POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2035

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye

CURRELLEY THE ARCHAEOLOGIST

Ransacker of the Orient, Who Has Built Up Ontario's Wonderful Royal Museum.

BEGAN AS PREACHER

Are Ancient Canadian Civilizations Being Neglected in Favor of the East?

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE.

WHENEVER an archaeological poohbah in Cairo and all around there prepares for an auction sale of more remnants of pre-historic civilizations, he naturally looks through the hotel register to see if Charles T. Currelley, Toronto, is registered. If the name be not there the Theban collector asks the clerk:

"Any word of Charles Trick Currelley? I seem to feel that he is on the way."

The clerk flicks out an aerogram.

"Expected this day week, sahib."

"Allah be praised! We shall postpone the sale."

Twenty years ago or less, dating from a time when Egyptology was a fad even in Toronto, Currelley has been a ransacker of the Orient. He was born that way, in a small town called Exeter, not in Devonshire, though he is of Devonian origin. How he came to begin business as a Methodist preacher is not set down in the minutes. But he seems to have done missionary work in Manitoba, where no doubt he stumbled across some reliques of the mound-builders and decided to be a missionary for museums. For nearly two decades he has been America's prize collector of authentic curios illustrating the phases of pre-Anno-Domini civilizations. With the zeal of a Visigoth, he has pillaged the temples and the fanes of the Near and Far East, excavating for kings, boring for stone gods, exhuming remnants of ancient dynasties up and down the Nile, in the islands of the Mediterranean, following the path of Moses across the Red Sea, into the land of the Tigris and the Euphrates. He was studying labor conditions in England when he first felt the archaeological "bug" enough to join the staff of the Egyptian Exploration Fund. For thirteen years now he has been curator of the archaeological museum, which a few years ago grew into the Royal Ontario Museum, and never would have done so but for the wanderlust of Charles T. Currelley. That the R. O. M. has not as yet a Rameses is no fault of Currelley—merely his misfortune. At the present time he has 15 tons of archaeological art crossing the Pacific from China, and carloads in the basement of the museum waiting for standing room.

David Harum of Orient

HE is the David Harum of the Orient. The Oriental dealers know him. He has written their names on scores of checks. They have met many an "expert" who could be buncoed. But here is an expert who does not confine his explorations to museums. Currelley has explored the Oriental mind. No wily denizen of the mystic desert, no sunrise inverter of thought, no Parsee nor "heathen Chinee" nor inexplicable Arab can ever—at least twice—get the archaeologist of Ontario to a state of mind where he forgets what any particular specimen of archaeological art is worth in any translation of Oriental currency.

A man must have a subtle twist to his mentality to become the successful purveyor of pre-historic art and not be done out of his company's shekels. When Currelley goes expeditioning he not only goes to study the knacks of the natives, and to endure the intolerable heat and the foreign grubstake and the hazardous methods of travel; he goes also to acquire.

Anybody who has taken hours to travel through the museum will appreciate the years that Currelley has trailed in the lands of defunct and convalescent civilizations to get f.o.b. in Toronto the astounding hoard of pre-Noachic and post-diluvian treasures that make even the mound-builders look like parvenus. There he sits in his big office, where there is always something being done to get a new god pedestaled or an old tapestry restored, thinking himself almost a preacher again as he talks about the aeons of yesterday. He is always cheerful. He never declines to talk. He is very likely deciphering your own niche on the ancestral hall of fame.

Still a Young Man

A LAD in corduroys, he takes you for a stroll along vistas of color in robes and gowns that represent the Ming dynasty, half a mile of others reflecting the dynasties of Jap imitators, great and gorgeous tapestries from palaces that went out of pageantry long ago; ironwork scrolls that must have been wrought about the time Cyclops went to the oculist, and rugs whose exquisite patterns he yet hopes to see reproduced in Ontario. All the while you notice that Currelley talks about the past as though it were yesterday. He is still a young man. There is yet time for Currelley to want an archaeological museum three times as big as the one he has got. He has an insatiable appetite for the Orient.

Toronto's Second Woman Alderman Is From An Old American Political Family

Mrs. Sidney Small's Grandfather Nominated Lincoln for President—She Is One of Toronto's Most Active Leaders in Social Service.

By HILDA MIDLEY.

