

WORLD'S GREENROOM

Tay Pay O'Connor Talks on Journalism Before the Press Conference.

One of the most delightful speeches delivered before the Imperial Press Conference in London, was that of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., during the discussion of "Literature and Journalism." Mr. O'Connor paid a tribute to the profession, of which he has long been a shining star. His remarks, as officially reported, were as follows: "I am glad to be here in the City of London, where a somewhat disagreeable accident occurred. Mr. Chamberlain finished one of those moving speeches of the greatest master in the world, and the audience was in a state of rapt awe, and in this atmosphere, surcharged with this feeling, there arose what was then a tall, slim young man in the zenith of his many great powers—I mean Mr. Chamberlain—and Mr. Chamberlain's oratory, though powerful—no greater debater lived in my time—Mr. Chamberlain's oratory, so powerful, was of a different type to that of Mr. Bright, and accordingly he began his speech, by saying, 'As the red-nosed man in 'Pickwick' observed—' (Laughter.) He was allowed to go no further—it was too abrupt upon the state of emotion which the audience was in—and he was not allowed to proceed until the whole thing resolved itself in one of those shouts of good-humored laughter, which on many occasions is the Englishman's best way of getting out of a difficult situation. I feel a little like the red-nosed man in 'Pickwick'—(laughter)—when I rise to say a few words after the eloquence to which you have just listened."

A PAINFUL ADVANTAGE.

I have the painful advantage over most of you, I think, of having been a much longer time in journalism than most of my hearers, and therefore may I, from out of the depths of some pleasant, some painful, but a good many years' experience utter a few words upon the subject under discussion.

There has apparently been a slight difference of opinion among the speakers on the question of the difference between literature and journalism. I think the difference is more apparent than real. I heard my friend Mr. Courtney once deliver a most admirable speech in which he took a somewhat higher and stranger ground than he did today. He was then addressing not a literary audience, and perhaps he was a little less guarded than he was today. (Laughter.) There he almost denuded as something like blasphemy and nonsense any connection of literature with journalism. The objection is often made to the contention that journalists write in a hurry, and that men of letters write at ease and at great length. Was there ever a proposition in more flat contradiction with the facts of life. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Birrell (interposing sotto voce): "Rasselas."

GRAND LITERATURE.

Mr. O'Connor—When "Rasselas" was written, as my friend has reminded me, it was written by a man who was sitting by the dead body of his mother, and it was written simply to pay for her funeral expenses. I cannot recall at this moment the exact circumstances in which a greater piece of literature was written—"The Vicar of Wakefield," but I know that Oliver Goldsmith was an Irishman—(laughter)—that he was extremely hard up, one of the few racial characteristics which I share with him—(laughter)—and I think I am entitled to assume that "The Vicar of Wakefield" was written with exactly the same rapidity as "Rasselas" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" are not great and immortal pieces of literature because they were written in a hurry.

Mr. Chairman, I will take another instance. One of the many legends which floated about for many years, paralyzing a young man of letters in France, was that Gustav Flaubert, the author of "Madam Bovary," one of the best pieces of French literature, which I recommend you, who are not in your first youth, to read without any great danger to your virtue—(laughter)—spent some ten, or fifteen, or twenty years in writing these different compositions. Pictures were drawn of the hours extending to days, and days extending to years, which he spent in chiseling every single sentence of that great work. Well, it is a marvelous work; every sentence is chiselled. There is one sentence which consists of two words—tout moment—which means everything in the world is alive—which haunts memory and the imagination of every man who has ever read it. But, Mr. Chairman, it was a legend, after all. These hours, days, months and years which were represented as entirely occupied by the weighing-up of one particular

word against another were really spent by Gustav Flaubert lying on the broad of his back on a sofa indulging in these day-dreams about work which are always found much more agreeable than work itself. (Laughter.) And as a matter of fact, if you were to know the actual hours M. Flaubert spent over "Madam Bovary" you would find that they did not amount to as many months as they were supposed to have occupied years. (Laughter.)

WORK UNDER INSPIRATION.

I put on the other side this consideration—that work which is done under the inspiration and fire of the moment, which has not time to become self-conscious, and, therefore, to a certain extent artificially, has very often inequalities which are far greater than the apparently more elaborate prose of the man of letters.

