Sir Edward Grey, Whom Gladstone Wished To Be His Successor

(Albert R. Carman in Toronto Saturday Night.)

An amazing development of the Agadir affair is that a number of Englishmen seem bent upon sacrificing the victor—Sir Edward Grey. This would be understandable if Sir Edward had led his country into a humiliating defeat. It might even have been done under German pressure if the British people had been frightened out of their shoes and were therefore willing to sacrifice Sir Edward to the Teutonic Minotaur—as M. Delcasse was sacrificed by shivering France some years ago. But, so far from these conditions existing, Sir Edward has just emerged triumphant from the greatest diplomatic conflict of the young century; and we would naturally expect that his fellow-countrymen would be conferring upon him "the freedom of their cities" and the strongest assurances of their united confidence.

I am writing too soon to know whether or not Sir Edward will retire before the astounding display of ignorant ill-feeling. If he retires, the Empire may well go into mourning. But I am in high hopes that he has too keen a sense of duty toward his country to think of throwing up his responsibilities in an impatient moment just because certain people are under the delusion that diplomacy is a democratic function and that ambassadors ought to get their instructions from the "town meeting." Now I am as good a democrat as ever was ready to "trust the people" on every possible public question. So fully do I trust the people that I am confident that the vast majority of them have now no sympathy with this effort to pillory Grey. They know that the game of diplomacy must be played with a number of semi-autocratic governments which keep their secrets well, and that they might as well ask a card-player to put his "hand" on the table as to insist that their foreign minister shall constantly take them—and the world—into his confidence.

Sir Edward Grey is one of the ablest men in British public life. There is a classic story—often heard in England—about Gladstone's estimate of him. It goes that someone was studying at Hawarden with the G. O. M. in his declining years, and ventured to discuss with him who among his followers might be able to "bend the bow of Ulysses." "Harcourt?" he was asked. "No," said Gladstone. "Harcourt is as old as I am." This was not true in years, but the vigorous Gladstone felt that it was true in effect. "Rosebery?" "No. Rosebery is not steady enough." "Asquith?" "No-o. Asquith is a great lawyer and handles a 'brief' to admiration; but you must give him his 'brief.'" "Grey?" The Grand Old Man turned toward his questioner. "Ah!" he said. "Grey!" Then, after a pause, he added—"Will you tell me why it is that a man who has in him the capacity to go anywhere and fill any position, wastes so much of his time with little flies and little strings?" He was referring, of course, to Sir Edward's well-known love of fishing—a sport which the impatient Gladstone never tolerated.

But that gives you Gladstone's estimate of Grey. If he had been able to designate his successor, he would have infallibly named Sir Edward—if he could have got him to give up whipping the brooks of "bonnie Scotland." Another remarkable thing about Sir Edward is that he is a strong Radical. This is not generally known. He has always acted with the Liberal Imperialist wing of the party, so convinced has he been that Britain must be kept safe abroad; but that has not prevented him from being quite as good a Radical as Mr. Lloyd George. He was for years Lord Rosebery's under-secretary; and, in that capacity, he secured his great and commanding knowledge of foreign politics. But he was never a follower of Rosebery on social questions; and if the inner history of the present Liberal cabinet is ever written, it will probably be found that he stood with the advanced section in defence of most of their measures.

So it is not because he is a poor democrat that he declines to run to parliament at every stage of a delicate diplomatic negotiation. It is because he knows that such a course would be absolutely fatal to the British side of the case. As it is, the British foreign minister is always at a disadvantage because he can be so constantly called up in parliament and compelled either to answer awkward questions or to take the hardly less damaging course of admitting that he has something to conceal. The Russian foreign minister is not so badgered. The German foreign minister is seldom heard in the Reichstag until the affair in hand has become history. The Austrian foreign minister has an absolutely free hand. The French even leave their minister alone, and permit him to hold office in successive governments, though all his colleagues and his premier may be changed. The wonder is that we get along as well as we do.

Another thing we may not always appreciate on this continent, is that the people of Europe do business with men,—not with governments. They are accustomed to that at home; and they apply it to Britain. It is simply what we do when we fit our home conditions to what we hear from the old world. A change of Government in France is not the turning out of one party and the putting in of another—it is merely the dropping of two or three objectionable ministers. The party complexion of the ministry remains about the same. A chancellor or a foreign minister may go down at Berlin; but the Government stays. They haven't got our system or the British system. So they think of Britain in terms of themselves. They do business, in their own minds, with her strong man.

