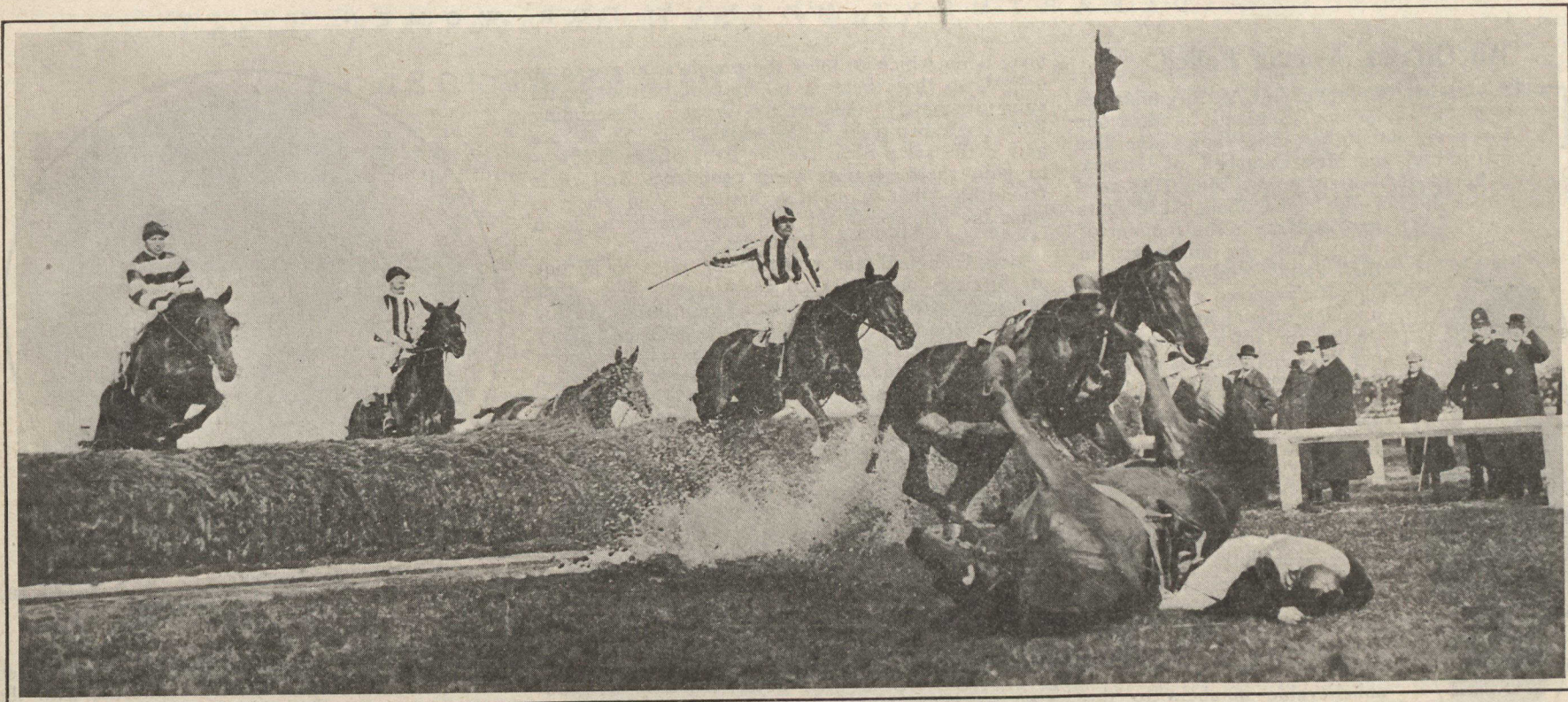


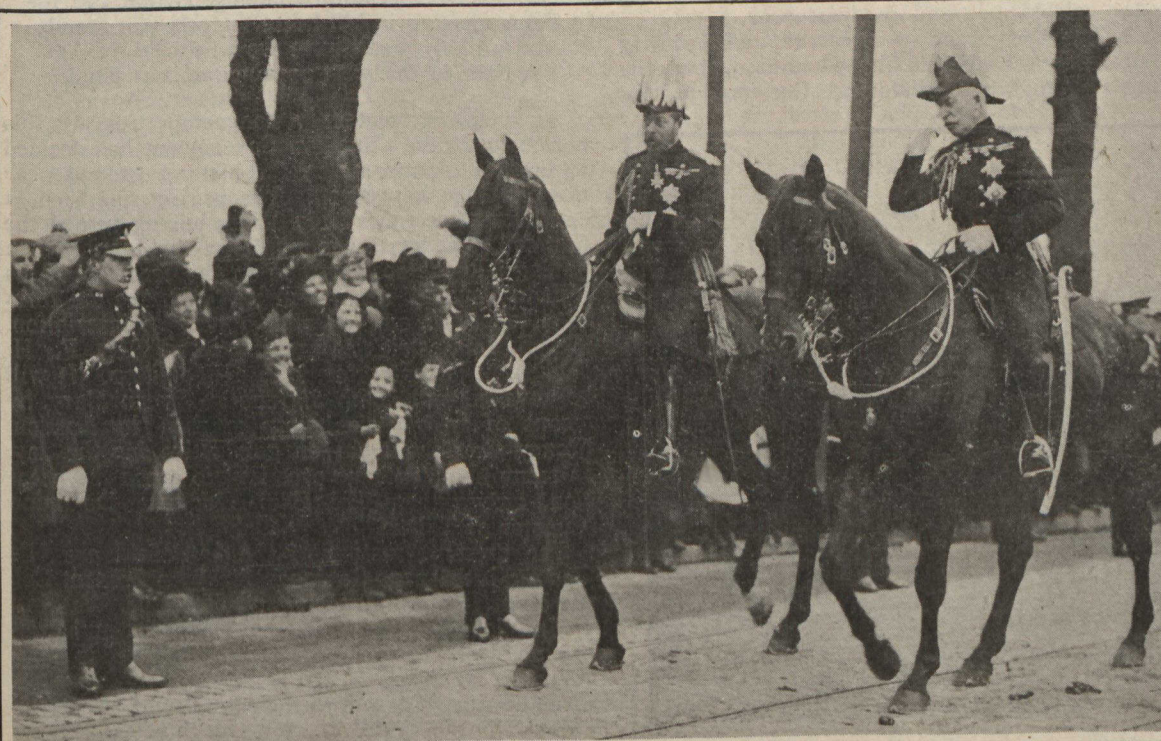
# Casual Glimpses of Sundry Doings in Old England



Sensational Steeplechases Are a Great Feature of English Races. This Picture Shows "Blowpipe" Down at the Water Jump in the Grand National; One of the 19 Out of 23 That Came to Grief in the 4½ Miles.



GIVING SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE A MUSICAL JOLT. Scotch Bagpipers, Near Westminster Abbey, Celebrating the Results of the International Football Match at Stamford Bridge.



The Governor-General Back at His Old Parades. The King and His Uncle, the Duke of Connaught, Reviewing the Artillery on Woolwich Commons.

## The Great "Dizzy"

**L**AST Saturday afternoon an usher ran down the aisle of a Canadian theatre with a basket of primroses. The curtain went up again. The only figure on the stage was a slim, dark little man with a dandy waistcoat, a velvet jacket and a somewhat devilish wisp of black hair straight down the top of his head.

The man was—Disraeli; in whose memory Primrose Day was organized in England by the Primrose League, the anniversary coming on April 19.

He took the flowers and made a brief speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am sure that the splendid applause you have given this performance is a tribute of your regard for a great figure in British history—"

And the audience were startled. Disraeli—was speaking. It was as though the man himself had suddenly wakened up to the fact that the whole thing was a play, written by Louis N. Parker, and that the chief actor was George Arliss.

