

THE DAILY HERALD

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DAILY HERALD.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

THE KING—GOD BLESS HIM.

His Majesty, King Edward VII., is sixty-one years old today, and his loyal subjects all over the great British Empire will join in the brief, but expressive prayer at the head of this article.

The King to-day celebrated, under new conditions, the anniversary of his coming into the world. Since his last anniversary great events have happened in his empire, and the greatest of these to him, in a personal sense, was his accession to the throne of his fathers and of his mother.

His Majesty had a long wait for his throne, and he came to it in the full prime of manhood with a valuable experience and the wisdom of age, which admirably fit him for the duties of his exalted position, and his course so far has shown him fully sensible of what he owes to his people and to himself.

The King's subjects believe that he will be a model monarch, that while fearlessly upholding his prerogatives, he will recognize that he is but the representative of the sovereign people. The King is known to have a strong mind of his own, but he has read history and knows just how far kingly authority may go, and there is little danger that he will try to override parliament's privileges, or clash with the constitutional authority of the Empire.

As a prince his present majesty was well beloved by the people. He possesses a good supply of sound, common sense, and with the example of his good mother to guide him, surrounded by a dutiful and loyal people, he may confidently count on a successful reign.

We in the Colonies have special reason to rejoice on this anniversary of His Majesty's birth. One of his first acts was to approve of the late Queen's decision to send the heir apparent on a tour of the colonial empire, and the hearty manner in which the Duke of York was received by the people of India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Canada, is proof that the loyalty of His Majesty's subjects beyond the sea is as strong as within the home land. By another act His Majesty has greatly endeared himself to the colonies. He has added to his title a clause recognizing the children of the empire whose forefathers left home and settled in the British possessions.

We hail therefore with delight, the name of His Majesty, King Edward VII, and his illustrious Consort who shares with him the honors and dignities of the British throne. We wish long life and prosperity to Their Majesties. God save the King and Queen, God bless them with domestic peace and happiness, with national tranquility and prosperity. May the grand old empire, under their benign rule, go forward to conquests of peace, to a period of harmony and development like that of which has never before been witnessed in the history of nations.

NO PLACE FOR FOSTER.

If there was a constituency in Canada in which it was probable Mr. Foster might receive a nomination, it was West York, Ontario, vacated recently by the death of Mr. Clarke Wallace. West York lies on the borders of Toronto, where Mr. Foster has taken up his residence, and has steadily returned a Conservative to Parliament by enormous majorities. Last November Mr. Wallace was elected by 820 majority, and if Mr. Foster's friends were looking for a reasonably safe seat

for him, West York was the place for the ex-finance minister.

But the Conservative party, and especially that portion of it residing in Mr. Wallace's old constituency, evidently have no desire for the return of Mr. Foster to public life, else they would have given him a nomination in West York. The late Mr. Wallace's brother, T. F. Wallace, is the choice of that constituency as a candidate, and Mr. Foster is once more left to ponder on the coldness and ingratitude of his Conservative friends.

It looks now as if Mr. Foster is to be entirely dropped by his party, and yet they are sadly in need of his debating ability in parliament.

CONSERVATIVE LEADERS GONE.

The history of the Conservative party during the past few years impresses one with the fact that providence has imposed on it severe punishment for its misdeeds when in the zenith of its power at Ottawa. Not only has it sustained two overwhelming defeats at the polls and broken up into quarrelling factions in the various provinces, but practically all its leaders are gone—some dead, some defeated, others in retirement because of maladministration and political dishonesty.

The party has lost three premiers by death since 1891—Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Abbott and Sir John Thompson, another, Sir Charles Tupper, was driven from public life by the votes of his constituency, while other prominent men, who were in the party councils, are either dead or permanently out of public life. Of what is known of the old guard, only Sir Hibbert Tupper, Hon. John Haggart and Sir MacKenzie Bowell retain seats in Parliament. The list of the dead includes besides those mentioned, Dickey of Cumberland, Wood of Brockville, Ives of Sherbrooke, Clarke Wallace of West York—all former Conservative ministers, N. F. Davin and others less prominent in the party.

Men who had a leading place in controlling the party fortunes but were cut off by their respective constituencies, include Sir Charles Tupper, Hugh John Macdonald, Geo. E. Foster, Bergeron, Caron, Argers and Taillon, while Hon. John Costigan has withdrawn his Conservative allegiance and sits in Parliament as a supporter of the Liberals, and Sir Hector Langevin is retired for good cause.

Surely no party ever suffered the loss of so many leaders in so short a period as has been the lot of the Conservatives, and the great trouble with them is that they are not growing men of sufficient calibre to take the places of those who have disappeared, in most cases forever from public life. Borden and Monk and Ganong and Fowler and Sprule will not compare for a moment in ability with the old hands who directed the Conservative party and carried it to victory.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Toronto ladies are talking of importing house maids from the colored population of Barbadoes.

Newfoundland in the matter of Imperial honors has done better proportionally than any of the other colonies. When the Duke of York visited the ancient colony a few days ago, by the King's command, he bestowed Knighthood on Premier Bond, and now His Majesty has

Doctors

Consult your doctor. If he says, "Take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for your cough," then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing. Physicians have been our friends for 60 years.

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granted a similar honor to Chief Justice Little.

Not once during the Duke and Duchess of York's colonial tour of 50,000 miles did they set foot on a foreign soil, and on only two occasions did they touch at other than British ports—at St. Vincent, which is Portuguese, and at Port Said, which, nominally at least is not part of the empire. They spent forty-six days in Australia, five in Tasmania, sixteen in New Zealand, thirty-five in Canada and two in Newfoundland. They received five hundred and forty addresses from men and women of many races, creeds and languages—Chinese, Maltese, Singalese, Malays, Japanese, Kaffirs, Zulus, natives of the East Indians, American Indians, and people of British, French and German-origins. The Duke made one hundred speeches in reply.

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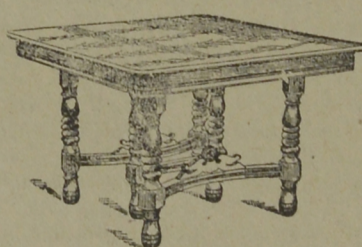
Fletcher

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