

Lloyd George Begins Crusade Against British Land Monopoly

At Bedford on Saturday, Oct. 11, Mr. Lloyd George, in two eagerly awaited speeches inaugurated the Land Campaign.

Mr. Lloyd George's main arguments were: Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment are settled issues.

Land controls life in all its aspects. Landlords have greater power than the King or the judges.

By advocating purchase the Tories admit that the land system is a ghastly failure.

England has the best soil and fewest workers or it of any country in Europe.

The experience of Belgium, Holland, and Denmark shows that this is not due to Free Trade.

While the number of agricultural laborers has dropped from over two millions to about one and one-half millions—or by 600,000—the number of gamekeepers has risen from 9,000 to 23,000.

While the land produces 34 millions of rent, and three millions of tithe, only 25 millions is paid to all the laborers.

Cottages are often in an atrocious condition. Farms are overrun with game, and farmers dare not claim compensation.

County councils are hostile to small-holdings.

Farmers lose the value of their own improvements when a sale or other disturbance occurs. Laborers emigrate in thousands for lack of

profound attention. But what impressed one most was the revelation of the old Puritan spirit, breaking out in Ebenezer Eliot's historic hymn in the Land Song, and, above all, in the long, deep murmur of approval that followed each and all of the many appeals of the old

Julian prophesies.

Mr. Lloyd George put a severe tax upon voice and energy. He spoke for nearly two and a half hours in the afternoon and for about an hour in the evening.

Dr. Macnamara and Sir John Simon said a few words, but perhaps the most spontaneous applause came at a simple remark made by Mr. Masterman. "This man," said he, with a wave towards the Chancellor, "is either passionately hated or passionately beloved." Many thousands leapt cheering to their feet.

Liberal Landlord Rally.

A notable feature of the occasion was the rally of Liberal landlords. Lord Beauchamp occupied the chair. Sir Harry Verney spoke. There were also present, among many others, Lord Ashley, Lord Leathers, Lord Lucas, Lord Saye and Sele, Mr. Kay Shuttleworth, and Baron de Forest.

One man trapped to the meeting on foot, starting on Friday morning, and Mr. Lee-Roberts, the veteran leader of Bedfordshire Liberalism, heard the speeches by microphone.

Among the audience were the Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Churchill's cousin, who has his own scheme of land reform, and Mr. Hall Caine.

Great Speech at Bedford—Must Be More Land for the People and Less for the Pheasants—Shocking Condition of Agricultural Laborers—British Farmers the Victims of Present System—Rural England Being Depopulated—Government Will Grapple With the Evils—A Jubilee Coming.

greatest of all monopolies, it is the least controlled of all monopolies.

Super-Sovereign Powers.

I want to know the reason why. I think the time has come to inquire into that. Well, I want you to follow me whilst I am making an examination of the use which has been made of these great powers, and the effect it has had upon the welfare of the community. I wonder how many people there are who realize what powers those who own the land possess upon the life of the nation. The Sovereign of this Empire has no power over his subjects comparable to the power which the landowner has over his subjects.

What can he do? The landowner can devastate the countryside. He can sweep every cottage away and convert it into a wilderness. He can do what no foreign invader is permitted to do, he can take his next holiday in the country, and drive the peasantry away into exile; convert the land into a desert. He can do more than a foreign enemy. The moment—even in the old barbarous days of warfare—the peasants returned to their homes, rebuilt their cottages, tilled their land, and the country resumed its normal appearance of industry and of thrift. Landlordism can, by its process, not merely ordain a wilderness, it can maintain one.

Devastated Highlands.

You may say those are purely imaginary powers they have got by law. Not at all. If anyone doubts it he has simply got to take his next holiday in the Highlands of Scotland, where he will find millions of acres which formerly maintained the sturdiest, the bravest, the most gallant race under the sun, a desert.

What has become of the inhabitants? What the sons were maintaining the glory of Britain on continental fields, their parents were having their cottages burnt down. They were driven away homeless. The land was left a wilderness. You will find still the remains of the old crofts, but the crofters are not there; the land is trodden by deer. (Hear, hear.)

