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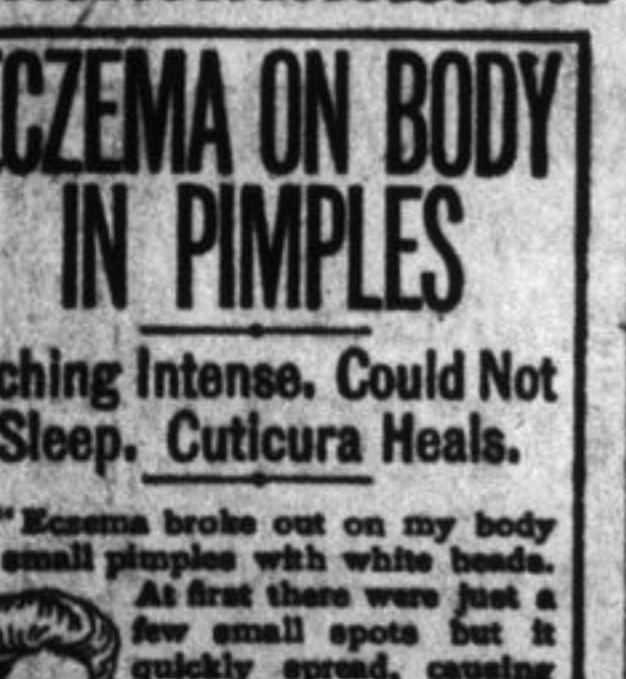
Everybody Praises

BEECHAM'S PILLS



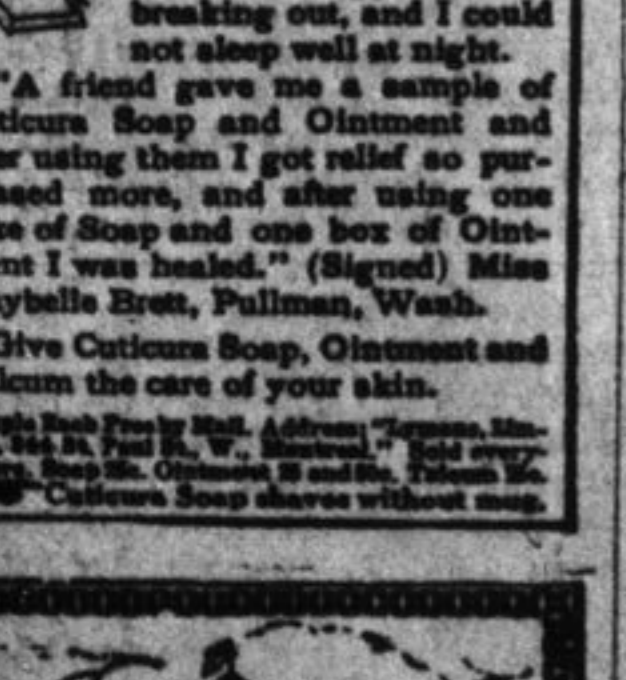
BEECHAM'S PILLS

MONUMENTS



MONUMENTS

GRAY'S SYRUP



GRAY'S SYRUP

ECZEMA ON BODY IN PIMPLES



ECZEMA ON BODY IN PIMPLES

Prince George Hotel



Prince George Hotel

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY

By J. L. PAYNE

Early Newspaper Days and Men—Sir James Edgar's Trained Political Choir—The Private Secretary, His Duties, Painful and Otherwise—Civil Service and Patronage.

ARTICLE II.

It is an old and familiar saying that no man is a hero to his valet, the assumption being that the latter sees him too often in his bad moments. If that be true, it ought to follow that a private secretary has equally good opportunities for the discovery of anything in the nature of a dual personality in his chief. I want to say at once that Sir John Carling—who was, I should explain, until 1893 plain Hon. Mr. Carling—impressed me as a gentleman when I first met him, and he remained so in my eyes to the end of my long relations with him.

He was the gentlest man I ever knew, and one of the most considerate. If anything makes a man a gentleman, that does. He was physically a big man, with urbanity radiating from every curve of the rather handsome and clean-shaven face. Among his friends he was known as "Honest John Carling," and well-deserved the flattering sobriquet. He was pure gold in that regard. I am rather disposed to enlarge upon his social virtues, because simple candor will prevent my ranking him in other respects with some of the brilliant and brainy men who will march in these sketches.

