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J. B. COOKE, DISTRICT MANAGER
332 KING STREET. KINGSTON, ONT.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE MAN IN THE WHITE HAT

By Arnold White in Express, London.

It is as difficult to write about an emperor as about a woman. If you praise him you are deemed a sycophant. If you say what you really think about him you repel the sympathy of those who have made up their minds that he is either god or devil. Nine years have passed since I had the opportunity of seeing the Emperor William at close quarters and it was interesting once more to watch the one personality of continental Europe and to note the effect of time on the great master of efficiency. At the garden party given by Lord Londesborough at St. Dunstan's Lodge, Regent's Park, English royalties and English society assembled in goodly numbers to meet the eldest son of the eldest child of Queen Victoria.

As a man grows older his temperament and his habits dim his personality too deeply to escape the observation of students of human nature. The dominant note of the German kaiser's personality is vitality—intense vitality. He is never still. Mind and body are intensely alive. He is interested in everything and everybody. His gestures are continental. In conversation his right hand is incessantly in motion, playing an accompaniment, as it were, to the rapid flow of genial speech with which he delights his old friends and the new acquaintances who reveal the delight that accompanies the honor of presentation to the master of Europe.

One feature alone is cryptic and still. His eyes, cold and pale blue, exhibit none of the exuberant vitality which electrifies rather than impresses the circle in which he is speaking. The eyes are hard and steady. They belong to a personality that has accomplished the hardest of all tasks—self-conquest. Lines of pain circle the emperor's eyes, as though he had struggled with vast difficulties and conquered them only with the sacrifice of much that makes life worth living.

Once only did I observe the humanity of gentleness and affection—it was when the empress touched his arm and drew his majesty's attention to a young lady for whom she sought an opportunity of presentation. The emperor smiled—a beautiful smile—the hard steely eyes softened—not at the girl, but at his wife. Here is one of the secrets of the kaiser's power. He is a family man, and the family, both in Germany and in England, is in danger.

"Nerves," said the kaiser the other day, "will win the next war." Although he gesticulates far more than is usual in our lethargic land, he gives the impression of possessing iron nerves. Until the Japanese war relieved Germany from the constant dread of Russian aggression, the ruler of Central Europe lived in the centre of potential danger on every frontier. He never went to bed at night without the possibility of waking up in the morning to find that the frontier of fatherland had been crossed by a foe. Such an experience, the constant sense of jeopardy, has left indelible traces on the lines of his face.

On a recent visit to England the emperor claimed with truth at the Guildhall that he had struggled, and struggled successfully, for peace. He is under no illusion as to the conditions of peace. The equilibrium of great forces, not the resolutions of impotent pacifists, is the condition of peace. Resolutions in favor of silence postpone no thunderclap when the equilibrium of the atmosphere is disturbed. And war, which the war lord hates in his soul, no less than the peace societies of the world, is to be averted only by incessant struggle to obtain the utmost efficiency from an organized and armed nation. The German emperor has never been crowned as German emperor. Yesterday, in his grey frock coat, and a pink carnation in his buttonhole and a white hat—the only white hat in a large assembly—he looked every inch an emperor. Followed by English royalties and by Count Paul Metternich and the staff of the German embassy, he moved from group to group, always debonair and interested, but always giving the indelible impression of distinction.

As he moved from the terrace to the lawn the Guards band was playing "Rule, Britannia" and as the canopy floated over the sunny English scene "Britons never, never will be slaves," carried one's mind back to "Eighteen hundred and war time" when Napoleon the upstart menaced Europe with the possible attainment of his ambition—the mastery of the world. Under that white hat the well-groomed figure on the lawn, gay and cheery among old friends and new, the man who would be master of the world but for the British navy, was obviously at home. He was not acting a part. He felt that he was one of us, and insensibly gave pleasure to all and sundry because his own pleasure in the scene was so plainly sincere.

There, again, is one of the secrets of the emperor's power. He has the capacity of imparting to others the force of his immense personality. The creation of modern Germany is the result of blood and sweat, but it is also the result of a high spiritual quality in Germany's ruler. At a garden party the religious character of any guest, however eminent, is usually a negligible quality, but never for one second did the man in the white hat forget that he owed the Lord's anointment, and that he owed to the God of his fathers an account for the deeds he has done in the flesh.

Colonial prizes were present in force, rulers of vast and almost empty territories, won by the sacrifices of British sailors and soldiers when standing between would-be masters of the world and the attainment of their ambitions. The company was a microcosm of the British empire, which everyone present knew is in a state of transition, as the old constitution under which it was gathered together is about to disappear under the exigencies of our party system.

the suspicions of his own good faith. The English public is proud of him, because he is half an Englishman and still more because he is every inch a man.

But underneath the surface of the gay scene at St. Dunstan's Lodge I could not help thinking of the two brave English naval officers who are suffering the rigors of imprisonment in German fortresses. French and British were caught fairly and punished justly for serving their country, as many Germans in England are serving their fatherland to-day. Would not the imperial clemency of the kaiser be gratefully received by the British nation if his majesty seized this opportunity of forgiving French and British, as English clemency forgave the German officer at Portsmouth?