MRS SIDNEY SMALL, the new woman member of Toronto's City Council, is a Philadelphian by birth. She was brought up in the diplomatic circles of Washington, D. C. and she comes of political people. Her grandfather was Mr Justice William D. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, who for nearly twenty years was the leader of the Republican party, and father of the House of Congress. At the Chicago convention of 1860 he had the honor of nominating Abraham Lincoln for President.

Mrs. Small is well known in connection with the Big Sister Association—an organization which is peculiar to Toronto and unique in Canada—of which she has been president for the past two years. Under her regime, the Girls' Club at 21 Carlton street came into being. Here the "Big Sisters" and the "Little Sisters" meet for recreational purposes, and to get acquainted with each other. It is in the front window of this club house that there burns all through the night a lamp.

"It takes a soul to save a soul," declares Mrs. Small, and the lamp that sheds its kindly beams out into the night is a symbol of the friendship which stands ready to succor and to serve. There in the quiet house on Carlton street many a young life has been saved from the "tragedy of loneliness," and has found the friendship, counsel and protection that have been its preservation.

Prior to her presidency of the Big Sister Association, Mrs. Small did much practical work in the Evangelia Settlement, and she helped to found, and became vice-president of the Riverdale Settlement.

For six years, Mrs Small was president of the club for the study of Social Science, and with her confreres she made a most exhaustive study of municipal, provincial and national questions. She has made a specialty of the study of the Juvenile Court systems of Canada, England, and the States, sitting on one occasion on the bench with an United States magistrate, and on another with Magistrate Wilberforce, at the old Police street court of London, England.

A strenuous year awaits Mrs. Small in the City Council, for she has been appointed to several important committees. She will serve on the Juvenile Court and Parks committees and on the Board of the Alexandra Industrial School for delinquent children, and she has just been appointed one of the three aldermen from the City Council to act on the Board of Health.

Mrs. Small has great faith in the part which women may play in constructive citizenship.

"I do earnestly believe that women should devote themselves now to public service as heartily as they devoted themselves to war work," she declared. "Every woman should ask herself, 'What does reconstruction mean to me?' Light and vision are women's special constitution. You remember Browning said to his wife, 'See and make me see new depths of the Divine.' We must go before and show the men that only when the individual is made safe for the state can the world be made for democracy."

Of the charming personality of Toronto's new woman councillor one can only say that she impresses one as having an affinity with things French. She has, in truth, something of the vivacity, the wit, and the chic which mark the clever French woman—and it is really very delightful to find, in combination with a strong mentality, so much personal attractiveness.

Mrs. Small has succeeded in making goodness and cleverness attractive.

Miss Martha Neumark

OF Cincinnati, Ohio, when she completes her course at the Hebrew Union College, in Cincinnati, will be the only woman rabbi in the country. She resides in Cincinnati and is also a student at the University of Cincinnati.

Folks in the News These Days

SOUTH AFRICA'S GREAT STATESMAN

JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS is only fifty years of age, but is genuinely regarded as one of the greatest statesmen of these clouded times.

He was one of the signers of the Treaty of Versailles.

But when he signed it, he filed a statement of protest against it on the ground that it was not economically sound.

Gen. Smuts

He was one of the unheard-of few who disagreed with the big four who put the treaty through. His objections to the treaty are exactly those points which have caused these various reconsiderations, international councils and consequent uneasiness and dissatisfaction.

But Smuts could not raise too loud a cry at the peace conference because of the awkward situation in his own land, South Africa. There, for political parties are at desperate odds: a Boer party, a British party, a Labor party and General Smuts' own party of moderates, who desire a dominion status within the empire for Africca.

This General Smuts is the same one we damned during the Boer War, twenty years ago.

Son of a Boer farmer, Smuts was sent to Cambridge University by Cecil Rhodes. He graduated in 1894 with distinction, returned to Africa, was made state attorney by Oom Paul Kruger in 1897, and led Boer forces against the British throughout the Boer War.

After the war, he became one of Botha's right-hand men for the building of a nation in the British commonwealth.

In 1917, Botha sent him to represent South Africa at the imperial conference at London. There his remarkable qualities of statesmanship and diplomacy as well as his wide knowledge of economics and affairs were instantly recognized, and Lloyd George lifted him out and used him as a sort of cabinet minister. Smuts was the outstanding figure of all the Dominion statesmen assembled in England.

