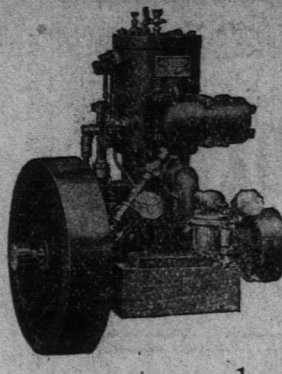


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GEO. M. BARR, St. John's

King, God Bless Him,
THE HEREDITARY PRESIDENT OF
THE BRITISH REPUBLIC.

By Horatio Bottomley (Editor of
"John Bull").

The whole country will respond to this eloquent and timely appreciation of the splendid part which His Majesty the King is playing in the hour of his Empire's trial. Coming from the pen of the Tribune of the Man in the Street, Mr. Bottomley's glowing tribute may be taken as expressing the sentiments of the whole nation—and no writer is more fitted for the task. Indeed, the article may well become a classic on kingship.

"Gentlemen, the toast is 'His Majesty the King.' Do you know, my friends, I never hear those words at any public function without a certain quickening of the pulse? There was a time, as I think I have said before, when, as a very young man, I called myself a Republican, and liked to think that every crossing sweeper was a potential president of the British Republic. NOW, I don't. True, I still cherish the idea of a great and mighty commonwealth—a true republic of the empire; but I like the idea of having an HEREDITARY president. For one thing, it saves the trouble of bad feeling of a peridical election. But that is but one—and perhaps the smallest—of its advantages. By the way, I observe that that phrase—"Hereditary President of the British Republic"—like "Business Government," and one or two other terminological inventions of mine—is now being freely adopted in the press. I must think of some others!

Well, to-day I want to talk about the King—our King; that gentleman of high estate around whom all our love of country and of empire is focussed—the fountain of honour—the pivot of our power; who "rules" us only in the sense that he lets us rule ourselves—wherein lies his wisdom; who in his own home life symbolises the domestic genius of his people—wherein lies his hold upon their hearts; and who, ever silently, and without ostentation, applies an sacrosanct himself, day in and day out to the demands of his exalted office—wherein lies his true greatness. I am neither sycophant nor courtier, but I "honour the King." I believe the institution of kingship to be deeply embedded in the character of the British race. Indeed, it is a fundamental human instinct; the Throne, the Crown, the Scriptures and the Flag are the emblems which draw us to a common centre—to the great spring whence flow all the currents of our patriotism and our pride.

Of his Majesty, as an individual, I have little claim to speak; and, indeed, it savors almost of impertinence to belaud his personal claims upon the regard and gratitude of his people; and let me say, incidentally, that I am sure nothing would be more distasteful to him. But we live in strange and wonderful days—and in the clash of arms and the booming of guns, and the general turmoil of the times, we are apt to forget that behind it all is one silent, suffering, soul-wracked man, charged with the duty of holding firmly the sceptre of our island power. What strain that task involves is known best to those who are in close contact with the king. But we can all form a fairly accurate idea. Ignore, for a moment, his duties of state—daily conferences with ministers, perusal of dispatches, promulgation of orders in council, receptions of foreign representatives, and all the rest of it—and just glance at his other activities.

It is well that we should do so. Here are some of them: Periodical visits to the front and the fleet; almost daily visits to the wounded in hospital; entertainment of the convalescent; inspections of camps and huts; attending charity performances and memorial services; receiving and decorating war heroes, and every day sending special messages to all parts of the world. Then, too, what an example he has set in the way of practical help—£5,000 to the Prince of Wales' Fund, £5,000 and many gifts to the Red Cross, and £100,000 from his privy purse, which, believe me, is much lighter than the general public thinks, and is strained at times to keep pace with the demands upon it—despite the fact, well known to all of us, that the domestic life of the Royal Family is the essence of simplicity. And reflect, for a moment, on the manner of his great gift—"It is his Majesty's wish that this sum, which he gives in consequence of the war, should be applied in what ever manner is deemed best in the opinion of his Majesty's government." I wonder how the Kaiser would have announced such a donation!

