

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF HON. GEORGE BLACK, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

(Montreal Standard)

Hon. George Black, M.P. for the Yukon, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, and first Commoner of the Dominion of Canada, recently returned to Ottawa from the Yukon to co-operate in the arrangement for the opening of Parliament on January 25.

Few sons of the Maritimes have gone further afield to win their honors than he, as he has always had the wanderlust in his blood.

U. E. Loyalist Stock

He comes of sturdy United Empire Loyalist stock who trekked across the border in 1783 into New Brunswick to find a new home under the British flag, and whose descendants for 100 odd years, have made their habitat in that pleasant land swept by the tides of the Atlantic.

He was born in Woodstock, N.B., on April 10, 1873.

Educated in the public schools of New Brunswick, he studied law at Fredericton, N.B., and was admitted to the Bar of New Brunswick in 1896.

For two years he practiced his profession at Fredericton.

Left East in 1899 for Yukon

But the wanderlust had already seized upon him.

He disregarded the lure of Central Canada, and the promise of the Middle West and crossed the perilous pass to the latest Eldorado.

Called to the Bar of the Yukon in 1899 he practiced law there, and engaged

in mining until 1910.

He was called to the Bar of Alberta in 1906, and to the Bar of British Columbia in 1909.

Outstanding Man

He was always a great advocate for the Yukon territory and was ready to argue at any hour of the day or night that, while other sections of the Dominion might possess some advantages, for real comfort, pleasure, romance and richness, the Yukon had them all beaten 100 miles.

Before he was 30 years of age, he had built up a good practice at Dawson City. He was elected three times as member of the Yukon Council, from 1905 until 1911.

He made such an impression that he was appointed Commissioner of the Yukon territory, which office he held from 1912 to 1916.

Splendid War Record

While holding this important office the Great War broke out and George Black was one of the first to offer his services to the Motherland.

He recruited and went overseas in 1916 in command of the Yukon Infantry Company, afterwards a Machine Gun Company.

On the formation in France of the 2nd Canadian Motor Machine Gun Brigade, he was given command of a battery of Yukoners in the Brigade.

Wounded at Amiens

He saw plenty of fighting in France and Flanders; was wounded at Amiens

and, on recovery, returned to his unit, which was demobilized in July 1919.

He held some very definite ideas as to what should be coming to the returned men and sought an opportunity to express his views on this subject, and on the claims of the Yukon in the Federal House.

After the war he took up his residence in Vancouver, B.C., and was a Conservative candidate in the elections of British Columbia in 1920.

In 1921 he was elected to represent the Yukon Territories in the House of Commons at Ottawa, and was re-elected for the same constituency in October 1925; September 1926 and July 1930.

Elected Speaker

At the first session of the Conservative Parliament on its ascension to power in 1930 Captain Black was elected Speaker of the House of Commons.

In and out of the House he is a man with a distinct personality and one who represents the very essence of that virile Canadianism which never counts the cost when courage and high principles seek a worthwhile objective.

Hobbies are Shooting and Fishing

Naturally the Captain is a man who likes the out-of-doors and the big wide spaces and his principal hobbies are shooting and fishing.

The York Municipal Councillors were handed many bouquets at the Warden's supper on the freedom of the county of bonded indebtedness. Since that it has been decided to issue bonds for \$100,000.

Another treaty the world needs is one providing that the next war shall be a Dutch treat.

PROF. SAYS FEW OF US UNDERSTAND VALUE OF MONEY

(Philadelphia Bulletin)

In regard to the statement of Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, that very few people in the world understand the meaning of the word money, I will say that this is one of my own little faults but that it never has interfered with my enjoyment of such money as I have been able to acquire.

I find my primitive understanding of money satisfactory up to this time, but a real scientific a very pretty illusion and ruin my enjoyment of one of the few genuine pleasures of life.

Up to now, a ten-dollar bill has a very pleasant and definite meaning to me which might be changed to something depressing if I were taught to look upon the ten-dollar bill as a mere token. I think I have been reminded from time to time in my effort to read various explanations in a nutshell of the subject of inflation and credit, that the ten-dollar bill of itself is no more than a scrap of paper which would be worthless except for certain factors behind it such as credit, and ear-loadings and the unfilled tonnage of the U.S. Steel Corporation. But the ten-dollar bill of itself is so pretty that I am not permanently impressed by these nutshell explanations and I go on liking it for itself alone.

Getting Fun out of Money

Economists probably do not get much fun out of money. They would seem to be rather like certain doctors who, on taking a high-ball, instinctively remind themselves that the alcoholic contents exerts harmful effects on the human interior and that the sensation of life and pleasure which comes after the second or third one merely signifies that something very scientific is taking place in the brain. I have had this explained in a nutshell, too, but fortunately, as in the case of the ten-dollar bill, the explanation does not obtrude itself and my enjoyment is never clouded by the thought that my singing of Sweet Adeline represents a slight, passing mental disorder.

At that, I believe my sandlot conception of the meaning of money has been better than that of many financiers who prospered during the boom. One sunny morning in Miami Beach I was on my way to the ocean with a self-made man who was gambling steadily in the market and stopped for a moment at his suggestion in a broker's office where he was known. The illuminated tape was running across the board and clients in bathing suits sat in big chairs. My friend gave some sort of orders and we resumed our walk, returning about two hours later, at which time he gave another order. As we left the brokerage this time he said he had picked up a thousand dollars as easily as that.

Financiers Go Broke

I met and listened to many financiers in those days, some of whom rode in yachts and flying pullmans of their own, who were operating in millions. All of them have gone broke since, confirming a suspicion that I always had that for every dollar won in any gambling game, somewhere a dollar must be lost. But my suspicions weakened for a while when it looked as though somebody had made a new rule whereby everybody could go on winning always. It had always worked out in my early schooling in gambling games that I couldn't win a marble unless somebody lost one.

It is interesting to find on Professor Fisher's list of 18 men who understand the real meaning of money the names of nine professors, members of a class which has always been pictured as poor. But then some of the greatest bartenders are total abstainers and I suppose a man needn't love money to find all there is to know about it. Possibly professors just study from samples out of some museum.

Cheering and comforting
"SALADA"
TEA
'Fresh from the gardens'

THIS VILLAGE SPURNS CASH

Beatrice, Nebraska, Jan. 8.—The village of Blue Springs has a tax problem on its hands—how to prevent the collection of \$2,000.

The village board appeared before the county commissioners here recently to ask that the town's 5.59 mill

levy for the water dept. be written off the tax books so that about \$2,000 in taxes would not be collected.

"It's a mistake," Mayor P. P. Whitaker said. "We don't need the money and we don't want it."

Probably no college professor ever before thought he would have so magnificent a field as the United States to try out his theories—some of which may be valuable.

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Don't Know When They Are Well Off

"I've nothing to be thankful for",
Some people keep complaining.
The truth that "nothing" blest may be
Continually disdaining.
For, really, one may have too much,
Though sometimes they may doubt
it;
As when one has the rheumatiz
Or gout—and true you'll find it is—
Would happier be without it.