D. B. HANNA A SINGER

ONE may sometimes visualize public men as unbending sufficiently occasionally to tell a funny story, but scarcely ever as singing a song. Not that there would be anything undignified in a cabinet minister or financial magnate singing, but the fact is few of them are much good at it. This is where D. B Hanna has one advantage over most men in the public eye. The president of the C.N.R. can sing well, and on occasion does. When he first landed, a young Scotsman, in Portage la Prairie, he took charge of the choir in the Presbyterian church. It is said that in an amateur way he quite rivals Sir Harry Lauder. He is a regular attendant at Massey Hall concerts. On the occasion of the banquet at Halifax some years ago to Sir William Mackenzie, when the first Canadian Northern liner arrived from Bristol, Mr. Hanna was present and made a very good speech. Immediately there were cries for a song. He obliged, delighting the crowd with "I Love a Lassie."

THE KING'S COUSIN GOES INTO BUSINESS

THE Marquis of Carisbrooke, who has been visiting the Vanderbilt family in New York and who is returning to England to take his place actively in the commercial world as a member of the board of directors of the British shipping firm of Lamport and Holt, was formerly Prince Alexander of Battenberg son of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg and the Princess Beatrice, and a grandson of Queen Victoria. He served as a captain in the Grenadier Guards during the war. His democratization has been swift during the last few years. He got in turn a surname, a wife of non-royal blood and now what almost amounts to a trade. He became Alexander Mountbatten, Marquis of Carisbrooke, two days before he was married to Lady Irene Denison, only daughter of the Earl of Londesborough, on July 19, 1917. It was formally announced at the time that the marriage had the "entire sanction and approval of the King." With ladies of title going into the movies it is now presumably all right for an ordinary marquis to become a member of a shipping company.

Marquis of Carisbrooke

HIS FATHER'S SON

MR. J. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, British chancellor of the exchequer, has always, perhaps because people remember his famous father, "Joe," been regarded as a young man and yet he is only two years short of sixty. He has been in parliament for nearly thirty years. He had completed his education in Germany and France and had returned to act as private secretary to his father, soon to be in the zenith of his power, when he was elected at the age of 29 Unionist member for East Worcestershire. In the following year he delivered his maiden speech in the house of commons. Among those who heard it were Mr. Gladstone, prime minister of the day, between whom and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain there was now the keenest political antagonism. Although it was on the subject, Home Rule, which had separated Gladstone and his father that Austen Chamberlain spoke, the Grand Old Man, with the fine courtesy that always distinguished him promptly offered his congratulations. "It was a speech," he said, "that must have been dear to a father's heart." Those who witnessed the scene say that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was visibly moved by the words of his old chief.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain has lived through some stirring political times since then, the Boer War, the Liberal regime succeeding 1906, when Lloyd George brought in his radical financing and Austen Chamberlain was his chief antagonist of the opposition benches; the Great War, when he was secretary of state for India, and later a member of the war cabinet. He has been also postmaster-general and twice chancellor of the exchequer, first under Balfour and now under the leadership of his former opponent, Lloyd George.

LORD DUNSANY AND HIS ARSENAL

ANYBODY who has read any of Lord Dunsany's tales of wonder can readily understand why he had in his possession, in spite of the law in Ireland, firearms and buckshot for his guns.

He was arrested a few days ago and fined £25 for having at his castle in County Meath fire-arms contrary to the new law in Ireland.

Lord Dunsany

But what man whose imagination is peopled by such wild monsters and baleful goblins as Lord Dunsany's, according to his tales, wouldn't keep a few buckshot loads handy about the house?

Lord Dunsany is the eighteenth lord of that title, being the third oldest peerage of Ireland. The original Lord Dunsany was created in 1468, during the Wars of the Roses, twenty-four years before Columbus discovered America, and only a few years after Joan of Arc and Agincourt.

The present lord is famous in the literary world as a writer of poetical plays and weird fairy tales of beauty and mystery. He is also highly regarded in Ireland as a sportsman. He served through the South African War, and in the late war in Gallipoli and France, being wounded in the Dublin riots of Easter, 1916.

The peculiar feature of Lord Dunsany is that he claims to be an ardent imperialist, proving it by serving in the wars. But he has frequently expressed his distaste for the English and all things English. He maintains that it is quite in keeping to be an ardent Britisher without loving the English.