Now, as I am addressing an audience of journalists, who are notoriously a devout body of men, I will take my connection between Journalism and Literature and the pulpit. I was not a follower of the late Mr. Spurgeon—(laughter)—but I heard one of his sermons which brought out his power better than anything I have ever heard of. He was endeavoring to bring home to the minds of a stubborn race of London pagans, mostly belonging to the prosperous middle classes—the most pagan of all classes—and the way he illustrated how salvation could be easily brought within the compass and reach of every man was this. He described in his own graphic and picturesque language how the skipper of a vessel was approaching the coast of South America, as he thought, and how everybody on the vessel had got to his last hour of endurance of thirst. And this was worked up in a manner which will be familiar to all journalists, perhaps even more to members of the House of Commons engaging in debate. At any rate, when everybody was about to die of thirst the captain saw a coming vessel, and he and the captain from the other vessel signalled back. "Throw out your buckets, it is all around you." Because the ship was no longer on the ocean, but had got into the Amazon. "So, my brethren," went on the preacher, "salvation is all around you." I use that for the purpose of enforcing this fact, that the journalist has not to look for the material, it is all around him; it is in his everyday life.

"MATERIAL" EVERYWHERE.

Is there a single thing that is done by what used to be called the city reporter in my young days—is there a single incident almost of his day's work, which does not give him material for literature. Every inquest tells a tragedy. Every police court is a panorama of human life, especially in its darker and sadder side. Every court of law is engaged in some of those great conflicts of human emotion and human passion and human interest for which the literary man is looking all around. And if the newspaper man is not a man of letters, and if what he produces is not literature, it is his fault and not the fault of the opportunities which lie all around him. (Cheers.) I echo, most heartily the opinion expressed by my friend Sir Edward Russell, that the more a journalist is literary the less likely he is to degrade his profession by ministering to and emphasizing and augmenting those racial passions and misunderstandings which are the danger of our time.

Literature always reminds me of Allah, as described in the words of the faithful believer. He is, or ought to be, the all-understanding and therefore the all-compassionate. There is no excuse for the men of letters: there is no excuse for the journalist to have the ordinary misunderstandings which are the cause of feud and conflict between nations. Gentlemen, when as a young man I entered the profession of journalism, I discovered that I had got into the "Greenroom" of the world. I saw the inside of many things, outside only of which is familiar and known to the general public. And if you know the inside of a question then you ought to know something of every side of the question. You ought to know that, amid all the differences and conflicts, of mankind, one fact stands out in almost monotonous regularity, amid all the nations and races of mankind men are alike in the hardness and difficulties of their lot, and that the differences are superficial as compared with the fundamental fact of human existence and human suffering.

I want to say one word about another aspect of journalism. When I started my life travels in literature I belonged to a very high-and-dry school. I am one of the few men in the world who can boast of having read all the arid volumes of the Scotch historian, now happily forgotten, Dr. Robertson, and I not only read them, but I wrote them in shorthand as well. Journalism was pretty much on the lines of Dr. Robertson when I was a boy. It was

everything in the world but human. You gave the long speeches of statesmen. You did not learn, as you do now, that many of these orations which were supposed to have moved the House of Commons to its depths were delivered to a select audience of two or three people. (Laughter.) And in those days it would have been regarded as not only bad taste, but almost bad morals to give anything like a personal and human description of the scene in Parliament which took place when these speeches were delivered. I found every single word nearly of the maiden speech delivered by Mr. Disraeli on December 17, 1837, fully reported in the London papers on December 18. But I did not find one single word to describe the environment in which the speech was delivered; not a single word that gave you any idea of the meaning or appearance of the orator or of the reception of the orator.

HIS INSPIRATION.

Now, my lord, I proclaim you today as the man who first inspired me with the idea of personal and human journalism as assisting from the high-and-dry journalism of my boyhood, and by way of giving you an example of my meaning I will recall to you the passage in which you describe Robespierre at the Feast of Reason—one of the most powerful moments in his life and in the life of France. And you are careful to recall not merely the words of Robespierre, and the surroundings of Robespierre and the personal historical facts which surrounded the occasion, but you describe the appearance of Robespierre, and let it not be whispered to any but a male audience—you actually describe his nether garments. (Laughter.) Is the picture of Robespierre any less real or inspiring because you had in the brilliant pages of your monograph described not only his appearance, but also his dress? If you want to describe the full pathos of the last hour of Marie Antoinette, do you bring it less home to the mind and the imagination when you mention the fact that she put on some little bit of clean linen, so that even in her last hour she might appear with some of the delicacy and faded grace of her former state.

BENEFICIENT REVOLUTION.

In its greater insight into life, and in its greater intimacy with life, journalism in my time has undergone not only a great but a beneficial revolution. Now this is my final word. I accept what Mr. Courtney has said as to the connection between Journalism and literature to this extent: It exists to the same extent as it exists between the literary work of an orator and the literary work of a man of letters. Journalism has to produce its effects immediately, just as a speech has, and to that extent, of course, it is different from literature.

