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Correct Winter Driving preparations when "Maple Leaf" denatured Alcohol is used, are as follows:

- Empty and flush the radiator and cooling system and see that there are no leaks.
- Do not run car with radiator cover or cardboard in front.
- Tighten or renew the hose connections.
- Allow a free flow of air to the fan at all times.
- Tighten the gaskets.
- Then with Maple Leaf Brand denatured Alcohol in your radiator—your car is completely protected.
- Put fan and belt in good order and renew belt if necessary.



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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 IV.

Sir Charles Tupper, Baronet, succeeded to the Premiership of Canada after peace had been patched up between the two divisions of the Bowell Cabinet. He was then in his seventy-sixth year, if I remember correctly; but still vigorous and in possession of that fighting spirit which had made him known as the "War Horse of Cumberland."

He had other pseudonyms, all denoting the warrior. He had, of course, changed somewhat since I first saw him in 1877. He then had a heavy head of black hair, an erect figure, and a marvellous voice. He was now gray, somewhat bent, and less resolute of voice. He still had a rather distinguished presence, and, once he had warmed up to his subject, could speak with some show of ardor.

If he felt that he had a hard task ahead of him to save the Conservative party, he did not reveal a trace of it in his bearing toward those who looked at him. Instead, he radiated confidence. Indeed, if one were to sum up in a single word his attitude toward the contest into which he had been so summarily plunged, it would be that word "confidence." Some might have thought "defiance" a more fitting; for there was something of that too in the gladiator who unsheathed his sword for the battle of 1896. His bitterest enemy never doubted his courage.

Yet he was a great diplomat, too. I can say that much in all sincerity from what I saw of him during that important political struggle. He knew when to cajole and when to coerce, and he was a master of both methods. To me it seemed that he was guided by instinct, as well as by long training, in his handling of men. He could flatter, and he could flay. I remember that Sir Mackenzie Bowell, who had no particular love for Sir Charles, told me that the trouble would not have happened if Sir Charles had been on this side of the Atlantic at the time. Sir Mackenzie bore testimony quite frankly to the genius of his successor in straightening out an ugly situation.

Cool in Defeat.

Sir Charles Tupper's tenure at the head of Government was short. It began on 1st May and ended July 14th. The defeat of his ministry and party took place on 25th June. He was a great man to me on that fateful night. A special wire had been put into his room in the East Block, and returns began to come in early. He had been out to dinner, and did not put in an appearance until about nine o'clock. By that time the news of the defeat of Hon. Arthur Dickey, in Cumberland, Nova Scotia, had been sent in. Mrs. Dickey had unfortunately at that moment dropped in to hear the news in general. Sir Charles, not wishing to have her distressed, gave her some reassurance, called a cab and took her home.

He did not return until ten, and then learned from me how many Liberals had been elected. "Never mind numbers," he said; "make up for me the gains and losses." While waiting for this to be done, he wrote a letter to Lady Tupper. He had some muscular trouble, which prevented him to write only with painful slowness; yet he never once concerned himself about the election returns until he had finished his letter. That would be a little after eleven.

"Have you made up the gains and losses, Mr. Payne," he asked. I told him there had been 36 Liberal gains and 4 Conservative. Sir Charles did not utter a syllable when I gave him those ominous figures. Instead, he folded his letter, placed it in an envelope, sealed it, and then, with a terrible scratching of his pen, wrote the address.

"Mr. Payne, that means defeat!" "I am afraid it does, Sir," I answered, and held my breath, awaiting the outburst that I was certain would follow. I expected he would denounce in scathing language those who had up to the very day of the election given him such positive assurances of victory; that he would at least reproach himself for the folly of having undertaken the battle of a foreign cause and disintegrated party. Instead, this is what he said:

"Yes, it means defeat. And that is the very best thing that could happen—best for the country, and best for the Conservative party; for the government of this country by the Conservative party has become impossible."

Then, picking up his hat and gloves, he quietly bade me good night and went to his home. Neither then nor afterwards, during the two weeks and more which intervened between the election and the resignation of the Government, did I hear him utter a word of reproach against any one. I thought I knew him. I didn't. He was a bigger man than I had believed him to be. He has risen superior to adversity and the ordinary man could do that. Sir Charles Tupper was really a big man. He had some of the qualities of genuine statesmanship. He had made a great name for himself in his native Province of Nova Scotia before entering the Federal arena. He was one of the notable fathers of Confederation. I should not be disposed to classify him as an eloquent speaker; but he was a very effective speaker. He was at his best when he was strenuously opposed, and certainly revealed in a hard battle. He was essentially a fighter. It would be misleading, however, to speak of him as a bulldog. Nobody ever so referred to him. He was more like the lion—dignified, proud, and a marvellous voice. Few names have been written more conspicuously in the history of the Dominion.

the unregenerate Grid present began to smack their lips and suggest that it be passed around. "Just a little barley water, gentlemen, for my over-taxed throat," Sir Charles explained. But that was unconvincing, and finally, to my horror, I was called to the front and asked to solemnly certify to the entirely innocuous and non-stimulating character of the medicine. That really made matters worse, and one lost word went, "Your barkeeper's word won't go."

