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MADNESS OF BIG ESS.

Mere Size Is Nothing For Cities to Compete For After All.

There is a certain amount of madness in the desire for bigness now evident in so many cities. Why should a city have a million inhabitants? Can any person advance one sound and sensible reason why Toronto, or Montreal, or Winnipeg should be bigger than it is now? Isn't it really a desire based upon false ideas and vain ignorance?

In London, a skyey apartment of two rooms costs its occupant 7s. 6d. a week. The same apartment in Cork, Ireland, costs 1s. 9d. Is it to force working men and clerks to pay high rents, that Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg work day and night to make themselves grow?

In a city of 200,000 people, the working man can walk to and from the factory. After the city gets larger, he must pay a toll to the street railway. Is it to build up street railway profits that Toronto and Montreal and Winnipeg are working might and main?

Glasgow boasted that it would supply model suburbs for its working people, but it failed. It crowds 800,000 people into a space about one-thirteenth the size of Greater Melbourne, Australia, with only 600,000 of a population. Are Toronto and Montreal and Winnipeg anxious to emulate Glasgow and Birmingham and London, where men and women exist but do not live?

Unsavoury slums, degrading tenement houses, uncleanly citizens, under-fed and uneducated children, wickedness and vice—these are the results of large cities wherever they are created. Are these the qualities and the distinctions sought by the larger and more ambitious Canadian cities?

Are the rulers of our cities trying to produce mean citizens or clean citizens? Is this a mad race for bigness, or do they think that they can build big cities without the attendant evils to be found in every other large city on the globe?

Here is something for every person to think over. It would seem wise, when a city reaches 400,000 people to say "Stop! The interest of humanity forbids you to go farther."—Canadian Courier.

A Fixture.

Arthur Stringer, the noted Canadian author, and his wife, are both quite tall, but that fact availed them nothing when they faced the problem of firing a cook.

They were living an an apartment at the time with which this incident deals, and their cook was a big negress who wasn't mistress of the art of cooking.

Mrs. Stringer gave the colored lady notice to leave on a certain day, but when that day came the boss of the kitchen hadn't packed her trunk and was working away as though she was still in good standing. Mrs. Stringer's reminder that diplomatic relations had been severed had no effect.

"I'll get her out," said Arthur when told of the state of affairs.

He entered the kitchen, and advancing towards the cook, said, "You were told to leave to-day, and I want you to pack your trunk and get out."

The cook saw that the time to declare herself had come. So she picked up a hammer and said, "You jest lay a finger on me and I'll smash your face in. I like this p'ace, an' I'se decided I'se goin' to stay."

The Yak to the Front.

The yak is slowly but surely forcing itself into notice in the Northwest.

In its native country the yak is accustomed to range out all winter in a country which is of arctic rigor. So high and so cold is its mountain habitat that no trees grow there, yet it does well in the tropics and has been successfully acclimatized in India. Its natural range in this country would lie chiefly in Canada and Alaska, but would include portions of the northern states.

The herd of yak presented to the Canadian Government by the Duke of Bedford is now at Brandon, Manitoba, in the pasture of the Agricultural Experimental Farm. I saw them there last winter. Although they are of the small Indian breed, they were doing well. Their coats were of great beauty, full and glossy, rivalling the robes of the musk ox. As soon as a few of the larger Tibetan breed are procured to show the great possibilities of this animal, a great boom in yak interest is to be expected.—Ernest Seton Thompson.

A Canadian Blue.

Mr. Howard R. L. Henry, of Winnipeg, a Rhodes scholar, has just won a unique distinction at Oxford. He is the only Canadian at either Oxford or Cambridge this year to get his full blue, this being for association football. An athlete receives his "blue" in England when he has been chosen and has competed as a member of a representative university team or crew. Mr. Henry, who has just completed his course at Oxford, has also been called to the English bar at the Inner Temple, London, being presented by Mr. Atherly Jones, M.P., and will practice law in Winnipeg.

Mr. Henry is a nephew of Dr. G. A. Bingham, the well-known Toronto surgeon, and of the latter's brother, Dr. H. S. Bingham, of Dovercourt road, Toronto.—Toronto Star Weekly.

Not the Proper Noun.

There is a Teutonic citizen of the name of Kloepfer, who went about an Ontario city, on the twenty-second of September, exclaiming on the vastness of the political change.

"Yes, indeed," said one Liberal sympathizer, "it was a regular earthquake."

"Exactly," agreed Mr. Kloepfer, "quite a landscape, quite a landscape!"

