NOT PRIMPS OF FASHION

Ra'ph Connor May Have Been a "Skinny Kid." But Looks Don't Always Count.

PH CONNOR, the famous Canadian novel ist, was born and lived for a number of years near the little village of Harrington later staging many of the scenes in his stories on



Shortly after his act attention, two derly natives of the untry who but own him from a all lad, were hav g as friendly wish tween their farms n turned to Char Gordon, the name which they knew im around those arts. Considerabl as said about the

g to make for himself and the amoun of money he was probably making from the books. Finally, one old son of toll reflectively rolled his chew of tobacco into the other cheek

"Wall, ye can't allus tell by lookin' at a skinny kid what he'll turn into, kin ye, Andy?"

And after the necessary moment for the sideration of this statement, Angy, a grizzled old dour Scotch Presbyterian replied:

"Awa' wi' ye, mon. The Scots were aye fight

AN M.P. WHO SPEAKS NOT

ALTHOUGH he has been a member of the Brit ish House of Commons for twenty-two years. Mr. John Hope, M.P. for Berwick, has never ma a speech. The secret of his silence is not that he is unable to speak, for outside the House he talks very effectively, but that he considers he can te more useful by not opening his lips. Fais a very regular attendant at the Hou has the rare record of baving contested seven elections in which he has fought and been sup-

ported by every political party in turn.

Mr Hope's case recalls the famous silence of "Single-speech" Hamilton, who sat in the House during the eighteenth century. As his nicknam shows he was popularly supposed to have adions but once. There is also dressed the Con the story of the M.P. who opened his lips on one occasion only-and then to ask that a window behind him might be closed!



pressed into his legions, but alone, double fisted, has Mr. Dempsey conquered the world.

And now a racial significance is attached to his sovereignty which, should it he shattered by a all the colonies of Africa, where all ready the defeat of Carpentier by Siki has added difficulties to the task of governing by the small forces of official whites. In decrying these defeat a white, the press of England sees a serious blow at white prestige.

LANDLORD PRAYS FOR KIPLING'S FIERY NOTES

Hopes He Would Send a Fresh One Every Day.

M 'Y are the tricks that cunning autor apa p ized signature. Some men spend much time and patience on the task; others, like the driver of the local omnibus at Rottingdean where Rudyard Kipling settled down to live, accomplish their purpose with little or no effort The driver often annoyed Mr. Kipling by pointing at him with his whip and announcing in a at him with the we have Mr. Kipling, the poet." Mr. Kipling suffered in silence damaged it badly; then he wrote a vigo of the Worse Marco Inc. The fellow laid the letter before a select company of pairons of his bar parlor, and one and all advised him to ap pear indifferent. One man offered him ten shillings in cash for the letter, and the landlord as cepted the offer. A second and stronger lette followed the first, and the landlord carried the autograph to a bookseller and demanded a pounfor it. The bookseller eagerly snapped it up, anthe landlord began to dream of more missives But the next day Kipling entered briskly an "Why don't I answer your lette sir?" said the landlord. "Why I was hoping yo would send me a fresh one every day. They po a deal better than driving a bus."

Answer in the egative els which read "Have you left anything?" should be changed to "Have you anything left?"-Detroit

RELIEVE IT OR NOT.

""When a man was summoned at Tottenham for using obscene language the only witness against him was a burly policeman, wearing a string of Army medal ribbons, who said the language was shocking. Magistrate: "Who was shocked?" Policeman: "I was."

T PRIMPS OF FASHION ARE THE BONNY SCOTCH Mainly About Deople

NOT TIRED OF "JANES" IN THREE BRIEF WEEKS

Bliss Carman Suggests That His Friend Peter McArthur Has Had Far More Experience.

