

GREAT BRITAIN IN NO PERIL

Dr. McNamara Goes For the Hysterical Agitator—British Programme Fully Assures the National Safety.

Dr. McNamara, secretary to the British admiralty, was the chief speaker at a Liberal meeting in the Corn Exchange, Bedford, the other night. He said that during the past fortnight the question of the navy had been very much before the country. "I decline," he went on, "now or any time, to make the British navy a party issue." (Cheers.) Please remember that the defence of this country is just as dear to the Radical as to the Tory. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Certainly Radicals have sacrificed at least as much as Tories to build up our splendid system of free institutions, that priceless possession which is the envy of the democracies of the world. (Cheers.) For goodness sake, don't get into your heads the idea that the Tory loves his country more than the Radical. (Hear, hear.) Please assume that no one seriously doubts the necessity to keep the British navy in a position of unchallenged and unchallengeable supremacy. (Cheers.) Why? The British Empire covers nearly a fourth of the land surface of the world, and its population is about a fourth of the population of the world. British people are scattered in all quarters of the world. How their hearts turn to the old folk at home is evidenced by the splendid and patriotic offer of New Zealand. (Cheers.) If the recent agitation had done no more than produce Sir John Ward's telegram it would have been worth the anxiety it has caused. (Cheers.) And apart from the defence of our far-flung empire there is the daily comfort and happiness of the people here at home. Hear, hear! Roughly, four out of every five loaves of bread our people eat are made of corn brought from across the seas. Over a third of the total value of our imports are in respect of raw and partially manufactured material, upon the prompt and steady supply of which the artisans of Lancashire and Yorkshire and our great industrial centres depend for their daily living. (Hear, hear.) Four hundred and forty millions worth of total imports valued at 553 millions coming in yearly are food or material for our factories, mills and workshops, and if you dislocate this steady homeward procession want and destitution at once cast their shadow over the land of Her Majesty. But, further, there is another 500 millions' worth of outward bound trade. From the point of view of the comfort and prosperity of these islands it would be difficult for me or anybody to over-estimate the vital importance of the British navy. It is the life-line of free trade. If you have lost the free sea highway? So far as I am concerned I have no anxiety about

the tramp of foreign legions on these shores. If I dread anything at all it is the march of hunger. (Cheers.) Well, we are all agreed that Britain must be supreme upon the sea? Dr. McNamara proceeded to compare the German and British shipbuilding programmes. There was no likelihood whatever, he said, of Germany being ahead of us in Dreadnoughts. He admitted that it was conceivable that our margin of Dreadnoughts might, at certain seasons before 1912 be small, but there was in addition the splendid Dreadnought British fleet and the personnel. No two powers in the world could compare the numerical strength of the native service personnel of our navy.

The Hysterical Agitator.
"And what of the quality?" Dr. McNamara proceeded to ask. "You know their tradition, their record, their spirit?" (Cheers.) I have seen them at work at close quarters many times during the last twelve months. I have seen them mobilizing and cruising at battle practice and at the rifle butts. I have seen them on the battleships, on the submarine, and the offshore I see them the prouder I am to be associated with them. (Cheers.) It is when I think of these splendid men that I most feel how groundless are the fears of many of my fellow-countrymen. (Hear, hear.) Frantically the thing that worries me is not John Bull's danger from attacks from without; I have no shadow of anxiety about that—(hear, hear); but I am beginning to be concerned, when I note the hysterical mood into which some people have fallen, about the possibility of John Bull's decay from degeneracy within. (Cheers.) Of course the British people are entitled to be anxious about their navy; their safety, happiness and prosperity depend upon its efficiency. But pray don't let any body go into hysteria over the matter. (Hear, hear.) For ourselves as a Government we have submitted a programme which fully assures the national safety. (Cheers.) We lay down two Dreadnoughts in July; we lay down two more in November. We take powers to collect material for two more and promptly proceed to execute four more from April 1 next year. Down they will go if the necessity arises. (Cheers.) But keep cool heads. You don't want to multiply Dreadnoughts merely for the sake of multiplying them. You can have as many Dreadnoughts as you like, but they will cost you two millions a time, and there after they will be a burden upon you for maintenance and depreciation of a quarter of a million a year. And in about fifteen years or so they will be on the scrap heap. All you want is ample security for the national safety. (Hear, hear.) When you have that, what money you have to spare for the pressing social problems which confront the satesmen of today. (Cheers.)

A LINK WITH BYRON

English Writer Tells of an Interview With the Poet's Physician, Dr. Alexander—Byron's Habits, Amusements and Diet—What Might Have Been.