He was Postmaster General when I joined him in 1886, and I am not only confident that he was misplaced, but that he felt himself to be. The Post Office Department admits of little in the way of initiative, or of big undertakings. Sir John was of that type of men who are natural-born contractors, and, as I have observed, such men are usually of exceptional physique. They are at home with large plans and large enterprises. In the Ontario Government he had been Minister of Public Works from 1867 to 1871, and had carried out the opening up of Muskoka and a huge drainage scheme in the County of Essex. In private life he was at the head of what was at one time the largest brewing organization in Canada, and in his heart he loved the things that were big. Yet he was a shy man, not in the slightest degree assertive, and fond of approbation. In the course of two or three months after I went to Ottawa he was transferred to the Department of Agriculture, made vacant by the translation of Hon. John Henry Pope to the Department of Railways, and Canals. Here Sir John was at home. In the literal sense he found a field to his liking, and toward the end of 1885 he was busily planning that vast system of experimental farms which has done so much for the husbandmen of Canada. In that system Sir John Carling has an enduring and a merited monument; since there is not the slightest doubt that he is both conceived and developed the thing as we have it today.

Loved Seeing Things Grow.

Sir John Carling loved to see things grow. That implies patience. He could plan a thing, or plant a thing, and wait without a murmur for ten or twenty years to see it come into full being or fruition. Many an afternoon Sir John took me out to what is now the Central Experimental Farm to watch the stumps being blown up by dynamite. It was generally so arranged that from twenty to fifty were held back so that he could see them go skyward. It was a rough place when I went to Ottawa in the spring of 1886. It is now one of the most beautiful gardens in the world.

In Parliament Sir John seldom took any part in the debates. He was not a good speaker; yet outside of the House he loved to make speeches. He was fond of statistics, and yet strange to say, had no gift whatever for the handling of figures. While Minister of Agriculture, he laid the foundation of what is now the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. He had no trouble whatever in getting his estimates through Parliament, because of his abounding popularity among all the members. He never said a harsh thing in his life, and therefore had no enemies.

He was a partisan. Men of outspoken catholicity find no places in party Cabinets. But he would as soon do a favor for an opponent as for a Conservative. As I look back, there was little of what could be called rank partisanship in departmental administration at Ottawa. What I saw was every minister anxious to do something that would be creditable to himself as the head of a department of Government. On the whole, I formed a very bad impression of the game of politics; but that impression grew very largely out of my experience in elections, rather than out of anything I saw behind the scenes of official life.

Had Two Songs.

I frequently heard him sing at public dinners or in drawing rooms; for he had a sweet tenor voice. But he was as selective in his songs as he was in his reading, and had but two—"The Red White and Blue" and "Pulling Hard Against the Stream." The chorus of the latter ran like this:

"Then do you best for one another, Making life a pleasant dream; Help a worn and weary brother Pulling hard against the stream."

I do not remember to have ever heard him sing that song without his explaining that he liked it for its sentiment. That sentiment was his religion. He was a Methodist, in denominational classification; but really never did much at it. To help a worn and

Brewer, But Abstainer.

Although he would have been a distinguished figure in any drawing room, and was by every instinct a courtier, Sir John cared nothing for society. He liked to give an occasional dinner party, and enjoyed a not-too-frequent dinner at other people's tables; but that was because he was naturally sociable. To the dinner itself he was indifferent. For one thing, he did not drink wines or spirits; and, although he had all his life been in the brewing business, he never drank beer. It did not agree with him. His notion of an enjoyable evening was to have a few congenial friends at his home, or to chat with some man who had done things in a big way.

He was a great reader; but the most specific I ever knew. For magazines or books he had no taste whatever. His Bible was the London Times, and few men I have met were as complete masters of British politics. He had about five or eight of the leading Canadian dailies on his library table every evening, and read them with regularity.

CHRISTMAS



A Merry Christmas Careful and Carefree

weary brother was the sum of his practical Christianity, and, speaking for myself, I always felt he was not far from the kingdom.