He stated before the court that fined him that he is not in sympathy with the Sinn Feiners. His very ancient home, Dunsany Castle, is close to the Hill of Tara, famed in Irish song and story, and in the heart of the Sinn Fein country.

But if he had been entirely in sympathy with the present government, would his castle have been searched for guns, which he claims are the indispensable equipment of a sporting gentleman?

At any rate, the incident will doubtless feature in his next satirical playlet or prose allegory.

AN IRREVERENT YOUTH

SURROUNDING Fulham Palace, the official residence of the Bishop of London, is a moat filled with not over-clean water in which the small boys of the neighborhood are accustomed occasionally to fish; usually, be it said, with very indifferent success.

Not long since, the Bishop, attired in mufti, was strolling through the grounds, when he came upon an urchin lying flat upon his stomach on the bank and staring down into the turbid water with big eager eyes.

In his hand he gripped an apology for a fishing rod, and upon this the kindly glance of the worthy bishop rested with evident interest.

Said he to the boy: "And are you catching fish, my little man?"

"No, guv-nor; givin' 'em their rations," was the caustic reply of the irreverent youth.

STENOGRAPHER ARRIVES

TWENTY-THREE years ago Miss Ethel M. Sayer entered a London firm of advertisement contractors and printers. To-day she is not only a director but a member of the Holborn Borough Council. "I attribute my success," she declares, "to hard work and a thorough knowledge of the business. But then, it happens to be one in which there is nothing to prevent a woman going to the top, as in some other professions."

Miss Sayer received in 1918 the freedom of the city of London, an honor rarely given to a woman.

The Confessional!—Uncensored Talks With Big Men About Themselves

No. 21.—THE RT. HON. SIR THOMAS WHITE

By EMIL LONGUE BEAU

THE knickerbockered, silk-stocking Jeames who flunkeys inside the Ritz-Carlton door said: "Sir Thomas is waiting for you in his suite on the second floor. He wishes you to go up."

Sir Thomas White is Sir Thomas, indeed—far removed from the lanky boy whose narrow the stubborn glebe so freely broke down Bronte way forty years ago, before he came to Toronto and worked for John Ross Robertson at eight dollars a week. Curiously, the knight was thinking of those times when he greeted me in his noble, condescending style:

"Times have changed, indeed, since I told old John Ross that he mustn't expect Greek hexameters for a dollar thirty 'three a day," he said. "Here I am sitting on the Grand Trunk arbitration with an ex-president of the United States, with 'Right Honorable and Sir' before my name; and very few men to call me Tom. But I never forget my old friends."

"Even if you seldom remember them?" I ventured.

"My dear Longue-Beau," he replied, "don't make me sadder than I am. I'm a sensitive man, and though I remind myself of things occasionally, I don't care for other people to do the reminding for me. I presume you'd like me to think aloud for you."

"A beneficent exercise," I said, "it may do you good."

"I don't know so much about that. You see, having once been a reporter, I know how remarkably things get into the papers."

"I won't print anything you don't say," was my rejoinder. "You can talk as freely as you choose."

"Yes, and perhaps, when I get the paper it'll be a great deal more freely than I like. But it's good to have somebody to whom I can talk openly, for I'm a lonely man, my dear Longue-Beau."

"Peaks are always lonely, Sir Thomas," I said. "You mustn't forget that you are the only Canadian who refused a premiership. Surely you are proud of being on that pinnacle."

"Not proud, but grateful," he answered, "though gratitude is not a common distinction of distinguished men. Would you be surprised to hear that very few people know me? In fact, till quite lately, I didn't know myself."

"You've surely missed a good acquaintance," I ventured.

"Oh, I don't know. I'm not a small man, but I don't mind telling you I'm not nearly as great as I thought I was. I've been learning a good deal through my association with Taft. You'd never think he had been the head of the greatest republic of all history. If you'd met me not very long ago you'd never imagine I'd been anything else. I had so much confidence that I'd forgotten there was such a thing as the vanity of human wishes. I refused to succeed Borden, though for thirty-five years it had been my dream to become Prime Minister of Canada. The office was predicted for me, on and off for many years by men who were judges of ability. But they forgot something which I also forgot."

"Which was?"

"That I am very chilly inside. I had a cold heart and an enlarged head, and it was only when I found this out that I refused the premiership. Do you think I made a mistake?"