Those are the legal powers. It is true that Liberal ministers in recent years have curtailed those powers in the attempt by Unions—by Tories—at that time. There is only a difference in the name. In Ireland you have seen the results. Therefore, therefore, the land by legal process within living memory. Liberal legislation again has curtailed those powers in Ireland. They are still existing in England and Wales. They have been reduced, but they are still powers comparable with what vested in anybody else in this country.

Those are the powers. Now, I am not attacking the landlords either individually or as a class. They are just as well-meaning, just as kindly, and have just as keen a sense of duty as any citizens in the land. (Hear, hear.)

What I do say is this: You cannot trust human nature in any class, in any profession—even the legal profession (loud laughter)—from generation to generation with sweeping powers of that character without there being abuse, wrong, oppression, and injustice, and you must put the land into such a position that they can possibly be guilty of repeating things like those which have happened in the Highlands and elsewhere, and we mean to deplore them, and that temptation in future. (Hear, hear.)

The Landowner's Policy.

Our chairman referred to Lord Lansdowne's policy, and you had another very learned and distinguished Unionist here. Thursday, he came here to lay before you and before the country the land policy of the Unionist party. Well, rather than grin (laughter and cheers)—to feed a nation upon. But shall I tell you what is remarkable about all his speeches? It is a question to him. What does that mean first of all? I will tell you what it means. It means that the land, after centuries of the life of England in their hands, and in the hands of the Unionist party, having almost unfettered control—because the restrictions only came within the last 30 or 40 years, such as they are—has been handed on to the present day. Things are so bad that there is only one way out of it. Clear us out. (Laughter.) And we say, "At what price?" (Renewed laughter.) And they say, "or heaven's sake, at any price, but get us out."

Price is rather essential. You are not going to burden the community, not merely the rural community, but the urban community, the business people of the country, the trade of the country, the commerce of the country—you are not going to burden them for ever with a huge national debt in order to capitalize abuses.

The soil of Britain is about the richest in the world. I was talking to a very able Scotch agriculturist the other day, a very able man, and he knows a great deal about agriculture. He has got another business which brings him into contact with farmers, not merely in this country, but in every country in the world. And I put this question to him. I knew he was a Scotsman. I said to him, "Supposing you were starting a business as a farmer, and without any patriotic bias in your choice, where would you leave Scotland if he could do better anywhere else. (Laughter.) I should not have asked that question."

Well, he said to me: "Taking everything into account, its climate—I was rather surprised (laughter)—(but he said calmly)—taking one thing with another, and markets, I would rather have a farm in England than in any country I have ever seen. (Cheers.) That was to make money, (laughter.)"

How many men have you got in Britain employed on the land, farmers and laborers? A million and a half; a great industry, an important industry, a vital industry. It is vital even to defence. (Hear, hear.) Every European country has realized that the most important thing for defensive purposes is to get a large, strong, robust population on the soil. (Cheers.) Conscriptists, please take note of

this. (Laughter.) A million and a half! What about France? France has just under nine millions on the soil. (Laughter.) In Denmark, where the population is ten millions, Austria-Hungary fourteen millions. Well, I know the answer. The answer first of all is that Britain is not comparable with these countries. The second answer is—Free Trade. Look at it. (Laughter.) Wait a minute; I will give you countries where the farmer is not protected.

We have got in Great Britain 40 persons engaged on the soil, farmers and laborers, for every thousand acres. Now, have you got that? (Laughter.) In Denmark, where the soil is not nearly as good as it is here, and where the farmer is not protected, they have got 70 per 1,000. The Netherlands, which is all practically reclaimed land, and what Lord Salisbury once said in describing the Sahara, it is rather light soil. (Laughter.) In the Netherlands they have 120 per 1,000 acres, and they are doing well. Three times as many as we have in Belgium, which in many respects is a country of the same sort, a great industrial country, a very great industrial country, thickly populated, but with a soil which is not to be compared with ours, taking it through and through, they have got 160 per 1,000 acres. There you have countries where they have no protection. There you have got in one case 70 to our 40, in the other three times as many, 120, and in the third case you have got four times as many on the soil as we have got, and they are doing very well. They have thriven on their merits.

