## I got a pair of

as you advised, and am perfectly satisfied. I was never quite pleased with any others.

# THE

GAZETTE

WEAK DIRESTION.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND GROCERS.

No. 4,675.—Vol. XXXI.

May 25. Box Office, 10 to 6.

[REGISTERED AT THE ]

THE THIEF.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1908,

[14 PAGES.]

PRICE ONE PENNY.

#### Entertainments.

ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

MR. TREE. HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. FOURTH ANNUAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL,

April 20th to April 25th, inclusive. Shakespeare's Comedy.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. TO-NIGHT at 8,

Shakespeare's Comedy, TWELFTH NIGHT.

Viola ...... Miss VIOLA TREE.

TO MORROW (Thursday) and SATURDAY EVENING, THE MERCHANT OF UNICE: FRIDAY EVENING and SATURDAY MATINEE, HAMLET.
NOTICE.—The run of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE will be RESUMED on and liter MONDAY NEXT, April 27. MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY Box Office 10 to 10. Seats booked from 2s. Tel., 1777 Gerrard.

> HAYMARKET THEATRE. Lessee and Manager. Mr. Frederick Harrison.

Mrs. LANGTRY'S SEASON TO DAY at 3 and EVERY EVENING at 9. A FEARFUL JOY, by Sydney Grundy Mrs. LANGTRY, Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, and Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. Edmund Maurice, Miss Lily Grundy, Mile Chevalier, At 2.30 and 8.50, PRIDE OF REGIMENT, by F. D. Bone. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.1 Box Office open 10 to 10. Telephone, 3344 Gerrard.

By Henry Bernstein and Cosmo Gordon-Lennox.

LAST 12 NIGHTS (Last Time May 5) LAST 12 NIGHTS.

Mr GEORGE ALEXANDER, Miss IRENE VANBRUGH. ST. JAMES'S, King-street, Pall Mall. Tel., 3903 Gerrard.

GARRICK.

At 8.40.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. TO-DAY at 3 and 9, LADY FREDERICK. by W. Somerset Maugham. Miss ETHEL IRVING, Mr. C. M. LOWNE. At 2.30 and 5.30, "The Subjection of Kezia." Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S.

Frank Curzon presents James Welch in WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD. At 8.15, "The Changeling." Mats. Sat., 2.30. FIFTLENTH MONTH OF RUN.

NEW THEATRE. Proprietor, Sir Charles Wyndham.—Under the Management of JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY.

TO-DAY at 2.50 and 8, MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30, THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

(for a limited number of performances). FRED TERRY as Sir PERCY BLAKENEY. Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel., 2473 Gerrard.

> DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester-square. EVENINGS at 8:15, MATINEE SATURDAYS at 2.34 A New Play, with Music, entitled THE MERRY WIDOW (" Die Lustige Witwe "). Produced by Mr. George Edwardes.

ADELPHI THEATRE. Sole Proprietors, A. and S. Gatti. Sole Lessee, George Edwardes TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30; FIRST MATINEE TO-DAY at 2.30 Henry W Savage and Robert Courtneidge offer THE COLLEGE WIDOW,

An American Comedy Satire on Life in the State of Indiana, by GEORGE ADE. Box Office now open, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Tel., 2645 Gerrards EVENINGS at 8.30. MATINEE Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30.

> PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE. TO NIGHT and Every Evening at 8, Frank Curron's New Musical Production, MY MIMOSA MAID. Chatter by Paul A. Rubens and Austen Hurgon. Lingles and Tunes by Paul A. Rubens FIRST MATINEE, WEDNESDAY, April 29, at 2.

TERRY'S THEATRE. Sole Proprietor, Mr. Edward Terry. Lessee. Mr. James Welch. TO-NIGHT (Wednesday), and EVERY EVENING at 8, MISS FANNIE WARD, in Mary M. Ward and Margaret Mayo's dramatisation,

THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE. FIRST MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, April 29, and EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2 Box Office open, 10 to 10. Tel., 2702 Gerrard. Lessees and Managers, A. and S. Gattl. VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

LYRIC THEATRE. Lessee. Mr. William Greet. Under the Management of Mr. Tom B. Davis.