Palmerston was "England" for many a day; and then came Disraeli. They had the poorest possible opinion of Gladstone. He did not seem to be actuated by what they regarded as natural human motives. The sort of a conscience he had does not seem to grow outside of Anglo-Saxondom. It is incorrect to say that he would not fight. He would and did fight. But he fought—as they saw it—Quixotically. Salisbury they understood and respected. But, during the Boer war, they thought that Chamberlain was "England." I remember a little girl in a French family near Paris at that time who had two dolls, one of which she called "Krujay" and the other "Shamberlang," and warmly did she nurse and cherish "Krujay" and terrifically did she pound and punish "Shamberlang." That was just when Kruger was in Paris; and I went over in the evening to see him standing at the open window of his hotel in the Rue Scribe with the Boulevard packed below by an absolutely silent crowd. Most of Paris thought that it was a mistake even then to irritate Britain; but the students and the "jingoes," who remembered Fashoda, made a lot of noise.—Toronto Saturday Night.

IT HAPPENS TO EVERYONE

MAPLE LEAF McCORMICK'S BISCUITS LEMON CREAM

A delicacy revelation. A layer of soft, enticingly palatable Maple Cream, smothered with two wholesome Maple flavored Biscuits of Maple Design.
About sixty to the pound.

Hidden between two crisp, beautifully browned biscuits of unique design, is a fairy-like cream, with a flavor of pure lemon juice.
About sixty to the pound.

YOUNG TURKS BUY WIVES FOR THE DEPOSED SULTAN

Twenty Beautiful Circassians Now Numbered in Abdul Hamid's Harem—Is Kept Close Prisoner and Knows Nothing of the Outside World.

Ever since the war in Tripoli began Abdul Hamid, the deposed Sultan of Turkey, has been so closely guarded by the young Turks that it is believed that he has no idea what is happening outside the little world about him.

Before that he was often seen driving near the Villa Alladina, but now he is not permitted to leave the grounds. All his communications pass through censorship of a specially chosen emissary of the young Turks, who with a guard of twenty men has taken up his residence there.

Increase Prisoner's Harem.

But there are diversions in plenty for the old man. Four new Circassian slaves have been added to the harem within the last few days. Twenty of these beautiful women now surround him, all presented to him by the young Turks since the war began. They cost a great deal of money, which the young Turks could ill afford to pay, and it was against their professed principle of "one man, one wife." But it was deemed the part of wisdom to keep Abdul's mind free from matters of state.

When not in his harem the former sultan amuses himself with carpenter work or discusses food with his cook. His interest in good things to eat is as great as ever, and daily he makes a list of dainties he desires.

He still hated his jailer, Rassi Bey, who answers for Abdul's safety with his life. However, he has made friends with Atuf Bey, the physician assigned to guard his physical welfare.

Death Rather Than Escape.

Rassi Bey, it is known, has orders to extend all due courtesies to the prisoner, but should he attempt to escape to kill, if necessary. The old sultan knows this and loathes the man. He has not addressed ten sentences to him since he was brought to Villa Alladina.

There is murmuring in quarters where congregate those who dare to speak their opinions, that the affairs of Turkey are going badly. These men insist that though Abdul Hamid was a tyrant, he was a monarch on a really large scale, whereas the young Turks have proved just as tyrannous, but far less clever statesmen.

If matters get worse there is every prospect of a counter revolution. But Rassi Bey will never permit Abdul Hamid to leave his hands alive. Zia Edjin Effindi, the eldest son of the present sultan probably would be the beneficiary of any sucessful revolution. He is of much the same caliber of Abdul Hamid. It was he who boxed the grand vizier's ears recently in the presence of an assembled company of courtiers and statesmen.

Off to Siberia; Sad Scenes at a Russian Station

(Lanwarne Hawkins in London Daily News.)

At the station with the unpronounceable Russian name I came suddenly and unexpectedly into my first open contact with the Machine.