And that induces me to make a figure which I will partially withdraw, and that is that like that of the street piano. It may not be very profound, it may not be very classical but it must be very sharp and resounding, and it must produce its effect at once. But this qualification I will make my illustration. Every true journalist constantly tries to improve his style by the study of the best masters. An hour with Balzac, an hour with Addison in the morning will make the journalist the better journalist for the rest of the day. And everywhere every journalist ought to bring to his profession, the heat and ardour of his deepest political and personal and other feelings, so that he may make his thoughts the thoughts of those whom he addresses.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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AFRAID OF SEN. COX

McGill Says Directors Dreaded Entry Into Ontario Bank Affairs.

AMES BOUGHT HEAVILY

Ex-Manager of Bank Declares Testimony Before Referee Kappelle That Directors of Institution Were Annoyed at Heavy Wave of Buying and Thought Cox Was Seeking to Control the Bank.

Toronto, June 23.—Charles McGill and his daughter, Isabelle, gave evidence in the Ontario Bank case before Referee Kappelle yesterday. The former had previously been allowed access to the bank's ledger to refresh his memory, and his evidence supported his contention that the 1713 Ontario Bank shares standing in his name when the collapse came were not really his, but were purchased in his name for the bank.

Miss Isabelle McGill testified in support of Mr. McGill's claim against the bank for \$2,900, in which it is contended that Charles McGill, when general manager, purchased Sun Life shares with funds belonging to his wife.

In explaining the transaction McGill stated that in 1895 W. H. Hill, general manager for the eastern district of the Sun Life Insurance Co., told him that he wanted him to take over some stock in the Sun Life.

He pressed him so hard that he consented, and as he held some money in trust for his wife, he applied \$2,900 of this to buying 65 shares. This was paid by a check, which he had mislaid; but the drawer of the check, seeing the paper was not cashed, agreed to give Mrs. McGill credit for the amount in the bank.

McGill was asked about a buying wave on June 19, 1903, which, he said, had annoyed some of the directors.

"Who was annoyed?"

"Annoyance for the most part was expressed by G. R. R. Cockburn. He would discuss the matter after the meeting of the directors."

"Can you give specific instances of where directors were annoyed because the public was buying the stock?"

"The directors were afraid that Senator Cox and other banking institutions were trying to get control of the stock."

"What about the stock carried by Ames?"

"I could not understand why he was buying so freely at the time. Prior to the failure of the Ames Co., the directors asked me how much stock he held, but I told them it was distributed between various financial institutions through Canada, which had advanced money to Ames upon the security of the shares."

"My impression was that Ames was carrying about \$300,000 worth of stock, and I told the board that it had better make some arrangement for the carrying of the stock, because it might be forced upon the market at any moment."

"What about the subscription to the new issue of stock on Oct. 1, 1900, when the officers' guarantee fund by Charles McGill subscribed for 50 shares of the issue, which was then being offered to shareholders?"

"I cannot just recall what happened, because I was not permitted to make a record in the minutes of the conversation that took place at these meetings."

Unions to Fight Consumption.
Syracuse, N.Y., June 23.—Philip V. Danahy, director of the labor department of the State Charities Aid Association and state commissioner of immigration, before the International Boot and Shoe Convention here, yesterday announced that a state league to be formed of representatives of labor unions will be organized this fall to fight consumption and he urged that a national league be formed. He declared that sweat shops must be eradicated.

Lake Steamer Is Rammed.
Alpena, Mich., June 23.—The steamer W. P. Thew, owned by Hugh R. Havey of Detroit, was sunk yesterday off Thunder Bay Island by the steamer Livingston. Capt. E. W. Duncan and the crew of eleven men escaped in yawls.

The collision occurred during a heavy fog. The big steel steamer Livingston rammed into the smaller boat, the Thew being but 32 feet long.

Gypsies Rounded Up.
Peterboro, June 23.—Provincial Detectives Miller and Greer, assisted by a posse of local and county police, in charge of High Constable Cochran, rounded up the band of sixty gypsies who have been the terror of countryside for some time past. A 19-year-old girl is "queen" of the band.

R. M. C. Commissions.
Kingston, June 23.—Royal Military College commissions are granted as follows: Royal Engineers, B. S. M. Grasset, Toronto; Royal Field Artillery, Corp. Wankyou, Montreal; Sergt. Wartell, Quebec; Royal Canadian Engineers, Corp. Lawrence, Stratford, Corp. Dunbar, Montreal.

Not Liable For Income Tax.
London, June 23.—(C.A.P. Cable.)—An appeal against the decision making the Hudson Bay Co. liable for an income tax on land sales was heard yesterday. The court reversed the judgment.

Holyhead Supplants Liverpool.
New York, June 23.—White Star Line announced yesterday that for the rest of the summer the mails will be landed at Holyhead instead of Liverpool.

Took Poison by Mistake.
Carberry, Man., June 23.—Mrs. Henry Stewart, who was under the doctor's care, took strychnine instead of medicine in error with fatal results.

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