A WHITE MAN, by Edwin Milton Royle SPECIAL MATINEE, THURSDAY, April 30. Tel. 8245 Gerrardi APOLLO THEATRE, Shaftesbury-avenue, W. Henry Lowenfeld, Sole Proprietor.

Tom B. Davis, Sole Lessee and Manager.

EVENINGS at 8.30. Matinées THURSDAYS and Saturdays at 2.30. THE FOLLIES, in PELISSIER'S POTTED PLAYS-" A White Man," "The Merry Widow," "The Christian," The Girls of Gottenberg,"-and Everybody's Benefit

(Continued on page 8.)

#### SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S resignation the hope was the bold policy, and his Ministry, composed as it was of OPERA SEASON COMMENCES THURSDAY, April 30, including Festival Performances in German), under the masteral direction of Dr. HANS RICHTER. FIRST universally expressed that he would get well enough to enjoy Liberals of all shades of opinion, was at once the crowning the leisure he had so well earned. We shared the hope without proof of the success of his leadership and the determining the leisure he had so well earned. We shared the hope without proof of the success of his leadership and the determining the leisure he had so well earned. We shared the hope without proof of the success of his leadership and the determining the leisure he had so well earned. We shared the hope without proof of the success of his leadership and the determining the leisure he had so well earned. We shared the hope without proof of the success of his leadership and the determining the leisure he had so well earned. daring to expect that it could be realised, and this morning factor in the General Election which followed. Even then his Sir Henry peacefully passed away. This comes as no surprise to those who have been informed of the serious nature of his illness, and we imagine that by this time the general flouted in Opposition. The big Liberal majority was certain public are not unprepared for his death. He does not die in to melt like snow under the ineffectiveness of his leadership. harness, but it is only just taken off. In sickness he dis- But it was Mr. Balfour, not the Prime Minister, whose repuplayed all the cheerful courage which we had got accustomed to expect as of right from him in health. For some little time past now he has been saying good-bye to colleagues and friends, and those who have been privileged to pay this last visit have come away with heavy hearts, but also with increased appreciation of the kindliness of one whose lovableness linked his friends to him with chains that were hard to break. When last autumn Sir Henry was suddenly taken ill at Bristol in the house at which he was staying there was a very natural alarm, but the public only got to know what had papers." long been the fact, for the attack was by no means the first indication of the heart trouble which has now proved fatal. He was naturally disinclined to confess himself beaten disease, but only the confidence he felt in the colleague w shouldered his burdens for him made it possible for him to defer resignation so long. He had no doubts as to his suc- assailed in the earlier periods of his leadership. Those who cessor. From the very beginning Mr. Asquith was Sir HENRY's right-hand man, alike in the Cabinet Council and in the House of Commons, and not the least of Sir Henry's services to the party is that he was able to yield up his high There are a good many varying views as to the political future To-night, at 9, office with the certainty that there would and could be no dis- of this country of ours, and no doubt in time to come there puted succession.