"This is your day of candour, Sir Thomas," was my reply, "but why did you refuse it, really?"

"To tell you the truth, I was afraid. The premiership in these days needs a man of supreme courage; and I'm not overly courageous."

"Are you speaking in parables?"

"No. You recall Napoleon's saying about two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage?"

I nodded.

"Well, my nerve isn't of that kind. Disraeli never fought so brilliantly as when he knew his cause was lost. When things are dead against me I can't say 'Bo' to a goose. I'll give you a couple of instances. Five years ago in the house of commons that fellow Kyte from Cape Breton, launched his charges against the conduct of Sam Hughes's shell committee. Sam hated me and I didn't love him. But I had to reply to Kyte. He had made out a damaging case. If ever there was a chance to shine it was mine that night. Meighen would have taken it with dazzling ingenuity. I simply floundered around like a hippopotamus trying to dance. At midnight they asked me to move the adjournment, as a score of our supporters with old Andy Broder at their head, were in revolt demanding a commission of investigation.

"The other time was on nomination day of the last general election—the conscription election. You remember the Ontario farmers were ready to stampede against the government, and some of my supporters in Leeds and Brockville were badly scared. They had me even worse frightened. I felt rotten at the afternoon meeting. Hugh Guthrie was to speak with me at night. He found me in my room at the hotel, lying down, with wet towels round my head. I told him I was likely to be beaten by twenty-five hundred—and I believed it. He laughed, but he couldn't make me laugh. I have had to devote too much attention to the career of Sir Thomas White to be able to nourish my ailing sense of humor. Guthrie afterwards told me my speech that night was one of the worst he ever heard; and I knew it was. I'm over six feet high, but six-feet-one of statesmanship in a funk is a fearful burden to carry."

"I'm a lonely man," my dear Longue Beau.

"But you weren't well then?"

"True, and soon after the election I went to California, and missed making the budget speech that session. In 1919, while Borden was at the Peace Conference, I led the house with remarkable success, though I do say it myself. They thought I was aiming at the premiership, and I was. It was during that session that the scheme of a new coalition with Gouin as the Quebec lead was half-hatched. I wasn't the hen on that nest, and it didn't bring forth. But in June, when Borden was back, and it was clear he wasn't looking for an honorable discharge—his phrase during the war—I threw up my cabinet position and carried out a frequently recurring intention."

"Frequently recurring?"

"Yes. I'm temperamental, and I don't find it easy to support all the concentrated dullness that gets into some cabinets. During my first session I was warned against walking around Ottawa at three in the morning, as the boys were talking about it—Jack Currie, for instance. I was in a new job, and didn't like some aspects of it. Politics makes a big demand on you to suffer fools gladly; but there's a limit to an intellectual man's gladness under affliction. I can do the glad-hand all right—six feet of cordiality, but a regular cooler inside, that can't always be disguised. I took myself too seriously—and that's one of the faults in a highly-placed man that Taft tells me is about the biggest hobble he can put on himself. I've got more tummy than I had nine years ago; but if I had all of Taft's corporation, my metaphysical make-up would hold my physical contour in subjection. Fellows who worked with me years ago say I became uppish and no doubt I did. It's a mistake to be always feeling yourself on a perch."

"Curious, isn't it," the ex-finance minister continued, "how little things smite you under the fifth rib? After I went into the cabinet I remembered that Johnny Robinson was the man to whom I owe more than to any other except Bob Fleming. But Jack, though he championed me as a public man, wouldn't resume the relations of the period when we visited at each other's houses and used to settle the affairs of Toronto and the universe about nine times a fortnight. Then I was rather badly discommoded by an article in a Toronto magazine a few months after I became minister of finance. It was by a man who used to board in the same house with me, when I was in the assessment department and was studying for the bar. At that time Johnny was carrying me on the Bay street books at eighteen dollars a week and I was turning in copy whenever I could.

"Well, this old fellow-boarder of mine—I think it was Bertram—wrote a character sketch of me that was kindly on the whole, and candid in spots. One paragraph in particular got under my skin. It was to the effect that, having known Tom White in his obscurity, admired his ability and been his friend, you one day went to see him in his prosperity. You entered the room admiring his ability and feeling like a friend. You came out as full as ever of admiration for his capacity, but you didn't feel like a friend." That was a hard saying, and I must confess, too true."

"Why should it be true?"

