

### YOUNG CRERAR WORTH WATCHING

Generally Has a Card-Up His Sleeve.

The resignation of Hon. T. A. Crerar from the leadership of the Progressive party recalls an incident of some years ago, the scene of which was the prime room at the House of Commons. The "boys" having turned in their copy, fell to discussing who



Hon. T. A. Crerar

would be next premier in the event of the exit of Sir Robert Borden. While the discussion was at its height a certain knight, who had been prominent in the administration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, stalked into the room, enquired as to its subject. Having been informed, a request for his opinion was asked.

"Before" answer," he replied, "let me tell you a little story. Recently organized farmers of the west, in order that they might hold their grain for better prices, asked the banks for temporary accommodation. Two of the leading bankers of the east journeyed to Winnipeg for the purpose of discussing the subject. During the conference with the farmers' representatives the bankers offered to advance five million dollars. On being informed that this was entirely insufficient, they raised the limit to seven millions. Now, do you know," continued the knight, "why the farmers were insistent on raising the limit? I know you don't, so I'll tell you. They had a card up their sleeve and T. A. Crerar had put it there. When the matter of securing accommodation from the banks was first mooted, Crerar quietly slipped off to New York, hid the matter before J. P. Morgan and Co., and from them got the promise of a loan of \$17,000,000 provided the Canadian banks failed to come forward with the desired amount.

"Now, all I have to say in regard to regard to the subject you are discussing," said the knight as he arose to depart, "is don't overlook the possibilities of that young man Crerar. In my opinion he is one of Canada's coming premiers."

A man out in Calgary was shot by his wife, she using a big 45-calibre revolver. But the man is recovering, and it is announced that the wife used a blank cartridge. Now that's excellent, giving the husband all the thrills of being shot and yet letting him live to throw it up ever after.

### A STRAPPING GIANT HAD AWKWARD AGE

Thousands of Adults Today were Children in 1914.

The great war is still so very recent to most men that it is at times difficult to realize that there are thousands of adults today who were mere children when the guns boomed first in 1914.

Major General J. H. MacBrien, C.B.



Gen. J. H. MacBrien

D.S.O., chief of the general staff of the Canadian militia, had his passing of time brought forcibly to his attention through the western provinces. At one place he found himself chatting somewhat informally with a group of militiamen, most of whom were seasoned veterans of France and Flanders.

In the group was a strapping soldier standing fully six feet and weighing around two hundred pounds. General MacBrien looked at him approvingly, then casually inquired about his war service.

"I didn't go overseas," blurted the big fellow in some confusion.

"Not exempted as physically unfit, surely?" smiled the general.

"No, sir. Exempted on account of age."

"On account of age? Why, you're quite a young man!" said Gen. MacBrien, in some surprise.

"Yes, sir. That was the trouble, sir. I was only ten years old when war was declared!"

### TRIED HIM LOW TRIED HIM HIGH

Then Suggested His Voice Was In The Cracks.

James Cuthbertson, of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, who is at present on a tour of Canada in the interest of the British Trade Mission, has brought with him a good story. It revolves around a pair of Scotchmen and is a product of the late war.

Tom McKay had quite a reputation as a pianist and he made tours of the Scottish training camps for the purpose of entertaining the troops. It was always his custom to invite members of his audience to come on to the platform and sing a song.

On one of his trips to the Highlands his invitation for a volunteer singer met with a ready response. A



big private, named McPherson, said he could sing and jumped on to the platform.

"Well, what can ye sing?" asked Mr. McKay.

"I'll try the Village Blacksmith, sir," came back the answer.

"What key d'ye want?"

"Key? Key, I dinna understand."

"D'ye want it low or heich? Try it low." And accordingly McKay struck a chord in the bass.

"That'll no do, it's too far down. Come up a bit," requested McPherson.

McKay tried a chord in the treble but it was too high for the singer.

"Well, I'll try the middle, that should fit ye," suggested McKay.

McPherson made one attempt and failed. He made a second try but again he cracked.

"Look here," commanded McKay. "Ye'll have to git down off the platform. I'll strike all the black notes and ye'll have to sing in the cracks."

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The "Ins" and the "Outs."

THERE are no hard feelings between Lloyd George and Bonar Law, as the photograph proves. They were always the best of friends, and are still the same. Only Lloyd George may have revised his estimate of his friend's simplicity. "He is honest to the verge of simplicity," the former premier declared. And Bonar Law, commenting, said: "I always in the back of my mind had a suspicion that I am not quite as simple as I seem. I am a commonplace man and understand what commonplace men think."

### THE MIRACLE MAN OF MODERN TIMES HIS ONE PASSION THE OVERWHELMING WORD

Even in the Most Terrible Moments of Life He Has Never Failed to Make Jokes or to Tell Humorous Stories.

Georges Clemenceau is the miracle man of the modern world. When he was born, Sir Robert Peel was prime minister of Great Britain. He is still alive when Bonar Law is premier.