We are doubtless too near in point of time to be able to decide the exact verdict which history will form on Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, and we have no sort of desire to try to anticipate the historian. But even now there are some passed away this morning amid the scene of his labours. We things that can be said with clearness and certainty. The shall all do well, whatever our politics, if we make it our enson of a "staunch Tory" (his own description of his father) in his first election address), he represented as a Liberal for forty years the Stirling Burghs in the House of Commons, which by his death loses its Father, as it is customary to call the member whose period of unbroken Parliamentary service is longest. That first election address is a singularly interesting document, for it is rarely given to a public man to describe his own career with such amazing fidelity. asked the electors to believe that he inherited his father's "tenacity without inheriting his principles," and that the son, like the father, would "stick to his party and his principles '' 'through a long public life, through good report and through evil report, in fair weather and foul." He lost that election in the Stirling Burghs, but it was his first and only electoral defeat, for a few months was returned, and the electors never repented choice. The story of his long public life is set out which even the quick verdure of the Swiss summer was unable elsewhere, and we do not attempt here to survey it. could have had his way he would like to have been Speaker sizes of the stony ruin which a great river in spate leaves in its when Mr. Gully was elected in the 1892 Parliament; but desolating track. In places were arid wastes of rough sand, as happily it was decided that he could not be spared from the though a piece of desert had been dropped. Here and there were fighting line. Then, when, in 1898, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. JOHN MORLEY both resigned from active participa-TO NIGHT at 9, JACK STRAW, by W. Somerset Maugham, in which Mr. CHARLES and MIT. JOHN MORLES DOTH TESIGNED TO THE PARTIES AT \$15, A SENTIMENTAL CUSS, by Douglas Murray. tion in the conduct of affairs from the Front Opposition blue, crested with sunny foam as it dashed on its wild way.

MATINEE TO-DAY and WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.15. Bench, the post of House of Commons Leader was offered to MR. LEWIS WALLER, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. There were many who and so we spun on our way almost due west; the diligence, with TO-DAY at 2.30 and EVERY EVENING at 8.30, MATINEE WEDS, and SATS, at 2.30, I thought that he would shrink from the undertaking of so difficult and thankless a task; but, whilst Sir Henry never intrigued for advancement, he never shrank from responsibility was as pleasant-mannered and chatty as his nose was red, and that when in the natural course it came to him. He always de- is saying a good deal. He chatted all the time; answering our veloped a courage to meet the occasion, and everybody knows queries, spoken in bad French and worse Italian, in French that how his leadership through exceptionally difficult years eventually led to the brilliant victory at the polls two years and so we all enjoyed ourselves. ago. When in 1905 Mr. Balfour at last resigned there were

some who thought Sir Henry would decline to form a Government until after the General Election; but here again WHEN a little more than a fortnight ago the news came of Sir they misunderstood their man. He did not hesitate to adopt critics amongst his opponents had not learnt their lesson. The legend amongst Unionists was that Sir HENRY was a bungler, who could be despised in office just as he had been tation was really in peril. From the very beginning, Sir. HENRY led his party with a courage and geniality that made him their master and their very good friend. It used to be said of him when he was Irish Secretary that he governed Ireland with Scotch jokes, and certainly his sense of humour, allied to his broad humanity, ever stood him in good stead. His powers of happy phrasing were indeed very great. We remember, for instance, that in a private letter written at the time of the Harcourt and Morley resignations he spoke of "the twin rockets who have fired each other off in to-day's

Mr. Asquitte only spoke the bare truth a fortnight ago when he referred to his predecessor as the "beloved" leader. of the party, but he had become a good deal more than that. by When he resigned there was a note of genuine regret and ho sincerity in the tributes from his political opponents which showed how he had lived down the criticism by which he was most differed from him had come to recognise that in him the country possessed a straightforward statesman and the kindliest of gentlemen, one who was honourably entitled to the greatest distinction that can fall to a subject of the KING. may be great changes. But whatever changes may come, and whatever our political constitution may be, the country will ever need in the conduct of its affairs men of high character, high capacity, and high convictions. Of such men a shining example was to be found in the statesman who peacefully deavour to imitate his courage and cheerfulness—for these two words seem best to sum up the life which is now ended.

#### TO THE RESCUE.

BY BRAM STOKER.