Considered merely as a machine, it is undoubtedly in the foremost grade of smooth and silent efficiency. And no wonder, for a myriad sharp-witted individuals are urgently concerned in its successful uninterrupted running, and in supplying it with that indispensable periodical quota of material necessary to maintain its activity, and to justify its enormous working cost. They are all on piece-work.

Their imperative duty is to get tangible results. The engineer who cannot get results usually gets dismissed in the most callously indifferent and unpleasant manner. This inflexible regulation stimulates continuous industry in all the members of the engineering staff, and the requisite definite results are therefore forthcoming with praiseworthy regularity.

* * *

And here at the railway station with the unspeakable name I see some of the results.

There are about a score of them, and they are indiscriminately assorted into two bundles, neatly tide up with good, substantial-looking, business-like iron chain.

I saunter as closely as I am permitted to the nearest of the bundles, and make a rapid superficial survey of its components. There is the customary proportion of young men, probably students gleaned from the principal universities of Moscow and Petersburg. Most of them are frankly downcast and despondent, but on the pallid face of the most conspicuous of their number I catch a glint of that smiling ecstasy born of self-sacrifice fully discerned, and voluntarily embraced. In this group there is also a well-dressed, aristocratic-looking man of about forty, whose mellow intellectual countenance is to me poignantly arrestive. It is the face of a poet, a musician. Fastened next to him is a girl of the ordinary peasant type. Four or five men of the superior artisan class, with the characteristically stolid and fatalistic expression of the Slav, complete the group.

The other human bundle is a little way off, against the station wall, apparently to permit the attractive, dark-haired, pale-faced girl of seventeen or eighteen to sit down on its low projecting stone ledge. She is openly and palpably ill, and ought to be consigned without delay to a nursing home, instead of to the dingy convicts' van, which is slowly being backed up the line to the rear of the waiting train. The remainder of this group is composed of men of assorted ages and varying estate in the world they are leaving. In the bleak penal land to which they are now journeying they will share one common degree—that of the political felon.

The groups are ringed around with an escorting squad of soldiers of the usual coarse country type. Poor ignorant, unlettered boors! Their only ideas centre in the keeping bright of their glittering arms and accoutrements, and in the obeying, with a heavy-footed sheepish alacrity, of the orders of their pompous, squinting sergeant. Mere minor cogs in the great Machine!

There is no time for any further detailed examination of the prisoners, for the van has been coupled to the waiting train. The officer in charge appears from the direction of the buffet, talking and laughing with a fat, heavy-jowled priest or "pope." The strong facial resemblance between the pair gives strong warranty to the conjecture that they are blood relatives.

* * *

The steel-secured felons are clumsily hurried to the end of the platform, and bundled pell-mell into the convict van, men and women together, the ailing girl stumbling miserably in her endeavor to mount the high step. I notice that the priest does not waste a single glance in the direction of the sorrow-stricken band, but I cannot help remarking the looks of bitter contempt shot at him by one or two of the prisoners as they are marched past to the van. Invincible antagonism to the Orthodox Church is the mark of the Russian progressive, and this attitude is not without excuse, for (true to type), the state church has always set herself against all upward movements of the people, and in all times of political stress and storm has ever ranged herself vindictively on the side of the bureaucrats and reactionaries.

The strabismic sergeant verifies the tale of his charges, and duly acquaints his gorgeous officer with the result of the audit. The latter strolls leisurely towards the luxurious first-class compartment, and the whole train waits while he exchanges a lengthy final witticism with his priestly relative. At last he takes his seat, and spreads his comfortable rugs. There is a banging of doors, and the train slowly slides out into the gathering purple dusk of the chill October day, on its many thousand verst journey to the gloomy wastes of far Siberia.

As I stand on the deserted platform, gazing after the diminishing rear of the receding convicts' van, I wonder who the prisoners are, and what their histories. I also wonder how long she will be able to endure the iron severities of Siberian exile.

I do not need to ask what their offences are, nor the circumstances of their capture. They have all been condemned without trial, and in each case, on the shadowy and utterly irrefutable charge of "political suspect." They are helplessly in the grip of the Machine, which has caught and commenced to crush them. A mere quota of "results."

The genuine militant intriguer against the existing regime in Russia is usually extremely wary and alert with the cunning born of years of iron-fisted repression. He is not likely to be caught by the Machine, and as a matter of fact he very rarely is. When he is occasionally captured, he is usually hanged with exceeding promptitude, and with a due amount of advertisement in the bureaucratic and reactionary press, such as "Startling Plot," "Perspicacity of the Police," etc. But such windfalls are unfortunately rare, and meanwhile the Machine must be fed.

