

HAGGART'S MESSENGER

LOOKED MORE LIKE MINISTER THAN HON. JOHN DID.

The Careless Minister Had a Very Strong Will—He Grew Old in Opposition—Took Less and Less Part.

The late Hon. John Haggart's work as a Minister had its peculiarities. He was not what is known as an industrious administrator; he had a distinctly casual side; he did not take pains to look important—indeed, they tell the story that he had a messenger, a personal attendant, who was a particularly spruce person, and that as the Hon. John slouched along Sparks street with his hands in his pockets, looking at the shop windows, the messenger might be taken for the Minister and the Minister for the messenger.

After the crash of 1896, Mr. Haggart went to the Opposition benches. On these he sat as old age came upon him; he was in his 60th year when the Laurier Ministry began its course, and he was in his 76th year when Mr. Borden was returned. He gradually took less and less part in debate; younger men came to the front; and from a leader he became a veteran. It was apparent several years ago that he no longer was Cabinet timber; he took the time of time with philosophy, without resentment, in that largeness of spirit which despite of all his exterior roughnesses always characterized him.

Mr. Borden formed his Cabinet without calling the veteran of 76, and the veteran acquiesced without protest. The large good-temper which has been his mark in the House of Commons as long as the writer has observed him. That dignified acceptance of the inevitable has been one of the best things of recent years in the personal history of the Commons.

There is one other aspect of John Haggart's character which merits mention. Stress has been laid upon the fact that he had been a rough-and-ready man; it also must be said that he was a widely-informed man. The Miller of Perth has read industriously; the veteran has not been omitted from his explorations in the field of literature, as his frequent Latin quotations testify; and one of the most effective uses of Shakespeare heard for years in the House dropped from his lips some years ago in an absolutely unguarded debate in which his opponent was deeply engaged.

There was a piety in the combination of the somewhat tempestuous and untidy politician with the student; it has helped to make him one of the interesting figures of the House. A publicist, who first essayed the verdict of the polls in a certain year, who entered Parliament a generation ago, who bore an active part in Sir John Macdonald's later and earlier years of power and achievement, who represented the strength, the ruggedness and the respect for learning of Victorian Ontario—John Haggart was, in his old age, a fine figure and above all a highly interesting man.

Truthful George. George Ham, the publicity man of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is an incorrigible joker who exercises his propensity at every opportunity. One night last year he was sharing the stateroom on a Quebec-Montreal sleeper with William Stitt, the general passenger agent of the C.P.R. A sudden jolt roused them both, and Mr. Stitt asked: "What time is it, George?" "Just four ten," was Mr. Ham's reply.

Mr. Stitt resumed his interrupted slumbers, but Mr. Ham did not find it so easy to again win the drowsy god. After a wakeful half hour, Mr. Ham leaned from his berth and shook Mr. Stitt.

"Weelum! Weelum! wake up!" he called.

"What's—what's the matter?" asked the half-awakened official.

"Weelum, it was not four ten when I told you it was," said Mr. Ham. "It was four twelve."

"Ye daft loon," said Mr. Stitt, re-appearing into his native idiom in his excitement; "d'ee ye mean te tell me ye roused me just to let me know that?"

"Weelum," was Mr. Ham's impressive answer, "I was taught as a youth that I must never go to sleep with a lie upon my lips, and I dared not slumber until I had confessed my fault."

Fortunately Mr. Stitt's rejoinder was lost in the roar of the train as it crossed a bridge.

Ontario's First Gold.

For the first time in the history of Ontario there was a substantial production of gold in 1912. In 1911 the output had a value of \$42,637; in 1912 of \$1,829,285. The explanation is found, of course, in Porcupine, where the mines came into yield during the year.

The largest output was that of silver, \$17,455,080, an increase of over one and a half million dollars. The output of silver weighed 30,322,805 ounces, which was over a million ounces less than in 1911, but the higher prices brought about the increase money return. Since the opening of the silver mines around Cobalt nine years ago there has been a production of 156,000,000 ounces, with a total value of \$82,000,000. The first year's output, in 1904, amounted to \$111,887.

A Preacher's Epigram.