Seldom, if ever, on any Canadian stage, has an historical character been portrayed with such daring realism as Disraeli, the Hebrew Premier of England and the life-long opponent of Gladstone; the man who began life as a Liberal, a novelist and a mere Parliamentary spouter, howled down by his opponents and died the most picturesque political figure in Europe; the Tory favourite, as Gladstone was somewhat the *bête noir* of Queen Victoria; famous for his foresight into European complications—and as depicted in the play, the shrewd, tactical master who clubbed the Bank of England into buying the Egyptian shares in the Suez Canal, thwarting Russia's designs upon India—

But that's where history and the play begin to mix matters. If Goldwin Smith had lived three years longer; if he could have been induced by the theatre management to attend that play, and had given one of his famous interviews to the newspapers, there might have been such a theatrical sensation as never was known since the days of Booth and Macready. The late Professor would have known exactly how much of the play was real history and how much of it Louis N. Parker. He would have recognized Disraeli and known whether or not the character was true to life. For he knew Disraeli; and Disraeli knew him. The Hebrew Premier was one man that Goldwin Smith never forgave. And the grudge was not political. It dated back to the day when young Disraeli was a novelist and Goldwin Smith a young professor at Oxford. The novel of particular interest to the Professor, and the only Disraeli novel that most Canadians ever heard of, was "Lothair"; in one chapter of which the author, already a master of satire, as afterwards he was of strategy, gave a scathingly scornful delineation of the vain young Oxford professor, whose learned criticism of English ways and his restless ambition to go abroad where he might win more attention for his peculiar genius, made him a fair mark for criticism.