

THE NEW BRITISH PREMIER AND HIS PAST RECORD

Is Anxious to Wipe Out All Old Party Differences

Newsy Items from Empire's Capital—Remarkable Personality of Krassin—A Report from Essen—Restoration of Belgium.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)
London, May 24.—Whitlam, brought with it the political crisis which was bound to arise very soon. Mr. Bonar Law was compelled on account of persistent ill-health to resign his position as Prime Minister, and Mr. Stanley Baldwin, formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer, reigns in his stead. Ever since Easter, when Mr. Bonar Law came back from a brief holiday in Devonshire, apparently restored in strength, but with no improvement in his throat trouble, we knew his tenure of office could not be for much longer. While the arterial sclerosis which was the cause of his retirement two years ago was not a disabling malady, this added throat affection, depriving him of his speaking voice, refused to yield to treatment. His recent voyage to the Mediterranean was a last hope, and when it, too, failed he hurried back to London, consulted his medical advisers, and tendered his resignation to the King on the bank holiday. The very precipi-

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tancy of his action, and the fact that he did not have time even to suggest to His Majesty who should be sent for in his place, proved the gravity of his illness. A minor operation has been performed, and the immediate crisis seems to be passed, but Mr. Bonar Law has passed several days in the hospital.

The New Prime Minister.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin was sent for by the King chiefly because he sits in the House of Commons. Lord Curzon would normally have been the obvious successor to the Premiership, and probably the bulk of the Conservative Party regret very much that his great experience and distinguished record have been eclipsed by the fact that he happens to be a Peer, but under the present unparalleled position, with the official Labor Opposition strong in the Commons and without a single accredited representative in the Upper Chamber, a Prime Minister in the House of Lords would have been a disarming handicap. Therefore, amidst sincere expressions of sympathy, Lord Curzon was passed over, and the highest posi-

tion in the land when a subject can aspire to has gone to a comparatively untried man. Mr. Stanley Baldwin has been in Parliament fifteen years, but only in the last six has he emerged from the back benches, while his first Cabinet post was when he became president of the Board of Trade years ago. His reputation is based on his very recent achievements, the funding negotiations over the American debt, and the Budget which he yet to become law in the Finance Bill. Behind his slight Parliamentary career, however, lies a long term of successful business service as head of Baldwin's Ltd., the great iron and steel combine founded by his father and worthily carried on by his son. A Trinity College, Cambridge, man, Mr. Baldwin is a cultured scholar of wide interest, and personally he is a charming and modest companion.

Party Regroupings.

Although he is the choice of the most active "Dion," Conservatives, the new Prime Minister is widely separated in temperament and ability from them, and he frankly aspires to wipe out the divisions which the party by exaggerated tolerance. At the same time his accession to power has been the signal to Mr. Lloyd George to give up all hopes of reconquering the Coalition, and concentrate on reuniting the Liberal Party. Liberal reunion has hung fire because the followers of Mr. Asquith suspected, not without reason, that Mr. Lloyd George was ready to make the best of both worlds, but now those fears seem to have evaporated. It is too early to speak of a reunited Liberal Party, but the inevitable process will be much hastened by the disappearance of Mr. Bonar Law. While he was head of the Government Mr. Lloyd George, for the sake of old time and, perhaps, of vague hopes for the future, could not go into uncompromising opposition. With Mr. Baldwin at the helm, the man who above all others gave the death-blow to the Coalition, restraints are removed, and Mr. Lloyd George has lost no time in proclaiming the fact by a speech strongly critical of the Government. The Labor Party appears the least affected by the change, although it is passing through a period of difficult internal stress, owing to differences over Russia and other matters.

Krassin.

