

T. P. O'CONNOR WRITES ON HENRY LABOUCHERE; A MANY-SIDED MAN BOTH GREAT AND SMALL

[By T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in T. P.'s Weekly.]

Continued From Page Seventeen.

that it was a pose; and a pose is a death-blow to that sincerity of conversation which is only really interesting when you know it to be free and honest exchange of thought between two intelligent minds. But all the same, the conversation was delightful. It was enriched, of course, by an unexampled experience of countries and of men. Again I have to return to the point that Labby had led so many different lives that it was very difficult to imagine that one human being could have gone through it all. For instance, few people realized that Labby had spent years in America before the outbreak of the civil war; that he had known intimately the great and popular State of Minnesota when it was a desert; and that thus Labby was one of the few survivors of that almost prehistoric period of America before the war, still recall his wonderful pictures of the American legislators of that period, not flattering, but not necessary to repeat; for those days have ceased to exist, and with them the rougher habits of the time.

III.

And now, perhaps, I have given some reason why, as a whole, the political career of Labby was not so successful as it ought to have been. When he was refused office by Mr. Gladstone in 1892, it was not merely because the Queen had raised objections. The sovereign in this constitutional country passes beyond his privileges when he tries to put a bar to the selection of his colleagues by a prime minister; and if Mr. Gladstone had really been anxious to have Mr. Labouchere as a colleague, and still more, if Labby had behind him strong popular and party support, Labby would have been a cabinet minister. He had certainly deserved the place. One of the curious things about this man who made it almost a fetish to dwell through life, with the fumes of an ever eternal cigarette, as it were, symbolizing his attitude, was that on occasion no man could put himself so much fatigue and to so much trouble for his convictions. If you were to take seriously what he says in his letters about his attitude to Ireland, you might imagine that he had no real feelings about the subject except that it was a bore and a lever for the success of his own particular plan for rearranging parties in England. But here again it was all a pose, as a matter of fact, he did care a good deal about Ireland; and certainly no man gave to her more devoted service. I remember still the astonishment with which I watched him as, during a phase of the struggle, he flitted about from one end of the country to the other. There was no meeting too small, no meeting too large for him. He would go to a great working-class centre one night, to a small village with an audience of a few scores of people on the other. And unlike most men, he was not in the least affected by the conditions under which he had to live. Though his means, which were nearly always large, permitted him to dwell in a series of palaces and surrounded himself with all the luxuries of wealth, he was the most devout worshipper that ever knelt before the shrine of the Simple Life. I have seen him take every meal from the early morning breakfast to the frugal dinner, his breakfast was over in a few seconds. Dressed in a morning gown at Pope's Villa, where he was most at ease, he would bolt an egg, then gulp down a cup of tea, and then it was over, and a cigarette was in his mouth; and he kept smoking cigarettes nearly all day long. In the House of Commons he was often to be seen dining in the tearoom. To an inmate of the House of Commons this says everything, for the food in the tearoom is strictly confined to eggs or a chop, and tea or coffee; if you want to eat anything beyond that you have to go down to one of the dining-rooms.

IV.

A characteristic story he told of one of his journeys, while he was on this pilgrimage of passionate home rule, was that a farmer, at whose house he was stopping, anxious to do honor to the great man from London, presented him with a ham sandwich which was encased in sponge cake. He laughed at the meal, and enjoyed it, and went to his meeting quite happy. And yet there were few who could work so constantly fussing about the body. He was very stout when first I met him, and as he was rather a short man the stoutness was both apparent and inconvenient. He set himself to work to reduce his flesh, and he would tell you by the hour what things to eat and what to avoid; and he certainly justified his regime by becoming so comparatively thin, and remaining so comparatively all the later years of his life. This was the period when the doctors began to tell the world that the thyroid gland, extracted from a cow, was a splendid food, and Labby at once began to take thyroid glands in large quantities.

A LOVELY BABY BOY

This Mother is quite Enthusiastic over a well Known Food.