In that event Englishmen would cry "Hoch der kaiser!" as heartily as any German.

FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE.

Notes From Perth.
Perth, June 1.—The body of Howard, son of John Strong, aged five years, drowned in the Tay river here, Monday, was interred in Elmwood cemetery, yesterday. Miss Laura Rose, of Guelph, will be the delegate to the public meeting here, June 5th, under the auspices of the Women's Institute. Miss Maud Belanquette, has gone to Toronto to assist her brother in his drug store.

Junetown Jottings.
Junetown, June 1.—Mr. and Mrs. T. Franklin and Master Taylor are spending a few days at Rockport. W. B. Warren, Lansdowne, passed through here on Tuesday with his portable sewing outfit en route to Yonge Mills. Miss Myrtle Purvis passed successfully through her recent operation at Brockville general hospital. Mr. and Mrs. James S. Purvis spent Monday at Brockville. Mrs. M. Scott and Miss Amie Scott spent last week with friends here. Ross Purvis spent Thursday in Brockville. Miss Arley Purvis is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Claude Purvis, Lyn. Mr. and Mrs. J. Edley, Lake street, spent Sunday with their sister, Mrs. G. Weston. Berries and fruit of all kinds promise an excellent crop in this section.

Lansdowne Boy Killed.
Lansdowne, June 1.—Word was received here to-day of a terrible accident at Warburton, in which Percy Stacey, eldest son of Robert Stacey, lost his life. He was on the roller when the horse took fright and threw him off and crushed him under the roller. He was in his fifteenth year, and a bright promising lad.

Miss Chattie Cross and Mrs. Charles Fredenburg are spending a short time at Rockport. Rev. Dr. Steacy, Ottawa, arrived this afternoon to attend the funeral of his nephew. On Monday afternoon, May 28th, Miss Rose, of Guelph Agricultural College, addressed the Lansdowne Women's Institute, Mrs. Ruddick, and daughter, of Brockville, spent a few days with her cousin, Mrs. E. E. Warren. The remains of the late Arnold McCready, aged two years and six months, in which Mrs. F. Stacey, Mrs. Arthur McCready, were placed in the vault here, on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Bert Wood, Toledo, is spending a few days with her father, William McConnell. Dr. Meikle is boarding at Thomas Hunt's, Ivy Lea.

Long Point Locals.
Long Point, May 30.—Mrs. John Plunkett and William Plunkett attended the funeral of their cousin, James Gamble, on Saturday last. John Moorehead visited his mother, who was very ill, at Lansdowne, on Wednesday. Andrew Fodey and Miss Rose Fodey spent Sunday at Arthur Slack's. A few from this section attended the celebration at Jones' Falls, on Victoria Day. Mr. and Mrs. Darwin Cross, of Lansdowne spent Sunday at Mrs. Burns'. James Townsend, fishery overseer, has purchased a motor boat, in which Mr. Lyndhurst, visited Miss Pearl Shook, on Sunday. Miss Madeline O'Connor, visited in Delta last Thursday. The baseball club played its first game on Wednesday at Lynhurst. The result was in favor of the Lynhurst team. W. Peck, of Gananoque, made a business trip through here, on Friday. Charles O'Connor went to Delta last week for instructions regarding his work as census enumerator. Miss Jessie Webster and brother, of Sweet's Corners, visited Miss Florence Townsend last Sunday.

Bunker's Hill News.
Bunker's Hill, May 30.—Mrs. George Babcock is around again. George Tinnerman, Jr., has been quite ill with measles. Mr. and Mrs. Gowdy held service here Sunday. A large crowd was in attendance. George Babcock and family are leaving the mines Wednesday on account of his wife's ill health. All are sorry to see them leave as they were fine people for the boarding house. James Kelly, Jr., will take the boarding house after Wednesday. Miss Lena Storms has left the mines and intends to go to Watertown, N.Y., in a week or so. Visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Allen Snider and son, William, at A. Leeman's; F. Marston, William, and Francis Babcock, at S. Leeman's; Francis Babcock, stayed over Sunday at Verona; Mr. and Mrs. George Bauder, at A. Hoppin's; Mr. Pero, at George Tinnerman, Sr.'s; Mrs. Jerry Babcock, at J. W. Babcock's; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Smith, Sydenham, at A. Leeman's; Archibald Tinnerman, at J. Wilson's; Maggie Talbot, and Francis Babcock, at George Tinnerman, Jr.'s; J. W. Babcock, at Oats Flats, P. Leeman, at Edward Albersson's; Miss Tena Snider, at B. Hoppin's.

It takes a woman to rub it on another by saying to others: "Her furniture all looks as though she got it with trading stamps."

Beware of the noisy man who shouts his patriotism from the housetop. It's a safe bet that he's a tax dodger. Some men are like peanuts, the better years the emperor had dispensed for good roasting.



SPRINKLE a few teaspoonfuls of Comfort Lye in the closet. Let it stand a while. Then wash down with water. See how quickly and thoroughly it removes all stains. Disinfects, too.

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