THE OLD TIMERS.

Some Contemporaries of the Late Sir Oliver Mowat—Was Their Day Better Than the Present?

The old order changes, giving place to new, says The Toronto World. Only a few years ago there were to be found on the bench and in the Governments of Canada and the provinces, men who had been active and prominent before confederation, and even before the union. One of Sir Oliver Mowat's contemporaries on the bench, William Henry Draper, was Chief Justice of Ontario until November, 1877. He was a famous lawyer sixty years ago; got his Queen's Counsel title in 1842, and was so gently persuasive with juries that he won the sobriquet of "Sweet William." He was member for Toronto in the Legislature of Upper Canada in 1836; served as an aide-de-camp to the Governor during the rebellion, and became Solicitor-General in 1837. After the union he figured as the chief adviser of Governor Metcalfe while he was vainly contending against responsible Government.

Another old-timer was Chief Justice Hagarty, whose tall figure was well-known to frequenters of the courts a few years ago. During the conflict between Metcalfe and his advisers he was a gay young Tory lawyer, and he composed a parody on the "True, Old English Gentleman," in honor of Metcalfe, who was nick-named "Old Square Toes." They were composed impromptu at a public dinner, while the fight was in progress. A couple of verses are given by Dent:

One verse the songster has forgot—he has another claim;
One brave old square-toed gentleman, he of the stainless name;
For Indian laurels grace his brow, Jamaica loves him, too,
And Canada will fight for him 'gainst all the Baldwin crew—
The fine old square-toed gentleman, all of the present time.

So let our loyal shouts go forth, let traitors hear and quail,
And British hearts will beat for joy on every hill and vale;
And though the Baldwin clan may howl, though loud th' hyaenas roar,
We'll rally round old square-toes, and give him one cheer more,
The fine old square-toed gentleman, all of the present time.

Not many years ago the Premier of Canada, and his right and left men, Tupper and Tilley, were all old-time men who had taken an active part in the politics of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick before the union. One of them, Sir Charles Tupper, was Premier as late as 1896, and is still a hale and hearty man. Until recently our dominating ideas were those of pre-confederation statesmen. In Ontario Sandfield Macdonald, one of the heads of the old Canadian Governments, was Premier of Ontario after Confederation, and was succeeded, after a short interval by Oliver Mowat, whose official life began in the Brown-Dorion Government of 1858. Though Canada was a small country in those days, and though there was a good deal that was petty and tricky in its politics, it brought forth some strong men. We are hardly yet able to adopt a condescending tone toward Macdonald, Tilley and Tupper, Brown and Dorion, Holton and Mowat; there is indeed almost a temptation to fall into the opposite mood, and say "The former times were better than these." But it may be that we have not yet got the right perspective.

Early in the spring, when the weather was in its most changeable state, a Toronto firm sent out a commercial traveler. He wrote in to the firm on Monday night: "Raining all day. Impossible to get around, and no business." Tuesday he wrote in: "Cold, driving sleet to-day. Miserable weather, and nothing doing." On Wednesday he wrote: "Heavy snowstorm. Everything blocked up, and no use trying to get around."

Then he got a wire from the firm: "Come on home. We can get our weather reports cheaper from the Observatory."

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READING CAMPS.

A Plea for Better Conditions Among Canada's Lumbermen—The Work Already Done—Lumber Camp Schools.

How many have actually seen the inside of a lumber camp at night? Imagine a log shanty, 100 feet long, and wide in proportion; bunks three deep all around, enough for from one to two hundred men. Wet socks, mitts, overalls, shirts are hung up to dry so thick you can hardly see the bunks on the other side. Some of the men are trying to mend torn clothing, which must be worn next day, some are trying to read in the dim, flickering light, some want to write, some are talking, some are singing, and as all have to grind their axes for next day, two grindstones are busy far into the night. Imagine a traveling preacher trying to get a hearing here. He cannot even see above twenty of his audience at a time. Suppose there is no preacher, what chance have the men for rest or recreation? Think what a boon to them would be a special rest and recreation camp. They would be able to live more as civilized human beings should. Then when the occasional preacher came along they would be able to hear him in comfort. And what applies to lumber camps applies to mining and railway construction camps also.

It was to provide just such camps that the Canadian Reading Camp Association started operations about three years ago.

