

ROSEBERRY'S SPLENDID ORATION BEFORE THE PRESS CONFERENCE

England's Greatest Orator Carries Inauguration of Convention to Dramatic Climax by Thrilling Appeal.

It was a memorable scene, rising to a dramatic climax, with which the Imperial Press Conference was inaugurated in the Hall of Music at the White City, London, England. The gathering alone was one that could not fail to touch the imagination. Here, under one roof, one seemed to see the British Empire visibly present. The guests had come thither from the remote places of the earth, from the young and virile communities that Britain has planted afar off, and from the ancient peoples who have come under our rule, and as Lord Roseberry said in one of his most penetrating passages, seem to know so much more of us than we know of them. Here at one table was one who had steamed twelve thousand miles from where the Southern Cross burns in the midnight sky; at the next, one who had travelled from the Pacific coast of Canada. Representatives from the East and West Indies were at neighboring tables. The Hon. Suren-dra Nath Banerjee, the editor of the one native Indian paper represented, and Dr. Engen-burg, the editor of the Volksstem, of Pretoria, were the guests at adjoining tables. And if the gathering of guests was unexampled, so also was the gathering of hosts. They came from every corner of Britain, representing every form of distinction, from Aberdeen to Plymouth, and every aspect of political thought.

The occasion, impressive in itself, was touched with a certain thrill by the oratory of Lord Roseberry. The chairman, Lord Burnham, in proposing the loyal toasts, struggled valiantly with the acoustic difficulties of the building; but his voice was lost in its echoing vastness, and it seemed doubtful if any human speech could fill it.

The first sentence of Lord Roseberry removed all apprehension. His voice rang clear and strong as a bell, and he played on the emotions of his great audience with an ease and grace with the power, perhaps, of no other living orator. It was not surprising that with his characteristic boldness, he had in the end nearly escaped the engagement, yet he was obviously conscious that the occasion was one which gave him an unrivalled opportunity for the display not merely of his powers, but of that detachment of view which, apart from his natural gifts, has made him the public orator of great national occasions.

There is always about him the sense of the theatre and the stage. The dramatic modulations of the voice, the sudden clapping of the hands, the air of preternatural solemnity affect one with the feeling of the stage, and on this occasion external circumstances served to heighten the effect. He had in a spirit half-playful, half-serious, waited his hearers on a tour of the British Empire, lighting up the vision of its vastness with delicate railery and fancy. Skillfully he avoided the Seylla and Charybdis of party prejudice. Now he made a veiled gibe at the Government, now he paid a warm tribute to its policy which had brought peace and union to South Africa. He had touched maliciously but gallily on the land question and the Lords; but he balanced that by taking us to New Zealand, where a young people have put in practice the theories the Government are bravely accomplishing here, and where there is no incubus of hereditary legislation. All the more was done with finish and lightness of touch beyond praise.

Then the note suddenly changed, and his voice sounded its deepest register as he spoke of the menacing hush in Europe—"a hush so profound that one might hear a leaf fall to the earth." It was as though the lights were suddenly lowered, as though one saw the red streak of doom threatening the gloomy sky. And from outside in the grounds of the White City where the people played, came the sudden rattle of rockets, and to that sinister accompaniment, so dramatic, so timely that it seemed to be a part of the speech, the orator with broad strong strokes painted the picture of Europe with its mighty armaments—Europe with its incredible armaments—a Europe rushing on blindly to its Armageddon and back to barbarism—much as the "submergence of civilization" was spoken of only a few weeks ago in the House of Commons by that least theatrical of orators, Sir Edward Grey.

Perhaps he painted the sky too blood red, for Lord Roseberry has some kinship with the Fat Boy in "Pickwick," who wanted to make your flesh creep num. That he succeeded there can be no doubt. As the speech sank to its close in gentle, almost pathetic, accents of "welcome home," the great audience leapt to its feet and burst into "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and then broke up into a hundred groups in which men turned to each

other with the one question, "What do you think of it?" It was as though we had been brought face to face with the giant tendencies by which nations are swept to greatness or disaster, and amid the excited murmurs of our voices Sir Hugh Graham's reply to the toast was practically unheard. Generally, the impression of the speech was that it was as skillfully balanced as the occasion demanded, and that if it was at once too alarmist as to the European situation, and too reactionary in its suggestions as to home politics, it was brilliantly saved by the appeal to democracy to stop the madness of militarism which is crushing it to powder and its generous words in regard to India and South Africa.

Lord Burnham presided, and Mr. Harry Britton, the secretary, read the following telegram to the King, and his majesty's reply:

"The overseas delegates to the Imperial Press Conference desire to express their fervent loyalty to your majesty, and trust that you may long be spared to the people and the Empire."