A magnificent day in mid-September. The sky a delicate clear blue, the air fresh and crisp; the sun so strong that we did not miss the Italian brightness in which we had been wandering amongst the ripening vineyards for the last fortnight. On the previous day we had walked over the Simplon from Domo d'Ossola to Brieg-a long tramp with knapsacks; and were glad to take the diligence on to Sierre, where we would get our train to Geneva on the way home. The valley of the Rhone is here very beautiful at this time of the year, though in winter, when the river is flooded, he it must be a wild and dangerous place. Between the road and their where the summer-dwindled river ran was a belt of desolation to cover up with more than an occasional patch of ineffectual green. A waste of gravel, pebbles, boulders—all varieties and great water holes and quagmires, and still more terrible quicksands big enough and strong enough to drag down whatsoever came within their scope. Beyond this was the river of sapphire

The road was good, and the horses were equal to their work; its overhanging burden of tarpaulined luggage, swaying as we went. We sat in front, close to the driver, and so were casily familiar with the incidents of the road. The driver, an old soldier, was simply vile, or in English, which was, if possible, even worse. But he had full appreciation for our flasks and cigars;

When about half-way on our road we saw a good way ahead

#### OUR LONDON LETTER.

ments, from Tuesday, May 5, until Friday, the 8th, and Tuesday, the 19th, until Thursday, the 21st.

group of members who commenced their Parliamentary careers of Claims and Explanations in Ireland. Sir Winston married one in the year 1868, others being Mr. J. G. Talbot, Mr. Chaplin, and of the Drakes of Ash, and their son was the yictor of Blenheim. Sir C. Dilke, but of these only the first-named, in addition to Sir Henry, has sat continuously throughout the intervening period. He had a son, uncle to Mr. Winston Churchill, named Frederick Sir Henry was the Father of the House at the time of his lamented John Winston, who only lived just over four years. death, having succeeded Sir Michael Hicks-Beach (flow Lord St. | Churchill's younger brother is named John Winston. Mr. Winston Aldwyn) in that capacity whensthe latter went to the Lords.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was once described as the second daughter, Anne Countess of Sunderland. test Prime Minister England has ever had of purely Celtic strain. | The fact that the first congratulations on his promotion to the Although his mother was a Bannerman of Manchester, her father | Secretaryship of the Admiralty came to Dr. Macnamara from the Protestant Church, was for many years honorary secretary of the settled there from Scotland; and up in Aberdeenshire, where the sergeants' mess of the Loyal North Eancashire (the old 47th) Bannermans hail from, there is little but the Celtic element. Regiment), now stationed at the Curragh, in which his father was Paternally, Sir Henry was out and out a Celt. Both his father a sergeant, may be supplemented by record of the fact that Dr. and uncle, who built up the great business in the Second City Machamara wears a magnificent gold watch which he sometimes no exaggeration to say that the present sound condition of the which still bears their name, were enthusiastic Highlanders. As shows to his friends with pride as one of his best treasured pos- Irish Protestant Church "in things temporal" is in the main due. business men their Highland mother said of them: "What James sessions. plans and William carries out canna go wrong."

The King proposes to be at Newmarket for the First and Second Trade has made famous, has long been a favourite Christian the Army. Dr. Macnamara's father and mother were Irish, and Spring Meetings, and he will stay, as usual, at the Jockey Club. name in the family of Churchill-John Churchill, of Mintern, in natives of the county of Clare. He is proud of his Irish ante-His Majesty will be at Newmarket, according to present arrange- Devonshire, having augmented his estate very considerably by cedents, and has named his residence in Herne Hill Clontarf, from from marrying the daughter and co-heir of Sir Henry Winston, of the suburb of Dublin which was the scene of the great victory in Standish, co. Gloucester. His son was Sir Waston Churchill, 1014 in which Brian Boru, the Irish King, a Clare man, defeated The late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was one of a small who occupied the curiously named post of Commissioner of Court | the Danes,

Churchill is ninth in descent from the great Duke, through his College, Dublin, and one of the ablest and most zealous of Mr.

This watch, which bears an inscription, was presented to his support and maintenance.

The name of Winston, which the President of the Board of father by his brother non-commissioned officers on retiring from

Mr. Winston Churchill fell into a very general error in stating in a recent speech that the late Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C., the founder The seventh Duke of Marlborough was named John Winston. of the present Irish Nationalist movement, who died in 1879, was the author of the phrase "Home Rule." The inventor of the "magic words, Home Rule," as Mr. Butt once termed them, was the late Rev. Professor Joseph Galbraith, a Senior Fellow of Trinity Butt's colleagues in the Irish Nationalist agitation.