Whatever may be said of some of his Moscow colleagues, in Mr. Krassin the Russian Soviet has a remarkable personality. He is a tall, dark, handsome man with a pointed beard, of fine carriage and gracious manner, despite his keen business training and instinct. And, according to the instinctive conviction of some observers who have met him often, he is in his heart of hearts, emphatically "no Bolshevik." Such a level-headed engineer, formerly in control of one of Germany's most flourishing pre-war electric concerns, with a genius for organization and sound trading methods, could hardly accept all the Moscow theories without some reservations. Like many of the Russians, Krassin is a wonderful linguist. He talks English today almost perfectly, and with great fluency and force. Occasionally he pauses for a word, and there is a very slight foreign accent, but otherwise he is master of the most difficult tongue in Europe. Yet, until he came to this country in 1920, he did not speak a word of English. How many English business men or politicians would be able or willing to pick up Russian in three years—and three years of strenuous struggle with the problem of stricken Russia!

King George and Philatelists.

About ninety philatelists associated with the London exhibition were entertained at Buckingham Palace by King George the other day as special invited guests at a party in their honor. The occasion would have been memorable in any case, but was made still more so by the opportunity afforded the visitors, all distinguished philatelic experts, of inspecting at their leisure the King's unique collections of stamps. These are declared by some of the guests at the Palace to be without equal in the world, certainly in the case of any individual collector. King George has specialized in British Empire stamps, and according to one of those who inspected the collection this must be worth somewhere in the neighborhood of £100,000. The Royal collections were shown admirably arranged and collated in the fine picture gallery at Buckingham Palace, and King George, who entered into the conversation with his guests, displayed a genuine and deep knowledge of their common hobby. His Majesty was advised not to expose his collections to the risks of public exhibition, and I hear

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that insurance companies declined to accept the "risk." Many of the King's best specimens are of peculiar value, inasmuch as the are "first pulls." King George consented to pay a visit to the exhibition.

Bertha Takes the Helm.

From Essen comes the news that Bertha Krupp is once more to take command of the mammoth Krupp Works. Before her marriage to Von Bohlen Bertha was the autocratic chief of Germany's largest industrial establishment, a prisoner of the French, she is about to leave the domestic seclusion in which, as a fond German wife, she has passed her married life, to take the helm. Trained from early girlhood for her administrative career by her father, Alfred Krupp, Bertha has an amazing command of the technical side of the iron industry. She will carry on, if necessary, for the 15 years which is the period of her husband's sentence.

The Cloth Hall.

It was generally supposed that the famous Cloth Hall at Ypres was the last left in its ruined state, but scaffolding is now going up round its smashed towers and walls and in places rebuilding has begun. A friend who recently toured the devastated area tells me that in most places the cemeteries, dead tree stumps, "pill boxes," and mounds of rusty wire by the roadside are all that is left to mark the old battlefields. Entire villages have been rebuilt and shell-torn ground leveled and ploughed up. On the stone tombstones which are replacing the wooden crosses in British cemeteries the words "Unknown Soldier" are changed to "Known unto God."

An Admirable Criticism.

A younger man of his acquaintance is taking up a position on an Irish pig farm, and thereby abandoning a London career of promising versatility. He comes of an aristocratic family, and is a peer, but is himself essentially a Bohemian. He has been an artist's model, and claims to have one of the finest, and most remunerative, one, yielding him a fortune a year. In addition to posing for artists, however, this young Bohemian has written "explanatory" articles for one of the most intellectual weeklies. He has also acted as secretary to one of London's all-night cabaret clubs, and as a further delight to his friends, he has been asked to hold the record for the number addressed in one day. But now, abandoning all these pursuits, and, without some melodious tears in Bohemia, is off to Ireland to study scientific pig culture. But he is a confident that his friends are confident that he will never be "husky."

Killing the Goose.

