

Strengthen Treasury Bench to Relieve The Strain on Bonar Law

Facts About Health of the British Prime Minister—The Queen's Maids of Honor—Bridesmaids for Lady Betty—Medicos Nearly Found Tutankhamen's Tomb.

(From our own correspondent.)

London, Feb. 22.—Since the resumption of Parliament rumor has made itself increasingly busy over the state of the Prime Minister's health. It may be as well, therefore, to give what are the facts.

When Mr. Law left the coalition ministry his breakdown was serious, but by no means irreparable. When, last autumn, he accepted the invitation to succeed Lloyd George he was again to all intents and purposes a comparatively fit man, but he accepted only after medical sanction was given, and with the proviso that he must be allowed to resign if his health was threatened. Mr. Law spares himself in every possible way, but when he assumed office there was one strain involved of which he scarcely took account. I refer to the rather marked immaturity of the treasury bench as a debating body. It is nonsense to talk of an imminent breakdown, but it is only a commonsense precaution to try to relieve the strain. Hence we may expect a special endeavor to recruit the treasury bench from among former ministers of experience. This explains the present references to the prospects of Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Robert Horne and Lord Robert Cecil returning to the fold.

CASSED OVERSEAS SHELL SHOCKED and RHEUMATISM

Mr. F. M. Blaquiere, Montreal, Alta., writes:—"After three years' service overseas I returned to Canada almost a complete wreck. I had been shell shocked, and was suffering from rheumatism, and was so nervous I could not sleep at night. I tried many medicines and doctors, but none of them did me any good for any length of time. I got so bad, in the fall of 1919, my hands were so shaky I could scarcely hold anything, and it seemed as if I had a steel band pressing on my head. The least excitement would almost drive me into fits, and my whole system seemed to be in disorder. I had cramps in my legs nearly every night, and hot and cold chills running up and down my back nearly all the time. One day I decided to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after I had taken six boxes I began to feel better. I kept on using them and after a while I was completely recovered."

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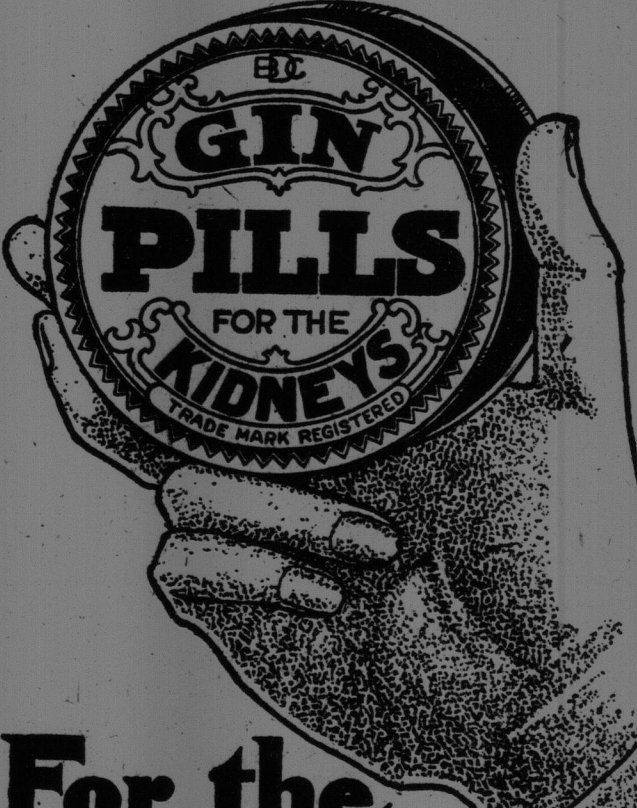
A jeweled miniature of the Queen, pinned to the left shoulder, is the "on duty" badge worn by Queen Mary's maids of honor. The Queen has only one maid at present, Miss Ursula Lawley; but now that the court has returned to London the appointment of one or two more—the prescribed number is four—may be made. Out of town, the maids of honor live with the royal family, but in town they are expected to have houses of their own and to attend at the palace in time for lunch. A royal carriage conveys them thither.

Lady Betty's Bridesmaids
Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the Duke of York's fiancée, is, I hear, undecided whether to have a bridal retinue of grown-ups or children. She has so many close friends that it is difficult to make a choice among them, although Lady Mary Cambridge's her cousin, Lady May and Lady Kathleen Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn's pretty young daughters, are almost certain to be chosen. But perhaps Lady Betty will solve the problem as Miss Prendergast, Miss Dickson-Poynder, Hon. Kate Horne and others of this year's fashionable brides did, and be followed to the altar by some of her numerous small nephews and nieces.

David Walks Abroad
Since he established himself in his new house at Chelsea, Lloyd George has adopted the wise practice of getting a little exercise by going on foot to the House of Commons. I saw him recently with Miss Megan literally hanging on his arm as he walked with vigorous alert step along the Embankment. The ex-Premier was doing all the talking and that, too, with the utmost animation. Quite nine people out of ten recognized him, and, walking along behind him, I was amused to notice how narrowly several collisions would have occurred had not motorists turning round to gaze after the great little man from Wales.