Mr. Galbraith, who was a distinguished divine of the Irish Irish Protestant Church Synod. He had great financial abilities, which, up to the time of the Irish Church Disestablishment, he placed unreservedly at the disposal of his co-religionists, and it is to the admirable financial schemes framed by Mr. Galbraith for its

of us and to our left, some distance across the belt of waste, two figures—a man and a boy, standing on a little shelf of rock. They appeared, so far as we could see, to be dragging a heavy net from a wide pool of water. When they saw us coming the angle to the road so as to catch us at the nearest point. It was a sort of race, for though the little chap ran with extraordinary swiftness over the rough ground we also were going fast; and so we all became interested. The boy arrived on the road a few seconds before us, and we could see at close quarters that he was a lad of thirteen or fourteen, very poorly clad; his nut-brown "the two heroes of the two races which make up the Canadian were bare.

was just able to pull up his horses in time to avoid running over him—there was no room for taking sides on that road. The poor little fellow was in a dreadfully excited state. His dark eyes were raining tears, and there was a note of pathos in his voice which went straight to our hearts. The good-hearted driver was much upset, for he was himself in a severe struggle between duty and inclination. The lad was telling his pitiful story at a fearful pace, | country. his dialect making it difficult for us to follow him. Aided, however, as it was by eloquent pantomime and still more eloquent fervour we were able to grasp its salient features. His father was a poor, very poor farmer, and had but one horse, which was gifted with all the virtues erroneously attributed to human beings, and in addition a whole series of others sufficient to fill an equine pantheon. That morning early he and his father and the horse had gone to bring home some hay which they had previously cut in the stony waste and left to dry in the sun. They had loaded, the horse and were leading it, when they foolishly attempted to make a short cut through a shallow pool amongst rocks. The horse had refused at first, but had been over-persuaded-that was the way the boy, wishing evidently to spare his father from any charge of cruelty, put it. When he had entered the water he began to sink. \Lo! it was a "moving sand!" His father had got on the rock close by and by dragging at the rein with a steady pull, and with the help of the speaker, had managed to get the horse closer to the rock. But there, alas! the sand was more moving, and the horse sank more and more; till at last only his head and neck were above water. The boy-valiant little fellow he must have been-had crawled out on the horse's back, and cut the cord which bound the load of hay, and had thrown it off on one side. Then, with his father's aid, he had scrambled back on the rock, where he and his father together resumed their task of holding up the horse. On the lightening of its load the poor beast had gained fresh courage with the new hope of extrication, and had made franțic efforts to escape. But after a little, seeing that it could not prevail, had given up hope, and was inert. Then it had sunk lower and lower still, till only the head was above water. It took the two of them all their strength to hold him in that position; but if they could get the aid of a couple of horses—or even one—they might manage to draw him in the direction of the side of the pool where the sand was sloping; and so he might manage to scramble out. Would the good driver, so strong, so brave, so tender in his heart to the poor who were in distress, and who manifestly loved horses; for sec, were not his own beautiful horses in such fine condition—so well fed, so well groomed—condescend to help them? They would pray for him henceforth morning and evening with grateful hearts. Would not the great seigneurs who sat beside him not join their prayer with his and try to persuade the noble driver of the fine horses to bring these to their aid?

The great seigneurs did more; they offered their available cash to the noble driver, and also their own help such as it was. But the driver was impervious to the allurements of either prayer or gold. He had already pointed out to the poor boy that he was a driver of the mails of the nation; a sworn servant of the State, who would commit a crime in delaying the mails, even for a moment and even in so clamant a cause. The boy wept on and prayed, and the noble driver was himself in tears. Then an inspiration came to him. He cried to the boy to rise and hurry back to help his father, so that they might keep the horse breathing as long as possible. "I cannot come with you," he said, "or give these horses. But I shall hurry along the road and find others who can!"

