

EDITOR OF TORONTO GLOBE WRITES OF HON. JAS. BRYCE

Interesting Pen Portrait of the British Ambassador at Washington—An Able Diplomat.

Mr. James A. Macdonald, editor of the Toronto Globe, contributes the following impressionistic sketch of the Right Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador to the United States, following his visit to Washington in connection with the tariff conference:

No man in Washington is more truly distinguished than the Ambassador of Great Britain. Never before was the statesmanship as well as the diplomacy of Britain represented at the seat of government of the American Republic with so much distinction as today. At no other place, not even at the White House, is one so likely to meet world-citizens and celebrities in science and letters and politics as at the British Embassy. The door of that not too pretentious residence in Connecticut Avenue stands more widely open to Canadians than ever before. James Bryce is not only a rare scholar, a front-rank statesman, the Ambassador of King Edward, but he holds himself also as Canada's representative, and is withal one of the most companionable of men.

In the corner of the large drawing room of the Embassy I talked with Mr. Bryce more than once about the political situation in the United States. With the eagerness of a politician he asked about the impression made by one man or another of the leaders in Congress or the Cabinet whom I had met. His passing remarks, touching this man with a word, that man with an epithet, were most illuminating. Of all the students and observers of American politics his characterizations of men and his measurements of forces struck me as the most penetrating and sure. His knowledge of history, his study of institutions and his experience in affairs have given to his judgment a fine balance and you feel that behind every statement is a sufficient reason.

He saw as clearly as anybody the dilemma in which the Payne-Almrich tariff law put President Taft. He judged justly that a tariff war would injure both Canada and the United States. When I told him of the President's invitation to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and of the advances he proposed in the matter of reciprocal trade, his keen eyes sparkled under his strong and shaggy eyebrows with a new brightness.

"You can trust the uprightness and sincerity of the President," he said with enthusiasm. "What he says he means. He is genuinely friendly to Canada. His invitation can be accepted without question. His proposal as to raising the larger question of better trade relations is one of the most interesting and most important, so far as Canada is concerned, that has emanated from Washington for many a year."

When a man with the political sagacity and first-hand knowledge of Mr. Bryce talked in that strain nothing more was needed to pass on to the Prime Minister at Ottawa the invitation and message of the President. The settlement of the tariff matter is along the very lines and in the very terms discussed at the Embassy in Washington.

This in Mr. Bryce commands attention alike in private conversation and in public address that out of his wide knowledge of history and his sober reflection on the ways of men and of people he draws lessons for

today's guidance. "It is often a prudent thing," he remarked quite casually, "to help your enemy build a bridge for his own retreat." And then he added: "But the United States is not the enemy of Canada. It is not even a jealous or envious competitor. You will find the old-time expectation of the political unity of this continent as dead in Washington as it is in Toronto. In all parts of the country I find growing up a most estimable interest in Canada's development and an intelligent admiration for the splendid way in which you solve its political problems."

Of course Mr. Bryce, is, and for many years has been, a friend of the United States. For this reason his appointment was looked upon at the time with some suspicion by the wall-eyed jingoos in Canada and England. This notion of loyalty to British interests is of the same order as is the loud and exclusive loyalty of American jingoos to the institutions of the United States. James Bryce is not of that school. He does not flatter Americans, as I have heard English and Canadian jingoos do when in the United States. Neither does he talk insultingly of American institutions as I have heard English and Canadian jingoos do at home. He speaks straight to the heart and reason and conscience of the American people, with a frankness of criticism and a wholesomeness of suggestion allowable only in one with the knowledge of the American situation which study and sympathy give.

Speaking of affairs diplomatic Mr. Bryce said that of recent years both the Colonial Office and the Foreign Office in London not only allow but encourage direct communication between the Embassy at Washington and the Government at Ottawa on all questions not involving other parts of the Empire. The government and the people of Canada will never lack a wise and true friend at Washington so long as Bryce is there.

James Bryce belongs to that school of British statesmen who believe in maintaining international peace except at the last cost of national dishonor. He is a British Liberal who, with Campbell-Bannerman and John Morley, stood by the principles of Liberalism during those dark days of rampant jingoism which closed in the ruinous storm of the Boer war. Had the jingoos of those days not been drunk with lust for power and gold they would have heeded the warning of his "Impressions of South Africa" and the Empire might have been spared both the horrors of the war and the burdens it entailed. In the confusion and clamor that again perplex the people of Britain, with jingoism again essaying falsely to bind the Empire, there is needed a Westminister the same clear sight and steady voice. But not in vain is his life at Washington. He does not indeed talk, as the jingoos vainly talk of an Anglo-Saxon alliance. That cannot be. But he does seek for a larger vision of the world's need and a truer sense of Christian duty, alike for Britain and for America, which with no formal or selfish pact would pledge each to the cause of freedom and would make the imperialism of each not a passion for conquest, but a service to humanity. This is the meaning to Britain, to the United States and to Canada of the life and teaching of the Right Hon. James Bryce.