It may not be generally known that when Bliss Carman, the distinguished Canadian poet, visited Toronto early in 1921, he then for the first time faced an audience for the purpose of



Peter McAruthr, who an experienced m the part of clubs els, and church canizations to see an, and he accord ngly took it upo olf to arrange n itinerary of lee ure readings broughout western Ontario. Not only

His friend, Mr.

did Mr. McArthur arrange the engagements, but in some cases he accompanied his friend to many places, and assisted him in his programmes. On one occasion during this time the two poets put up at the Tecumseh House in London,

between engagements, and as usual they talked nearly half the night. "Say, Bl.ss," called out Mr. McArthur to his friend in the bed across the room, after the lights had been put out, and they had at last retired, "aren't you getting tired of the fuss these 'Janes' are making over you wherever

"Oh, I don't know, Peter," returned Mr. Carman, "I don't think so-you see, I have had only three weeks of it." And what could Peter say to this?

THE LATEST DODGE.

Lady Maitland, herself an enthusiastic ama teur electrician, related a good story apropos

the broadcasting eraze.

A certain man had been "late at the club," and, returning home in the small hours, heard his wife's vo ce calling sleepily from upstairs demanding an explanation.

But hubby was a man of resource. Instead of replying, he stood stock still in the hail, de livered part of a discourse on "civic right-teousness," fold a bed-time story, and sung three grand opera selections.

His wife I stened for a while, then concluded she had forgotten to turn off the radio receiv ing set, and dropped off to sleep.

"HELD FOR SLIGHT REPAIRS."

When in his early twenties, Mr. Roderie Mackenzie, son of Sir Wm. Mackenzie and today one of the big men in Western Canada, was a very eathusiastic sportsman The following incident occurred one day while Mr. Mackenzie and a friend were or C.N.R. As Mr. Mackenzie was admiring the scenery from the car window, he noticed team of ducks settle in a marsh a short dis tance ahead. The sight was too much for the oung sportsman, and on the impulse of the ment he pulled the stop signal. Telling the conductor what had been done, he requested that the train should be held a few minutes. If there was any inquiries the conductor was to say that some slight repairs had to

He agreed with misgivings. Mr. Mackenzie and his friend approache the retreat of the ducks as quickly and as quietly as possible. Several shots were heard soiled elothes, but laden down with the fruits and shortly after the hunters returned with of their venture, and the "slight repairs" aving been made, the train journeyed on.

Toronto publicity committee offers prizes for the best slogan telling most about Toronto green that some person will get up and yell



unu r rench Sculptor



Predicts the British Empire is Doomed.

BUT he is only Gen. Ludendorff, the ex-quarter master-general of German armies, in his latest picture. Sitting with his hand dammed hard down on his revolver, the muzzle visibly sticking forward within his pocket, he warned Ferdinand Tuohy of the New York World that sticking forward within his pocket, he warned Ferdinand Thony of the New York worns there would come a day of reckoning for Germany. "In sacrificing her fleet and giving Ireland her freedom England has made the two blunders in her history," he said. "Break up the British Empire," he suggested, as a message for the people of the United States. "England now has a fleet only equal to that of the United States. Lloyd George has rendered that service to his country. The British Empire is doomed and will be the next to go. And it will not recover like Germany is going to."

From High School Principal to Poultry Farmer, John S. Martin Plunged to Income and Fame

OHN S. MARTIN, of Port Dover, Ontario, the man who twenty years ago took what ap-J peared to some people to be the awful plunge from high school principal to start a poultry farm, and who is now famous throughout the continent and enjoys an income as large as that of a cabinet minister, is a believer in per-spiration rather than inspiration. He wins prizes in the greatest poultry shows in America, but he says there is no magic about it—only hard work and the power to look at your own birds just as critically as the judge looks at them. His motto is "Never leave anything undone beforehand and you will have no regrets afterward."

