. Everybody knows that the Canadian Pacific people last summer opened a new hotel in Winnipeg, a hotel which, as every Winnipegger will tell you within ten minutes of your arrival, is the largest in Canada. The Royal Alexandra—that is the hotel's name, but that is not the name that the railway people first pitched upon. You know there is soon to be a third transcontinental railway to rival the C. P. R. and C. N. R. It is, of course, the Grand Trunk Pacific. The G. T. P. authorities eighteen months ago offered a reward to the person who should select the most fitting name for their Pacific terminus. Hundreds of Canadians entered the competition. The C. P. R. folk went on with their hotel-building. Horrors! One day a whisper came to them that the G. T. P. folk were about to announce the town-naming award, and that the successful competitor had pitched upon Prince Rupert as the title of the municipality. Prince Rupert was the name—kept a great secret—for the Winnipeg hotel! Table and bed linen had been ordered with "Prince Rupert" cunningly interwoven in the fabric. Services of china bore the hotel crest and the unlucky words. A die for stamping the hotel silver had been manufactured but fortunately had not been used. All of the other articles had to be discarded. The name Prince Rupert was abandoned and the Queen's style and title substituted. The loss went up into the thousands, but railway competition is railway competition and it breaks out in curious places.

A Lady of Resource

MOST Canadians have heard or read of the beautiful Countess of Warwick, who has for many years been an ardent socialist. The name and fame of Warwick are so closely associated with feudal privileges and king-making power that it is difficult to associate a countess of that line with anything so modern and undecorative as socialism. Lady Warwick's views are described by one writer as a kind of pink-tea democracy, rather than the red variety.

Her sister, also a woman of physical charms, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, has recently shown that she holds in light esteem the convention that a feminine aristocrat shall be useless. Not content with being known as a perfectly-gowned woman and one of the cleverest amateur gardeners in England, she has also undertaken to carry on an industry which appeals to every housewife. She is going to establish a fruit-bottling business at Broughton, Oxfordshire and is confident of success, as the trade in bottled and tinned commodities has greatly increased of late. The gardens at Broughton Castle are the most beautiful in the county, with their hundreds of different kinds of tea-roses. If equal success crowns her efforts in fruit bottling, Lady Gordon-Lennox may prove a formidable competitor to Californian and Chicagoan firms, which have been rather unpopular in England since last year's "exposures."