Mrs. J. W. Pateman, 34 Harriet St., Toronto, in writing about Neave's Food, says "When I first knew one of my friends, her baby Jack was eight months old and dying by inches. She had tried three foods because her Jack could not digest milk. At last, I fetched her a tin of Neave's Food. At the end of a month, Jack was rapidly gaining flesh and was bright and happy. He is a lovely boy now and she declares Neave's Food saved his life. And it did. Then I recommended it to a friend on Victoria Avenue. She had a baby 6 months old that was not thriving a bit. She put the baby on Neave's Food and at the end of three months, the baby was twice the size. I have never seen a bigger, stronger boy than mine for their ages and we owe it all to Neave's Food. I have the utmost faith in Neave's Food." Mothers and prospective mothers may obtain a free tin of Neave's Food and a valuable book "Hints About Baby" by writing Edwin Utley, 14 Front Street East, Toronto, who is the Canadian agent. (Mention this paper.) For sale by all druggists.

ties, until someone told him that this drug, taken in excess, reduced a man to imbecility. He was one of the first men to discover the merits of sugar, giving sweetness without increasing weight. One time I found he had discovered that ten drops of nux vomica after every meal was a perfect remedy for indigestion; I was foolish enough to follow his example, with by no means pleasant results. I suppose there was not a day of his life that he did not take medicine in some form or another. And he was always on the lookout for some new drug. This tremendous tour for home rule, of course, in a severe fit of illness. He got gout badly, and had to lie in bed for weeks as much bandaged up as if he were a mummy. I dare say that though he was so keen about home rule this tour was not altogether without the idea of scoring himself to the cabinet. If he had consulted me I might have told him a different and easier and a safer route, but that would have involved opening his purse strings, and that was Labby's weak point—his lack of common sense in the midst of all his almost demoniac analysis of the realities of life. He preferred to spend his time, and his brain, and his health to spending his money. And he had so much money! He failed comparatively in political life; I have given one of the reasons, the other and much more serious one was that he did not take himself seriously, and the world formed its estimate of him from his own. He was, as his brilliant biography tells us, essentially a Frenchman and a Voltairian. There was positively nothing English about him except his speech; and even that was French rather than English in its spirit. He loved reality, he hated sham, he scorned to affect the sentimentality which he did not feel, unless, indeed, on the rare occasions when he thought the assumption would be so palpable a joke as to add to his favorite enjoyment of laughing at the world; and especially that foreign English world into which a freak of fate had transferred him. I never will forget his bewitching look as he discussed some question one day in the House—it may have been woman suffrage. He took an attitude, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I am a man of letters. A man of letters, this hard, apparently cynical man of the world; never was there such contradiction between a man's words and the known realities of his career. And all his speaking was on the same lines,

so that in the end that prosaic and conventional body of men who form the majority of most Houses of Commons always felt that he was fooling with them, and that everything he said he said with his tongue in his cheek. He fought valiantly and persistently for his colleague, Mr. Bradlaugh, but even then people did not take him seriously. I remember the universal titter that went round the House when he said for the moment, "I believe he was quite serious—this is the law"; it almost reminded one of the devil when he went into the Franciscan pulpit and tried his hand at a sermon. As Voltaire, who was the author of the immortal story, said, "It lacked unctious." Labby always lacked unctious.

V.

Another reason of his comparative failure is brought out in that really thrilling chapter which contains Labby's correspondence with Mr. Chamberlain at the time when the first home rule bill was trembling in the balance. Labby, it would be seen there, as in several pages of his life always concentrated his attention on the personal side of every controversy, and on the personal and perhaps the selfish side of every man. He had a perfect passion for intrigue, and he had, what was much more dangerous, a perfect faith in intrigue. Though he had a very firm grasp of principles, he could not get away from the personal side of everything. He had an almost childlike faith in the omnipotence of wire-pulling. And thus it was that this brilliant and clear mind often saw questions through a fog. If you wanted proof of that, you find it in his constant references to Gladstone. To him Gladstone was simply a dexterous and rather crooked old gentleman, whose policy was the outcome of his ambition and his hatreds. Gladstone was human, like everybody else, but this is a grotesque misunderstanding of his character. Was there a soft spot in this hard nature? Yes, plenty of them. I have always thought that such hardness as there was in Labby—and there was a good deal—as was much the growth of his environment as of his natural predisposition. The rock was opened towards the middle part of his life by the birth of his daughter, Dora. From that time forward there was a subtle change in the man, and his attitude would have been more shocked than he to discover that it had been revealed. What inner softness there was in him came with that momentous event in his inner life. He became the father of women, and more even of children. If—if—but what is the use of talking about it; especially in the case of one whose course is so set.

