

ETHEL

Progress of the Times

PROBS:—Tuesday' northerly winds, fair and quite cool.



Knowles' Recollections of Sir John A. Macdonald

(Rev. R. E. Knowles in The Toronto Star.)

At Queen's College in the early spring of 1887 I did my first cheering for a political candidate. Here, for the first time, my eyes rested on the face of Sir John A. Macdonald. He was running for Kingston, and his adversary was one Alexander Gunn. I well remember how in the dance throng around the city hall I brushed right against Sir John's fur coat and looked into his gray face. I felt, distinctly, for one full moment the flavor of greatness as I have felt the breath of some mountain berg borne through the mists of Belle Isle. Then we crowded into the hall.

I heard the old leader speak and thought then, as I still think, that he was the most effective, though not the most eloquent, political pleader I ever heard in Canada. I still recall in literal verbal detail a period from his lips that wrapped his audience in flame. "I do not call in question," he said, "either the ability or the patriotism of the distinguished gentleman who is the choice of a great party for the premiership of this land (this was Edward Blake), but I tremble for the future of Canada when I contemplate the possibility of this great enterprise (the then newly completed C. P. R.) being entrusted to his unsympathetic, if not hostile, hands. As for me, it matters not. I am an old man, near the verge of my natural, much nearer the verge of my political life. I will get my bite and my sup and go down to my rest in peace—but (the mobile face glowed with an expression, the tall form straightening back with an intensity that would have done credit to Henry Irving)—but I speak as a Canadian, and . . . the rest lost in a whirlwind of cheers that rolled around and around the

hall, the old wizard standing with head again lowered, as of one ready to be offered, after having fought a good fight, and finished the course and kept the faith, by the great "henceforth" beguiled.

I still see him as he at length looked out, in a stealthy horizontal way, head still unlifted, form once more bended; the expression was one of the most humbly pious and resigned that I have ever seen. And I distinctly remember this, too—most difficult to describe—how he moistened his lips with his tongue, and slowly went through that motion once or twice, with his jaws, that is colloquially described as "licking his chops," the same martyr-like look, so stolid yet so eloquent, appealing to his audience all the while.

My distinct recollection is that, although then and always his ardent supporter, I felt that I was witnessing a bit of superb play-acting, to which impression, I think, the heroic reference to "my bite and my sup" made the largest contribution. I seemed to see the aged statesman perched upon some placid mound, bathed in the light of the evening sun—and I could all but hear him say: "I take my little porringer, and eat my supper there." It was all quite rich; and like his famous birth and death avowal in Toronto four years later, it turned the trick. My companion that night was a student, now known throughout the land, who went there a flaming Grit; he came away a ruthless Tory, nor has since relapsed to his darksome estate of yore.

Next came the "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die" election of 1891. It was his last triumph, so far at least as we know about. The night of election, he stayed at the house of the always honorable, but the now Honorable W. F. Nickle—at his parental home, that is to say, Nickle, who commits this page to memory every night, will recall what Echlin, fellow-student of us both, has often told me, he having dropped in next morning at the Nickle home—of how Sir John, appraising the still incomplete returns, observed: "Majorities, in politics, are a good deal like what the squaw said about the whiskey, 'When you have a little too much, then that's just enough.'" It would have been interesting to have had a twin picture of the old master, one of his sanctity and devoted head in the city hall that March night in 1887, the other that human twinkle, that foxy sidelong glance, on the post-election morning of 1891.

Robbed of \$19 last winter, a Cincinnati man receives \$5 and note from robber that he will pay back balance as he gets it.

Flapper Fanny says

The stone-age man had his wife at his feet. The modern man has his wife at his heels.

THE ORANGEMEN OF PORTSMOUTH PARADE

Heard a Splendid Sermon by Rev. Mr. Smart on Sunday Evening.

With the Kingston life and drum band leading, L.O.L. No. 481 of Portsmouth and the Loyal True Blues paraded to St. John's church, Portsmouth, Sunday evening. The band was playing "Onward Christian Soldiers," as the procession arrived at the church and they marched in fine order. A large number of visiting Orangemen were present, and the church was filled to capacity.