EXCELLENT APPLES GROWN IN QUEENS

(Sackville Tribune)

Fredericton, March 30.—That New Brunswick does grow apples of excellent quality and appearance was demonstrated in the Legislature on one afternoon of last week. At the Speaker's chair and on the desk of each member were several rosy, well-formed apples. The desks of the newspaper men too, had been born in mind by Mr. A. R. Sibb, M.P., who had brought the fruit from his own constituency and thoughtfully had it distributed in the House.

The apples came from the orchards of Messrs. James P. Belyea and George McAlpine, Lower Gazetteown, Queens. It was from the orchard of Mr. Belyea that there was sent some of the prize winning fruit at the London, England, shows last year. Both Messrs. McAlpine and Belyea have taken numerous prizes for their apples at different Canadian shows. The fruit brought to the House was not only of good appearance but it was of excellent flavor also.

The feeling that New Brunswick ought to be one of the best of apple growing provinces in the Dominion has been growing of late years. It is now accepted as certain that fruit can be raised of a quality which is not excelled in Canada. The next few years will probably see great

strides ahead in New Brunswick in apple growing. Certainly, if Queens County fruit is to be judged by the Belyea-McAlpine kind that county will not be behind any other parts of the province in this respect.

ONE ON LORD ABERDEEN.

(Kansas City Independent)

Lord Aberdeen who is resigning his position as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, tells the following amusing story against himself.—He arrived at a certain country railway station, where he was expecting a telegram to await him. "So I went up to the nearest porter," says his Lordship, "and asked him if he would mind inquiring at the station master's office whether there was a telegram for me."

"There's none for you, sir," replied the porter. "I've just come out of the office and there's only one telegram there and that's for Lord Aberdeen."

"Just then another porter who knew me approached, and explained the position to him, remarking jocularly that the first porter evidently did not think I looked like me."

"By way of consoling me," concludes Lord Aberdeen, "he promptly replied: 'Never mind, my Lord, if you don't look it, you feel it.'"

London consumes about 14,000,000 tons of coal yearly.

PUBLIC NUISANCES EVERYBODY KNOWS

Does Politeness Really Pay? Have You Solved that Problem Yet? Can You?

It is surprising the number of people who seem to go through life absolutely devoid of any desire to achieve the gentle art of popularity, which is such an efficient lubricant to the daily wheels of existence. Take, for instance, the stout, often over-dressed woman who plumps herself down in the already nearly full car, generally ruthlessly sitting upon the dress and part of the anatomy of the unhappy passengers next to her, any mild protest on their part being met with a stare of surprise and a further settling down of the bulky form. She cannot help her size, of course, and any sign of a desire on her part to take up as little room as possible would be met by her fellow-passengers with an equal desire to not give this sign. Evidently to her this little amenity is not worth considering, and she has not achieved popularity.

A smile from her, a murmured word of apology, and she would have disarmed all feelings of annoyance; but she was content to be a nuisance, and all were compelled to give way before her. Maybe that was the consummation she was devoutly striving after, for the room was very hot and crowded.

Then there is the man—or woman—who stamps on your feet in a railway carriage, and far from apologizing, meets your probable protest of pain with the injured muttering that it's a pity people don't keep their feet out of the way.

And who doesn't know the umbrella nuisance—generally a woman, for a man keeps his umbrella between his legs when sitting down—who gets into a bus or train with a dripping umbrella, which she takes very good care shall not go against her own dress. The unfortunate passenger next to her is the victim, and she gets the full benefit of it when it is set in an unobtrusive and apparently unintentional manner against her. This umbrella nuisance can be so easily obviated, too, especially if there are no strap-hangers, by holding it out well in front, where it is out of everybody's way, and drips harmlessly on to the floor.

And, speaking about umbrellas, there is the dangerous habit some men have of holding theirs under their arms with the point sticking out behind, to the imminent danger of children and others. These people ought to be shot, like the throwers on the pathway of orange skin and banana peel; but, failing these stern measures, the passer-by has a perfect right to yank the umbrella down in a sufficiently vigorous manner to make a lasting impression.

Also a word here to the youths—they are generally only boys—who make a nuisance of themselves by swinging their sticks or umbrellas round by the handle, quite oblivious of the fact that they may strike someone behind them in the face, and perhaps do them lasting injury.

Then there is the woman who goes to the crowded drawing room meetings and at-homes and, because she cannot find her own umbrella readily when she leaves, thinks nothing of annexing someone else's.