Uncultivated Land.

Now, I could show to you that the percentage of cultivated land in this country is lower than in any country in Europe. There is too much of a disposition here to confine farming to the land which is immediately productive, whereas you go on the continent and the North of Scotland and you find that the land which is not immediately productive will grow a mangold or a potato, and that in the long run it pays. Take other figures—take the figures of migration and emigration. About 50 years ago, when the country was being played on the land of this country. You now have a million and a half. They have gone down while the population has gone up enormously. The land of the country has increased prodigiously. The markets for agricultural produce are twice, three times, and even four times as good as they were 50 years ago. The population has gone down by 600,000. Just you imagine what the loss in real wealth that is. (Hear, hear.)

The only real explanation is this, and it is well we should get right down to fact, whatever it costs, whatever it involves, for unless you get at that you are building your remedy on a basis of sand—the real reason is the fatuous and unbusinesslike system upon which the ownership of land has been conducted in this country. (Loud cheers.) The interests of agriculture have been sacrificed to other considerations that have nothing to do with agriculture, which are injurious to agriculture, and which to that extent are harmful to the whole community.

Low Land Wages.

Let us take another consideration. Take the wages on the land. The general average of wages paid on the land for its cultivation are lower than those which are paid in any great industry in this country. (Shame!) The hours of labor are longer than in any great industry. You have no Saturday half-holiday. You have no Sunday for the purpose of cultivating the land. (Shame!)

Worst of all, there is no labor where there is less prospect of real advancement. Twelve shillings a week, thirteen, fourteen, eked out with all sorts of allowances, which has to keep the men from death and starvation. What they want is not allowances, but wages—(loud cheers)—not charity, not scraps of odds and ends that are doled out and dribbled to them just to see what lowest grant you can give to them without their sinking down; no, but a man's wage for a man's work. (Cheers.) There is a very ordinary commonplace, but a very fundamental, test for their wages. "How much a man ought to get in order to provide adequate sustenance for himself and his wife and build up the strength of his little children?" Because he has got to build up the strength of those citizens upon whom the future of this empire depends. (Cheers.)

Workhouse Test of Wages.

Well, there have been many tests of how little can you give a man without starving him. They have tried it in prisons and they have tried it in workhouses. I will take the workhouse test. Do you know how much it would take for an agricultural laborer to maintain himself and his family, only allowing 2s a week for rent—and you can't get very decent cottages for that—(laughter)—do you know how much it wants to keep his family and himself on workhouse fare? Twenty shillings and sixpence a week. (Hear, hear.) Take the ordinary laborer, the hundreds of thousands of them—90 per cent of them are below the workhouse scale. (Shame!) Sixty per cent of

them are below 18s a week. A scandal—(loud cheers)—for a great, rich, powerful country like this.

The whole wages of the agricultural laborer in England and Wales come to 25 millions—all the laborers—put together. What do the rest come to? Thirty-four millions, and if you add the tithe, and I would pay the laborer even before I would pay the parson—(renewed laughter)—thirty-seven millions to the parson and the landlord; thirty-four millions to the men who, according to Mr. Chamberlain, "toil not, neither do they spin"; twenty-five millions to the men who toil from morning to night, from one end of the week to the other—incessant, unbroken toil—and we pay them less than workhouse fare. (Shame!) All I can say is that I am with The Times for the purpose of making a slice out of the landlord's rent for the laborer. (Loud cheers.)

Farmer's Position.

I agree the farmers' burdens are heavy. They have got to pay rates and taxes and rent and wages. They have got to bear the enormous outlay of running a farm. They have also to bear great risk of good and bad harvests—the weather or a blight—which may leave them in a given year losers. They have got to bear the loss of feeding the game. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) And I think they could make a case in a very large number of cases that they cannot afford to pay the wages which are paid in any other party? (Cheers.) Why should it always be assumed that the farmer has got to pay the burden? He, at any rate, contributes brain and labor for the purpose of cultivating the land. It is very remarkable that the worst paid districts are the districts where the way of the landlord is greatest. Take a political map of England and you will find in the main that where the power of the landlord is unchallenged there the wages are lowest. (Shame!)

