

NOT PRIMPS OF FASHION ARE THE BONNY SCOTCH

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

RALPH CONNOR, the famous Canadian novelist, was born and lived for a number of years near the little village of Harrington.



Shortly after his novels began to attract attention, two dour natives of that section of the country who had known him from a small lad, were having a friendly visit.

AN M.P. WHO SPEAKS NOT

ALTHOUGH he has been a member of the British House of Commons for twenty-two years, Mr. John Hope, M.P. for Berwick, has never made a speech.

Mr. Hope's case recalls the famous silence of "Single-speech" Hamilton, who sat in the House during the eighteenth century.



Can Siki Beat Him?

NOT like Napoleon with the manhood of Europe pressed into his legions, but alone, double-fisted, has Mr. Dempsey conquered the world.

LANDLORD PRAYS FOR KIPLING'S FIERY NOTES

Hopes He Would Send a Fresh One Every Day.

MY are the tricks that cunning auto-app collectors have practised to get a highly prized signature. Some men spend much time and patience on the task; others, like the driver of the local omnibus at Rottingdean.

Answer in the negative THE notice in the rooms of hotels which reads "Have you left anything?" should be changed to "Have you anything left?"—Detroit

BELIEVE 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.

Mainly About People

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 reading from his own works.



Bliss Carman.

His friend, Mr. Peter McArthur, who is an experienced platform lecturer, immediately sensed a possible demand on the part of clubs, schools, and church organizations to see and hear Mr. Carman, and he accordingly took it upon himself to arrange an itinerary of lecture readings at various cities throughout western Ontario.

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, Bliss," 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 you go?"

THE LATEST DODGE

Lady Matland, herself an enthusiastic amateur electrician, related a good story apropos the broadcasting crane.

"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 separated.

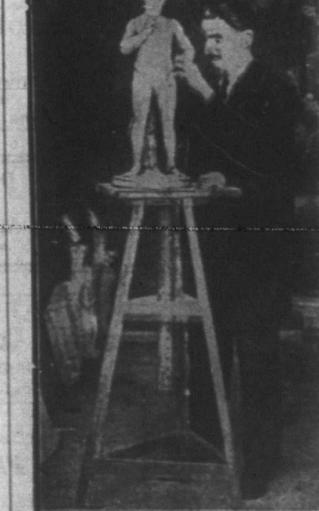
"HELD FOR SLIGHT REPAIRS."

When in his early twenties, Mr. Eoderick J. Mackenzie, son of Sir Wm. Mackenzie, and today one of the big men in Western Canada, was a very enthusiastic sportsman.

The following incident occurred one day while Mr. Mackenzie and a friend were on their way down the Vegreville branch of the C.N.R. As Mr. Mackenzie was admiring the scenery from the car window, he noticed a team of ducks settle in a marsh a short distance ahead.

HELD FOR SLIGHT REPAIRS.

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



Gifts of French Sculptor

THIS is M. Duvallet, a blind French sculptor, who was awarded first prize at the recent Versailles Exhibition. His exhibits have received the highest comment of the judges.



Predicts the British Empire is Doomed.

BUT he is only Gen. Ludendorff, the ex-quartermaster-general of German armies, in his latest picture. Sitting with his hand jammed hard down on his revolver, the muzzle visibly sticking forward within his pocket, he warned Ferdinand Tuohey of the New York World that there would come a day of reckoning for Germany.

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

JOHN S. MARTIN, of Port Dover, Ontario, the man who twenty years ago took what appeared 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 perspiration rather than inspiration.



He mounted beside the driver.

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.

HARRINGTON'S CHARM IS HELD AS DANGEROUS AS HIS OUTSTANDING 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.

Everything written about General Sir Charles Harrington, the commander of the army of the Black Sea, who has held the British key to peace, without which there would almost certainly 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.



General Harrington.

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 evasion of duty, or even the smallest lack of candour in disclosing situations.

Tim Harrington was and is a perfect exponent of the truth that the greater the tension the greater the reaction. That is especially true of the cruel strains of warfare, and such warfare as our fellows had to endure in Europe.

He was never downhearted however dark the odds against the allies. For one thing, he was continually proving that so matter how thoroughly the Germans played their side of the terrific game, it was always possible to get one tier, because they were such slaves to method that they often fell in madness.