His majesty's reply, which had just been received, was:

"The King thanks most warmly the overseas delegates to the Imperial Press Conference for their kind telegram, and hopes that they will enjoy their stay in England." (Cheers.)

Lord Roseberry, in calling on Lord Roseberry to propose the toast of "Our Guests," described him as one who had made the closer union of the distant parts of the Empire one of the leading ideals of his life. (Cheers.)

Lord Roseberry's Speech.

Lord Roseberry, who was received with loud and prolonged cheers, said:

"My Lord Burnham, My Lords and Gentlemen, I have had the great honor entrusted to me of proposing the health of our guests, coupled with the name of Sir Hugh Graham, of Montreal. (Applause.) I confess that I feel overwhelmed by the importance of this occasion. It is not only that in this hall—speaking to so many remote tables—I feel something like the prophet in the desert—a minor prophet—speaking to a number of the leaders in scattered oases. (Laughter.) I feel I shall not be able to make myself heard—I confidently expect that I shall not—but at any rate, gentlemen, I will be merciful to you who have addressed you under such trying circumstances."

"There is another reason that fills me with a sense of awe. It is the enormous importance of the gathering that I am speaking to. (Applause.) We have had conferences before, many of them conferences of great importance, at which the prime ministers and ministers of the Empire have met together to consult on the great matters of policy which concern the Empire. It is no disparagement to these gatherings to say that I hold that this is more important still. (Hear, hear.) I have the greatest respect for prime ministers and ministers, but whatever their splendor may be when they are in the ascendant they are essentially transient bodies—(laughter)—except, I believe, in Canada—(laughter)—while good newspapers are, or should be, eternal, and the power of a great newspaper with the double function of guiding and embodying the public opinion of the province over which it exerts an influence is immeasurably greater than that of any statesman could be."

"The Winds of the Empire." It reminds me, indeed, of one of the few recollections I have of my classical education at Eton. Those who, like me, have pursued the same arduous course may remember the description of the cave of King Aeolus—the cave in which all the winds of heaven were enshrined and over which King Aeolus held sway. At a touch or sign from him these gates swept out of the cavern, either as hurricanes to spread wreck and devastation all over the world, or in the form of balmy breezes to bring blessing and health wherever they might attain. Tonight I am in the cavern of the winds of the Empire. I do not pretend—God forbid that I should pretend to be the king who controls those winds. I claim rather to be a humble, timid, and perhaps unworthy guest of that king."

He was quite sure when those winds were forth—when those powers were exerted over the Empire on the delegates' return from these islands, they would be exerted for the benefit of the Empire. (Cheers.) If he carried out his own sense of the occasion he would confine himself to two words, and then sit down. They were the simplest and perhaps the sweetest that could be heard by mortal ear. Those words were "Welcome Home." (Loud cheers.) Some of them had never seen their home, and they would see something in the course of the next fortnight which he would not boast of, but which in its way was unmatched in the world. (Cheers.)

"You will see," he continued, "an ancient and a stately civilization. You will see in the ancient colleges of Oxford and Cambridge and St. Andrews and Aberdeen, shrines of learning which are venerable not only from their antiquity. You will see the little villages clustering about the heaven-directed spires as they have clustered for centuries, and you will see the an-

cient Mother of all Parliaments, the most venerable progenitor of free institutions—the House of Commons. (Cheers.) I cannot promise you an even greater pleasure in seeing the House of Lords—(laughter)—because they will not be sitting during the period of your visit." ("Oh! Oh!" and laughter.)

"Our Ancient Civilization."

"Throughout the country you will see those old manor houses where the squires of Great Britain have lived for centuries—a civilization, a country life, which advise you to see on your present visit, because when you next come it may not be here for you to see it. (Laughter.) Speeding onwards from these more rural scenes, go on to the teeming communities which represent the manufactures, the energy, the alertness, and the commercial life of Great Britain; and last of all, surrounding and guarding it, you will see a prodigious Armada—(laughter)—but always an inadequate Armada. (Laughter.) And these, gentlemen, are yours as much as ours—your possessions, your pride, and your home." (Hear, hear.)

What did the visitors bring to us? That was, indeed, more important to us than what they would take from us. They brought, he trusted, the worth of their vigorous communities. Did they bring the candor and acute criticism, the frankness of speech of the dominions over the seas? They brought, he trusted, the most recent information as to the aspirations and policies of the communities amongst which they lived. They brought, he suspected, that same message which the Prince of Wales brought back after his tour round the Empire, and condensed into "Wake up, old country." There was an ample representation from the press of India, but they would forgive him if he did not address himself to them because what he had to say would be of a different scope from that which he addressed to the representatives of the other parts of the Empire. But he did hope the Indian delegates would not go away without having given some guidance to our democracy as to the right method of governing and guiding that ancient civilization of India.

