

Suits, - - \$5.95
Raincoats, \$6.95
Overcoats, \$8.95

FANCY VESTS, Half Price
AT THE
TRAVELING RUGS, Half Price

Big
Semi-Ready
Wardrobe Sale

of evidence as to prove
hearsay up to the time of
the trial. The cross-examination
of the two horses in the opposite
the same time," he re-

of the defence is gener-
ated as reflecting a deter-
mined part of Thaw's attor-
ney in 1906, re-
consequences.
evidence for the defence,
a medical character, will
morrow morning.

FIELD SITUATION.

Jan. 13.—President
is determined to withdraw
troops from Goldfield, Nev.,
the legislature begins its
on Tuesday. This in-
made known at the White
the report of the special
committee was made pub-
with a letter from the
Governor Sparks, dated

says: "The conditions
port the general allegations
error's request for troops,
specific statements estab-
such extent as to justify
ese statements for the pur-
federal troops."

QUET TO CITY LAYMEN

ISTS SPENT PLEASANT EVENING

Tendered Last Night Metropolitan Church Addresses Given.

room of the Metropolitan
church was the scene of a
gathering last evening.
was a banquet tendered
laymen of the Methodist
of the city, with the object
of a deeper interest in the
of Christian missions. The
present were those who
sible for the preparation of
cellent dinner to which the
of the skill and ability with
ladies had done their work
solution of thanks, moved in
ristic speech by U. S. Consul
seconded by C. Spencer, was
was unanimously voted by the
gramme following the ban-
full of interest. The speak-
evening were Rev. S. W.
A., of Calgary; Rev. Dr.
th, of Winnipeg; and T. T.
of Vancouver.

by began by paying a tribute
duties of Victoria to which
paying his first visit. Then
to speak of Canada as the
marvellous opportunity of
d of the twentieth century,
as called to big tasks in the
de and deep canals, continen-
s, large industries were be-
ing into being at the bidding
of us. But the imperialism of
ty was larger than any pro-
mercial life. The whole
to become determined by
it was the lot of Canada to
are in the great work. Forty
the prairie land of the Mid-
was the great lone land;
rs ago it was the haunt of
in and years ago a great
ok place and by the hundreds
ands the immigrants have
ing in. What were we to do?
says, build railways; con-
says, start industries; and
says, Christianize and Cana-
ese immigrants or they will
us. Canada has become
highway of the world and
centre of the world's activi-
on be on this Pacific coast;
or the Methodist church to
to God-given opportunity and
nd hands of faith in this great
winning to world for Christ.
prise of Christian missions
biggest enterprise in the
d. The laymen's movement
a new organization but a new
towards the uplift of the

Mr. Chan, the Chinese mission-
gung the Glory Song in Chin-
Woodworth address the gath-
With many appropriate stories
ad home the truths he would
he told of his work in getting
man the mission fields and of
pendous growth going on in
try east of the Rockies. He
the movement among the for-
ulation of Winnipeg, and the
wards the Christian religion,
many encouraging anecdotes
work.

Lançols, of Wesley church,
er, told how that in nine years
ch he represented had ad-
in his missionary givings until
\$5,000 had been given. The
movement had begun in the
He was glad that it was not
nined to the east. The move-
as started on the basis that
all within the next twenty-
years. When it is remembered
e-thirds of the world is still in
darkness and that there are
dred million who have not
the gospel message, the magni-
tude of the undertaking will be seen.
pay even from the world's
and he would urge all his
to be in earnest in their work
for giving.

Deville, of the Centennial
moved and Rev. S. W. Dean
d, a hearty vote of thanks to
sakers for the inspiration of
addresses. This was most heart-
ed and in a few words each re-
to a close.

REMEMBER EDDY'S TOILET PAPERS CANADA'S FINEST

Always, everywhere in Canada, ask for them—and Eddy's
Matches.

Mr. John Morley A Character Sketch.