First the association started in one or two lumber camps in New Ontario, and at its own expense built shanties, supplying them with tables and bookshelves, and stocked these well with books, games, writing materials and newspapers. These papers were all up-to-date, so that the lumbermen could keep themselves posted in the news of the day. It was declared at first that the daily papers could not be got, but the association argued, the wagons have to go to the railway station regularly for the supplies, why should they not bring the daily papers, too? A strong leather bag was provided to hold them, and the daily papers in the camps was soon a matter of course. The books, a circulating library of fifty volumes, were provided by the Provincial Government. The men in charge of these reading camps are men of education, general ability and thorough Christian character. Protestant or Catholic, it matters not which, so long as their character is above reproach. Part of their expenses is paid by the association, and part they earn in the woods at work with the rest of the gang.

At first when the big lumber companies were approached and asked to contribute the building they refused, saying there was nothing in it for them. But shortly they changed their minds, and now in every case the company gladly puts up the camp at its own expense.

Then it is important that men should be encouraged to spend their Sundays and other spare time in better ways than huddled in cramped quarters, drinking, gambling, telling or listening to the low jest, song or story. Sundays and rainy days in camp, when men are off work, are the longest in the year. Men suffer more from ennui, from mental and spiritual languor, than from overwork on other days. They are then ready to jump at any suggestion, no matter how vulgar, that promises even temporary relief from such bondage. Their moral diseases, that are the result of this lack of social and religious restraint, are of a much more serious character.

As a matter of fact employers often fear to give their men too much spare time, not from mercenary motives, but lest the time should be abused and employed in gambling, drinking and worse evils. Experience proves that to increase the hours of freedom without insuring that these hours are to be well employed is to drag men downward, and that this is true of the rich as well as the poor.

It was with this in view that a new department of this Association was started—the Camp School. Here any man or boy can, while doing his work all winter in the woods, have the same advantages of evening classes as those living in the city.

These reading camps are really extensions of the public library system to meet the needs of isolated places. The separate building is, therefore, necessary if the books are to be within the reach of all, and yet properly taken care of.

When you consider that from fifteen to twenty per cent. of the men in lumber camps cannot recognize their own name on a letter, and that there are 50,000 or more men in the camps of Ontario alone you begin to realize the size of the educational problem.

It is these problems which Mr. Alfred Fitzpatrick, of Nairn Centre, has laid himself out to solve. He put up the test camps before mentioned and was the means of getting the Provincial Government to take the matter up.

"Cost?" to be sure it will cost something, every good thing does, but, as Mr. Fitzpatrick (who, by the way, is an ordained Presbyterian minister) points out, "it will cost the country less to provide bathrooms, laundries and reading camps than the revenue that would be derived from the additional number of good citizens. An enlightened and healthy citizenship is a better asset than ignorant and filthy slaves. Camp schools are cheaper than soldiers, paupers, drunkards and criminals."

Though only three years in existence, Mr. Fitzpatrick reports that the Association had last winter thirty reading camps in operation.

Believing that literature is just as practicable at a camp as pork and beans, the reading camp as easily put up as a sleeping camp, and the instructor is quite as portable a person as a cook, the next experiment was with railway construction camps, and now several of these have their reading and instruction camps in full operation.

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During the past thirty days hundreds of buyers have been served with special Sample Suits, and Ready-to-wear Garments at marvelously low prices, and yet there are scores who are missing their chances.

Bargains that have never been equalled are still waiting you. You take no chances. No buyer will lose his head this week attending this sale. You can almost buy with your eyes shut and strike luck! This store will be a Bargain Bazaar all week, but men, young men and boys, who know values should be early at the counters.

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$9 MEN'S SUMMER SUITS - - $4.95
Must sell them now in the good old summer time, or not at all.

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Now or never and the fact that the thermometer is soaring sky high makes the chance all the more acceptable.

$5 Skeleton Sack Suits - - - $2.25

$7 Navy Blue Suits - - - - $3.65
Talk quick if you want these, they must be cleared at once.

$3.75 Boys' Canadian Tweed Suits - $1.98

$2.50 Boys' Light Tweed Vacation Suits - $1.55

Boys' Summer Coats at 50c, 75c and - $1.00

Boys' 50c and 75c Wash Suits - - 38c
The power behind the purse is the motto.

The more you examine, the better pleased

Men's Shirts and Underwear

Double Thread Balbriggan 29c and - 39c

Soft Bosom Negligee Shirts 50c and - 60c

Fine Fancy Cashmere Hose 20c and - 25c

Hats ! Hats ! Felt or Straw

We've got all the good Hats that are good sellers, and everything else at Clearing Prices.

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King Clothier, East of Benson House:

The Store where Dollars bring their Value

BROTHER OF CRIMEAN HERO.