Rev. E. W. Halpenny, an Ontario Methodist preacher, is credited as the author of an epigram which is now being much quoted by his ministerial brethren. He was preaching in a big city church, noted for its many social and literary organizations, its clubs, classes, societies, and leagues. There was something on for every night in the week—sometimes two or three events on the same night. Mr. Halpenny read the long list of announcements.

A MARVELLOUS MEMORY.

Presbyterian Minister Who Knew the Bible By Heart.

Of the many examples of prodigious memories which have been recorded from time to time, none, perhaps, have been so remarkable as the case of Rev. Thomas Threlkeld, who was a Presbyterian minister at Rochdale for twenty-eight years, and died there in April, 1896, at the age of sixty-seven. Threlkeld's memory first attracted attention when the attention of the Grammar School at Daventry, where he began to make a close study of the Bible. When a passage was recited to him he could immediately give it chapter and verse, and, on the other hand, if a chapter and verse were given he could at once repeat the passage.

Both at Daventry and Warrington, where he went to finish his education, his fellow students delighted in putting his memory to the test, and never once was it known to be at fault.

In later years, says Mr. Frank Hird, in "Lancashire Stories," "Threlkeld was looked upon as a living concordance to the Bible in Rochdale and the neighborhood, and was constantly asked the most puzzling questions by his brother ministers, sometimes actually for information, but generally for mere amusement. He was never known to be wrong."

Threlkeld's powers of memory, however, were not solely concerned with theology. He was also a linguist, and knew nine or ten languages; while dates were a passion with him, no matter how unimportant. His knowledge of historical dates, of chronology, heraldry, and genealogy was encyclopaedic, and one of his favorite amusements was to go through the successions in the Episcopal Sees and trace the pedigrees of families.

In only one direction, continues Mr. Hird, "would this wonderful memory seem to have been of direct service. Threlkeld was one of the managers of a fund for the benefit of the widows of Presbyterian ministers, and consequently was frequently appealed to on circumstances connected with the lives of dead ministers, and such was the opinion of his memory that if the books had been consulted, and had reported differently, the error would have been imputed to the secretary and not to Mr. T.'s memory. This was deemed infallible."

A Genius For Finance.

The appointment of Sir Edgar Vincent to the chairmanship of the commission inquiring into the trade and natural resources of the Empire again places in harness a man who has done valuable work for the Empire.

The Vincent family from time immemorial have rendered service to the state. There was a Thomas Vincent who received a knighthood from Queen Elizabeth, and no less than ten bearers of the name have sat in Parliament. After leaving Eton Sir Edgar Vincent headed the list of candidates in the open competition for an appointment as Student Dragoman at Constantinople. He, however, entered the Coldstream Guards instead. Nevertheless, fate willed that he should drift into a diplomatic career, and he represented British, Belgian and Dutch interests on the Council of the Ottoman Public Department in Constantinople. He was next appointed Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, and in conjunction with Lord Cromer restored financial prosperity to Egypt.

Having overcome the financial difficulties of that country, Sir Edgar returned to Constantinople as Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, and succeeded in placing Sultan Abdul Hamid's Government on a satisfactory financial footing. On his retirement he received a knighthood from Queen Victoria.

Where Plumes Come From.

It may be taken that practically the whole of the ostrich feathers produced by South Africa are sold and handled in London. The importance of the industry is very great; yet the average man-in-the-street, or the woman who wears the feathers, has little or no idea of its magnitude. Ostrichdown has been called the cradle of the ostrich-farming industry, and has risen in a decade to be the wealthiest South African inland farming town, chiefly by reason of its ostriches. It is the country of the plumed ostrich, or rather of "the plucked bird," and everyone talks feathers. The industry was born in its present form only fifty years ago, and in 1862 there were but eighty-two tame birds in South Africa; while only sixteen thousand pounds of feathers were exported in that year, and these came for the most part from wild birds brought down by hunters. The 1911 census showed 746,736 domesticated ostriches in South Africa, and an export of a value of \$11,265,220.

A New Duke.

The Marquis of Hamilton, who is now Duke of Abercorn, following the death of his father, succeeds to great possessions. The late duke held seven-kingdom titles, was a peer in three kingdoms, and a duke of France. His successor inherits most of these honors. The Abercorns have cut a big figure in public life for several generations. The present duke's grandfather was nicknamed "Old Splendid," and he appears as "the duke" in Disraeli's "Lothair." Of the first Marquis of Abercorn it is related that he required his housemaids to wear white gloves when they made his bed.