Mr. Morley is the only "double first"
of his time. He is perhaps the only
double first since Burke. Other men
have won distinction in more than one
field. Canning wrote a history, a Con-
stitutional novel. Macaulay was an orator
as well as an historian. Gladstone dis-
cussed Homer as vehemently as he dis-
cussed Home Rule. Lord Royston's his-
tory was written with letters as he
has with politics. Mr. Balfour has spun
cobwebs in covers as well as across the
floor of the House. But of none of these
can it be said that he was the front
rank alike of literature and of states-
manship. It may, with reserve, be said
of John Morley.

"That a man," wrote Macaulay, "be-
fore whom the two paths of politics and
literature lie open and who may hope
for eminence in either should choose
politics and quit literature seems to me
madness." I speak from memory. But
I think he wrote that letter when he
was smug under his defeat at Edin-
burgh. The dictum must therefore be
taken with reserve, for the grapes were
sour. But we may be grateful for a
dictum which gave us a history which
Macaulay himself compared with
"Thucydides' Peloponnesian War" and
which posterity, if it has not ratified
the verdict, has placed among the im-
perishable things of English literature.

Mr. Morley, with the "two paths"
open before him, came to a contrary de-
cision. In middle age, with a secure
European reputation in letters, he rose
from the desk and took a commission in
the field. "He gave up to a party what
was meant for mankind" and left "the
harvest of his teeming brain" largely
ungathered. When I see him I seem
to see a row of phantom volumes—
books that will never be written—be-
ginning with that Life of Chatham the
promise of which made more than twenty
years ago a household name. And I
wonder whether posterity will endorse
his decision as it has endorsed Macau-
lay's.

No man ever made a more dramatic
entrance into office. The announce-
ment one morning that Mr. Morley was
the new Irish Secretary was the first
clear indication of the most momentous
departure in policy made in our time.
It meant that Home Rule was the of-
ficial policy of the Liberal party. It
starred the country then, if it could
have been said that it meant, it
would have startled it still more, for it
would have seen that it meant not
merely a change of policy but a politi-
cal revolution, the end of an epoch, twen-
ty years of reaction culminating in the
emergency of the spectre of Protection
and side by side with the emergency
into practical politics of social ideals
which Mr. Morley was wont to regard
as the idle dreams of "impatient ideal-
ists."

For Mr. Morley belongs to the past.
He looks out on politics with reverted
eyes. He has, it is true, more than any
other man the passion of the old philo-
sophic Radicals for liberty and political
equality. He sat at the foot of John
Stuart Mill and fills the mantle of that
great man not inadequately. The spirit
of the French Revolution still burns in
him with a pure flame. Manchester,
the Manchester of the mid-Victorian
time still speaks through him with un-
fading accents. He is the high priest
of liberty—the civil and religious lib-
erty of the individual. He stands for
a cause that is largely won; but, being
won, still needs the constant vigilance
which is the price of liberty to hold as
well as to win. That is his task. He is
the guardian of the victories of the
past. He is not a seer. He points to
no far horizons. He stands idly aloof

from all eager aspirations of the new
time. He will have nothing to do with
strange idols. The gospel of social
justice, that proclaimed by Ruskin and
heard at the street corners, is pene-
trating into parliament and changing
the whole atmosphere of political
thought, finds in him no response. He
memors "Impatient Idealists" and is
still. For reward he has incurred the
subtlest of all rebukes—the praises of
The Spectator.

The world of politics is a world of
action, of quick reflexes, and firm and
sudden movement. To hesitate is to be
lost. Mr. Morley has the hesitation of
the man of thought. In his study,
alone with the past or the present, he
hitches his wagon to war and rides
away into the pure serene. In a set
speech, face to face with a great issue,
he sounds a note of moral greatness,
austere and pure, that is heard from
no other lips to-day. But in the pres-
ence of a situation calling for im-
mediate and drastic action from himself,
he is like Hamlet:

The time is out of joint. O cursed
fate, that ever I was born to set it right.