When taking his birds to shows at a distance he buys a pullman ticket, and then spends most of his time in the baggage car where his charges are. Once when going to show in New York city he arrived in the metropolis about breakfast time. Another poultryman, showing other breeds, arrived on the same train. The station was a long way from Madison square Both men saw their charges carefully loaded on to delivery trucks, and then Mr. Martin got into the seat alongside the driver of the truck he had hired.

"What are you going to do?" asked the other poultryman. "Not going to ride all the way to Madison square? Come and get some breakfast. The birds will get there all right."

"No breakfast for me until I see these birds on the bench at the show," and the two men



He mounted beside the driver.

At the show Mr. Martin's birds swept the board, while those of his fellow-traveler got a few crumbs. After the show the latter was complaining of his hard luck, and Mr. Martin gave him this piece of advice; "You have a good string of birds, but you lost your prizes between the station and Madison square. Only perfect care on every part of the journey can deliver a bird in perfect condition at a show."

HARINGTON'S CHARM IS HELD AS DANGEROUS AS HIS OUT STANDING CAPACITIES FOR WAR

Though Firm About Duty, He Can Relax When Relaxation Is the Proper Order of the Day—He is a Master of Giving Without Seeming to Take.

Harington, the commander of the army of the Black Sea, who has held the British key to peace, without which there would almost cer-

tainly have been a great war with the Turks,

has emphasized his efficiency in many military fields and his ability to get along with all sorts of men. He is never out of patience, is invariably courteous and obviously wishful to see things as they present themselves to his subordinates, whom he encourages fully to express their views, He will not stand for anything like eva sion of duty, or even



General Harington.

candour in disclosing situations. His habit of always being at the top of his form when on duty, though, is close to a readiness to relax, when relaxation is a proper order of the day or night.

Tim Harington was and is a perfect exponent of the truth that the greater the tension the greater the reaction. That is specially true of the cruel strains of warfare, and such warfare as our fellows had to endure in Europe. Tim Harington began the war high up in the intelligence department a phase of warfare in which he gave such connent Canadians as General Mitchell their first lessons, and, it may be said, their first confidence, for they felt pretty green n Armageddon's early days. The costs of obtain ing information were of course often terribly much life. In warfare always a few lives m be spent in order that many be not sacrificed. Apart from that the matching of knowledges and wits is a great and tremendous game. Tim Harington played it in France and Flanders nate skill and unfailing courage.

He was never downhearted however dark the odds against the allies. For one thing, he was continually proving that so matter how the aghly the Germans played their side of the terrific game, it was always possible to go on-

THIS is M. Duvalet, a blind French sculptor, who was awarded first prine at the recent Versailles Exhibition. His exhibits have received the highest comment of the judges. M Duvalet continued at his work after he was blinded during the war, and is looked upon as the most promising of the young French scalp than the most promising of the young French scalp than the second affiow. In making train movements, scheduled for darkness, Fritz's engeracse would cause him to set his engines in motion before

a little too long after daylight. Harington used to be ready with reconnaisancing aeroplanes for these occasions, and so obtain invaluable infor-

Harington frequently said that after the war he would like to meet some of the fellows he pitted against. There was one form of manifesting his good will to hisown comradesit is axiomatic that the best warrior is he who is sympathetic to his own fellows, and by the same token will appreciate whatever good qualities his opponent may show. Harington was st master in making all his colleagues feel that they had a notable share in whatever successes were achieved under his official auspices. After a success, he would enter a room, hands in orkets, and head shoved down between his

lers, and hail his fellows with "Well, e did it." The occasional outbreaks of horseplay and horseplay was one of the heinbusness that were alleged against Oliver Cromwell in concetion with the gravest events of h's amazingly effective military life-in which Harington participated were specimens of a true camaraderic as well as testimonies to the all but insupportable strain under which duty was daily done. The sense of humor and the prone

give it rein were greater factors in winag the war than the historians fully under-Imagine everything that has been said about

ass, the ineptitude, the overbearing superiority of the British officer saturated with war office traditions, and you have in mind qualities that are conspicuous by their absence from the British safeguard in Constantinople. When the British Government turned over the actual negotiations with Kemal to Harington, it was predicted that, once let Harington get near enough to the great Turk Nationalist to exer

him, there would be no war. There might possibly be a little horseplay; but by knowing how to give without seeming anxious to take the British general would serve the cause of seace by making plain his capacities for warf war were forced upon him.