At the show Mr. Martin's birds swept the board, while those of his fellow-traveler got only 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."

"BRING YER GUNS WI' YE."

Colonel, now General, Logie, mounted on his charger, was on duty at one of the entrances to Niagara Camp in the summer of 1915, when a green sentry was on duty, probably during his first "sentry go."

Harrington frequently said that after the war he would like to meet some of the fellows he was pitted against. There was one form of manifesting his good will to his comrades—it 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.

Imagine everything that has been said about the impetuous, 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.

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

HEARD IN COURT. "What relation are you to the defendant?" said the clerk at West Ham, England, to a woman complainant. "No 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, where, and why of any occurrence, no matter how insignificant, for the editor, trained by years of experience, may see in it untold news value.

It is related that an erstwhile young reporter, who shall be nameless, was on one occasion interviewing John G. Kent, the general manager of the Canadian National Exhibition.



John G. Kent.

During the course of the interview the reporter asked Mr. Kent when and where he was born. Having received the required information, being somewhat over eager and from sheer force of habit, he asked "Why?"

Mr. Kent, not to be outwitted, for he always has a ready answer, replied: "Why? To manage the world's greatest fair, of course."

FRIEND TO HUMBLE ICE CREAM CONES.

All who know "Nellie" McClung, with her breezy and genial independence, her complete absence of "side" will appreciate Edmonton's "latest."

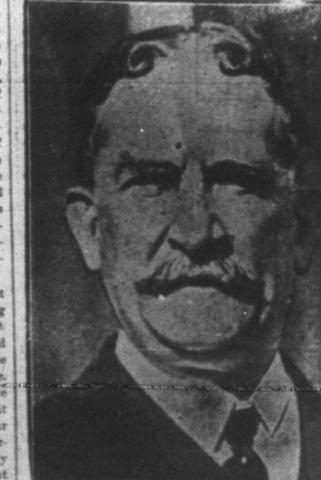
At a recent informal tea, while Mrs. McClung was chatting with the guest of honour, Her Excellency, Lady Byng, the latter referred to ice cream as the "national dish."

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

Colonel, now General, Logie, mounted on his charger, was on duty at one of the entrances to Niagara Camp in the summer of 1915, when a green sentry was on duty, probably during his first "sentry go."

The sentry turned and sauntered over to the guard tent, dragging his rifle after him, and, pulling back the tent flap, called out: "Hey, youse fellows in there, wake up and come 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 incident, 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 Revenge

THIS is Thom 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.

A man generally gets well fed in a house where the floor is as much worn in front of the kitchen stove as it is in front of the mirror.

A HUNDRED-MILE WALK TO SEE HIS FATHER-IN-LAW

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

MR. JAMES H. ASHDOWN, the veteran multi-millionaire wholesale hardware merchant of Winnipeg, who settled there in 1888, and was imprisoned by the law for taking up arms against him, was early noted for his keenness to grasp an opportunity that promised to further his business interests.

It happened away back in the days when Winnipeg was a little village unconnected with the outside world except by trail or water route a few when the business Mr. Ashdown owned was represented by a modest tin smithing shop.



James H. Ashdown.

"Well, you can't allow talk by lookin' at a skinny kid what he'll turn into, kin ye, Andy?" And after the necessary moment for the consideration of this statement, Andy, a grizzled old dour Scotch Presbyterian replied: "Awa' wi' ye, mon. The Scots were eye fighters and doers, not primps of fashion."

"Well, you father-in-law has," suggested the hardwareman. "See if you cannot borrow from him."

"I 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 matter?"

"Yes; and furthermore, I have seen my father-in-law and he said 'No.'"

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

"I walked to Portage in 'bout a week," replied Mr. Ashdown. And that is what he had done.

THE 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 Windermere.

GAME OF TAKE AND PUT

HERE is a story from Lord Everley'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 seized the opportunity. Going up to Scully, Lord Moncke remarked pleasantly: "My dear Scully, I hope you are going to give us your vote."

Scully frowned testily, and, drawing away, replied: "My dear Lord Moncke, I hope the next time you abstract a 'y' from my name, you will add it on to your own."

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.

Incidentally the most famous whale of history—the one which swallowed Jonah—was not 'whale' at all but is called in the Bible "a great fish."

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

"Yes, I couldn't stand the way the firm treated me."

"What did they do?"

"Took my name off the pay sheet!"