To return to the petty annoyances of railway travelling, one of the smallest and at the same time one of the most pin-pricky is the habit of some people of furtively reading your paper over your shoulder. Nothing much in it, no doubt, and you don't wish to be a dog in the manger, but there is something very unpleasant in the feeling of being overlooked, and you are inclined to regard the sinner as an unmitigated nuisance. Still, he doesn't have to pay for his paper. And the umbrella thief gets away with it, while the objectionable person on cars gets the best the vehicle affords. Does politeness really pay?

HORSE REINS FOR NURSERY.

Horse reins are ever a delight to the nursery folk, and these can easily be made either by crochet or knitting. The reins should be about two and a half to three yards long, and about half an inch in diameter. A thick cord should be run through the crocheting when finished to strengthen it, as many are the pulls these long suffering reins will have to put up with. Two broader pieces of work are required to form the breast-pieces, and many tiny bells sewn on them. One of these pieces should be attached to the reins by a loop, so that they may be slipped up and down at the wish of the wearer, to make the neck piece short or long. The arm holes should be attached to his loose girdle.

Rita (looking at photo)—Oh, yes, he's handsome enough, but he's an awful boonder.

Stella—What did he do?
Rita—Didn't I tell you? He made an awful fuss with me one season and then asked me if I thought that dad would object to him as a son-in-law. I said no, I thought not, and he went away and proposed to my sister.

NEW STYLE HATS WILL COST MORE

They May be Smaller or Bigger, But They'll be Dearer, of that the Unfortunate Husband can Assured.

New York, March 8.—Now I ask you, ladies," solemnly said Mme. Marie, president of the National Association of Retail Milliners, which is meeting at the Victoria Hotel, "to consider the matter and give us your ideas of what the styles will be this season."

All the members in attendance apparently became lost in meditation. "The turban, which comes down far over the ears, will be the most worn" one said decisively.

"The Louis XVI. styles will be all the rage," said another.

"Hats will be larger than ever," expounded the woman in the corner.

"Soft, light materials will be used," proclaimed her companion.

One thing is certain. Miss Fitzpatrick, of Minnesota, said it, and she leaned far from her chair as she did, "Millinery will be higher this year than ever."

BULL MARKET IN LEGHORNS.

"Don't say a word about Leghorns," one trimmer cautioned the reporter. "They are too high for anything. The jobbers and wholesalers are holding them up, and there is a terrible shortage in the market."

"What is the matter? Cold storage?" suggested the reporter.

"I don't know, but they are somewhere."

At the request of the newspaper men, Mme. Marie went to her room, and after unwrapping many swathings of paper, she balanced an enormous white creation on her finger tips, and held it up for their admiration. It had a long white feather, and two small gold roses on it.

"This," she said, "is called the French sailor. It is quite a simple little thing."

"Um," said the baseball expert, who had been pressed in by his paper in an emergency, "how far is it from bounds to—that is, how wide is it across the field?"

"Twenty inches," she replied, complacently, picking at the gold roses.

"Why, that's exceeding regulations. There has been a law passed that only allows a woman's hat to be eighteen inches wide."

"SIMPLE," COST IS ONLY \$200.

"Well, in that case it can be turned up a little," Madame replied. "This is quite a simple little affair, and only costs \$200."

Another confection is a "set," and proved quite beyond masculine comprehension. Anyhow, it was valued at \$500 and was what Madame called a Marie Antoinette fichu and a hat of gray to match. It was made of chiffon and trimmed with roses.

The association hopes to collect money to build a hotel and hall. The latter will contain a lecture room, a designing hall and a library, all devoted to the ethical and aesthetic advancement of millinery. The former is for trimmers who come to New York to see the prices.

"Say," said one of the newsmen, "do you people get together and decide what the styles will be and whatever you say the women have to wear?"

Madame gazed back with enigmatical eyes. "Well, we always try to influence our patrons for their best good," she replied.

THE FIRST REDWING

As the water struggles loose from its imprisonment of snow along a multitude of intricate, tortuous and converging channels to the welcome freedom of the open lake a new element permeates the atmosphere and nature feels the first faint exhilarating pulsation of returning life. The spirit of spring is in the air long before the first voice of the expected chorus is heard. More subtle than the thoughts of the vitalizing sap, the swelling buds, or the green leaves revealed by the settling and vanishing snow is this breath of renewing life that quickens the vital forces, while it eludes the senses, the fancy, and even the imagination. The whole atmosphere seems to thrill with the joy of living. There is a conscious feeling that new life has awakened, and that a vitality long chilled and dormant has been aroused. If the dull, impeded, groping mind ever penetrates the veil surrounding the mystery of life it will be when every fibre of the brain is quickened with the thrill of this great awakening. Life seems to be contagious, and the revival under the snow, where the gurgling streams are deepening their intricate and shifting channels, spread like a volatile essence, relieving everywhere the long torpidity of winter. It may be the spell of this awakening that calls the responsive migrants sojourning in the uneasy south, where nature is always drowsy but never sleeps.