How His Majesty Dines.

King George's dinner usually consists of a little clear soup, a piece of grilled sole or halibut or mullet, a slice of roast game and an ice. Sometimes, however, His Majesty's dinner is far more restricted. On days when he feels an attack of dyspepsia approaching his dinner often consists of a little soup, milk pudding and a roast apple and cream and an ice.

Then Extinguish Parasite.

Two English physicians are experimenting with a new parasite with which they hope to extinguish the flies of their country in a few years.

If you have no family tree branch out for yourself. Not every man has the face to raise whiskers. Telling the truth accidentally is more or less embarrassing.

OUR INDIAN POETESS.

The Late Pauline Johnson Was a Fascinating Figure.

Pauline Johnson, the well-known Canadian Indian poetess, who died in Vancouver, B.C. recently, left a picturesque and interesting personality. She was a princess of the Mohawk tribe of North American Indians, her native name being Tekahionwake. She was a daughter of an Indian chief and was born near Brantford, Ont., March 1, 1861. Inheriting the love of outdoor life and the beauties of nature from her father's people, she received literary tendencies largely from her mother's family.

Through her English mother, Emily Howells, she was related to the well-known writer, William Dean Howells. There was real romance in the marriage of the Indian chief and the white girl, who visited the Mohawk reserve with her sister, the wife of a Church of England clergyman. The meeting between the handsome young chief and the young girl ended in their falling in love. They were married and the little roughcast house, where Pauline was born, still stands.

The young girl was carefully educated, and early in life began to write verse, but she first came into prominence for information, but generally for mere amusement. He was never known to be wrong."

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Livingstoniana In Canada.

At this time, when the centenary of Livingston's birth has just been celebrated in Canada as well as in other Christian countries, it is interesting to note that relatives of the famous explorer have been for many years residents of Canada. As long ago as 1840, in fact shortly after Dr. Livingstone left for Africa, his eldest brother, John, came to Canada, living practically the balance of his life until his death, ten years ago, in Listowel, Ont. He is survived by Mr. Neil Mackenzie, Livingstone of Weston, Ont.; by Charles Livingstone of Seattle; by Dr. Henry Livingstone of California; and John Livingstone and Mrs. W. J. Scott of Listowel. Neil Mackenzie Livingstone; his son, Dr. Hereward Livingstone, and his daughter, Mrs. Barber, are in possession of a number of interesting mementoes of the famous explorer, including the daguerreotype from which the accompanying portrait was made, and the explorer's copy of "Robinson Crusoe," a significant volume indeed to come into the possession of a youth with a subsequent record as a traveler such as he earned. The volume was printed in 1808 and the inscription on the fly leaf is as follows:

"To David Livingstone this prize book was adjudged as a testimony of diligence and success as a scholar by his mother, Alexander Mackenzie, and given by H. Monteith & Co."

Also very highly prized is a Greek Testament which Mr. Neil Mackenzie Livingstone received from his famous uncle, the price therefor being indicated in the following inscription, still plainly legible:

"To Neil, Janet or David Livingstone, whoever learned to read it first. From their Uncle David, South Africa."

As Old as He Feels.

Sir Richard Scott, who celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday a few days ago, and who has had a seat in the Senate for forty years, is from the point of view of physical activity, the "juvenile" of that august body, which, in the classic diction of E. A. Lanester, M.P., who desires its prompt abolition, "toils not, neither does it spin." They had a debate in the Red Chamber the other day regarding the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and for hours the question as to whether the Law Lords should have the right to sustain or throw out judgments of the Canadian courts was gravely discussed. Sir George Ross, the Opposition leader, had given his views; Senator Bostock likes to hear one, although he has advanced a few theories, when up sprang Sir Richard, and from the weight of his eighty-eight years' experience, declared that Canadian interests were jeopardized by reason of the fact that the "Law Lords were invariably old men."

A Modest Politician.

Robert John McCormick, M.P.P. for West Lambton, is all Irish, and consequently tells a good story and is slightly handicapped by deafness. But this is one on himself which has been floating about the corridors of the Parliament Buildings.