It is this perplexity of the will, so
characteristic of the philosopher in
affairs, that is the secret of Mr. Mor-
ley's admiration for Mr. Chamberlain,
for we all admire him who does not
have not. He sees in him the quality
of decisive action at its highest. Mr.
Chamberlain never doubts, never hesi-
tates. He risks his whole fortune on
the cast of a die. He does not pause
to think; he acts. He has no yester-
days, no moral obligations. His days
are his own, and he is not bound by
each with filial piety. He does not
care what he has said; he only sees the
instant strategy, and adopts it. Action!
Action! And again Action! If it is
necessary to burn his house, he burns
them on the instant. If it suits his
purpose to change his coat, he changes
it and is done with it. If his purpose
can only be achieved by a war, then
war let it be. No situation is too com-
plicated for him. The Gordian knot of it
will untie familiar as his garter—if it
is not, rather, with the sword. He
sees neither in blinkers. He sees neither
to the right hand nor to the left, but
to the goal ahead, and to that he flash-
es like an arrow to the mark. He
knows that the thing the people love
is a leader in swift decision and dra-
matic, fearless action. "Right or
wrong, act!" Mr. Morley, lost in re-
flection, weighing all the delicately bal-
anced factors, sees with wonder the
clear vision of the future.

Twenty-five years ago the future of
British politics seemed bound up with
three friends, the most powerful trium-
virate of our time. Citizen Chamber-
lain provided the driving power and
the popular appeal, Citizen Dilke the
encyclopaedic knowledge of detail and
affairs, John Morley the moral motive
and the intellectual foundation. To-
gether they could have moved moun-
tains. But the combination, for vari-
ous reasons, fell to pieces, and the
great hope vanished in twenty years.
The departure of Lalajai Rai
isago, O the pity of it! It is the great
personal tragedy of modern politics.
Of the three, Mr. Morley alone re-
mains in effective service, and upon him,
the torch of political liberty, the
irony of events has placed the burden
of despotic control over a vast subject
people, dimly struggling towards free-
dom. It seems like a jest of fate—a
jest to show how far the stern moralist
can resist the assaults of circum-
stances and of entrenched officialdom.
It is too soon yet to judge of the re-
sult. The departure of Lalajai Rai
suggested that Mr. Morley had begun
to dig his own grave; but the victory
of second thoughts still keeps him on
the side of the angels. With courage
he may yet make India his title to rank

Basking the World's Champion

By H. J. P. Good in Toronto Globe.

"Young love, he plays some funny
tricks," is the way a line in an ancient
song runs, and it is to be feared, old
memory does the same. Anyway, it is
here proposed to trust to the same old
memory and to narrate an incident in
connection with the most famous oar-
man of not only his own time, but un-
doubtedly of the nineteenth century.
Other oarsmen from abroad, notably
James Hamill (N.S.), Walter Brown
(N.S.), and Wm. Green (Australia), had
assayed to win professional honors in
England before Edward Trickett land-
ed from Sydney, N. S. W., in 1876, and
beat Joseph Sadler, the then champion,
but it was not until three years after-
wards, namely, 1879, when, in turn, Ned
Hanlan beat Trickett and Elliott, that
Britishers really began to wake up to
the fact that their supremacy on the
river had departed. "Ned" beat Haw-
don in supreme ease, but the Eng-
lishers pinned their faith to their
sturdy insular fashion, to Wm. Elliott
of Pegasus, who, by beating R. W.
Boyd of Gateshead and J. Higgins of
Shadwell, in two different matches, had
won the title. But he went down in
21.01, the fastest time on record for the
Tyne course, as easily before the in-
vincible Canadian as had his fellow-
countryman, but the previous year he
on the leading United States and Can-
adian oarsmen, Hanlan was now on
the lookout for other worlds to con-
quer. Edward Trickett's friends in far
off Australia had been regarding the
Canadian's success with jealous eye,
and when a proposition was made for a
match to be rowed over the Thames
championship course they eagerly ac-
cepted.