For an instant the boy looked at him searchingly, as if in doubt. Then he sprang to his feet, and, with a look of gratitude and a bow which was incarnate grace, turned and ran back over the waste as fast as his legs would carry him. We were all on fire now. When the driver cracked his whip the horses sprang forward with a jerk which tried the traces. Even they seemed by some instinct of their own to understand that they had a task to perform—to help to rescue their own fellow-being from death.

We dashed along the level rough at a pace which, considering that we were on a loaded diligence, was simply terrific. The heavy carriage rocked and swung. The passengers outside clung on to each other and to the guarding outside rail; those inside were massed into a tumbling heap. When we looked back in a minute or two we could see in the distance that the lad had joined his father, and that they were both pulling hard. Now that we knew where to look and what to look for we could see the horse's head still above the water.

Just then, round a bend of the road, came a little train of farm carts; those long carts with projecting poles behind quite as long as the shafts. The whole three of them were laden with young men and women, evidently bound to some festivity, for they were all in their gayest clothes. When they neared us we all began to yell at them. Naturally, they drew up close to one side of the road, so as to leave the diligence room to pass, and waited for our coming.

When we drew up, the horses smoking and their feet grinding as they set their strength against the weight behind them, our driver, with plenty of gesture, began to explain the situation. The peasants took it in at once, and without a second's delay all --- the girls as well as the men--jumped from the carts and began to unharness the horses. One of the men asked where was the place; and by the time that the driver had stood up and pointed back where now in far distance the straining figures of the man and boy were seen against the background of the blue river, a man had jumped on the back of each horse and they had started on their errand of mercy. Those who had unharnessed the horses knew what they had to do. They had left sufficient furniture on the beasts to equip them for the heavy hauling which was before them; and as each left some one of the girls, who had manifestly undertaken such task, threw him a rapidly coiled rope. Away they went, tearing along the road, chains jingling, and cords flying on the breeze of their going. The cheer raised by all behind them seemed to follow them as a stimulus as far as we could see them.

The cheer reached the struggling man and boy, and roused them afresh—even the poor horse seemed to recommence struggling.

Before we turned the bend of the road we saw the rescue party turn off the highway and begin to forge away through the desert waste. By this time the remainder of the rescuing party, leaving their carts where they were, had become a straggling mass, flying along the road. -At the corner the driver reined in his horses and stood up.

He took off his hat and bent his head in prayer as he crossed himself. Then he began to cheer. We all joined in.

"It is all right!" he shouted. "They are in time. God and the Virgin be praised l'

### NOTES OF THE DAY.

We gladly direct the attention of our readers to the very smaller figure detached itself and began running swiftly at right influentially signed appeal in another column to the British people in connexion with the Canadian Tercentenary celebrations. It is proposed to turn the historic Plains of Abraham, at present disfigured by unworthy buildings, into a great public park, and to crect there a national memorial to Wolfe and Montcalm, who are skin showed through various rents at knees and elbows; his feet | people." It is an excellent idea that this country should be asked | it, they will all come round to the conviction that the existing Fiscal system has to lend its aid, and we are sure the response will be general and · As we came up he threw himself on his knees on the road hearty. Large contributions are not requested, the idea being that right in our way and held up his hands in prayer. Our driver all parties and classes should be in a position to assist in the movement. There will be a public meeting at the Mansion House on May 15, and the General Committee already formed includes many men of distinguished position and influence. The Prince of Wales is to be present at the celebrations, and the proceedings altogether are such as deserve the enthusiastic approval of the mother-

#### A HEARTRENDING CRY.

(By Our Office-Boy.)



(With apologies to John Hassall and the Vacuum Cleaner Co.)