And so here, there, and everywhere, revolutionary documents, papers, and letters, with an occasional corroborative bomb, are constantly being "discovered" by the industrious attendants of the Machine, and day by day another little group goes to swell the mournful, never-ending procession of manacled outcasts continuously converging from all parts of the empire towards the Siberian mines.

* * *

Some day the nation will rise and smash the Machine, and then——

CONTRACTED HEAVY COLD

Was In Bed Two Months.

DOCTORS DID NOT SEEM TO DO HER ANY GOOD.

A cold, however slight, should never be neglected, for if it is not treated in time it will, in all possibility, lead to bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or some other serious throat or lung troubles.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains the lung healing virtues of the Norway Pine tree, which, combined with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines, makes it without a doubt the best remedy for all coughs and colds.

Miss N. McCumber, St. Martin's N.B., writes:—"In January last I contracted a heavy cold which kept me in bed nearly two months, and the doctors didn't seem to be able to do me any good. I tried several proprietary medicines, but all in vain. One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and when I had taken three bottles I was completely cured, and I feel as well to-day as I ever did, and I am sure my lungs are once more sound, thanks to that wonderful remedy."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

PORT OF LONDON HAD BIGGEST YEAR

Highest Year's Trade on Record—Tonnage and Revenue Larger.

The second annual report, issued recently, of the Port of London Authority, shows that in volume and value the trade of the Port of London during the second year of the Authority's administration was the highest on record. The total net tonnage of vessels entering and leaving with cargoes and in ballast from and to foreign countries, British possessions, and in ballast was:

Year.	Tons.
1910	39,473,001
1909	38,510,989
Increase	963,012

The fact that London is the chief port of the United Kingdom is emphasized in the following table, which gives the values of the total imports and exports (excluding coastwise goods) of the United Kingdom and six leading ports for the last two years ended Dec. 31:

	1910.	1909.
Utd. Kingdom	£1,212,402,841	£1,094,230,123
London	360,390,903	322,614,363
Liverpool	340,670,089	298,217,839
Hull	73,234,653	66,672,983
Manchester	47,434,206	43,580,069
Southampton	45,825,337	42,116,457
Glasgow	44,094,122	41,238,867

The gross revenue, which, it is said, "reflects a general improvement when compared with the previous year," was £995,591. After meeting interest on stock, sinking fund, writing off for reserve and renewals, etc., there is a net balance of revenue carried forward of £46,160, compared with £57,929 in the previous year.

Three programmes of new works and improvements are under consideration—a first and urgent programme, estimated to cost £3,896,700; a second, estimated at £5,722,000, and a third (or contingent) estimated at £4,808,000. Under the first the construction of a new South Albert Dock has been sanctioned, 4,600 feet long, with an average width of 600 feet, and a depth of 38 feet, at an estimated cost of £2,156,000. The purchase of land has also been authorized.

$325.00 Piano AND $100.00 Cash GIVEN AWAY Absolutely Free In this great puzzle contest

VALUE $325.00

1st Prize...MAGNIFICENT UPRIGHT PIANO AND STOOL TO MATCH. VALUE $325.00
(It is on view day business day from 9 to 5 at our factory.)
2nd Prize.....$25.00 in Cash
3rd Prize.....15.00 in Cash
4th Prize.....10.00 in Cash
5th to 9th, 5 Prizes of $5 each... 25.00 in Cash
and 25 prizes of of $1.00 each, 25.00 in Cash
TOTAL CASH PRIZES ...$100.00

CONDITIONS
1. This contest is absolutely free. No one is asked to spend a cent to enter.
2. Children under 12 years of age will not be permitted to enter.
3. No employee of ours or relation of employee will be allowed to compete.
4. The prizes in this contest are awarded according to handwriting and general neatness. Be neat and you may win a good prize.
5. Judging will be done by three gentlemen having absolutely no connection with this firm. Their decision is to be accepted as final.
6. There is a simple condition to be fulfilled which we ask of all contestants. As soon as your answers received we will write advising you if it is correct and telling you of this condition.