The morning of Monday, November
15th, 1880, was the day set for the
race, and as might have been expected,
a tremendous excitement ensued in Brit-
ain, in Australia, in the United States,
and in Canada. Never before had a
sculling match created so much inter-
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INTERNATIONAL ANTHEM.

Chinese Words to Air of "God Save the King."

Has China a national anthem? "Yes,"
say some Chinese. "No," say others and
also many Europeans.
The controversy on the point arose in
the Far East over an incident at Hong-
kong, when Mr. Tsai, the American secre-
tary for war, was being entertained. The
"Emperor of China" was toasted, followed
by the air of "God Save the King." Mr.
Tsai asked why "My Country, 'Tis The
(the American anthem to the same air)
had been played, and the German guests
asked the connection between China and
it might be taken as the hymn of univer-
sal brotherhood, and Chinese words had
therefore been set to it as the national
anthem of that country.

Now the Pekin and Tientsin Times
chaffs the "originator of the joke" that
China has a national anthem. But the
Chinese legation in London stated that a
Chinese national anthem, composed by the
Marquis Tseng, was the representative
of his country since the establishment of
a legation in London has been in exist-
ence for the last twenty-one years. The
words were written by the Marquis de
music composed by a European musician.
Mr. Hassal, bandmaster of the Irish
Guards, also stated that so far as he
knew every nation in Europe, Asia and
America had its anthem. Such countries
as Afghanistan and Siam were no excep-
tion to the rule.

Out of each five persons in New York
city of marriageable age two are mar-
ried and three are not.

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in, with the result that the final betting
was 10 to 1 and 10 to 3 on Hanlan. As
has been said, the race was rowed on
Monday morning at 8 o'clock. On the
Sunday night previous to 8 o'clock, this
cablegram was received from Mr.
Whitfoot: "\$25,000 uninvested, what
shall I do with it?" The answer flashed
back was, "Get it on at any odds," and
it was got on, although Canadian
money that went over with Hanlan's
caretaker, who was also steward of the
Toronto Rowing Club, was returned un-
invested. At great cost, Mr. Whitfoot
hired tugs to go up and down the river
to interview the occupants of the fol-
lowing steamers, and it was then that
the Australian money running out, the
odds on Hanlan went up to the closing
figure already given.

The sequel was yet to come. The
sender of the money should have
known, but had entirely forgotten, that
settling day in England at Tattersall's,
with members of which the bulk of the
money had been placed, was Monday.
Consequently it was the following
day, or a week later, before the money
could reach this side. Although no ar-
rangements had previously been made
for the transaction, bettors expected to
be paid instantly after the result be-
came known, or within a day or two
at most, but the money was not forth-
coming. Mr. Whitfoot, the agent in-
chief in England, went away for a holi-
day immediately after the race. Cable-
gram after cablegram, several times a
day, were sent to ascertain his where-
abouts, but without result. Meanwhile
all kinds of stories were in circulation
—that Mr. Whitfoot had gone to Spain,
where he would be joined by "yours
truly," and so on. At length, on the
Thursday evening, four days after the
race, the man behind the scenes re-
ceived a message that the bank man-
ager wished to see him. He went down,
and was met by both the manager and
the assistant manager. The former
said: "I am afraid it is all up with
that money, Mr. Good. We sent three
or four urgent telegrams to London to-
day, and the final answer received was
that nobody knew where Mr. White-
foot had gone, and that he had not been
seen for several days." The as-
sistant manager chimed in: "I told
you, Mr. —, not to trust these sport-
ing men. The sender's feelings can
well be imagined. He had borne much
odium as it was, and for three days
more his agony was to remain untold.
Not a word further came from London
until Friday. Saturday and Sunday
having elapsed, Monday came round.
The sender, saying to his wife, 'I have
done no wrong, I will face them.' I got
out of bed, dressed and was in the act
of letting his face wash when the door
was opened and a bank official rush-
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