London Organist On Church Musical Services

Mr. Charles E. Wheeler's Suggestive Paper at a Meeting of Canadian Guild of Organists—Selection of Choir Music and Handling of Choir—Encourage Congregation Singing.

The following practical and instructive paper was read before the Canadian Guild of Organists at St. James' Parish Hall, Toronto, recently, by Mr. Charles E. Wheeler, F. C. G. O., organist of St. Andrew's Church, this city:

In response to a request for a paper at this annual gathering of the Canadian Guild of Organists, I venture, with some hesitation, to discuss certain aspects of our own personal work which are of interest to us, whether we are associated with a church having a large choir and an expensive, up-to-date organ, or filling an honorable position in a smaller way, with more limited material to work with. I have concluded to take "test and forget" strain, for surely the many duties associated with the work of our profession tend to make some of us forgetful and to leave undone things that are of vital importance to ourselves and to others.

I shall be amply repaid should any suggestion of mine cause us to ponder a little, to make us "take stock" as it were, of the present, and if necessary, put into effect some new resolutions for the future.

There is in our calling no place for the lazy man or woman, and although we occasionally hear of some who might qualify for this class, still, I believe that the number is small. There is no one of these who will first to speak, but of the ambitious one, who, carried away by enthusiasm, fails to size up the situation, and his good intentions very often produce the opposite effect to what was intended.

Selection of Choir Music.

I refer to the selection of suitable music for our church choirs. At certain times of the year we are on the lookout for new music. We scan the advertisements of the music publishers. We make selections from a bundle of new anthems that have been sent for our perusal, and we eagerly examine a new cantata or other work for some special occasion, even on the alert for something new to combine the other fellow has not as yet procured.

This is one of the times when our musicianship should be strongly in evidence, and not only our musicianship, but what seems to me to be lacking in many instances, an element of good common sense. In making a selection, wise is the organist who takes into consideration the ability of his choir, for have we not heard of that ambitious one who, perhaps anxious to educate his choir, or the audience through the choir, has given a program of numbers that look well on paper, but through the inability of his singers, or other reasons, produces results that are far from satisfactory? Certainly no good can come from this sort of thing. We should not court criticism in this matter, but carefully consider what the body of singers that we have under our charge

can best render, not by any means content to stand still, but to advance, recognizing the fact that there is a limit to the work of the average church choir that should be approached in a careful manner. If we are to achieve artistic success, this should evidence itself not only in the wider and more attractive field of choral concert work, but also in the anthems and solos that we prepare for our Sunday services. I fear some are tempted to stray from "the straight and narrow path," forgetting that certain selections are utterly unfit for our church services. We should remember always, that our efforts on the Sabbath are part of a diet of worship, and must be in keeping with the services of the day if the work of the choir and organist is to be helpful to those who come to worship God in a reverent manner.

I have purposely omitted dwelling on the subject of the proper rendition of the Psalms and hymns, and the help or hindrance that the choir and organist can be to this part of the musical worship that should largely belong to the congregation.

Excellent hints and suggestions have been given in previous papers to which you have listened with interest, and it is unnecessary for me to enlarge on this subject.

Encourage Congregation Singing.

In passing, I will only emphasize the necessity of encouraging our congregational singing in every legitimate way. Ministers, no less than the organist, are responsible in this matter, and should carefully guard and foster this part of the Christian worship.

In nearly all cases he selects the hymns; this is where his good judgment should prevail. I would suggest, bearing in mind the old favorite hymns the people still love to sing, apart from the spirit they breathe. Many dear old memories are associated with them. Hymns that are found in all collections and general favorites with the worshippers of nearly all denominations. You will find your own people singing them heartily, and it will make the stranger who may be worshiping with you feel more at home. It would be wise to include at least one hymn of this character at each service. The others, of course, will generally be in keeping with the minister's subject.