Talking of models reminds me that many Chelsea artists when they engage a new model nowadays hand out a card briefly setting forth the conditions. This is the result of much sad experience of the vagaries of the professional model, and especially the "picture model." Girls chosen for their picturesque disarray of hair and small children selected "because of their ragged hair" have a habit of turning up at the studio after being specially engaged by the artist with Marcel-waved hair or in the most impossible Sunday suits. The realistic side of the console is that the models are always so proud of their smart appearance. Jacob Epstein, the famous sculptor, tells a good story of one of his chance models. He chose him solely because he wore such a wonderful hat—a bowler that was marvellously flat in the crown and beautifully wide in the brim. It was a unique hat, and would have made any comedian's fortune. After the first sitting Epstein paid the model. Next day he appeared at the studio without his one asset, and wearing instead of that perfectly enchanting hat a new term. The old one was tragically injured for. Alas! it had been cut up into home-made socks for the ruined model's shoes.

Golfing Managers.

American golfers have taken a leaf out of the book of the professional manager. Sarazen, the Italian-born American citizen who won the United States championship last year, has his "manager," who decides what exhibition matches he shall play, and fixes fees, etc. The same gentleman who looks after the interests of Sarazen contrives to manage the interests of Hagen and Kirkwood as well. The result in one instance has been amusing. Great efforts were made in the States to bring about a match between Sarazen and Hagen, a prize of \$8,000 being offered, but their manager would not hear of it. Whatever happened, the prestige of one of his proteges would suffer. By the chance of the draw, however, Sarazen and Hagen met in the competition at Leeds. They had a real needle match for a prize of £50. Sarazen is described to me as a "really nice boy," without any of the swank and side which unfavorably distinguishes so many Americans who achieve public fame; in fact, he is really quite modest. Good judges were of the opinion that he was distinctly unlucky to lose to Hagen, whose putts were dropping into the hole while his own were hanging on the lips; but though he is, according to some accounts, the greatest, the most formidable, and most brilliant golfer America has yet sent us, Sarazen is quite deprecatory about his own performance. He says that since his arrival over here he has learnt a lot. He has seen shots played that he is quite unable to execute himself, though he hopes to acquire them by steady practice when

he goes back to America. Surely this is the right spirit.

A Slim Hater of Men.

To the Pensions Ministry belongs the credit of organizing the first mixed walk to Brighton, and the winner, a slip of a girl in a white sweater and a short tangerine skirt, is a youthful man-hater who kept going just because she wanted to beat the lords of creation. Thus the eternal duel of sex begins to invade the arena of sport! But in this case the men started two and a half hours behind the ladies, which is equivalent to a ten-mile start, or almost one-fifth of the full distance. Moreover, the man-hater's record time of just over 12 hours is almost four hours outside the mere male record. Most of the girls wore blue gymnasium costume, and displayed calves like town hall footmen. I should never have picked the man-hater as a likely winner, or even a possible finisher. She had no style like the little Manchester girl who first did the walk had, and was barely doing four miles an hour send visitors, first and last, gase on the works of two or three hundred artists, but the sort of everyday art that is appealing to the millions in the street. We have made immense strides since Victorian days in this respect. Thirty years ago "Bubbles" was the derisive cry. Today you will find superb designs and colors, combined with rare feeling and imagination, in the posters that advertise the Underground and the L. C. C. tram. The rest of the contemporary world is following suit. A bad poster nowadays is recognised as such even by the man in the street—and no sound business man would dare risk his firm's reputation on one.

The Art Revival.

It was the Underground that set the pace originally. Their stations were adorned with magnificent posters, almost all of them worthy of a place on the line of the Academy, during the Londoner into the beauty spots and the historic corners of London and its rural environs. But now the L. C. C. is challenging the Underground's art supremacy seriously. Some amazingly good black-and-white and colored posters, advertising popular tram routes, are now on the walls. These are obviously the work of first-class artists, with taste and originality as well as imagination, and Londoners are keenly appreciative. Seven million people see these pictures every week. And this sort of thing is, in the wider sense, more educative than a score of Royal Academies. The latest L.C.C. poster I have seen is one of the best. Of all places it advertises the tram routes to the famous Caledonian Market. But the artist's brush, dipped in superb colors, depicts the opulent romance of that Cockney bazaar, so that one seems the adventure of its commerce, and its old, and new, innuendo, and longs to visit the place. It may mean a sharp disillusion for the credulous souls, but it is a daily art lesson for the masses. And the startling thing is that these posters are not all in the "popular" vein, but most severely modern and high-brow.