He saw the coup d'etat of Napoleon III. He witnessed the abdication of Kaiser Wilhelm. He saw Sedan. He presided at Versailles. In his lifetime France has passed from constitutional monarchy to the Second Empire and the Third Republic. Since then France has had fifty ministers. Two of them were his own. Eighteen he overthrew, the others he attacked.



Georges Clemenceau

He was born on the fourteenth of July, the day of the taking of the Bastille. His life has been a Marcellian. He has himself been the Third Republic, a constant enemy of royalism, clericalism and "defeatism."

To such a long and crowded life, the great war is only an incident.

"What kind of a man is he?"

"He has been given many descriptions, 'cabinet killer,' 'president maker,' 'stormy petrel,' 'tiger.'"

The last phrase has stuck. At 80, in retirement he is still Tiger.

He said, "Germany asked for the sword. She shall have the sword."

He said the Kaiser was a crowned buffoon and fiddling Nero. There is his sarcasm and scorn.

To a hostess who served him with a frugal dinner and said: "Will you not dine with us again," he replied:

"Yes, Madame, at once if you wish." There is his cruel wit.

When a premier about to form a

cabinet asked his guest what wine he would take, Clemenceau answered "The interior." He became minister of the interior.

When an assassin put three bullets in him, one near his spine, he only said, "It is nothing." There is his physical aplomb.

His family rushed to see him.

"How do you feel?" asked one of his daughters, Mme. Yang.

"Oh, well enough," he granted, "but I am very angry with the Maharajah of Kapurthala."

"Why?" his daughter asked.

"Because he invited me to shoot tigers with him, but he did not tell me that I was to be the tiger who was going to be shot."

To Lloyd George regarding memoirs he said, "If you tell anything, I'll tell everything." There is the cynic and the mocker.

Clemenceau has one passion. He loves to make a good word. Even in the most terrible moments of his life he has never failed to make jokes or to tell humorous stories.

Intimidation is a word that is missing from the otherwise large vocabulary of Georges Clemenceau.

During the diplomatic incidents of Morocco in 1908 the German ambassador, Prince of Radolin, called on the Tiger, then premier of France, and after adopting an uncompromising attitude finally declared that if the German government was not given satisfaction he would be compelled to demand his passports.

"The Berlin express leaves at 9. It's now 7 o'clock. If you don't hurry up to pack your trunks you will miss it," replied Clemenceau quietly.

The German ambassador did not leave and the next day the Tiger was informed that Germany was satisfied.

But the greatest word of Clemenceau has been mute.

The evening of the Armistice, his family, his friends, his ministry came to pay their respects to him.

While everybody stood about the room and the Tiger himself sat at his desk, one said something like this:

"Mr. President you have saved France, you have saved the world. Before your night all Germany lies prostrate. You have avenged us for 1870."

He had restored us Alsace and Lorraine, France thanks you."

It was quietly said. The moment was far too dramatic for any one man's emphasis.

Everybody was waiting for his answer. Always he has been quick to speak.

Slowly his head bowed. His arms crossed on his desk, it was astounding. The Tiger of France was weeping.

No wonder Lloyd George called him the most amazing man in Europe.

Robert Lansing has described him at the Versailles conference, a steamroller, shattering old debate with a vigorous "Adopted" or "Adjourned."

Splendid and savage old man hurling sarcasms even at Marshal Foch, polite, reasonable, to President Wilson alone.

He put his treaty through with Cromwellian "thoroughness," but the English thought him a French imperialist, the French, an anglophile.

Losing the presidency, the man who fought duels at thirty and shot tigers at eighty, then shut himself up in a voluntary cage at La Vendee.

An English journalist has written a charming description of Clemenceau a retirement at La Vendee. There he was not a tiger in a political jungle, but a dove of domestic peace in a cabin by the sea.

"I love this place," said he. "It is where I was born. I love it as one loves a woman. One can say no more."

He rented his cabin from a royalist lady. She thought that after his death the French government would buy it for a large sum.

"When I tell her that I am feeling ill," he remarked with great glee, "she is quite cheerful. When I tell her I am in good health, she is sad."

His delight was to walk in pine-wood. "The greatest thing about this wood," said he, "is that there is not the slightest chance of meeting Lloyd George or President Wilson."

And now he has come to America to meet President Wilson and many others. He has declared over and over again, "I prefer my Vendee cabin to politics." Why has he left that cabin by the sea?

He has come to America, in his own words, "to speak for the good of the world."

### CANADIAN MINES CAN TREBLE OUTPUT

Lots of Coal in West is Report of Deputy Minister.

The output of Canadian mines in the west can be nearly trebled as soon as the necessary market has been established, according to Dr. Charles Cammell, Deputy Minister of Mines, who has returned from a prolonged inspecting tour of the western coal fields.

The average output at present is 5,500,000 tons a year, and as the demand warrants, the output can be increased to from 12 to 14 million tons yearly, he said. Dr. Cammell stated that Canadian coal was taking

out the west, and except for a small district in south-west Manitoba, Canadian coal was being used almost exclusively in the three prairie provinces this year.