And that brings me to houses. Wages are bad. Houses are atrocious—inadequate, insufficient, insanitary, rotten. (Cheers.)

The workman is worse off than he used to be. There was a time when he had an interest of his own in the land—a freehold interest. The laborer was a freeholder in the land. He had his commons. There he could graze a cow to give him butter and milk for himself and his family. There was a little patch where he could lay his head to rest. There he had his poultry, his cows, his pigs—a patch of land where he could raise green produce for the table. He was a gentleman. He was independent. He had a stake in the country. (Laughter and hear, hear.) His title was as ancient and apparently as indefeasible as that of the lord of the manor.

Land Held in Trust.

When have I gone to? Stolen! Landlord parliaments have inclosed Naboth's vineyard. And there is now occasionally a little garden, sometimes, as a matter of course, he has a little row of potatoes, which he has no longer a right in the soil as his fathers had. He has been converted from a contented, well fed, independent peasant to a hopeless, underpaid landlord's

drudge on the soil. His wages are less today than they were in proportion to their purchasing capacity—they are less than they were in the reign of Henry VII. Now, that is what we have done with him. And the land system is responsible. The laborer has no real access to the owner of the soil, and the responsibility must be that of the owner. Why should he shift it on to the farmer? That is the one thing I dislike in a good many of the suggestions that have been put forth.

Land ownership is not merely an ownership; it is a stewardship. (Hear, hear.) It is idle to talk about the ownership of land as if it were something you were putting your money in, and had no responsibility for. Land ownership has always been through the centuries a stewardship for the benefit of the community, and continued as a stewardship for the state of that particular plot of English soil. It is enforced by ownership. (Hear, hear.) Ownership is its sanction; ownership is its reward; but in essence it is a trust. (Hear, hear.) The landowners of England are responsible not merely for the farmers that till their soil, but for the laborers as well.

Block to Small Holdings.

There has been an attempt to improve his position, to give him some sort of ladder he can ascend up on, and a small holdings act was passed, and has met with a good deal of success. But let us be perfectly frank. The success is largely owing to the fact that the laborer is not provided to the extent we expected. Why? Here you have got, according even to the Unionist pamphlet, millions of acres of uncultivated land, whilst the laborer has to till a little soil to cultivate. He doesn't get it. Why? One reason is the councils are hostile. (Hear, hear.) They are almost consistently manned by men who are opposed to the idea of either from prejudice or interest it does not matter. You are working through reluctant agencies, and that is always bad work.

What else? The laborer is not independent, and he dare not press for these matters. There is a week's notice in many parts of this country, and he is not merely turned adrift from his job, but from his home. He can be, and he knows it, and he is afraid. There may be no reason, but there is the fact. Until he is independent he will not take the necessary steps to put the act into operation for himself. But the worst reason of all is this: The price of the land is prohibitive. (Hear, hear.)

Abuses of Sport.

I could give you cases of other things—pictures of English villages where the laborer is housed in the most wretched dwellings and close at hand the most magnificent parks and houses. These dwellings have got to be decently paid. (Cheers.) He has got to be comfortably housed. (Hear, hear.) He must have a ladder of progress which will enable him to climb up, if there is anything in him, to a better lot, and then you will be—(Continued On Page Nineteen.)



DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

prospects in this country. Hence the urgent national need for drastic reform.

Incidents of the Day.

The arrangements for the meeting were excellent. Bedford laid itself out to cater adequately for its guests—though some visitors might be seen munching in their motor-cars—and by a graceful act the corporation illuminated the river in honor of the occasion.