A few weeks ago we ventured a grumble at the inadequate reports of the speeches of Liberal Cabinet Ministers as given in the Times. Apparently the way to make sure of being reported is to go and speak at a by-election, for in to-day's Times practically a whole page is given to the speeches made yesterday by Mr. Lloyd George in Manchester. This is all the more remarkable because comment has been made on the fact that Mr. Lloyd George should have gone to Manchester at all. It is no doubt the general rule, or at any rate the practice, that the two Front Benches take no personal part in by-elections. Even so, that is in which he said: apparently only held to apply in the case of the Opposition to the members of the last Ministry, since Mr. Chaplin, who ceased to be a Minister in 1900, is constantly speaking by-electoral platforms. The rule has many obvious advantages from the point of view of those who are silenced in his letter: by it, and we rather think that in the future, as in the past, the great and eminent ones will invoke its aid as a reason for escaping what is rather a thankless task. Mr. Balfour, in his letter to Mr. Joynson-Hicks, talks of the "unexampled spectacle of two Cabinet Ministers struggling to preserve at a by-election the seat which was won by an Under-Secretary at the General Election," and comments on the "Chancellor of the Exchequer, new to office, with his Budget immediately impending," coming to Mr. Churchill's assistance.

For our part, what seems to us really remarkable is that Mr. Lloyd George should spend his Easter Tuesday in making four speeches. We are reminded of the 'bus-driver who spent his first day's holiday for ten years in riding on a friend's 'bus. truth is that the perspective in these matters is changing a little. If we remember aright, Queen Victoria was very shocked in the seventies when Mr. Gladstone, as Prime Minister, made party speeches from a party platform. That is done now without any sort of comment or surprise. We live in more democratic days, and the Minister of the Crown is not some exalted personage on a pedestal, but one who has constantly to justify himself by contact with the people. In any case, nice customs curtsey to special occasions. "I am here," said Mr. Lloyd George yesterday, "because I find a colleague assailed by every monopoly and privilege which stands in the pathway of progress."

Mr. Balfour, on the other hand, in the letter to which we have already referred, thinks that it is Mr. Joynson-Hicks who is fighting against the "heavy odds." In addition to the two Cabinet Ministers, "some of the wealthiest and best-known members of our party," says Mr. Balfour, "not content with neutrality, are openly fighting in the ranks of our opponents." That is a reference to the Unionist Free Traders, and it is undoubtedly the case that in Manchester these are supporting Mr. Churchill as a way of showing how important they think it to maintain Free Trade. But even so it gives a false impression to talk of "heavy odds" because, as a fact, two years ago these Unionist Free Traders supported Mr. Churchill, who is not likely in any event to get more yotes in this quarter than he did in January 1906. Mr. Balfour, after a little rhetoric (for the letter is in effect a manifesto to the city for which he was once one of the representatives), comes back to the question of these recalcitrant Unionists, who decline to accept Mr. Joynson-Hicks's invitation to postpone the Fiscal question, if not sine die, at least until the next General Election. weeps over the hostility of those who are as much against the Government as himself, yet desire to keep them in office. "Such something refreshingly novel.

divisions," he says, "are the tragedies of public life—the wasting maladies of great organisations."

Mr. Balfour goes on to say:

The evil they are doing is great, but it must be ultimately increased, not diminished, by any attempt to disguise the fact that the vast majority of the party is resolved to deal with the Fiscal question. It is not on this point that compremise is possible. My hopes for the complete unity of the Unionist Party are based not on any doubts as to the policy of my Birmingham speech, but on my growing conviction that, whatever estimate my friends may have formed of broken down from every point of view, including the point of view from which it was looked at by Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone. Then, and perhaps not till then, will alternative proposals have a fair hearing from the small section of Unionists who still dread change.

We are, in fact, to get Tariff Reform as the result of the working of the long arm of coincidence. The next Unionist Chancellor of the Exchequer will declare that, from the point of view of revenue only, something must be done, and by a fortunate coincidence it will be found that a Protective and Preferential Tariff will do precisely what is wanted. The Unionist who leans to Free Trade is to be asked to remember that the motive of the Tariff is only to get revenue, what time the whole-hogger will be chuckling at the Protective and Preferential effect. The latter will very probaably consider that it does not make any difference at all what the motive is so long as the result is what he desires.