When Robert John was first elected a few years ago and came to Toronto to attend the session of the Legislature, it is said that it was his first appearance in this city. After alighting from the train at Union Station he necessarily passed by a squad of porters who were shouting the names of the hotels for which they worked.

What's the Use?

When R. C. Miller, the famous state prisoner, was being kept in the custody of Capt. Bowie, the deputy sergeant-at-arms, before his removal to Carleton Court jail, the room in which he was confined became the object of much curiosity on the part of the youthful pages of the House.

They gathered about the door and talked in solemn whispers to the uniform policeman who acted as outer guard. One evening just before the six o'clock adjournment, a waiter came down from the Parliamentary restaurant with a tray laden with steaming and appetizing dishes for the "prisoner."

"Go," remarked one of the little pages, "look it them ham and eggs."

"Say," said one of the older boys, "you don't think that there cop is going to let him eat them, do you? What's the use of bein' a cop?"

The world never agrees with the thoughtless chap who tries to swallow it whole. If you are satisfied to take things as they come, you won't get much.

NO KNIGHT THERE.

T. C. Irving's Congratulations Contained an Ominous Note.

When any Canadian is the recipient of honors from His Majesty the King, the newly-decorated personage has to put in about the hardest work of his life for the succeeding three or four weeks. He must grow accustomed to the title, wear the distinction naturally and with becoming modesty, and cultivate a feeling of ease and sang-froid. He must not disport himself like the average youth of the present day making his initial appearance in a silk hat or full dress suit. But that is not all. Sir Thomas, Sir William, or Sir Robert—as the case may be—literally submerge with congratulatory letters and telegrams. No-blesse oblige—all these messages of felicitation must be answered, by the slow and rather painful process of hand-written communications. It would be infra dig to call in an amanuensis and reply in a wholesale or pro forma manner, or to insert a card of thanks in the newspapers like a newly-elected alderman or school trustee.

Congratulations are formal, stiff, familiar, or droll, and come from all quarters of the Dominion and even beyond its borders, and with a few emanate from people whom the recipient has never known. The character of the messages frequently depends on the degree of intimacy that the sender has previously enjoyed with the titled one. It recalls the incident of Sir George Ross, leader of the Liberal party, who was honored a few years ago. A warm personal friend of the former Premier of Ontario is T. C. Irving, manager of Bradstreet's, Toronto. On the occasion when "the list" was announced, Mr. Irving happened to be in the West. Everyone knows—the Liberal faith and doctrine. Accordingly Mr. Irving, who possesses a keen sense of humor and is one of the best raconteurs of good stories, promptly despatched the following: "Sir George Ross, Toronto—Heartly congratulations on the recognition bestowed upon you by our Sovereign, but, remember, the Good Book says 'There is no knight there.'"

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If they do not abundantly prove their merit with you also—if you are not entirely satisfied with them—we will refund your money—no questions asked on your mere say-so. We don't ask you to risk a penny. Isn't that fair?

Just let the bowels fall in properly doing their work—just let their action be delayed and incomplete and the entire system and every other organ suffers. Wastes that should have been expelled remain to poison the system.

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Retall Orderlies promote better spirits and better health. In all of these things they are vastly superior to old-fashioned, harsh salts and other purgatives, which are not only unpleasant to take but which usually leave the bowels in worse condition than before. We particularly recommend Retall Orderlies for children, aged and delicate persons.

Retall Orderlies come in vegetable tin boxes, 12 tablets, 10c; 36 tablets, 25c; 80 tablets, 50c.

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The Retall Store, Ontario

There is a Retall Store in nearly every town and city in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. There is a different Retall Store for nearly every ordinary human ill—each especially designed for the particular ill for which it is recommended.

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There are more than two-and-a-half times as much Tillson's in the 25-cent package as in the 10-cent package. Besides, the larger package contains a little present for you in the shape of a porcelain dish from England. Sometimes it's a cup and saucer. Then again it's a porridge bowl. And another time it's a tea plate or fruit saucer. There is always one or another of these dishes in every 25-cent package, in addition to a big 25-cents' worth of the cleanest, tastiest, most nourishing rolled oats that can be produced.

Tillson's Oats Rolled Thinnest—Cook Quickest (15 minutes)

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