The bluebird, in richly tinted mantle and reddish breast, is generally first to respond in the great transformation. Fresh and cheerful, in spite of the long journey through the silent night, it calls to the strengthening sun from an unclothed limb.

NECESSITY FOR DENTAL INSPECTION OF CHILDREN

Lack of Such Inspection Costs New York City Four Millions per Year—Remedy Needed.

That it costs a municipality more to neglect the teeth of its school children than it would to care for them was brought out by Henry E. Jenkins, principal of Public School No. 17, New York, at the thirtieth annual banquet of the Central Dental Association of Northern New Jersey, held at the Hotel Astor, last Monday evening.

"Of the 650,000 school children in New York," declared Mr. Jenkins, "65,000 are left back every year. This means that the city is compelled to educate them for an additional six months, and the expense of the extra instruction averages about \$50 per head. A simple calculation will show that the laggards cost the taxpayers from three to four million dollars a year. Ninety per cent. of these backward children are found to suffer from defective teeth, and their mental deficiency may be directly traced to their dental defects."

"In my own school, 377 children were left back last year. When the school re-convened I had these 'left-backs' carefully examined, and I found that over seventy per cent. of them required the attention of the dentist."

Dr. Roderiques Ottolengui, of New York, pointed out that the education of the public up to the necessity for the care of children's teeth was one of the vital needs of the day. The widespread movement for free dental clinics, at which philanthropic dentists volunteer their services so many times a month, is all right as far as it goes, he said, but falls far short of a solution of the problem. The half a day a week which these dentists devote to clinical work is by no means sufficient.

"What we need and will eventually have," declared Dr. Ottolengui, "is a regular department in a hospital, where an interne is always on hand, or else we must have a regular dental hospital."

"It is usually a difficult matter to get funds from Boards of Aldermen

for such purposes, and the reason for this reason recently given by Dr. Evans, of Chicago, is undoubtedly the true one.

"He pointed out that dental hygiene was unknown when our legislators were children, and they consequently grew up with defective teeth. Defective teeth make defective legislators, and defective legislators make defective laws."

"It has often been found that children who have been down with scarlet fever and diphtheria have been returned to school as cured, where an examination of their mouths has revealed the presence of the germs of those diseases in their teeth. This illustrates the extent to which even doctors have hitherto underrated the importance of dental inspection."

"The medical inspection in the school does not answer the purpose. Where the doctors discover serious dental trouble they recommend the parent to have it attended to by a dentist, but experience has shown that only 1 per cent. of the work thus recommended is done."

"In small towns and cities, where difficulty is experienced in procuring funds for this sort of work, I suggest that the dentists undertake to run a clinic for a year in precisely the same manner that it would be run under official supervision. At the end of that period, I venture to assert, the benefits of such a clinic would have been demonstrated so clearly that a threat to discontinue the work unless the municipality vote a substantial appropriation for its support would undoubtedly procure the desired result."

Dr. Walter S. Washington, of Newark; Dr. Charles H. Dilts, President of the New Jersey State Dental Society; Dr. Benjamin F. Luckey, of Paterson, and Dr. William W. Walker of New York, also spoke upon the work of the dental profession and the benefits that the public would derive from a more general understanding of the evils resulting from neglected teeth.—N. Y. American.

SUCCESSFUL CLIMB.

Daring British Woman Explorer Ascends 13,700 ft. Mountain.

Miss L. S. Gibbs, a fellow of the Linnean Society and a botanist of daring resource, has, according to a Reuter message from Jesselton, British North Borneo, climbed successfully Kinabalu, the highest mountain in the territory. This is believed to be the first ascent of the mountain by a woman. While its base is in the tropics, its summit, 13,700 feet high, has a temperature perpetually below freezing point.

Miss Gibbs' first expedition was to South Africa. Accompanying the British Association on their visit to Rhodesia in 1905, she afterwards visited alone the Matoppo Hills, and added considerably to our knowledge of the flora of that part of South Africa by the publication of a pamphlet on her return.

Next visiting Fiji, she returned with material for a work on the flora of those islands and New Zealand. She is now penetrating portions of British North Borneo, in which a white woman has never been seen before. In many of her travels she has been accompanied only by native "boys." Kew Gardens and the South Kensington Museum are both indebted to Miss Gibbs for additions to their collections.

A man isn't necessarily narrow minded because he lives in a flat.

**If You Want
A Big Crop
Of Vegetables and
Flowers**

PLANT

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Do The Rest**

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