Parliament on the Ocean.

"The other night," the speaker proceeded, "I ventured to dream a dream, which is a very favorite practice of retired politicians. (Laughter.) And thinking of the vast armada, the surplus of which is so constantly at what seems wholly inadequate prices to the taxpayer—(laughter)—I could not help imagining how admirably some of these large ships might be used, not for the purpose of war, but for the purpose of peace. (Hear, hear.) I thought that if I were the lay-disposer of things in this country I should like Parliament to vote supplies for two years, and then pack itself up in three or four of these obsolete warships and go for a trip in order to find out something about the Empire. (Laughter and cheers.) You might object to my scheme, and say, How would the House of Commons with all the ministers be absent? (Laughter.) I reply with confidence that they would be governed much as they are now—(laughter)—by the permanent heads of the departments. (Laughter and cheers.) I am sure that some of us would even greater confidence in the welfare of the Empire if it were under that permanent and well-ordered control. (Cheers.)

"Well, should I include the House of Lords in this expedition? (Laughter.) I think the House of Lords should accompany them on condition of paying their own expenses. (Laughter.) For that I may explain to my colonial visitors the great distinction between the House of Lords and the House of Commons. The House of Commons votes the taxes and the House of Lords pays them. (Loud laughter.) Therefore I think my proposal would place them on an equitable basis. (Renewed laughter.) Whatever their personal relations may be, I should not be afraid of putting them in the same vessels, because I am confident that the wholesome discipline of the ocean would shake them down—(laughter)—into conditions of party and amity. (Cheers.) How would my scheme shape out? I would take them first to Newfoundland on a visit of homage to our most ancient and historic colony, where even our legislators would be able to find some constitutional problems which have been solved here before. (Cheers.) I would take them to Canada, and I would give them many months of Canada—(Hear, hear, and cheers)—partly for the sake of Canada and partly for the feeling that this holiday should be a leisurely one."

Land of Seven Ministries.

"I would give them a long time in Canada. They have a dominion to rove over there. They may see many things that are new to them. They may see that even in the most advanced democracy a prime minister may hold his own against the successive buffets of innumerable general elections. (Laughter.) They may see that in Canada wealth is not a crime—(laughter)—because some of the most glowing specimens of that obnoxious creature—the multimillionaire—have been produced on that soil of liberty. (Cheers.) I would take them on to New Zealand, and in New Zealand they would see most of the policies at which they aim, and which they are endeavoring to construct in this country, being carried out under the advantages of a virgin soil and total absence of tradition and complexity. I would take them on to Australia—that most marvellous of continents, where everything is abnormal—the marsupials and the duck-billed platypus—and point even to the fact that with a population which is only two-thirds of the capital of this country, it is able to maintain seven capitals, seven governments, and seven ministries without any serious inconvenience." (Laughter and cheers.)

In our country we had always found one of each of these to be sufficient, and it showed the vigor of the young

continent to be able to supply such a multiplicity of these onerous blessings. And if his expedition was disposed to take its leisure, it might indulge in the permanent sport of Australia—hunting for a federal capital. (Laughter.) They should return through South Africa, where they would see the greatest success of the Imperial Government of Great Britain—(hear, hear)—the greatest and most recent success—where a bold and magnanimous policy had healed the seams of war, and from the blood gallantly shed on both sides in the recent war had extracted the cement which had united the new Empire. (Cheers.) And if the excursionists were not tired out, and if they were not too urgently summoned home—which he did not think would be the case—(laughter)—they might proceed northward through Africa, avoiding Uganda so as not to disturb the privacy of the late President of the United States—(laughter)—and take their way home by Egypt, where they would see what British government, wisely directed, could do to rescue order from chaos. (Cheers.)

His dream, he knew, was impracticable, always sitting was one of the most agreeable consolation to every British taxpayer. (Laughter.)

The conference had solid and practical topics to deal with. He had looked at the list, and it was with a feeling of sensible relief that he saw "Tariff Reform" was not among them. He understood that it was desired that there should be a peaceful conference. (Laughter.) Their coming to the question of closer communication between the Empire. That was one of the most vital of all. (Cheers.) It was perfectly certain that if they were to build up the Empire, or a treble Empire bound up in one, as he regarded it, they could only do it by the freest knowledge of each other's wants and needs. When he was travelling about with these great dominions, when he was in Australia, he thought that cricket bulked a little too largely in the news that reached him from the ancient country. In Canada, which was 36 years ago, he thought that news from the mother country did not pass through a wholly favorable and friendly medium. (Hear, hear.) He was quite certain that no such abuse existed now. (Hear, hear.)