Do not let us forget, too, that the king inherits the sporting instincts of his great father; and on that side of his nature I can speak with knowledge. I can see him at Epsom, the day King Edward—then Prince of Wales—won his first derby with Persimmon. How he cheered and waved his hat as the gallant horse, with stately stride, nostrils distended and eyes flashing, kept his noble head in front of that of St. Frusquin, in a

struggle worthy of Marathon, till he fell past the post, a gallant winner of the classic race, the blue ribbon afford some guarantee for the peace of the world; and, indeed, until the mad ambition of the Kaiser broke the tradition, that principal had worked well for many years. We all know how, again and again, the powerful influence of both Queen Victoria and King Edward averted European rupture—but they were senior in years to William of Germany, who "broke not" the moment their restraining bands were removed. Still, apart altogether from any such consideration, the fact remains that an Hereditary President of a free Republic is the ideal form of government.

Just as in the spiritual life of a people they instinctively yearn for an altar or a shrine, so in the mundane affairs of the world we want an emblem, an embodiment of ourselves—

whose power for good is in exact proportion to the dignity and, in the best sense, the aloofness of its environment. You get that "atmosphere" which surrounds the Throne, in no other place in the secular world. Only in the presence of the king do you discard do you surrender yourself; your ego—your Karma—flies to the magnet formed by the voluntary investment of His personality, on the part of the people, as the repository of the spirit of their national aims their traditions and their ideals. Thus, in "honoring the King" we honor ourselves. And once again you get a light from the old past in the injunction—"Fear God, and Honor the King." It is only when kings endeavor to impose that first injunction upon their subjects that they are doomed to disaster.

But our King has never been guilty of that mistake. He has played the role of a constitutional monarch with a fine sense of the great dignity and responsibility of its office, but always with a scrupulous regard for the rights and feeling of his loyal subjects. "The King can do no wrong" is a phrase which has a truer meaning with us than with any other nation. Thru his ministers he acts, and leaning always towards the good of his people and thinking only of the "Empire," the occupant of the throne is ever ready to give respectful attention to his advisers, but at the same time to exercise his great personal influence against violent changes by whatever party in the State they may be proposed. And so to-day we honor the King—honor for all for which he stands.

"The I have but the body of a poor weak woman," said Queen Elizabeth on a great occasion, "I have the heart of a King, and of a King of England, too." Not always have the sovereigns of Britain risen to the height of their great calling; but at this supreme moment in the nation's history, the throne richly merits the loyalty of every subject. Many circumstances have helped towards this happy consummation, but chiefly it is due to the personal qualities of a monarch who "belongs" to us, perhaps in a closer and more intimate sense than any previous occupant of his exalted station. When Queen Victoria lived there was, in early days at any rate, a vague feeling that Teutonic influences were hovering around the Throne. The court to-day is ALL-British, and there is in the consciousness of our King no obstacle to the full play of his great influence as ruler of the destinies of an Imperial people.

There is, of course, irony in the fact that the son of "Edward the Peacemaker" should be destined to become the central figure in our Empire's greatest war—but who shall explain these things? It is his destiny and it is his pride and comfort to know that the ties between the People and the Throne were never closer, never stronger, than they are to-day. Gentlemen, I give you "The King—God bless him."

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er of the destinies of an Imperial people. There is, of course, irony in the fact that the son of "Edward the Peacemaker" should be destined to become the central figure in our Empire's greatest war—but who shall explain these things? It is his destiny and it is his pride and comfort to know that the ties between the People and the Throne were never closer, never stronger, than they are to-day. Gentlemen, I give you "The King—God bless him."

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Girls! Thicken and Beautify Your Hair And Stop Dandruff

Try this! Your hair gets wavy, glossy and abundant at once.

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine. It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you can not find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp and it never fails to stop falling hair at once. If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.

AT THE CRESCENT.

The Crescent Picture Palace presents a big variety programme to-day. Mary Malatesta, Joan Christy and Jack Drummer in "Count Twenty"; a Biograph two reel drama, Isabel Ren and Wm. J. Butler in "Life's Changing Tide," a fine sea drama. Helen Gibson in "A Test of Courage," an episode of the "Hazards of Helen"; and Wallace Beery (Sweetie) in "Love and Trouble," a great Egan Comedy. On Monday a great three reel feature: "The Test of Chivalry."

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