The supply at the Alberta coal field mine heads this year is very great and coal of every standard is available for market. While quantities of anthracite are available in the higher reaches of the Rockies, this is not being mined at present owing to the difficulties of transportation. The bituminous coal deposits in the lower Alberta coal fields are being well developed and are becoming more popular every year.

"There is no reason why Alberta coal should not completely replace the American anthracite coal market in Manitoba," Dr. Cammell stated.

"The great increase in its use is due to the extensive campaign of education on Alberta coal carried out by the Alberta Government in Winnipeg

when Hon. Charles Stewart, now Minister of the Interior was Premier of Alberta."

The Deputy Minister explained that the geographical situation of the different provinces made Manitoba and Saskatchewan the natural market for Alberta coal. Saskatchewan has been using Canadian coal for some years, much of which has been extracted from its own mines in south-western Saskatchewan. British Columbia mines its own coal and is independent of American product. Manitoba has been the only one of the prairie provinces that has been using American anthracite coal to any extent, and this is being largely superseded by the Canadian product. The geographical position of Western Ontario and Ontario makes it almost exclusively dependent on American markets.

The biggest problem of the western mines is to get a large enough market to produce coal on a large scale.

"CAUSED A FURORE."

Theosophists and other students of psychical research have long declared that the human being has two or more distinct bodies. But here is Dr. W. Stuart Leach of Roseau, Minn., who advanced the belief at the Mississippi Valley Medical Association recently. He declared that while the human physical body sleeps, the ethereal or spiritual body slips away for a nocturnal hike to distant parts of the globe. The doctor declared that it was the pineal gland of the brain which controls the physical and ethereal bodies. While the other body is away the physical body rebuilds itself, the doctor asserted, amid loud voiced opposition.

### MEIGHEN TOOK LEAF FROM OLIVER TWIST

Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen's capacity for concentration upon a single subject, to the exclusion of all other considerations, even those of fatigue and hunger, has given rise to widespread opinion that the Conservative chieftain is more of a machine than a human being. But such is not the case at all times.

During his last tour of Ontario, in last year's election campaign, he then prime minister returned to his car early one afternoon, after addressing two meetings, with a tea mile motor trip sandwiched in between. Luncheon was prepared in the premier's car, for himself and a party of

however, was missing.

The first course had been served, and Mr. Meighen disposed of his portion with unusual gusto. Several times he glanced wistfully at the empty seat across the table. Finally, plucking up courage, he addressed the chef:

"Walter," indicating the vacant place—"I wonder if I could have this fellow's soup."

He had it.

We are informed that one newspaper hopes to extend its insurance scheme this Christmas to cover the risk of small boys bursting after dinner.

It is said that several pantomime comedians are seeking injunctions to restrain one another from using a topical joke about this year's increase in the size of turkey.

### RAISED A DUST OFFICER RETIRED

31st B. C. Horse Obeyed Orders And General Quit.

A story is sometimes told, in the west regarding the manner in which a major of Lord Strathcona's Horse answered a rebuke of Major-General Sir W. D. Otter, K.C.B., C.V.O., in 1911 at Kamloops Camp.

Kamloops Camp is noted for its dust, which is so abundant that after a gallop by a cavalry squadron hay-stakes had to be purchased to find ar-



Gen. Sir W. D. Otter

resting places for the horses.

General Otter was at the time Inspector-General of the Canadian militia and the Major, of Strathcona's, who was acting as the instructor of the 31st B. C. Horse, arranged that the march past should be carried out at a walk, in order to avoid the huge clouds of dust which were caused by any faster pace.

Seeing the 31st B. C. Horse marching past at the walk, the gallant general entirely misunderstood the situation and sarcastically enquired whether that was the only pace which was used by British Columbia cavalrymen.

The major answered not a word, but gave the order to reform and march past at a canter. As the regiment thundered past the saluting base they raised such a dust that General Otter left the field at a gallop and nothing more was heard of the lack of speed on the part of the 31st B. C. Horse.

The major's name? Oh, yes! He is now Major-General Sir A. C. Macdonell, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., who commanded the 1st Canadian Division in France.

"SHE TOOK CONCEIT OUT OF J. B. HANNA."

A jolly story teller, who can enjoy telling a good one on himself, is D. B. Hanna, the Canadian railway celebrity.

Mr. Hanna has a fund of humorous reminiscences which he relates in roll fashion, much enhanced by a most entertaining Scotch accent.

Here is one that is characteristic. At a gathering not long ago Mr. Hanna had been introduced by the chairman in laudatory terms and he replied:

"There was an incident when I was a young lad selling tickets in the little Scotch village of Charhead, where my mother was born, that I am not

likely to forget as long as I live. An old lady came to the wicket to buy a ticket to Glasgow, which I sold her, and, of course, collected the proper fare. She then said to me, 'Laddie, they tell me you are a son of Janet Blair.' At that time I was about seventeen years old, and thought I was cutting quite a dash with the young girls in the neighbourhood, in fact I felt that I was no small potato. The old lady looked me over carefully and continued solemnly, 'I kept your mother when she was young, an' she was a fine, handsome, strapping woman.' Then gazing at me for a moment or so, very intently, she added, 'an you are no' a bit like her.'"

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