Empress Marie
The Queen Mother's sister, the Empress Marie Feodorovna, I am told, has not been at all well since her return to town from Sandringham, and for a day or two her health gave her doctors some concern. Her Imperial Majesty has suffered considerably from the terrible experience she underwent during the latter days of her life in Russia, when she escaped a fate which hanging on his arm as he walked with vigorous alert step along the Embankment. The ex-Premier was doing all the talking and that, too, with the utmost animation. Quite nine people out of ten recognized him, and, walking along behind him, I was amused to notice how narrowly several collisions would have occurred had not motorists turning round to gaze after the great little man from Wales.

Those M. P.s who were not at the Albert Hall the other night for the Todd-Lewis fight nearly had their



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compensations inside the House of Commons. The episode is not without its piquant humor. In the last Parliament Neil McLean, Socialist member for Govan, was the acknowledged "extremist." He bore the Red Flag, so to speak. In this Parliament Mr. McLean is quite mild, and, as an extremist, rather a back number. The Red Flag bearer now is Mr. Newbold, a Glasgow Communist, and last night he had the temerity to call the member for Govan "an opportunist!" Mr. McLean, a peppery little man with what Kipling calls "a 'yivick' 'ead of 'air," could not sit down under this. Decidedly

under insult is not Mr. McLean's strong suit. In a trice he was on his legs, making for the gangway in a style not becoming either of the Albert Hall go-go fight protagonists, with the obvious intent of showing the Communist what a real opportunist can accomplish. Friends interposed their stalwart bodies between the belligerents, and Mr. McLean, bubbling with indignation and looking as explosive as Scots haggis, was compelled to yield to pacific force majeure. From the bottom of the gangway, however, he made

Child's tongue shows if bilious, constipated



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Clean your bowels—then feel fine. Enjoy the nicest, gentlest bowel cleansing you ever experienced by taking one or two candy-like Cascarets tonight. They physic your bowels fully. All the constipated waste and sour bile will move out of the bowels without griping or stirring you up.

There will be no bowel poison to cause colds, sick headache, dizziness, biliousness or sour stomach when you wake up in the morning. More men, women and children take Cascarets for the liver and bowels than all other laxative cathartics combined. 10-cent boxes, also 25 and 50-cent sizes. Any druggist.

a gesture of defiant invitation to Mr. Newbold, plainly asking that young disciple of Lenin, who has just returned from Moscow, to "come outside." The Communist adopted the safe tactics of the Fabian Society—he went on talking.

Through Five Centuries.

How many Londoners or visitors, who pass reverently through Henry V's Chapel in the Abbey, where the good lance he couched at Agincourt rests above his sepulchre, know that masses for the repose of the gallant King's soul have been said for more than 500 years? King Hal founded an Abbey at Ilesworth in Middlesex for Bridgettines, which was uprooted in Henry VIII's time, but resettled at Chudleigh in Devon. And according to the Catholic Bishop of Plymouth, masses for the repose of the soul of the founder, the victor of Agincourt, are still being said, and have been offered ever since his body was laid in the abbey's sovereign dust at Westminster.

Hard Luck!

There are two young gentlemen in London, both medics, who believe they just missed forestalling Lord Carnarvon at Luxor. In 1915 these alert companions were in Egypt in Sam Browns, and occluded including the troops. Both fell over head and ears in love with Egypt on the romantic side, and roamed far and wide amongst the ruins of the Pharaohs. They visited the Valley of Kings, and explored the tombs. One afternoon they sat side by side on some ancient relic in the tomb of Seti II. One of them kicked his heels on the floor. "Gad!" the personal narrative proceeds, "hollow! There's another place underneath this!" But they could not dig. R. A. M. C. funds to Egyptian research work, and had to get back to the hypodermic syringes. Nothing will persuade the one I know—he has a brass plate up in Balham now—that they did not miss "Tut" by a short neck. "Old Smith—he's got a show in Wandsworth as it is quite sure of it!" One of London's unwritten war romances.

There is no gainsaying the tremendous interest aroused by the discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb. intact. The strings of human curiosity and romance have been set twanging by this event as by no other incident since the war, and are likely to be kept vibrating some time. The great discovery of Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter at Luxor has led to discussion regarding the disposal of the mass of archaeological treasures found in Tutankhamen's tomb and the present housing of past finds. It is pointed out that the Cairo Museum is already sufficiently full, and that in any case the seasonal fogs and dampness are not too favorable for the preservation of fragilities thousands of years old. It is therefore suggested that a great museum should be established near Luxor. But here, if the dampness can be circumvented, there is a heat almost equally destructive to be contended with. The solution seems to be the sewing out of the rocks, where the Egyptian Kings are buried a great series of underground chambers where depth and thickness of covering and walls would secure an equable temperature. But such an excavation would take a generation to complete. Owing to the tightening of the Egyptian Government regulations which control the disposal of ancient treasure there is no prospect of other than a minimum proportion of the Carnarvon finds reaching this country.