Thirty-five years ago, says Aaron Watson in T. P.'s Weekly, there lived on Newcastle-on-Tyne a hale old man who had been visited by Lord Byron to accompany him on his fatal expedition to Greece. This was Dr. Alexander, who was assistant surgeon to the Scots Greys in his earlier years, who was at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and who accompanied the allied armies to Paris. Seven years later he was the medical attendant at Genoa. To all appearances it was the least restless period of the poet's life, but really it was a time of great mental stress and intellectual disturbance. Byron was writing the later cantos of "Don Juan," and contemplating a great effort in aid of the Greek war of independence. One day he inquired of Lord Berwick whether he knew of a competent medical adviser, and Dr. Alexander was strongly recommended. "I will call on him," said he, "as an Englishman, though he was actually a Scot; but these were the two men who met and were brought together by Lord Berwick, and from that time Dr. Alexander and the poet were in constant intercourse. "medical adviser," as Moore calls him, visiting the Casa Saluzzi on each alternate day.

The Lame Foot.
Over 50 years past, and I found myself conversing with Dr. Alexander on those far-off days in Genoa. The old army surgeon, who competes with

BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS

EVERYONE NEEDS A TONIC IN THE SPRING TO BUILD UP THE BLOOD.

If you want new health and strength in the spring you must build up your blood with a tonic medicine. After the long indoor winter months are past most people feel depressed and easily tired. This means that the blood is impure and watery. That is what causes pimples and unsightly eruptions. To this same condition is due attacks of rheumatism, the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia, poor appetite, frequent headaches and a desire to avoid exertion. These troubles can all be banished by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ, strengthens the nerve and brings the feeling of new health and energy to weak, tired out, ailing men and women. Mrs. Frank Murphy, Clark's Harbor, N.S., says: "A year ago I was completely run down and my work became a burden to me. I felt tired all the time, and could scarcely drag myself about. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking three or four boxes was again in the best of health. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will prove a friend in need to all who are weak and ailing."

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

David Urquhart for the honor of introducing the Turkish bath into England, was still practicing his profession in a quiet way, though he was then in his 87th year. His memory of the Genoa days still remained clear and sharp. He called to mind that Byron spent his days in riding, in entertaining his friends, and in copious talk. Much of the night was spent in a feverish literary activity that still remains marvelous. Dr. Alexander recalls none of the circumstances of the first interview. Byron was engaged in conversation with the British consul at Genoa, and he sat with his legs stretched out and his feet crossed. The left foot was uppermost, and Dr. Alexander's attention was attracted by it. It was unfortunate that the first interview, the blood rush to Byron's face, and a flash of irritation dart from his splendid eyes. At a later date, when the poet was about from Genoa, Dr. Alexander forwarded to him a newspaper which he had noticed, contained some reference to his work, and was astounded when he received it back by the next post. What had excited Byron's anger was a piece of sheer brutality that had been overlooked. "We have received Lord Byron's new poem, and are not pleased with it," the newspaper remarked. "The deformity of his feet seems to have got into his verse." "That foot has been the bane of my life," the poet said to Dr. Alexander. And then he went on to tell how he once went to London with the purpose of having it amputated, but the surgeon whom he consulted refused to perform any such operation, and the idea was abandoned.

Habits, Amusements, and Diet.
One of Byron's amusements was to go out shooting with Trevelyan. They would throw soda water bottles into the Bay of Genoa, and fire at them with pistols as they rose. And Byron, it seems, was much the better shot of the two. It was seldom that he missed a bottle. There were quarrels with others besides Leigh Hunt. In fact, according to Dr. Alexander, the poet quarrelled with nearly everybody except his medical adviser. When he wrote at night he always had a little gin and water beside him. It was all his only indulgence, for he was starving himself to keep down the gouty habit. Dr. Alexander warned him of the consequences of this, but quite without effect. The poet continued to live chiefly on biscuits and a peculiar kind of dry food which he obtained from Turin. When the Countess of Blessington remonstrated with him, he said that his doctor had ordered low diet; but Dr. Alexander denied this, and was of opinion that the poet's abstinence in the matter of food weakened his resistance to the malarial from which he died.

What Might Have Been.
In spite of the irregularity of his life there were few unhappy men than Lord Byron at that time. There were days when he contemplated suicide. "Which is the best and quickest poison?" said Dr. Alexander. "Dr. Polidori used prussic acid," was the reply, given to what was not believed to be a serious question. "Ah," said Dr. Alexander, "I have heard of that. I know Polidori; he was once with me." The poet was longing for action. "A man ought to do something more for society than to write," he said. "If I live ten years longer you will see that it is not over with me. I don't see the time in literature, for that is nothing—and it may seem odd to you, but I don't think literature was my vocation. You will see that I shall do something—the times and fortune permitting—that, like the cosmogony of the world, will puzzle the philosophers of all ages." Then came the call from Greece. The poet asked Dr. Alexander to go out with him. "I am married, and cannot come," said the doctor. "I am married," returned "Oh," returned Byron. "How different it is with me! I go just because I am married." The last service was to recommend another medical man, Dr. Bruno. And



then Byron went away to his death. Reading over my notes of the interview with Dr. Alexander, I seem to be shaking hands with him and bidding him farewell.