Arms and the Nations.

Continuing, Lord Roseberry said: "But if you want to bind the Empire close together, your first and your main means must be the cheapest methods of communication. (Cheers.) The unwearied Mr. Hemker Heaton—(cheers)—has sent me some very interesting papers bearing on this subject, but I do not think they are suited for an occasion such as this, but are more for your serious discussions in conference. I pass, then, from the question of communication, merely making this remark in passing—no one can have lived as long as I have without seeing the enormous improvement in our British press with regard to news from the Empire beyond the seas. (Hear, hear.)

"I beg to propose the health of our guests, coupled with the name of Sir Hugh Graham." (Cheers.)

Press Not a Megaphone.

Sir Hugh Graham, who responded, said a welcome always warmed the heart, but never were they, any of them, so deeply touched as by the welcome home. The United Kingdom has a home in a very special sense. There we feel two British institutions that commanded the respect of the whole world—the British press, and with some unimportant reservations, the British press. For the vivifying principles that gave life and health to journalism they must still (Continued on Page Nine.)

NERVOUS PEOPLE

SALT OF THE EARTH

But When Overstrained Their Highly Strung Systems Give Way and Depression and Suffering Is the Result.

Money is made these days at the expense of brain and nerve rather than muscular tissues. The successful men and women are often of the highest strung nervous type—keen and active—but with too little reserve force.

A little extra worry and anxiety and snap goes the nervous system. Weeks and months are often required before energy and vigor are regained. Rest helps, so does fresh air and exercise, but the blood must also be made rich and red by use of such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Much as they may disagree on some points the best physicians are unanimous in claiming that an abundance of rich, red, life-sustaining, nerve-in-vigorating blood is positively necessary for the restoration of the exhausted nervous system.

There is too often little sympathy for the nervous sufferer. When as a matter of fact his sufferings are most intense, being of mind as well as body. Headaches, neuralgia, indigestion, sleeplessness, irritability, pains and cramps are often the lesser felt because of the depressed spirits and discouragements which come with loss of memory, and gloomy forebodings of the future.

The sufferer from nervous exhaustion and prostration can use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with positive assurance that the benefits derived therefrom will be both thorough and lasting.

There is no reaction from this great new restorative because it is not a stimulant, but a restorative and a reconstructor of the wasted nervous system. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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everywhere, and one country alone asking for twenty-five millions extra taxation for warlike preparation, and the unprecedented sacrifice asked from us on the same ground, I feel uneasy at the outcome of it all and wonder where it will stop, or if it is going to lead back Europe into a state of barbarism—(hear, hear)—or cause a catastrophe at which the working men will say: 'We will have no more of this madness and foolery, which is grinding us to powder.' (Applause.)

"Gentlemen, we can and we will build Dreadnoughts—or whatever the newest type may be—(loud cheers)—as long as we have a shilling to spend on them, or a man to put into them. (Loud cheers.) All that we can and will do, but I am not sure that even that will be enough, and I think it may be your duty to take back to your young dominions across the seas this message and impression: that some personal duty and responsibility for national defence rests on every man and citizen. (Loud cheers.)

A Message for Missionaries."

"Yes, gentlemen, take that message back with you. Tell your people—if they can believe it—the deplorable condition into which Europe has descended through militarism, and the pressure which is put upon this little island to defend its liberties—and yours. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) But take this message back with you; that the old country right at heart, that there is no falling or the most exalted heart, and that she rejoices in renewing her youth in her grand dominions beyond the seas. (Loud cheers.)

"For her own salvation she must look to herself, and that falling her, she must look to you. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Well, gentlemen, I would ask your pardon for having detained you so long. ('No, no,' and 'Go on!') I know that whoever may be the outcome of this visit, you will return strengthened to your high functions as the guides of your communities in matters of the nation. And you will return convinced of the necessity of the mission of that communion of commonwealth which constitutes the British Empire. Having come, as I hope, believers in that faith, you will return to home missionaries of empire—missionaries of the most extensive and the most unselfish Empire which is known to history. (Cheers.)

"I will end as I began. After all, I may speak to you for hours, and I can only sum up what I have to say in the two simple words with which I began—'Welcome home'—welcome to the home of your language, your liberties and your race, welcome to the source of your parliaments, your free institutions, and this immeasurable Empire; welcome home to the supreme head of all these dominions, your sovereign and mine—who is not merely the King of Great Britain, but the King of hearts. (Cheers.) Welcome home to this and anything besides that we in all brotherhood and affection can offer you. 'Welcome home!' (Loud cheers.)

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