Lady Sykes' Son.

Rudyard Kipling was a sponsor at the christening of Lady Sykes' infant son in the crypt of the House of Commons, and I think he has made his god-child the unique gift of a new poem in commemoration of the occasion. By the time the god-child comes of age this Kipling poem will have decided more than a sentimental value. Lady Sykes has been away in the country, and only returned with Bonar—Donar, as the Kipling poem will have decided on as one of the baby's names—for the ceremony.

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Children Pick Up Weapon and Police Arrest Man Who Threw it Away.

New York, March 10.—Patrolman William Fowler, of the West Forty-seventh Street Station found a group of children returning from Sunday school

examining a loaded .25 calibre pistol one of them picked up in the street, at Fifty-second Street and Tenth Avenue.

"Where did you get this?" the patrolman inquired, taking the weapon from the children.

"That man there threw it away," said one of the group, pointing to Joseph George, a longshoreman, who was walking down the street.

The patrolman arrested George and about the same time Alexander Lulak came up declaring he had been robbed by George of \$50 at his home after threatening him with the pistol.

George was held by Magistrate Moses B. Ryttenberg, in West Side Court, for examination.

QUARREL ON VOYAGE—MARRIED BY SKIPPER

Swiss Couple on President Polk Make Up After Tiff and Begin Honey-moon on Liner.

New York, March 10.—Soon after the President Polk of the United States left Southampton, Miss Elsie Hottinger and Albert Hitz quarrelled and their plan to be married at the home of relatives here was declared off when she handed him back his solitary ring. But while it would be easy to avoid each other in Switzerland, their native land, it was an entirely different proposition at sea.

Four days of unsuccessful dodging proved too much, and they made up. Both agreed that it would be an excellent idea to spend the remaining few days at sea honeymooning. Accordingly they approached Captain Kenneth B. Lowry, and he agreed to marry them. The wedding took place with Miss Josephine Speck as maid of honor and August Hirtelmann as best man. In accordance with an old Swiss

For Sale by All Druggists in St. John.



"He Told Me About How He Got Strong After the 'Flu'"

"I MET this man on the train on the way home from the coast, and he began telling me about having the 'flu' very badly, and how he regained strength by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

"Then he took a box of the Nerve Food out of his grip, and was so enthusiastic about it that I said: 'You are not selling Nerve Food, are you?'"

"Oh, no," he said, "I am not selling it, but I am recommending it. When I first got the 'flu' I believe in telling others about it. I was on my back for two weeks with the 'flu,' and when I got up I was so weak that I did not get out of the house for ten days. I started out on the road, but did not have the energy to sell goods."

"What seemed to be the matter?" I asked.

"The doctor said my nerves were in bad condition," he said, "I could not sleep nights, and after talking to a customer I seemed to be all in. There was so little

nerve force in my system that I went all to pieces with a little exertion."

"I did not get right," he continued, "until I had used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for about two weeks. By that time my appetite was good and I began to feel like myself again."

"For a month I scarcely missed a dose of the Nerve Food, and am now feeling fine. I eat and sleep well, and take the same old pleasure in my work that I always did when in good health. I thought for a while that I would have to quit the road entirely, but I never felt better than I do now."

"He left the train then, but I thought I never heard a stronger recommendation for any treatment than he gave for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine article you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.

MRS. LINDQUIST TELLS WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did for Her

Kansas City, Mo.—"I was left in a very serious condition and no one thought I could ever be any better. Then came the 'Change of Life' and I was not prepared for what I had to suffer. I had to stop down to pick anything from the floor. I did not suffer from the 'flu' or anything else, but I was

decidedly nervous and could not sleep. For nearly two years I was in this way, and the doctor was frank enough to tell me that he could do no more for me. Shortly after this I happened to see in a newspaper an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. In a few days the medicine was in the house and I had begun its use and I took it regularly until I was well. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to others when I have the opportunity."—MRS. MAY LINDQUIST, 2814 Independence Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

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SHILOH FOR COUGHS

custom, Samuel Harper, 8 years old, acted as ring bearer.

Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, motion picture producer, who was a passenger, got out his machine and made a reel of the event, which he presented to the couple. After the ceremony Captain Lowry, in wishing the couple a happy married life, told them that a civil marriage at sea under the American flag could only be severed by the Federal courts in the event of a disagreement.

NEIGH, QUOTH KISSED HORSE
Objects to Embraces of Ryan, Who Is Fined \$5.

New York, March 10.—Accused of kissing a horse which he had led up on the sidewalk in front of 121 Bovey, James Ryan, 35, of 185 East Sixteenth Street, was arraigned in Night Court, charged with disorderly conduct and was fined \$5 by Magistrate Luperin.

"Did the horse like the embrace?" asked the Magistrate.

"Well, your honor," said Patrolman Wandling, "the horse said, 'neigh, neigh,' and I arrested Ryan." The prisoner described himself as "a great lover of horses."

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