A correspondent in the country tells of a number of tomatoes rotting on the vines. Still that should be insurance against medicine thows and poor actors appearing in the dis-

HEARD IN COURT.

"What relation are you to the defendant?" said the clerk at West Ham, England, to a woman complainant. 'Ne relation at all,' she replied, 'he's my husband ' "

A MAN SPECIALLY BORN FOR A POSITION IN LIFE

Says the Genial Manager of the World's Greatest Fair.

One of the tenets that an alert newspaper man maintains is to establish the how, when, wherefore and why of any occurence, no matter how insignificant, for the editor, trained by years of experience, may see in it untold news value. who shall be name

less, was on one oc-John G. Kent, the general manager of the Canadian National Exhibition.

During the course of the interview the reports Mr. when and where he was born. Having received the requir ed information, be ing somewhat over and sheer force of hab t.



Mr. Kent, not to be outwitted, for he always has a ready answer, replied:

"Why? To manage the world signestest far,

FRIEND TO HUMBLE ICE CREAM CONES.

rs. h cClung Stood by Them in Society.

All who know "Nellie" McClung, with her oreczy and genial independence, her complete absence of "side" will appreciate Edmonton's "latest." At a recent informal tes, while Mrs. McClung

was chatting with the guest of honour, Her Excellency, Lady Byng, the latter referred to ice cream as the "national dish." A very dignified guest of the "prunes and prisms" type, sitting near, joined in to express her disapproval of a particular form of it, "the ubiquitous cone," completing her arraignment of that popular delieacy, by stating, complacently: "I have never

"Nellie's " eyes reflected visions of past delights, but her tones were very sympathetic as she sighed, sorrowfully: "My! Just think what

"Well," she explained afterwards, "I love Why I've eaten hundreds of them. wasn't going to give up the humble cone just because I was eating in high society."

"BRING YER GUNS WI' YE."

Colonel, now General, Logie, mounted or is charger, was on duty at one of the enrances to Niagara Camp in the summer of 915, when a green sentry was on duty, probably during his first "sentry go." Imagine the colonel's astonishment when the sentry did not turn out the guard. "What are you doing here, my man?" asked the colonel. "On guard, sir," replied the sentry, still leaning n the muzzle of his rifle. "On guard, ch?" said the colonel. "Don't you know that you should turn out the guard for a colonel. You are lucky I am not a general. Turn out the guard immediately.'

The sentry turned and sauntered over .o the guard tent, dragging his rifle after him, and, pulling back the tent flap, called out: 'Hey, youse fellows in there, wake up and me on out; here's a gink on a horse out here, and he wants to have a look at ye; and

bring yer guns wi' ye." General Logie was inwardly amused at the ncident, but no doubt a considerable time of the syllabus was taken up in mounting guard and the duties of sentries after that.



Wall Street Wreaks Kevenge THIS is Thos. W. Lawson, celebrated Wall street financier, and author of "Friday, the Thirteenth," the gripping novel in which he set out to expose the methods by which the high financiers gouge the widow and orphan and the uninitiated who speculate in stocks. Lawson has been a marked man ever since, and now "Friday, the Thirteenth" has come to him. Wall street has broke him. It drove him out of large operations. Now it has forced him to give up Dream wold, his beautiful estate in Egypt, Mass., with all its freight of treasures, worth \$6,000.000. All that is left for him is an abbuilty of \$50,000 which he bought some years ago.