The skating rink was tastefully decorated in red, white, and blue. Mr. Lloyd George spoke from the Union Jack, and great numbers of the throngs already wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Headache and neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and twitching of the limbs, indigestion and rheumatism, eczema and skin eruptions, the ailments of growing girls and women all disappear when the veins are filled with the new, rich red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make. Here is one instance among thousands: Mr. F. Ashford, Hatfield, Ont., says: "Some years ago I completed a lengthy term of service in India, the last three years being spent in the beautiful but treacherous Peshawar Valley. Ague and dengue fever were rife, and although I was fortunate enough to escape a severe attack of either, on my return home it soon became apparent that the enervating climatic conditions had left their ravages on my constitution. In short, the reaction had set in, and inexorable nature was exacting a severe toll from years of strenuous labor. My first warning of the impending breakdown were severe pains in the back of the head and eyes, insomnia, irritability, a general aching condition and an indomitable nervousness. Life had lost its zest, work became impossible and companionship intolerable. It really seemed that I was swiftly passing to that state where nervousness ends and insanity begins, when by chance I read an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I confess I was skeptical of them doing what doctors had failed to do, but concluded that the evil was small, and perhaps, the chance in their favor, and so decided to try them. To my joy there was soon an improvement, and a continuance of the treatment effected a complete cure. I was now as fit and as healthy as any man, and am ever grateful that the lucky perusal of an advertisement brought to my notice the wonderful curative properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

LIFE'S SUNSHINE
GLADDENS THOSE WHO REGAIN NEW HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

A Rousing "Send Off."

Mr. Lloyd George, who received a great ovation on rising to speak, said: We are not here to discuss questions which have constructed the battle ground of party for the last forty years—home rule, disestablishment, even insurance. I think you will agree with me that these are settled issues with—(hears)—and where there are any difficulties which remain to be discussed all of them can easily be adjusted by goodwill. In the absence of goodwill, existing difficulties are exaggerated and imaginary difficulties are created. Where you have got goodwill real difficulties are easily smoothed and imaginary difficulties are swept on one side.

There are some people who would like to have election after election fought upon the same old questions which have served the electorate for a generation. They can afford it. (Laughter.) In fact, there are a good many of them cannot afford to see new issues raised. (Laughter.) Therefore, they would like us to go on to the end of our days fighting about our home rule, Welsh disestablishment—the same old questions—but there are millions sitting in darkness who are just waiting their turn to have the Parliamentary flashlights cast upon their lot, and they are earnestly and anxiously praying that attention will not again be diverted to other issues, and that the state will consider their wretched condition and put forth its strong right hand to lift them from the mire. (Cheers.)

Land and the Vital Issue.

There is no question ever raised which more vitally affects the well-being of every man, woman, and child in these islands than the question we are here to discuss this afternoon—the question of the land. It enters into every necessity of life. The food people eat, the water they drink, the houses they dwell in, the industries upon which their livelihood depends. Even their entertainments, their education, whether it is in school or chapel or in church, even their playgrounds.

There is no necessity of life, there is no amenity of life, but the land is somehow woven into its texture for every man from the beginning of his life to the end. The cradle is rocked on the land and the grave is sunk in the land. It enters into everything. You cannot raise an issue which is more important for us to consider, and to consider thoroughly, to consider intelligently, and having considered to act boldly in reference to the land. (Cheers.)

Most of the land of Britain is in the hands of very few persons. I should say it is in the hands of something like half of the population of Bedford. (Laughter.) There was a great, a prominent Unionist, the other day making a speech. He said one-third of the land of England belonged to the House of Lords. Well, what use do they make of it? Their authority is extensive. If they mismanage that power and authority the effect is disastrous upon the community as a whole. We are therefore entitled to examine the way they exercise their influence. Their powers are terrible. Landlordism is the greatest of all monopolies in the land. (Hear, hear.) Not only is it the

The Mysteries of Paris—How the Great Lepine Solved the Baffling Case of "Train No. 826"!

THE MYSTERY OF TRAIN 826—This is No. 2 of the five great Paris mysteries which Chief of Police Lepine has selected for The London Advertiser symposium of the greatest cases which this famous detective worked out.

By William G. Shepherd.

It might have passed for an accident—this mystery of Train 826—had it not been for the eternally unsatisfied suspicion of Louis Lepine, the great head of the Paris police, who has just resigned after a long police career.

The train from Montargis pulled into the Lyon station in Paris on the evening of Dec. 15, 1909, as usual, and the passengers filed through the gates surrendering their tickets to the collectors as is the fashion in Europe. No one knew that there were two men-hand murderers among them, the blood of their victim almost still warm on their clothes.