A PLUCKY WOMAN NATURALIST.

One of the guests of the Colony Club this season will be the famous woman naturalist, Miss Magdalen Tuck. She probably will give a series of talks on natural history and also on her experience in research. The latter topic should be the more interesting, for Miss Tuck has been in many strange places in her quest for knowledge at first hand. She specializes in sea birds, and, as might be expected, has had hundreds of narrow escapes from injury, if not death. Miss Tuck thinks nothing of having herself lowered over the edge of a cliff and swinging at the end of a 50-foot rope to make snaphots of gulls' nests. She has hauled eggs in place to a million a year and has hesitated to go, yet she is such a clever cliff climber that not once has she been hurt. In spite of her daring she is essentially feminine, and it is believed she will be one of the most popular guests of the club's season. —New York Press.

SATIN BATHS FOR BEAUTY.

During a recent visit to Paris of Laura Gerte, who is ranked among the beautiful women of the American stage, she heard of a new beauty treatment, which is called the satin bath, and which eagerly prompted her to investigate. There were two weeks of beautifying, and I found it the most delightful experience I ever encountered," said the actress. "The first work was done with a fine sandpaper. After being thoroughly scrubbed with this, a number of electric brushes and pumice stone were brought into use. When one gets through with the treatment the complexion is bright and clear and bright as a baby's, and the texture is of the softest of velvet. It is said that the treatment was used by Egyptian women centuries ago. I suppose most people will have their joke about the satin bath, but one of the chief aims of the treatment is to exfoliate the skin, and sandpaper and pumice stone treatment will accomplish something toward producing beauty, why not try it?"—Leslie's Weekly.

FASHION AND WOMAN'S FIGURE.

A Chicago professor, denouncing the present style of feminine clothes as "trifles," says that "the ideal woman's figure should be an oval." What have professors to do with the matter? In the calendar of fashion there is a time for curves and a time for angles. Just now straight lines are the vogue, and the professor cannot alter them. When the fancy for crinolines returns woman will assume cylindrical proportions, and not all the college faculties in Christendom can prevent her. On questions of female fashion the ballot is denied to man. The theory that each generation inherits the accumulated wisdom of its predecessors is held in some quarters. Its fallacy is in no way better proved than by the failure of man to profit by the experience of his ancestors in their futile attempts to make the world a better place. Women as respects fashion occupy a "higher world" into which men are not privileged to enter. When will the ruler sex learn discretion and abstain from criticism that merely reflects its helplessness to alter immutable conditions?—New York World.

HE TOOK A FRIEND'S ADVICE

AND DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS SOON CURED HIS BACKACHE.

How Malcolm McKinnon Found Complete and Permanent Relief From His Kidney and Stomach Troubles.

Shunacadie, Cape Breton County, N. S., April 16.—(Special).—Suffering with backache so much that he could not work, Malcolm McKinnon, a well-known resident of this place, took a friend's advice and used Dodd's Kidney Pills. The result is that he is back at work and his backache is gone.

"Yes," he says in speaking of his case, "I was troubled with backache, due to wet feet and hard work. It got so severe at last I was quite unable to do my work. "It was through a friend's advice I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I was soon aware that they were doing me good. My back was easier and I had less pain in urinating. "As Dodd's Kidney Pills had done me so much good I thought I would try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and I did so with marvelous effect. Two boxes set my stomach right."

With Dodd's Kidney Pills to keep my kidneys well and the blood pure, and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to put the stomach in shape so that the body receives the nourishment it needs, you are assured of the two first essentials of health. Any doctor will tell you that

Author of Robinson Crusoe

Daniel Defoe's Checkered Life—Achieved Success After Bitter Failures—Had His Ears Cut Off.

But few human lives have been packed so full of failure and loss, disappointment and sorrow, as was that of Daniel Defoe, the immortal author of "Robinson Crusoe." The man who was destined to make so many millions happy was himself the victim of the very-faced fate which pursued him from early boyhood to the day of his death.

Of the thing men call Success Defoe knew nothing. He was a drowning, always beeloning to him, but never materializing. His first thought was to be a minister, but after studying divinity he made up his mind that he would give up the pulpit and try something else. He has left us his reasons for not becoming a clergyman. If a man of brains and honesty enters the ministry, he claimed, he must soon become one of two things, a hypocrite or a miscreant. He chose the latter either, so he threw his theology overboard, not, however, until he had fired this parting shot:

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer, I will be found; I will be found; I will be found upon examination. The latter has the larger congregation."