A man generally gets well fed in a hance where the floor is as much worn in front of the kitchen stove as it is in front of the mir-

A HUNDRED-MILE WALK

James H. Ashdown, the Millionaire Hardware Dealer of Winnipeg, Was Keen to Grasp an Opportunity.

By W. L. E. R JAMES H. ASHDOWN, the veteran multi-millionaire wholesale hardware merchant of Winnipeg, who settled there in 1868, and was in prisoned by Riel in 1870 for taking up arms against him was early noted for his keenness to grasp an opportunity that promised to further his business interests. But there was at least one opportunity in this respect that he was unable, through tack of the necessary fiancial weans, to grasp, although it was not without making an effort that few would have

It happened away when Winnipeg was connected with the sutside world exby trail water route and Mr. Ashdown own by a modest tin smithing shop. local man naving a retail hardware store, which, though small, he was un able to run su cess fully, suggested to James H. Ashdown.



Mr. Ashdown that be purchase his stock

"It will fit in well with your tinware." "But, much as I would like to get your stock I haven't the money to pay for it," replied Mr

Ashdown. "Well, your father-in-law has," suggester the hardwareman.

"i'll think it over," replied Mr. Ashdown This conversation took place on a Friday and on the following Monday, the hardwareman encountering Mr Ashdown on the street, remarked:

"Well, have you been thinking over that mat

"Yes; and furthermore, I have seen my

father-in-law and he said 'No."

As Mr. Ashdown's father-in-law lived at Portage la Prairie, nearly sixty miles distant. and there was at the time no connecting railway petween the two points, the hardwareman, oubting the truthfulness of Ashdown's state ment asked. How in the world could you have seen him since Friday?

"I walked to Portage to Pro e and back." replied Mr. Ashdown. And this is the one had



ine most Contented Man

MR. J. MURRAY GIBBON, Montreal, president of the Canadian Authors Association, is here seen with Mr. Christian Troyer, rancher, of Windermere. The picture was taken during the David Thompson memorial celebration at Wind-

At one of the annual fairs held in the Windermere district, Mr. Gibbon contributed a prize of wenty dollars for the most contented settler in It was won by Mr. Troyer, who is a oneer in the district.

the is now eighty-two years old and with a ry cheerful wife enjoying life in keeping with its Ward Howe's pithy remark that "All the ar was in the bottom of the cup." -By CHARLOTTE GORDON.

GAME OF TAKE AND PUT

HERE is a story from Lord Eversley's interesting book of reminiscences, and as it concerns an Irish M.P., it has a topical flavor. The Irishman's name was Scully, and he stood hesitating on one important occasion, undecided as to which way he would vote.

Lord Moncke, the Liberal whip, observed his

hesitation and selzed the opportunity. Going up to Scully, Lord Moncke remarked pleasantly: "My dear Scull, I hope you are going to give

us your vote." Scully frowned testily, and, drawing away, "My dear Lord Moncke, I hope the next time

you abstract a 'y' from my name, you will add it on to your own."

And the Conservative cause flourished.

Spouting Hot Air

THE whale who, because he lives in the water, is often supposed to be a member of the fish family, is in reality no more one than is a human being.

He is a reality an animal very much like a

cow or a horse, and his flesh is real animal flesh, nothing whatever like that of a fish. And like all other animals he cannot remain under water without an occasional trip to the surface. The whale, however, is able to hold his breath for a long time, sometimes for 45 minutes, and he is able to open his mouth under water when

eating, because his nostrils connect dir thy with his windpipe and not with the back of his mouth, as in most other animals. When he comes to the surface he blows the air out of his lungs. It has by this time become so heated that it forms a column of vapor when

expelled into the cool air of the surface and this is what happens when he is said to "spout." Incidentally the most famous whale of hiswhale at all but is called in the Bible "a great

"So you resigned your position in Bloggs and Company.'

"Yes, I couldn't stand the way the firm

"What did they do?" "'Took my name off the pay sheet!"

sh."-Detroit News.