"Didn't I tell you I'm cold inside. The constitutional tendency to cold feet operated very strongly in my political infancy. I was one of the eighteen Liberals in Toronto who signed Lash's manifesto against the reciprocity agreement, and made my first political speech in Massey Hall, early in March. All spring it seemed as though Laurier would sweep the country, if he brought on an election then. Clifford Sifton thought so, and I guess he was right. Anyway, I didn't do another thing in politics till the last week in August, when I spoke again in Massey Hall with Borden. I was to be the only other speaker, but they crowded a grist of others in, the old orthodoxy of a repletion of oratory having come into play after the engagement was made. That meeting threw me into the campaign, and I became finance minister."

A pause before Sir Thomas donated another piece of inside news, which it is a pleasure to circulate:

"The notion that I was after the job, and that I was the tool of the big interests is a delusion. I definitely refused the portfolio in writing, and I don't mind telling you where that letter is." (Sir Thomas told me, but strictly under seal). "And when I took office I was nobody's man, for the reason I've already given you."

"Please state it again."

"That I am constitutionally cold inside. As for my service in finance, I am willing to leave it to the judgment of the future. As Lord Bacon said: 'For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next age.' And now I must go to dinner with Taft."

"No truck or——?" I insinuated.

"Lots of it," Sir Thomas vouchsafed, and I was outside the door.

The reader will not take too literally the observations of leading men about themselves recorded by Mr. Longue Beau, but will understand that they are what the speakers would be likely to say confessionally.

JEWELER FLASHES TIME BROADCAST

Gets It by Wireless and Wigwags With Headlights.

EVERY day a jeweler in a small eastern town in the United States receives the correct time by wireless from a government station. He figured that his advertising should reach beyond his neighborhood, and so he arranged to distribute his wireless time to the surrounding country.

The courthouse tower is the highest point in his vicinity; he therefore secured permission to use it for his purpose. With four large automobile headlights, each facing a different direction, he throws powerful rays that can be seen for miles.

On Saturday nights he flashes the time to the surrounding country. Beginning at 8.59 he flashes the headlights at one-second intervals until 10 seconds to nine o'clock, then he stops until the stroke of nine, when he sends out a long flash. Every Saturday night, clocks and watches for miles around are set by his time. A flash is given in front of the store for the crowds that have formed the habit of waiting there to set their watches.

The jeweler has also arranged the wireless code on a card. He distributes these cards among boys and girls.

Each week he holds a contest, offering a prize for the first one coming to his store with a correct copy of the message that he flashes in the tower. The messages, of course are worded as an advertisement. This has stimulated the sale of electric flashers with which the children practise the code.—System for January.

Fashionable Funeral

"I DESIRE," said a husband to the wife, as they were walking along the shore, that when I die I be buried in a plain coffin, without expensive trimmings."

"But, my dear," said she, "how much more fashionable it would be to have black walnut and silver."

"Possibly," he said, "but I was thinking of that for you."

Little Tales of Well-Known Folks

THE recent marriage of Sir George Foster to a distinguished lady, caused no small ripple in Canadian social circles. It is said that some of Sir George's bachelor friends near and less than his own age are looking around for similar courage. One of these, a well-known Ottawan, dared to broach the subject to Sir George.

"At your age, my dear fellow," he said, "you surprise me."

"I realize," replied Sir George, "that I might have waited a little longer."

When Sir Sam Hughes returned to Toronto from England a few days ago he happened to meet in the lobby of the King Edward Hotel one of his stellar wartime officers, a man who has a real affection for Sir Sam. This friend very wroth poured into the knight's ear some gossip that a local paper had printed about him.

"I have already heard about it," announced Sir Sam, calmly.

"It was libel."

"I have no doubt. That editor and I are such good friends he knows he can take the liberty."

The Canadian National Railway does not pay immense salaries. A young man in President Hanna's office found an opportunity to speak his mind the other day to the august head of the road.

"I have been in the railroad business ten years," he avowed, "and I am only getting $200 a month. Why, a man could spend that much on neckties."

And Mr. Hanna replied: "Your argument is a bad one, young man. If I gave you any more money you might hang yourself."

A young married lady, who knows Sir Henry Pellatt very well, suggested to him slyly the other day. "Sir Henry, why don't you reduce?"

The distinguished broker rolled an eyelid. "I am waiting," he said, "for the United States navy."