Berlin's Building.

Building Inspector J. Cook has intimated that permits for new buildings for the year had been aggregating a total of $350,000. The larger portion of this amount included the new $100,000 public school, and for private residences, over 200 being erected during 1911.

TOMBS OF LABRADOR.

Tragedies Told In the Epitaphs of Bleak Coast.

It may be a senseless sentiment that makes a man crave to lie at last where his resting place may be the care of his friends. There are few things more pathetic than a grave in a foreign land; there are few disasters avoided with more unconsidered expense and trouble. Passing last year through the hitherto untracked forests of the northland, five hundred miles above Toronto and within a quarter of that distance of James Bay, the sight of a lonely slab and rude picket fence threw a damper over the jolly journalists of the first passenger train that had ever rumbled over the line, says W. Lacy Amy in Toronto Saturday Night. But away up—or down, as the Newfoundlander calls it—along the bleak, barren, storm-swept east coast of Labrador, the grave is lonelier and more pathetic; the rough fence to keep off the husky is but one of the signs that it is Labrador.

When the fisherman feels the hand of death upon him, it is his greatest wish to be buried back in his Newfoundland whence he came, and when the light is fading, his last effort is to reach the Government steamer that plies up and down twice a month. The Government makes it one of its cares that the passage of the living man, however near his end, is provided for, and few are left to lie on that deserted northern coast. But now and then the dread white plague or one of the many dangers of the north snuff out a life before the dying wish can be gratified. And there he must be buried, in one of the two or three graveyards of the thousand-mile coast if posible, and if that cannot be, in any spot where enough soil to turn over has settled among the endless rocks of the coast.

It is at Cartwright, one of the leading ports of Labrador, and one of the two Hudson Bay posts, that the largest of the few graveyards is kept green and clean by the Hudson Bay officials. And this spot is one of the sights of Labrador. In it stands a square tombstone to the memory of the man who made Labrador possible, and who handed down to the world a history that is the most complete yet published of life in Labrador, and with all its hundred and forty years of age, still stands a model of detailed description of life and conditions. The graveyard crowns a hill a half-mile from the wharf, and the path to it is well-tracked and tended. The fence is the most imposing in all Labrador, an expense that is justified around such a man's grave.

It made no difference that the memory of the conduct of Cartwright as revealed in his own writings was not of a man who allowed his Christianity to embarrass him. There before us was the memorial of a brave Englishman, who sacrificed position and advantages in England to endure the terrors of a pitiless coast and climate and of innumerable foes.

A score of other slabs and boards mark the graves of others who have died far from home. Most of them have merely the name carved on them, but on some, the friends have attempted crude tribute. The tragedy of one man could only be guessed at from the inscription: "In memory of George Bird, who departed this life, June 16th, 1869, aged 91 years. I held my tongue and spake nothing. I kept silence, yea, even from good words; but it was pain and grief to me."

Poetry was the aim of some sorrowing friend on another stone:

"I have passed away from this world.
My friends know not how I have died.
May they also prepare for the same.
For they shortly shall lie by my side."

A National Anthem.

Andrew Broder, of Dundas, who so nearly walked off with the portfolio of Agriculture, is back in the House again with a brand new collection of campaign stories. "Andy" is a born stumper, and is one of the wittiest men on his feet in public life to-day. At one of his meetings in the back country of Dundas county, the proceedings were considerably enlivened by a crying baby, who, oblivious of the commotion it was causing, let out the most doleful wails while the candidate himself was explaining what was the real meaning of reciprocity. The audience stood the bawling patiently for some time, until finally there were loud cries of "Hush" and "Take it home," from the male portion.

"Andy" stopped the ejection proceedings at once. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "A crying baby is Canada's best national anthem!"—Saturday Night.

The Little Widow.

A Toronto editor tells the following story—therefore, it is not necessarily true.

To a certain Ontario city, there came a charming widow on a visit and her victims were many and moneyed. One of her most ardent admirers was about to make a trip to Winnipeg, and she asked him to go to the cemetery and place a wreath of flowers on the grave of her Dear Departed. He promised to fulfil this mournful mission and, faithful to his trust, proceeded to the Winnipeg place of burial carrying a profusion of chrysanthemums.

What was his surprise to find two graves in the lot, each provided with a stone on which were inscribed the virtues of the beloved husband. The later one, however, conveyed a shock in the final quotation: "Be Thou Also Ready!"

Absentminded Member.