Rev. A. E. U. Smart, the rector, was the preacher, and took for his text, Judges 6: 12, "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him, and said unto him, The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour." The speaker said that the principles of Gideon were applicable to the man of today. "When you are called upon to do something that demands great power," he said, "and you, like Gideon, believe you are not fitted for the position, do not turn it down. If you, in your weakness, realize that God depends on you for great things, depend on God to give you strength to do these things."

The preacher reminded the congregation that many of the greatest works of God had been done through the leadership of one who did not think he had the power, but had submitted himself to the Lord. He said that the qualifications for the Orangemen were very high and that if men lived up to them they would be living up to the principles of God. During the offering, Mr. Thomas, tenor soloist, sang well.

The parade formed up, after the services and marched back to the Orange Hall on King street, where they broke up. They marched today in Belleville in the big Orange walk.

NEWS OFF THE WIRES IN CONDENSED FORM

Ten conventions are announced by Liberal executives.

Seven were drowned in Ontario over the week-end.

Bobby Jones won the U.S. open golf titles at Columbus, Ohio.

Norman App. Sunbury, Pa., died as result of being gored by a bull.

Hon. Edmund Bristol, M.P., Toronto East Centre, will not seek re-election.

A game cock's stab in the hand resulted in death of a Peoria, Ill., man.

Daniel, Grimm, aged forty-two, father of twelve children in York, Pa., drank poison and died.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kull, negro, according to Bible records 123 years old, is dead in Gettysburg, Pa.

Playing with his pet dog a Chicago man tripped over dog, suffered internal injuries and died.

Episcopalians of the United States are organizing to win 100,000 new members in 1927.

It is rumored that J. H. Fortier, Quebec, is to be Minister of Public Works in the Meighen Government.

Four men were killed and a fifth fatally injured when an electric car collided with their auto at Altoona, Pa.

Rev. Mother Angela, oldest member of the Carmelite Order in United States is dead at Roxbury, Mass., aged eighty-five.

The London Daily Express says the Imperial Conference will most certainly be postponed on account of the Canadian political situation. Devotion to duty was last thought as Gateman Samuel Busby lowered gates to guard pedestrians at Langhorne, Pa., when he suffered fatal heart attack.

Summer campers in the region east of Redding, Calif., have been routed by a snow and sleet storm. An inch of snow remained on the ground after the storm.

SEA CADETS' CAMP

A church parade was held by the Kingston Sea Cadet Corps on Sunday morning in the pavilion at Brophy's Point. Rev. J. de Pencier Wright, of the city, delivered a very instructive address to the boys, Mr. R. R. Harvey, presided at the piano during the singing. Visitors at the camp during the day were: General, Mrs. and Miss Elmley, Hugh Ouler of Toronto, Capt. and Mrs. S. A. Lee, Hugh Ryan, Miss Frances Murray, Miss Marjorie Harvey, Miss Mitchell, Mr. Charles Harvey, Mr. P. H. Hall. The visitors were entertained at tea by the commandant of the camp, Capt. McDonald. The weather was fine and the boys had the camp looking its very best, and many of the visitors commented on its very fine appearance. A strong breeze and a heavy sea sprung up during the afternoon, making a rather rough trip across for the visitors but they all arrived back at the Yacht Club dock safely, having greatly enjoyed the day, and the trip over and back in Capt. McDonald's motor-boat.

The commandant reported to the British Whig this morning that the health of the camp was excellent and that the boys were having a real good time, in spite of the hard work given them by the instructor, Lieut. Joyce. An inspection is to be held Wednesday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, when eight medals will be presented for shooting.

BLAZERS



Bathrobes on the bathing beach are passe now, says pretty Marie Prevost, movie star—the blazer is the thing. She demonstrates the new mode above.

Following an argument with his wife, Carl Petzel, cut his throat and jumped to death from third storey window in Philadelphia.

Crossed wires in a burning auto aroused sleeping owner at Norristown, Pa.

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