As a matter of fact, Sir Charles was a strict abstainer. If he was tired, he took a bowl of soup. He was, no doubt, during that long campaign, with intense heat while in Ontario, frequently wearied; yet his recuperative powers were wonderful. His fighting spirit sustained him. And on one occasion I thought we were going to have that spirit put to the supreme test. I was at Port Hood, among the Gaelic-speaking men of Inverness County. Dr. A. W. McLennan, the Liberal Candidate, turned up at the meeting and claimed the right to reply to Sir Charles. Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper was to follow his father, and was on his feet when Hibbert explained that the plans for a joint meeting had fallen through, and that if Dr. McLennan wanted to speak he could have the hall. There was much wrangling, and loud calling for Dr. McLennan, in the midst of which Sir Charles Hibbert pleaded with the Doctor to "call off your dogs of war." The Doctor, who had been timidly edging his way forward, saw his chance, turned about and shouted: "Men of Inverness, he calls you dogs." Then he broke out. A score or more of fierce-looking men came swarming through the door, and in a body pushed McLennan to the foot of the platform. If a blow had been struck, I never doubted that the place would have been turned into a butcher's shop, for that section of Nova Scotia has a bad name for its sanguinary acts. The worst that happened, however, was that the meeting was taken completely out of the hands of the Conservatives and their eminent speakers were compelled to retire.

Secretary a Buffer.

I dreaded the meetings, because of my relations to Sir Charles as a buffer for whatever happened of an adverse nature. Like being kicked down stairs, it was possible to get used to it; but impossible to grow fond of it. For example, if a member or candidate called after the meeting and expressed regret that some particular point had not been touched upon—usually some vote he had given or something of a local character—Sir Charles instantly rang for me. "Were you at the meeting tonight," he would demand to know; and no matter whether I answered in the negative or the affirmative, I got the blame. "You see, Sir Charles would explain, 'my secretary, on whom I must necessarily depend, shirked his duty and was not at the meeting;' or 'You hear my secretary stand before me and confess in your presence that he was not at the meeting and therefore could not slip me a reminder.'" And I would be dismissed as the real culprit.

There was nothing petty about Sir Charles. He liked big ideas big undertakings and big points of view. He much preferred to talk in terms of millions than in thousands, and this led to reproach of being an exaggerator. He was guilty; but without the slightest intention of deceiving. He had the weakness of Gulliver. He loved the Broddnagians. I could tell many amusing stories of his disposition to pant with a bold brush; but I refrain, for the simple reason that I myself would be guilty of exaggeration. It would mean the isolation of a single feature in a composition, and hide his real proportions. I naturally saw him in his bad spells; yet he remains very vividly in my mind as a big and courageous man, patriotic to a fault, and the dreamer of bright dreams. He was a leader and a commanding personality.

The Chair Interrupts.

It has been said that Sir Charles Tupper was an abstainer, and I know he abhorred drinking. On one occasion, I will not say where, three men came aboard our official car and travelled for two hours or more with us. They retired into one of the cars for the purpose of a conference, and left the car to go directly to the meeting which Sir Charles was to address that night. I saw nothing of them again to this day; but I shall long remember one of them. When the meeting was over and there had been hurrahs and farewells outside the car, I asked my chief how he had fared.

"It was a most magnificent meeting," he declared, with his usual fondness for glowing superlatives; but I had the most astounding experience of my long and eventful career in politics. You know Mr. M., who was on our car this evening and went with me arm-in-arm to the Town Hall. He was elected chairman. He opened the meeting with a short and modest address and called on me. I had been speaking about ten minutes, when he interrupted me with what I regarded as a totally irrelevant question. I promised to reply later, and proceeding, had just reached a most important part of my speech when he broke in again. If I understood him, he wanted to know who had sworn some one by the name of Billy Patterson. As I had never heard anything about the affair to which he

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plugged, I finally asked him to be good enough to permit me to give to the electors before me the exceedingly important information I was on the point of disclosing. But he persisted, came to the front of the platform, and started to make a speech. I then saw that he was violently intoxicated. The meeting was stopped for several minutes while five strong men removed the chairman from the hall, struggling and shrieking like a madman. Where and how did he get the liquor to reach that alarming state of frenzy? He certainly did not get it on my car."

Sir Charles Tupper has long since passed to his reward, and he died without unravelling the mystery of where and how Mr. M. got his stimulant. I can now tell. These three men had retired to a room in the car after coming aboard. When they had gone, the porter showed to me four empty bottles which had been full of potent Scotch whiskey, and sixteen other bottles which had contained impotent Apollinaris. I afterwards learned that one of them accounted for two of the empty liquor bottles. He was the chairman

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