Italy Lowers Duties To Cut Living Costs

(Canadian Press Despatch.)

Rome, June 10.—The Italian cabinet at a meeting held today to consider means for alleviating the high cost of living decided to abolish or substantially reduce the customs duties on the most important foodstuffs brought into the country.

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PLANS ALL-BRITISH GLOBE-ENCIRCLING AIRPLANE FLIGHT

Legion of Frontiersmen Sponsoring 'Globe-Girdling Tour in British Machine Manned by British Pilots Starting Next Year.

(By Canadian Press.)
Montreal, June 10.—An airplane flight around the world by a British airplane, manned by British pilots, under the auspices of the Legion of Frontiersmen, was the project unfolded here Friday by Captain Harwood Steele, M.C., a son of the late Major General Sir Samuel Steele, who has arrived in Montreal in connection with the proposed around-the-world all-British flight.

The Legion of Frontiersmen, Captain Steele explained, was an organization of adventurous British frontiersmen, pioneers, sailors and men of that type from all corners of the Empire, who had banded themselves together in an Empire-wide organization for imperial service, either in peace or war. The present president of the Legion, he said, was Major General Lord Loch, who was taking an active part in the proposed adventure, whose main idea was to win for British airmen the honor of being the first to make a globe encircling flight.

Captain Steele said it was planned for the world encircling flight to start from England some time next year, with a powerful seaplane of a type yet to be chosen, but of British make. The route, as at present mapped out, will be across France to the Mediterranean, Egypt and India; thence across Asia to Japan and Kamchatka, the Aleutian Islands, and across the Behring Sea to Alaska, and down the Pacific coast to Vancouver. Thence the flight will continue across Canada, with stops at such places as Calgary, Winnipeg, Port Arthur, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec and on to Halifax.

For the final lap of the flight the machine will proceed to Newfoundland, thence to Iceland, the Orkney Islands, and south to the starting place in England.

The seaplane is to be flown by two pilots, both with good war records, Captain Norman MacMillan, M.C., P.C., and Captain G. H. Mallins, O.B.E.

LEAGUE FAVORS LIQUOR CONTROL BY GOVERNMENT

(By Canadian Press.)

Calgary, Alta., June 10.—Declaring that "prohibition begets crime and weakens respect for all law," delegates from the Moderation League branches met in Calgary on Friday and perfected a provincial-wide organization. In a declaration of policy adopted by the League delegates, they declared in favor of supporting the clause for Government control in the plebiscite Nov. 5 next. Asserting that the League concedes that the prohibitionists "are ac-

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WHISTLE

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SAYS TWO RACES HELP EACH OTHER IN THE DOMINION

French Consul-General Declares Anglo-French Collaboration in Canada is Heartening Spectacle When Presenting Statue to Kingston Military College.

Kingston, Ont., June 10.—"I find in this country under the British flag the most encouraging and helpful collaboration of two great races living side by side and giving to each other the benefit of their own personal experiences," said M. Naggiar, of Montreal, consul-general of France, in presenting to the Royal Military College here yesterday afternoon a beautiful statue entitled Peace. The statue was the gift of the French Government. General Sir Arthur Currie was chairman at the function.

"We cannot forget," M. Naggiar said, "that when the Canadians came to fight and win with us, they had all the traditions, all the virtues, all the science of the Royal Military College behind them to encourage them and to lead them to victory and to peace. So I am here to recognize publicly all that we owe to the cadets who fought and died with our brothers and sons who now lie in the fields of France."

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