From time to time the congregation should, of course, be given an opportunity to learn an occasional new tune or hymn. In this connection I will say that I feel the organist and the choir often fails to give these the serious rehearsal and consideration necessary. A careless rendition will certainly go a long way towards prejudicing the people against a new tune.

I may say that I have made it a rule to rehearse not only the new tunes, but the old ones also, for here I find the chorists often have a tendency to be careless. Upon several occasions I have heard efficient choirs fail in this particular, those who have rendered the anthem,

perhaps in a faultless manner, all the details of expression carefully carried out, but whose singing of the hymns would not create the impression that they had any heart or sympathy in the matter. We should devote at least a few minutes at our regular rehearsal to this, which, if carried out regularly, I am sure, will make our usefulness felt in a larger manner on the whole.

From certain quarters we hear a cry of distress, and note with concern the statement that our congregations do not sing as they should. Personally I have no great cause to complain about the congregational singing in the church with which I have the honor to be associated. I am glad to say the majority of our people sing heartily. However, I feel that we cannot afford to allow the sentiment of a few to predominate or to spread; those who would willingly allow the choir to do the work that rightly belongs to them. The following article, appearing in a recent number of one of our musical journals by Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden, will bear quoting:

"The reason for the decay of congregational singing is twofold. It lies, first, in the fact that a large number of the hymn tunes in our church collections are beyond the congregational capacity; and second, in the fact that many people have conceived the idea that it is quite rude to join heartily in the praise. You will see this if you go into a so-called 'fashionable' church, where practically nobody sings. If a man in the pews starts a lusty bass voice or a piping tenor, people around will stare at him as if they had discovered a missing link. To make the organist and the choir responsible, for all this is sheer nonsense. No doubt there are a few organists who prefer the choir to do all the singing, but I believe the rank and file are willing and even anxious to encourage and bring out the congregational voice."

Before leaving this subject, I must strongly protest against the habit of the organist, who, for some unaccountable reason, persists in illuminating his organ accompaniment to the hymns with all sorts of "musical fireworks." Why this is done—unless to "show off"—is still a mystery to me, for if this sort of thing attracts the attention of the audience, it certainly detracts from the dignity of the hymn and the spirit of worship that should prevail.

As to Organ Selections.

Now, what about our own organ selections? Have we, with our many church and concert duties, found time to add some new pieces worthy to be included in our repertoire? Or are we still playing nothing but the same old friends that have done such good service in years past? Or perhaps sitting at the console and "filling in" with an aimless wandering over the manuals, waiting, Meawher-like, for something to turn up, with the idea that we are improvising?

Are we still fortifying ourselves by keeping up at least some of the grand old preludes and fugues of Bach, "the musician's daily bread," as one has said, and not the works of this mighty one only, but also the compositions of others of both the old and newer schools? Can we not still derive benefit as well as satisfaction from the inspiration of these men? True, this may be somewhat difficult, but we can at least take advantage of an opportunity, we are all interested in vocal

"The English Speaking Nations of the World to Refuse to Mingle With the Japs and Chinese."

BY HERBERT QUICK.

Author of "On Board the Good Ship Earth," Etc., and Editor of Farm and Fireside. (Copyright, 1913, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

That was a very modest cable the other day, which, under a London date line, told of an interview between a man named McBride and another man named Grey.

One of these men is Sir Richard McBride, premier of British Columbia, and the other is Sir Edward Grey, British secretary of state for foreign affairs.

And their interview is news. None of the papers carried the real news. The real news of the interview is this:

All the English-speaking nations of the world are to act as one against the demands of the Japanese and Chinese for the privilege of freely mingling with the white races!

This is real news. It means that the Greater Englishry of the world is a unit on what Collier's Weekly calls "the world's most menacing problem," and what J. MacMillan Brown, of New Zealand, refers to as "the ultimate crisis of human history." This problem and this crisis is the meeting of Asiatic and European around the shores of the Pacific basin.