Sir John Carling was not only a truly great Minister of Agriculture, but he was born of Yorkshire stock on a farm in London Township in 1828 and later became the owner of a large farm on the outskirts of the city of London. He loved the outdoors and the soil and the things that grew in it. As London expanded there came a time when the city was selected as the location for a military school. The Government had a block of ordnance land in the heart of the residential district on which it was proposed to set up this school, but that would not be popular nor quite suitable. So the city of London bought half of the Carling farm and took in exchange the ordnance land. Everybody was satisfied.

All but Hon. Edward Blake. When Parliament met in the following January he had something in that satirical language of which he was a master; to say about the transaction, "I understand," he said, "that since the last meeting of this House a somewhat peculiar deal in land has taken place between the city of London and the Government whereby the Minister of Agriculture has parted with his farm for a big price. It is true the Minister did not himself figure in the matter; but I am quite prepared to believe that he was the man (tapping his pocket) nevertheless reached the right spot."

Sir John Macdonald, in reply, said: "The honorable leader of the Opposition intimates that the Minister of Agriculture has parted with his farm. I know nothing about the matter; but he is probably correctly informed. He implies, however, that the Minister of Agriculture received a big price for his farm. I do not know whether he did or not; but I hope he did—I sincerely hope he did. But (turning and pointing to his colleague) does any one in this House for a moment believe there was anything crooked in anything Hon. John Carling had to do with?" That ended the matter. What Blake had tried to magnify into a scandal was never heard of again—I recount this incident because it fairly reveals old Sir John in a characteristic light. He did not attempt to quibble or debate the point as to whether or not his Minister of Agriculture had received a big figure for his farm; but he showed his human side in that frank "But I hope he did." That was one reason why Sir John Macdonald commanded such devotion and loyalty from those who were associated with him.

Sir John Carling was knighted in 1893 and at the same time gave up his portfolio and retired to the Senate. He had for the second time in his life suffered defeat, though by a narrow majority, this time at the hands of Mr. C. S. Hyman, who afterwards became Minister of Public Works in the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, succeeding Hon. James Sutherland. I am confident from what he told me that he would have preferred to remain in office and forego the title; but he knew all soldierly exigencies and was a good soldier. Although he came every session to Ottawa, I say but little afterwards of my gentle and lovable old chief. He lived to be 84, although his declining days saw him considerably disabled by a fall he had in his bath. He has sat, with but a single break in the Legislature of Ontario or the House of Commons for thirty-six years.

He spent a long and useful life in

rather a small, though important, circle. He was not a traveler, and therefore had seen nothing of the big world about which he read. He was, nevertheless, a well-informed man of an intensely practical type who attacked his problems methodically and brought to bear on them a sound judgment. He had his oddities; but he also had his sweet and rare virtues. He was the first Minister I served and it is a delight now, as events and men are given truer perspective, to pay to his memory the homage of a warm place in my heart. Politics would be cleaner and freer from rancor if we had more public men like the late Sir John Carling. He was my political Saint John.

(To Be Continued.)

THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS

Almost Always Due to Weak and Impoverished Blood.

Apart from accident or illness due to infection, almost all ill-health arises from one or two reasons. The mistake that people make is in not realizing that both of these have the same cause at the root, namely poor blood. Either bloodlessness or some other trouble of the nerves will be found to be the reason for almost every ailment. If you are pale, suffering from headaches, or breathlessness, with palpitation of the heart, poor appetite and weak digestion, the cause is almost always poor blood. If you have nervous headaches, neuralgia, sciatica and other nerve pains, the cause is exhausted nerves. But run down nerves are also a result of poor blood, so that the two chief causes of illness are one and the same.

If your health is poor; if you are pale, nervous or dyspeptic, you should give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills act directly on the blood, and by enriching it give new strength to worn out nerves. Men and women alike greatly benefit through the use of this medicine. If you are weak or ailing, give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and you will be pleased with the beneficial results that will speedily follow.