But, in the midst of all this rush, these two slayers left a tiny trail there in the depot which finally led the police to their goal.

A depot workman found a shroud of cloth and a bunch of human hair on the step outside the door of one of the first-class private compartments. He also noted that the door of the compartment had been partly broken. It is not an uncommon occurrence for a passenger to fall from a compartment of a speeding train and for the open door to be slammed closed again, when it hits the side of a tunnel.

There was every indication that such an accident had occurred in this case. Lepine's men took charge of the case. They found that the dead woman was Madame Fule, Countess de Melun, an official of the Bank of France. Her body, with the legs cut off by a passing train on the other track, was found the same night. Her purse containing \$50 was found nearby.

There was no sign of murder; it seemed plainly an accident—so far as the BIG and OBVIOUS signs were concerned.

But there were tiny hidden signs that were fairly screaming murder to such a detective as Lepine.

One of these was the position of the safety lock on the car door. This was turned TO LOCK THE DOOR.

Only a Lepine detective might have noticed this.

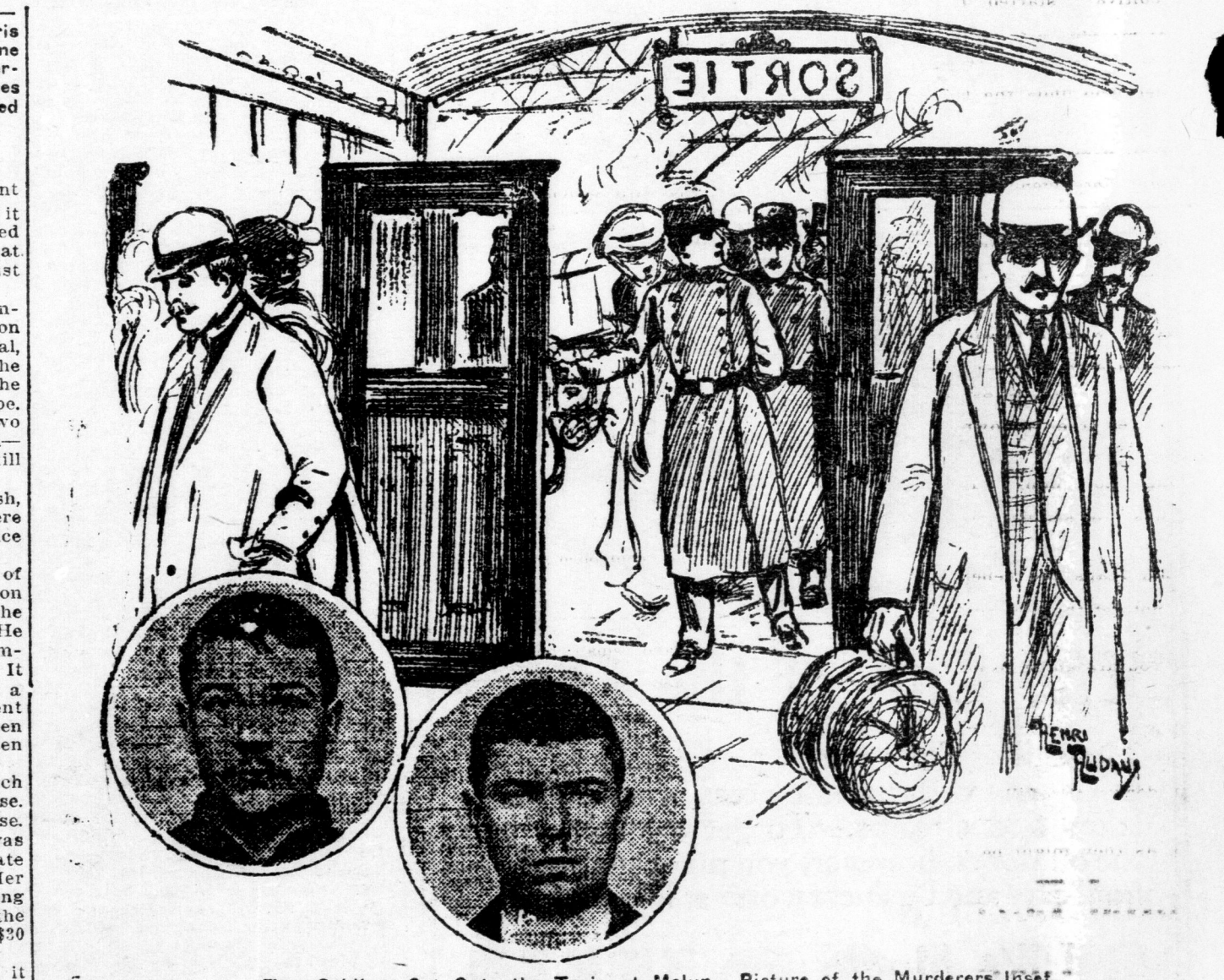
This door could be turned only from the outside. No slamming of a car door in colliding with the side of a tunnel could have done it.