Not long after Hon. W. J. Hanna's appointment to the portfolio of Provincial Secretary, he was in the office of Premier Whitney, when there entered a certain Methodist minister of Conservative "leanings." The Premier introduced him to Mr. Hanna, remarking, "Mr. Hanna is a strong Methodist, Dr. C——."

The Doctor beamed on the Provincial Secretary and asked: "Let me see! Who is in charge in Sarnia now?"

Mr. Hanna replied: "Oh, he's all right, Mr. ——, Mr. ——: Oh, hang it all, I've forgotten his name."

Bushmen's Hardware

Guaranteed Saws.

Improved Maple Leaf
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We have just received a shipment of Storm and Screen Doors. Can be changed from a Storm to a Screen Door in less than one minute.

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See our Toy Department. Anything in window 5c.

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A full line of Hockey Sticks and Pucks, all prices. Come in, Boys, we can suit you.

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This is the shop all those Royal Jewels and Chancellor Ranges come from. "Nuff Sed." We have a few second hand Cook Stoves and Heaters. Will sell cheap for next 10 days.

Mitts.

Don't suffer with cold hands when you can get Gloves and Mitts for 10c and upwards.

AT THE OLD RELIABLE HARDWARE,

W. S. Perkins, Markdale.

4TH LINE, ARTEMESIA

(Special to The Standard.)

Lots of snow now.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Graham of Blind River, are visiting friends here and are the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Badjeros.

Some of the young people spent Christmas skating on the Lake near Mr. Simmons.

Mr. Abe Blakey is very sick with pneumonia. We hope soon to hear of his recovery.

Mr. Sam Holley had a very successful wood-bee on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. John McKee spent Christmas with friends in Toronto.

We are sorry to report the death of Mrs. George Grummit. Her remains were interred in the Maxwell cemetery on Tuesday of last week.

Your correspondent joins in wishing The Markdale Standard and its many readers a happy and prosperous New Year.

Here is a remedy that will cure your cold. Why waste time and money experimenting when you can get a preparation that has won a world-wide reputation by its cures of this disease and can always be depended upon? It is known everywhere as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and is a medicine of real merit. For sale by all dealers.

"The Only Thing That Will Relieve Neuralgia."

The piercing pains of Neuralgia, which often follows a bad cold or La Grippe, are frequently almost unbearable and few medicines afford any relief to the sufferer.

"I am a rural mail carrier and have been a user of the Dr. Miles medicines for years.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills can't be beaten. They are the only thing I have found that will relieve my neuralgia and I have tried most everything, besides medicine from the doctor. I am willing to tell anyone what the Anti-Pain Pills did for me."

CHARLES HILDERBRANDT,
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If you, like Mr. Hilderbrandt, "have tried most everything" in vain, why not do as he did, fight your aches and pains with Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. Let the pills bear the brunt of the battle. No matter how stubborn the contest, they will come out victorious.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills stand on their record, which is a long list of cures extending back a generation.

Druggists everywhere sell them. If first package fails to benefit, your druggist will return your money.
MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.

Markdale Roller Mills

Rate of exchange for Standard Fall Wheat until further notice.

Five Roses	28½ Pounds Flour
Harvest Queen	31 Pounds Flour
Ford's Patent	30 Pounds Flour
Perfection Blend	32 Pounds Flour and 13 Pounds Offal.

JOHN W. FORD.

SOWING HIS WILD OATS
REAPING A HARVEST OF SORROW

How many young men can look back on their early life and regret their misdeeds. "Sowing their wild oats" in various ways. Excesses, violation of nature's laws, "wine, women and song"—all have their victims. You have reformed but what about the seed you have sown—what about the harvest? Don't trust to luck. If you are at present within the clutches of any secret habit which is sapping your life by degrees, if you are suffering from the results of past indiscretions; if your blood has been tainted from any private disease and you dare not marry; if you are married and live in dread of symptoms breaking out and exposing your past; if you are suffering as the result of a misspent life—**DRS. K. & K. ARE YOUR REFUGE.** Lay your case before them confidentially and they will tell you honestly if you are curable.

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DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.
Write for our private address.

Mrs. A. R. Tabor, of Crider, Mo., had been troubled with sick headache for about five years, when she began taking Chamberlain's Tablets. She has taken two bottles of them and they have cured her. Sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach for which these tablets are especially intended. Try them, get well and stay well. Sold by all dealers.

The election expenses of the Hon. G. P. Graham in the Dominion election contest in Sept. last were $2186.64.

Advertise in The Standard.