If your dealer does not keep these pills you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

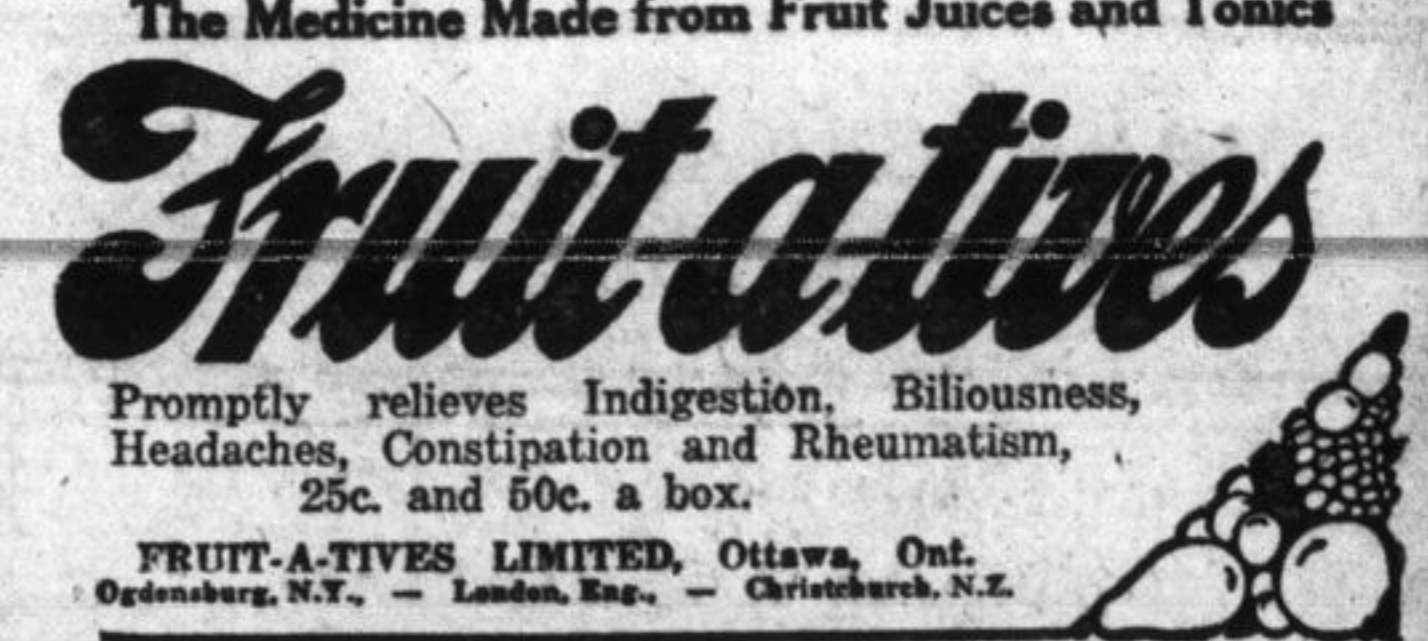
Severe Kidney Trouble

Mrs. F. Rimhart, Campbellville, Ont., writes:

"I had trouble with my kidneys and very frequent urination. This was followed by pains which at times were very severe. The doctor said I had inflammation of the bladder and that an operation might be necessary. To this I refused, and began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. From the first few doses I felt the benefit. The pains left, urination was corrected, and I have had no recurrence of these ailments."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

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Do Trifles Annoy and Upset You? Do You Have Frequent Headaches? Do You Quarrel With Those You Love? Do You Jump When the Door Slams?

Well Known Hospital Physician Says These Are Some of the Danger Signals of Exhausted Nerve Force—What To Do

One of the most terrible of all human ailments is exhausted nerve force. It weakens all the vital organs of the body and as a result all kinds of alarming symptoms may appear. Some people get nervous indigestion, pains over the eyes, in the heart, and across the small of the back; in others the first symptoms are mental instead of physical—sleeplessness, worry over trifles, or inability to concentrate on your work.

The nervous mother is upset by her children, squabbles with her husband, has frequent fits of the "blues" and bursts into tears over the smallest troubles. In such cases it is worse than useless to waste time taking stimulating medicines or narcotic drugs; the starving nerve cells must have nerve food which is supplied by the blood. Any physician will tell you that if the blood supply were cut off from any nerve in your body that the nerve would die.

If you have any of the symptoms of nerve force exhaustion, you should at once take steps to enrich your blood. This can be quickly and most effectively accomplished by the free use of Nuxated Iron, which not only increases the activity of the blood making organs, but feeds true red blood food directly to the blood itself and thereby helps to create millions of new red blood cells.