Member of Distinguished Nova Scotia Family Passes Away.

The part played by a son of Nova Scotia in the Great Crimea struggle is recalled by the death at Gay's River, Colchester County, Nova Scotia, on Saturday, June 13, of G. H. O. Parker, a brother of Capt. Parker, the hero of Alma. The Welsford-Parker Monument, which stands in Old St. Paul's burial ground, was erected to commemorate the gallant deeds of Major Welsford and Capt. Parker. The former was killed at Sebastopol and the latter who was a captain in the famous 77th Regiment, was killed at Alma. He fell while leading his men to victory in that decisive struggle. Capt. Parker was the first to scale the walls, but was shot down when victory was almost in sight. He was a great favorite in Halifax, where his regiment was stationed before the Crimea, was several times mentioned in despatches and would have had rapid promotion had he lived.

Capt. Parker's brother, the subject of this sketch, was also in the Imperial service having served in the Royal Navy for many years. About forty years ago he retired from the navy and located at Gay's River, where he had since lived a quiet life. The Parker family has been represented in the army and navy for over a hundred years, and was one of the oldest in Nova Scotia. Hon. Benjamin Green, who was a prominent Nova Scotian of the old days, and was once acting Lieut.-Governor, was grandfather of the deceased.

G. H. O. Parker was twice married. His first wife was a Miss Dunlap of a well known Truro family. Three children were born of this union, viz: Mrs. William C. Noble, Boston; Wm. O. N. Parker, connected with the White House Clothing Co. of St. Catharines, Ont.; and Arthur Hyde Somerset Parker of St. Lambert's, Montreal. The deceased's second wife was a Miss Brehm of Dartsmouth. She died only recently and was buried in Camp Hill Cemetery. Since his wife's death Mr. Parker commenced to fail and passed away on Saturday, June 16. He was 80 years of age.

A Moose in the City Streets.

During the recent dry spell a nimble, powerful, anxious-eyed cow moose made its appearance in the streets of St. John, N.B., and The Daily Telegraph says that it attracted much attention.

The animal had evidently been driven toward the city by the forest fires. It made its appearance on Fort Howe about 8 o'clock, and, being startled by humans there, dashed down Millidge street, across Paradise row and along Mill street to the I.C.R. terminus, where it took to the water.

Everybody in sight gulped down his astonishment and attempted to intercept it. Small boats by the dozen put out, and one of them caught up to the moose when it was just off Long Wharf. The men cast a line around the animal's head and managed to row the captive into the slip. It was here the real fight commenced. The moose resented every effort to bring it to land. It struggled in one direction after another, and it kicked. It was brought under control only when additional lines were attached to it, and each hauled by scores of men and boys. Once on the land, the moose resorted to front and rear kicking; every method, honorable or unscrupulous, was employed in its attempt to break away, but eventually it was thrown and securely tied.

It was placed on a sloven and hauled to one of the sheds on Smythe street, where it spent the night.

Why We Shake Hands.

The custom of handshaking dates back to prehistoric times, a relic of those savage days when strangers could not meet without suspicion of murderous purpose. Then all men went abroad with weapons and shields, and, when they met, would stand in pleasant converse, each with his shield upon his left arm and with right hands clasped so that there would be no chance for a sudden swing of the knife or bludgeon. The right hand was invariably used for the weapon, with the result that we are a right-handed race. The reason for this lay undoubtedly in the fact that the left arm was always employed in the important work of shielding the heart. Among the common people of the Aryan race, the old pledge of amity in yielding the right hand to be grasped and held has since remained the chief token of open friendship. In the Iliad the returning chiefs were "greeted with extended hands." Even at that remote day the early significance of the handclasp had been lost in the nobler meaning of civilized life. But it remains a salutation in which a greater or less degree of equality is claimed or conceded.

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TWO HUNDRED ACRES, 9 miles south of Lindsay; nearly all cleared; good buildings; near school and church.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ACRES, two miles south of Omemee; well improved.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACres near Cameron; all cleared; good buildings.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ACres 2 miles north of Cameron; good brick house and good out. buildings.

TWO HUNDRED ACRES in the Township of Thorah, lot 3, con. 1. Buildings good. This is a choice farm, surrounded by all conveniences—markets, churches, schools, etc. Apply to James Donnell Beaverton, or C. CHITTICK, Lindsay.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN acres, 5 miles west of Lindsay, Improved. Very desirable farm.

And also a number of houses for sale in town. For particulars apply to CHRISTOPHER CHITTICK, Lindsay. —4-1yr.

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