The Liberal.

RICHMOND HILL, ONT., SEPT. 14, 1911

The honest elector who is in doubt as to the benefit of free trade in natural products should vote to give it a trial. Should it prove a failure it can be dropped at any time. Should Canada refuse the offer it may he lost for a generation. It took the United States a long time to make the offer, but that would be a poor reason to refuse it if we really think their market of 90,000,000 people would help us.

"I am heartily in favor of reciprocity. So far as I can see, the men are who leading the fight against it are certain millionaires of the city of Toronto. I will allow no man to charge me with being weak in my loyalty to the British Empire, and this cry is one of the most foolish ever presented to the people."-Mr. Albert Whitney, brother of Sir James Whitney, speaking at the Liberal convention, Prescott, September 7th.

The charge laid against Sir Wilfrid Laurier by the Nationalists of Quebec, who are now waving the tricolor flag of France, is that the Premier favored the sending of soldiers to assist Great Britian in time of war. The jingoes of Ontario charge that Sir Wilfrid is too weak in his imperfalism, and remind him that he was slow in dispatching Canadian troops t) fight the Boers in South Africa. Let him stand or fall Sir Wilfrid will not be an extremist in either side, but will stand where he has always stood on the broad platform of Canadian citizenship.

Elgin Mills.

Mrs. Geo. Fisher of Tonawanda, N. Y. and Clayton Fisher spent several days with friends at Victoria Square. Mr. Alex. Williams of Cass Lake, Minn., manager of the New York store, arrived home Saturday. His visit is much appreciated though he can only remain for a few days. The great question of discussion

around the store these evenings is the trade question. There is a great difference of opinion, but the majority think it is safer to give the measure a trial for fear the chance may not come ngain.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

BY A LOYAL CANADIAN.

Yeoman of Canada hear you the call That your lov'd country extends to you all:

Seldom, if ever, a duty more clear Loom'd on your pathway your course for to steer

A TRIP THROUGH THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

After a process of more or less addition and subtraction we arrived at Avonmouth. As the boat was coming up to the dock we could see many bandkerchiefs waving in the air. Many of these were answered by those on board principally amongst the steerage. The next thing I beard was "O Canada" coming from the steerage. It sounded is ther incongruous to me and mit altograthen heartoning. After and not altogether heartening. After getting through the customs we took the train for Bristol and the first thing which struck us as peculiar was the build of the engines. The first we hap-pened to see was a yard engine and its appearance was expressed by a little girl when she said; "oh, look at the little toy engine." The passenger cars are divided into compartments holding eight or ten persons. Your tickets are taken either at the door before you start or as you pass out of the station. For comfort and air 1 think ours are the better but not for expedition in emptying. The freight cars are not much different to our large dray waggons. However their trains travel at a much faster rate than ours probably due to the fact that most of their lines are double tracked. The officials are very courteous and willing

to help strangers wherever possible. But I have been digressing already for one sees so many things strange, new and intersting that one is at a loss where to begin. Our first stop was Bath one of the prettiest, quaintest and most historical of Southern English towns. Situated along the banks of Avon it is surrounded on all sides by hills. It is a city of crescents and ter-races, built in very substantial manner of a fine limestone (oolite), and rising tier above tier to a height of about 600 feet. Bath owes i's external appearance very largely to the architect John Wood and his son who died the latter part of the 18th century.

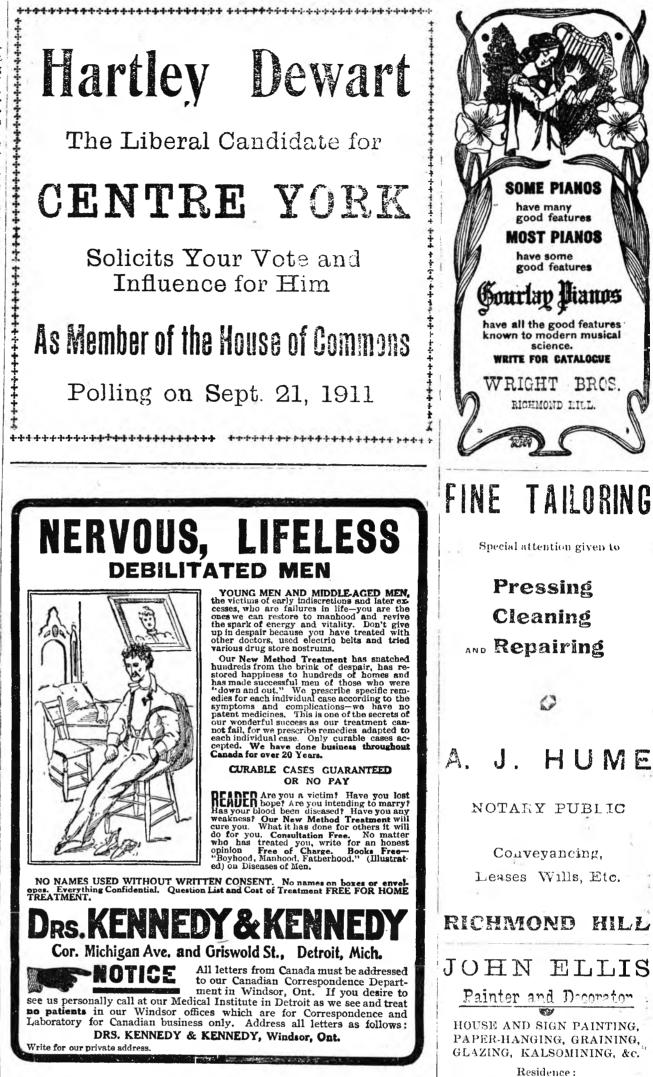
As we gather from the name it is a city of Baths. It was used by the Romans for bathing purposes and the Roman baths still ramain as they were put there nearly two thousand years ago. The water comes out of the earth at a temperature of 116 to 120° Fahr, and upwards of half a million gallons is the yield per day. The prings became famous in later times due to the energy of Bean Nash, master of ceremonies 1674-1761.