Monieur has always believed in using the aid of the public in solving mysteries, and to secure this aid he has always used the newspapers. The small fact of the locked door was published; it was a small fact, from the point of view of the public, but a tremendous fact to Lepine.

IT SPELLED MURDER! The body of Madame Goulin had passed through the doorway.

And AFTERWARD LOCK! HUMAN HAND AND TURNER LOCK! It could not have been the woman's hand.

WOULD HAND, THEN? A track worker who had heard of the mystery of the locked door, passing on his way from where the body was found, discovered a piece of window



Two Soldiers Got Onto the Train at Melun. Picture of the Murderers' Inst.

curtain, on which there was blood. The curtain was of a kind used in first-class compartments of the railroad.

Then other workmen, several days thereafter, found Madame Goulin's handbag, beside the track, slashed, as if a robber had hurriedly tried to remove the contents.

Then the family suddenly remembered that Madame Goulin had carried three valuable rings, either in the bag or on her fingers.

The police looked again at the mysterious car. This time, on the inner handle of the door, they discovered faint marks of bloody hands. Three weeks had passed, but the great Lepine was able to prove from the marks that the hands were those of a large MAN.

Someone, it was established, had been in the compartment after Madame Goulin's body had fallen out.

These were the minute clues that told the tremendous story of what had happened.

Now Lepine's men began to seek clues leading to the criminals.

The first came from the man who had been in the compartment next to Madame Goulin. This man said he had seen two soldiers who got into the train at Melun walking in the passage

way of the train near Madame Goulin's compartment. He wondered at this, because soldiers usually ride third class on special military tickets.

WHO WERE THOSE SOLDIERS? It was one point that the ever-suspicious Lepine demanded that his men should clear up. And this demand led the police to the infinitely small trail which the two murderers had left amid the rushing crowd in the Lyon railroad station. The police secured all the railroad tickets which had been used by passengers on Train 826 on the day in question. Their object was to find special tickets which had been issued to soldiers.

THEY FOUND TWO SUCH TICKETS.

And on one of them, so faint that only the trained eye of a finger-mark expert could see it, was the print of a BIG THUMB!

What soldier bought tickets at the little station of Melun on that day? Graby and Michael, privates at the army post there!

Secretly the police searched the rooms of the two soldiers. In the room of one they found a bloody bayonet. In the apartment of a girl who was friendly with them they found one of Madame Goulin's rings.

The two soldiers were arrested and CONFESSION!

Today they are serving life sentences for murder in the French penal colony of Guyane, in South America.

Graby had thrown the aged woman to the floor and held her down, with his boots on her face, while Michael took off her rings. They Graby, finding blood on his hands, went to the toilet room to wash them, while Michael threw out the woman, still alive. While the car door was open it struck the side of a tunnel and was partly broken. In trying to close it, Michael had cut his hand and wiped it on the curtain. Then he had torn away the curtain because the blood on it could be seen from the outside. After that the two men had ripped open the handbag and found only one dollar in it!

At the station they had turned the handle on the door to lock it so that no one could enter until they had left the depot. And it was this one little mistake of locking the door that had brought about their downfall!

It was that one little extra effort to escape detection, that little extra but fatal touch which a criminal, Lepine says, will always leave as a sure clue for the detective who has eyes to see!