How did the papers miss the news? They missed it because they did not cast up the account of the things implied in the interview between Sir Richard McBride of British Columbia, and Sir Edward Grey, of Downing street. Here is what the cable brought to us:

"LONDON.—Sir Richard McBride, premier of British Columbia, has impressed on Sir Edward Grey, British secretary of state for foreign affairs, the Japanese Government's determination to enforce its decision to exclude Asiatics from its territory. The Japanese Government has been insistently protesting against the attitude taken up in Canada, especially dwelling on the Japanese being debarred from cutting timber and excluded from the fisheries. The foreign office with the fact that British Columbia's determination is irrevocable and to obtain the support of the Imperial Government for its action. He sails for America on board the Olympic from Southampton tomorrow, leaving Sir Edward Grey to find a way out of the difficulty after giving him a firm intimation that this must be in accordance with Canadian views."

Think of the sweep of the meaning of this! British Columbia will not stop excluding Japanese from her lumber concessions, or her fisheries, or in any other way she deems necessary to protect her society from Oriental admixture.

Australia, New Zealand and South Africa will stand with British Columbia, and so will all Canada. Great Britain must stay with her colonies—army, navy and all. And Japan must take her medicine.

Taking it from the British Empire, she must also take it from us. Our California alien land law matter is involved in that little meeting in London.

I am sorry that we cannot admit the Japanese freely. I admire them immensely. I freely concede that they are just as good as we are. BUT THEY ARE DIFFERENT, and they cannot be mixed with our society with all its problems without fatal results. Therefore, I rejoice when the Greater Englishry is shown to be a unit on the question.



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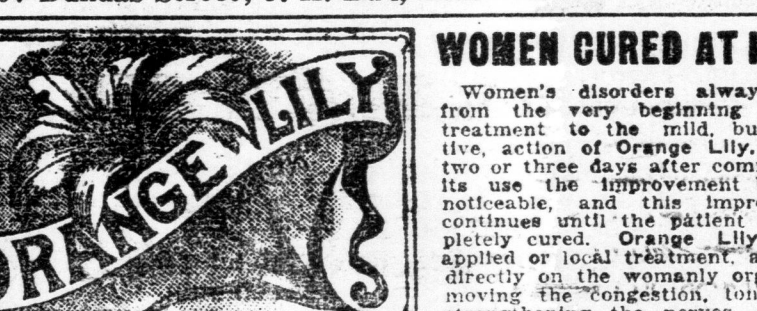
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ly that places in our hands at small cost the condensed doings of the musical world; the views of prominent musicians upon all musical topics, and the analysis of these new works. "I refer to a number of the many excellent musical journals that the postman will bring to your door for the expenditure of a few dollars a year. Avoid Jealousy and Studio Gossip. I have briefly commented elsewhere (Canadian Guild of Organists, June, 1913), on using our influence to place useful and readable books on musical subjects, and also monthly musical journals in public libraries, which are without them. We should look into this matter and endeavor to interest our library authorities, who, I have not the least bit of doubt, will be glad to co-operate if sufficient interest is aroused. Now, let us get a little nearer home. Let us ask ourselves, in all our musical activity, our successes and our failures, in the many peculiar situations that constantly meet us, have we always tried to do the right thing? Have we kept our temper in check? How easy it is, to say some mean things, to utter some veiled slur, perhaps couched in polite phrase, but none the less biting, some remark ridiculing or belittling a brother musician, forgetting that such words cannot be recalled. Better say nothing if you cannot find anything good in a person. Have we tried to squelch all studio gossip, and little petty jealousies, remembering always that an organist or choir leader should first qualify as a gentleman and then as a musician. I know this to be an ideal state, and that ideals are rarely if ever realized. However, hasty actions in matters of this kind are always to be condemned if we are even to approach such a state. I have often heard attempts made to excuse the musician, poet and artist for this sort of conduct, giving as a reason, "that the nervous or temperamental nature so necessary for a creative, artistic person would be



THAT SETTLED IT. They were talking about schools, and found that they could not agree on certain matters pertaining to education. The argument waxed warmer and warmer. "Why, my dear fellow," one finally exclaimed, starting to drive home a point, "I have a school in my mind's eye." "Yes, yes," interrupted the other, "but remember, that has but one pupil." "My boy, if you have become your instructor, you are sure to come to grief." "My dear fellow, if I had to live within it, I would be miserable even now." Boston Transcript.