The discovery of organic iron as contained in Nuxated Iron is one of the most valuable red blood making scientific discoveries since the creation of modern medical science, and its effect in helping to create new nerve force and revitalize worn-out, exhausted nerve cells is sometimes most amazing.

Try Nuxated Iron for two weeks and if at the end of that time you have not obtained all and even greater benefits than you expect, the manufacturers will promptly refund your money.

**NUXATED IRON** INCREASES THE NERVE FORCE AND GIVES NEW STRENGTH AND ENERGY

hails to students in 1346. The Black Prince was among its alumni. Henry V., Cardinal Beaufort, Adelson, Wycherly and scores of others whose names are deeply etched in the tablets of history attended the old institution.

At Queen's the procession of the bear's head forms in the buttery. A soloist, who usually is a former student of the college, heads the line. Behind him march two or three broad shouldered youths who bear the bear's head, mounted on a silver salver. In the old days the head weighed as much as eighty pounds. Flags and pennants of the college flutter about the head, which is crowned with gilded sprays of rosemary, bay, laurel and other evergreens. A lemon or an orange, the old Norse symbol of plenty, is placed between the tusks.

Behind the bearers of the salver march the surpliced men and boys of the choir and the organist in a robe of an Oxford doctor of music.

On a dais at the end of the dining hall the provost and the principal guests stand. The provost says grace in Latin; the call to dinner is sounded with trumpets through the cloisters, and the procession starts through the cloisters.

The soloist sings:

The bear's head bear I Bedecked with bays and rosemary, And I pray you, my masters, be merry.

To this the choir responds with the Latin words of an ancient Christmas carol:

Quot estis in convivio, Caput aprī deferō, Reddētis laudes Domino.

Home-made Ale.

By the time they have finished the carol the procession will have arrived at the dais. Then the salver is placed upon a high table prepared for this purpose. The provost removes the flags. The same flags are used year after year. To the guests who stand beside him on the dais he gives sprigs of the gilded evergreens. Those which remain he throws to the centre of the hall to be scrambled for by the guests of lesser importance.

The ceremonial then is over and dinner is served. There are special sauces and the food is served in heavy silver plate. Home-made ale and a brew of great potency peculiar to the college called "Queen's own special brew" are served in valuable gold tankards.

The procession in mediaeval times was headed by trumpeters, musicians and huntsmen bearing spears. They would precede the master cook and pages, carrying mustard jars and the bear's head.

As early as 1170, according to Hol-

ESKIMOS' CHRISTMAS

Somebody has said that when the world was being made the Creator gathered up all the waste material he had left over and made Labrador out of it. Some people say the Creator never intended it to be inhabited. But inhabited it is with a sturdy taciturn band of Eskimos, who, thanks to the Moravian missionaries who have penetrated to their own peculiar way.

As service time in the church draws near all the inhabitants, old and young, the men on one side and the women on the other, are waiting in eager expectation. It is quite dark by four o'clock and the bell rings. All come trooping in clad in the best clothes they can muster.

No one stays at home from these services unless he is sick or lame, and whenever it is possible sleighs are used to bring these disabled one to church.

For the little children the happiest part of the service comes later, when each child receives a lighted candle symbolizing the light of the world. Each candle stands in a white turnip which serves as a candlestick. Most of the candles are made from deer tallow which the Eskimos bring to the missionaries. After the services the children eat not only the turnip, but what is left of the candle as well.

One year only about ten persons, mostly men, could come from the nearest island. The ice had been driven together, and rather than miss the Christmas service, they had risked their lives in crossing over on that moving, heaving, broken ice to the mainland. They had to climb the mountains and walk through the deep snow until they reached the mission station; after twenty-three hours of danger and a fearfully exhausting march through the snow.

How happy they were to be in time to celebrate the Christmas festival in the house of their God! About six days later, when the ice had formed, all the rest of the people came, but oh, so sad and downhearted. Like little children they told the missionaries their tale of sorrow. They described how sad they all had been when they found that it would be impossible to come to the mission for the Christmas service.

There is no policy like politeness, since a good manner often succeeds where the best tongue has failed. A little said and truly said

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