Throwing his theological robe aside, Defoe joined the Monmouth insurrection, and being fortunate enough to get off without being hanged or transported, turned to the more peaceable avocation of buying and selling host-esses, but after a few years he turned to the stocking and undershirt business, the ex-preacher and trader found himself insolvent. Proceeding from his increased creditors Defoe took to the high seas, where he played the part of a merchant-adventurer for some years. He lost on his first voyage, and King William's bookkeepers, and soon after losing his job in the royal establishment he takes once more to trade, or rather to manufacture. The net result of his brick and the making venture was a failure to the tune of fifteen thousand dollars, a big sum for that time.

THE JEWS ARE LONG-LIVED RACE

Remarkable Cases of Longevity Partly Ascribed to Diet.

For a few years we regularly presented before our readers the case of an extraordinary old Jew, who had passed 100 years. Later so many authentic cases were furnished that we announced that we would no longer notice of them. It was not long, however, that we were proved that the human race is not declining in vitality, and that modern methods of preserving life and prolonging the ruler sex learn discretion and abstain from criticism that merely reflects its helplessness to alter immutable conditions?—New York World.

More than three score years ago Mr. Boas was a cantor in a synagogue in Russia, and his voice won him a bride. A cantor is paid to read a psalm and intone the elaborate and imposing liturgy of the Jews. He was married in Covovo, Russia, and brought his wife to this country 30 years ago. From an article in the Christian Advocate.

It is mainly from Africa, America and Australia, that the world's supply of gold, some \$400,000,000 worth, won regularly every year. Africa leads with about \$150,000,000; next comes the United States with about \$95,000,000. Australia ranks third with nearly \$85,000,000.

MIGRATIONS OF HAYDN'S SKULL

Wandered From Hand to Hand for Many Years.

An extraordinary story of the migrations of the skull of the composer Haydn was told the other day to the Austrian Anthropological Society by Prof. Julius Tandler, of the Vienna University in connection with the forthcoming Haydn centennial celebrations. Haydn was a great social lion in his day. During the week following his death, on May 1, 1809, two men named Rosenbaum and Peter bribed the gravedigger to give them access to the corpse. They then severed the head from the trunk, and with an eye to its possible future value preserved it in a garden pavilion. Eleven years later Count Esterhazy, Haydn's patron, was induced by the Duke of Cambridge, son of George III, of England, and a great admirer of Haydn's "Creation," to exhume the composer's bones and give them burial in a mausoleum at Eisenstadt. Then it was found that the skull was missing.

After long investigations the culprits were traced. They gave up a skull which they swore was Haydn's, and which was accordingly interred with the remains at Eisenstadt; but later Peter confessed on his deathbed that it was a substitute and that Haydn's skull was still in his possession. The matter then seems to have been forgotten, and the real skull in the course of years wandered from hand to hand, until in the seventies it finally became the property of the Musikfreunde Society in Vienna. Haydn's skull is notable for its craters which the temples, proving in this case the phrenologists' theory as regards the seat of musical talent.

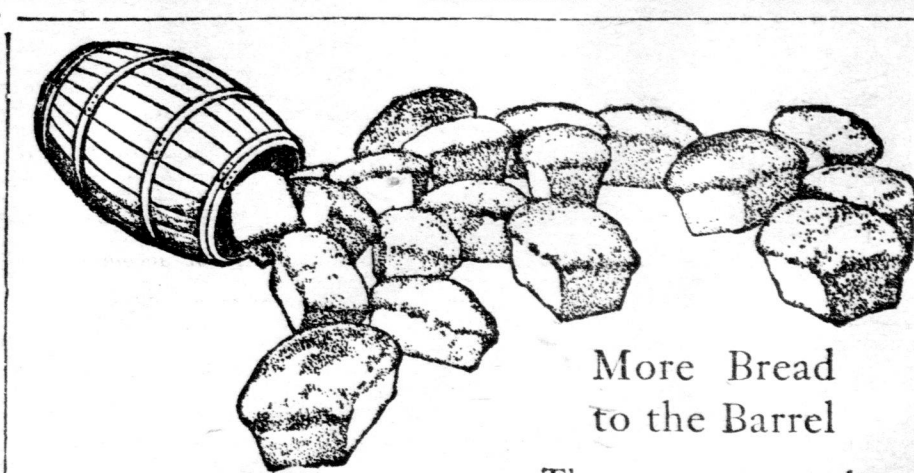
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