The Manchester Unionist Free Traders meet to-night, but we hardly think that Mr. Balfour's arguments are likely to persuade them out of the course of action upon which they have decided. They know from practical experience how important Free Trade is for Lancashire, and nothing that Mr. Balfour says touches the merits of the Fiscal question. As it presents itself to a Free Trader, his argument is that, in order to get revenue, something must be done which is economically unsound and pernicious. Anyhow, the Manchester Unionists are perfectly familiar with the arguments, restated to some extent by Mr. Lloyd George yesterday. It is not for us to offer advice, but this much is certainthat if Mr. Churchill loses the seat the victory will be claimed. whatever Mr. Joynson-Hicks may have said, as a victory for Tariff Reform and a defeat for Free Trade.

> " Dis-tu, toi que voilà, Qu'as tu fait de la jeunesse?"

-PAUL VERLAINE

What have I made of youth? What first-fruits bring? O Lord, thy servant stands With vain and empty hands, For all his voyaging. What have I made of youth?

What have I made of youth? Lord, I have done Nothing, but still delayed: While others strove, I stayed: Now that its sands are run, What have I made of youth?

What have I made of youth? Before Thy feet I fling my follies now, My wasted hours, and bow Low at Thy mercy-seat. What have I made of youth?

Man, there is yet thine Age :

Before its sands are run,

So that no useless tears Lay waste the relict years, Some deed may still be done. Man, there is yet thine Age ! AUSTIN PHILIPL Sir William Duprec writes to the Times this morning as to the

Coach and Horses Inn. This licensed house (it will be remembered) was sold last summer to Sir William by the War Office for £10,000, and a great deal of capital has been made out of the sale. Sir William quotes from a speech he made a few weeks ago,

on The figure of £7,500 is the difference between the value of the premises licensed and unlicensed. Sir William says this morning

I desire to make it quite clear that my point is that the Government, having recognised the legality of claiming the highest market value obtainable for licences field by the State, cannot in justice uphold the policy of expropriation. It is quite clear from this that Sir William paid for the Coach and Horses the market price at the time—he did not pay a penny piece more because the vendor was the War Office.

That really is the vital point to be considered. Did the purchaser of the Coach and Horses pay more than he would have done if he had bought it from a private individual? If not, why should he be in any different position from that of any other publichouse purchaser? Did the War Office guarantee the permanence of the value of the licence? Of course not. What happened was exactly comparable to what takes place in the case of the Death Duties. There the State merely takes its percentage on the market-value of the dead man's estate, and if that includes a public-house, well, duty must be paid on what the public-house is worth. This does not mean that the State thinks the market-value the real value, or enters into a covenant never to do anything to alter the value-The purchaser of the Coach and Horses gave £10,000 because he thought that to be the value of what he was buying. If he paid too much he must blame his own judgment, and not complain because the vendor happened to be a Government Department selling the property in ordinary course.

Mr. Neill (the hon, secretary of the Devonshire branch of the Tariff Reform League), moved by the action of Mr. Stewart Bowles and the Unionist Free Traders at Manchester, writes to the Morning Post to say that the time has come when the Unionist Party must be purged of its disloyal members. What we like 19 the last paragraph of his letter:

It may be said that I advocate proscription. I do not. When mutineers are given the option either of returning to their duty without punishment, or of taking one of the boats to row to an island inhabited by an uncivilised tribe in order to make their home among them, one does not call that proscription.

Was there ever such kindness shown in politics? Lord Hugh Cecil can, if he likes, recanting all his opinions as to Free Trade, return to full membership of the Unionist Party-without being punished! We confess that we feel quite unmanned by such tender consideration; all the more as politics is usually accounted a rough-and-tumble sort of business.

We see as one of this morning's headings: MR. (LLOYD GEORGE AS A BOLSTERER.

He Mr. Lloyd George has had a good many labels of one sort of another attached to him in his time. but "bolsterer" strikes us as