THE PUZZLE
GEPNINIW
NOTRAELM
ORTONOT
XFAILAH

The jumbled letters given above represent the names of 4 well-known Canadian cities. To help you solve them we have underlined the first letter in each name. The first is Winnipeg, now guess the rest and send us in your solution of all four name in your very neatest and best handwriting.

Address: INTERNATIONAL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 296 Toronto, Ontario

65c-t

PIG TIN, PIG LEAD
Large Stock, Prompt Deliveries
The Canada Metal Co., Limited, Fraser Avenue, Toronto

FREE WATCH & FOB

Do You Wish a Genuine Roskoff Gent's Watch and Handsome Silk Fob Free?

This Gent's Watch is a wonder for price, genuine Roskoff movement with works enclosed in glass, thin model, with case either fine black gun-metal or solid nickel, porcelain dial and fancy hand, sem-second and stem-set, free for helping us to introduce our wonderful remedies.

Just send us your name and address and agree to act as our agent and we will send you 1 dozen boxes of our New Life Pills to sell at only 25c. per box. The Remedies are wonderful and easily sold.

You can sell them very quickly, as each customer who buys a box of medicine from you is entitled to receive from us a handsome piece of silverware, gold finished cuff links or ring. Don't miss this grand opportunity.

When sold send us the money, only $1.50, and we will send you this beautiful Watch and Fob, without cost to you. Write now.

Address, Dept. 62 NEW LIFE REMEDY CO., Toronto, Ont.

65c-t

Our Candy Experts combine the purest and richest cream with the chocolate ground in our own factory from selected cocoa beans. The result is a candy confection universally accepted as the best—MOIR'S Try them.
—Assorted flavors.
—Nut filled centres.
—Fruit and jelly insides.
Moir's, Limited, Halifax, Canada
MOIRS CHOCOLATES

FREE! to Boys only.

Every Boy should have a sweater coat, and can get one free too! If he wants it. We want a lot of boys to earn sweater coats acting as our agents. You can get one easily—all you have to do is sell $5.00 worth of our beautiful picture post cards, which sell like hot cakes and we will send you an elastic knit, strong wearing sweater coat of your own size (you tell us your height and chest measurement). This coat has a double overlapped waist band, continuous elastic double cuffs, is strongly welted and narrowed fore and aft. It is the sort of sweater to buy. Lakes stand upon it. It is one of the leaders and you should get one. Write letting us to send you the cards, sell them and return the money and get the sweater coat—write at once—we will send you our catalogue too, so that if you don't want a sweater coat you can pick another valuable premium.

OVERLAND MERCHANDISE CO., 40 TORONTO

65c-t

MEN LET US CURE YOU

If you suffer from Kidney or Bladder Troubles, Varicose Veins, Blood Disease, Skin Diseases, Blood Poison, Ulcers, Sores, Skin Diseases, Nervous, Nervous Debility, Constipation, Hydrocele, Rupture, Piles, or any Kindred or associate Chronic Special Disease.

COME TO US—The best treatment is always the cheapest—a little advice may be all you need—it is Free for the asking.

OUR MOTTO: Small Fees, Quick Results, Many Cures. Don't let money matters hold you back—no one is too poor to receive the full benefit of our best efforts. Call or write in strict confidence. Consultation Free. Special Parlor for Privacy.

DR. HUNT INSTITUTE
61 W. Fort St., DETROIT, MICH.

FREE GIRLS

Girls, Here is Your Chance to Obtain FREE a Handsome Bisque DOLL. Do you want to receive Free a beautiful doll? We have them for you. Our large handsome doll will sit down, fold its arms, turn its head, shut its eyes and go to sleep like a real baby, the best kind of a doll, 16 inches tall, with long curly hair, real eye lashes, hand-some turning Bisque head, full jointed body, pearly teeth, very stylishly dressed, fancy underwear, with hat, shoes, stockings, etc., dressed completely from head to shoes. Free to you for selling only $2.00 worth of our Beautiful Imported Post cards.

Our Imported Post Cards are the best in Canada. Lithographed in ten or more colors they will sell like hot cakes. Return the $2.00 when sold and we will promptly send this handsome doll, postage paid, to you. Address Dept. 82

THE MUTUAL CREDIT CO., TORONTO, ONTARIO

65c-t