Ralph Allen was also one of the founders of the city. It was he who instigated John Wood to build the crescents of the lime-stone which London architects refused to use. A very peculiar act of Ralph Allen's is found in Sham Castle. This is merely a high wall built to represent the side of a castle. He built it to break the moncastle. He built it to break the holt ctory of the view as he looked up the valley. Surrounding the city are many downs, softly rounded hills which afford a splended view of the city and the Avon valley. It is a beautiful sight to look over the city from Barshen Cliffs (300, ft) in the from Beechen Cliffs (300 ft.) in the evening when the lights are all lighted in the city below or to look down the Avon valley from Hampton Down (600 ft.) of a clear bright day.

Besides her picturesqueness Bath is noted for her historical Associations. We look at the house where Dickens wrote his "Little Dorrit" and view it with various emotions. There are houses marked by tablets which tell us that Pitt, Wolfe, Clive, Nelson, Jane Austen, Wordsworth, Scott and Moore occupied them at one time.

Bath Abbey Church is a handsome Perpendicular edifice of the 16th cen-tury and is sometimes called the "Lantern of England" from the number and size of its windows. There are some beautiful motor bus

trips from Bath to interesting points in the surrounding districts. I took the one down to Clevedon, — a trip of 82 miles. One leaves at 10 a.m. and arrives back at 7 p.m. It is delightful to look over the country from the top of the bus for of course everybody wides on the Target that part of Furrides on top. To me that part of Eng-land looks like one large botanical garden. There are no fences such as we have them but they are all of stone or hedges of thorn or other shrubs. The stone fences as far as I can make The scone fences as far as 1 can make out were put up by the Romans and are a monument to their lasting method of doing things. This trip took us up Clifton Downs and we went on the suspension bridge there which has a span of 700 ft, and 200 ft, above the water. Perpendicular rocks rise on either side to a great height and to the left looking up a dense forest of trees is seen which forms a splendid contrast to the grayness of the rocks. Looking down we get a most beautiful siew and the only comparison L can view and the only comparison I can make is looking down the St. Lawrence River from the Citadel of Quebec. (To be continued in our next issue.)



Safe from the perils that seem to pre-

False friends intriguing with focs who assail

^{ASS(11)} What, over all breakers sheds light through the gloom, That beacon of safety, "Sir Wilfrid's white plume."

Long has he served you with wisdom

and zeal; Dear to his heart are welfare and weal; White though his locks are and less-

on'd by years; Bright his escutcheon, no stain there

appears: Led by a statesman so fam'd far and wide, Yours be the honor, the pleasure, the

Fourier and the form without and within,

N gh coming battle to wage well and win.

Great are the blessings that hinge on

this fray; Failboot to grasp them ere they fly away; Strike off the shackles that fetter your

trade,

Forg'd from the furnace monopolists have made;

Long have you toll paid on what your own toil

- Brought forth from fisherics, forests and soil;
- Markets for these, free, unrivall'd, no boast,
- Lie at your doors now from coast unto coast.

See that who won them be nobly sustained--

Chances once lost are but seldom regained-

List not to lip-loyal jingoes whose cry Sounds the last dirge of vain hopes doom'd to die;

Prosperous people denied not their needs

Loyal and true are, whatever their creeds;

Trusts and combines with high tariff tramed laws

Breed discontent and become its chief cause.

MOTHERS! Freserve Your Children's Hair-Every mother should see that her

SAMSO

READY

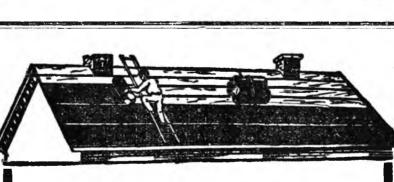
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children's hair is dressed with Parisian Sage, the wonderful hair restorer and germicide. A little neglect on your part now may mean much loss of beauty when your girl grows up.

Prevention better Than Cure.

Parisian Sage is a rigidly guaranteed hair restorer and cures all scalp diseases, prevents hair from falling out, and creates a rich luxuriant growth of hair, a glory to woman and the pride of man.

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