

David Lloyd-George on Religion

THE BRITISH CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER SPEAKS ON THE CELTIC CHARACTER AND THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY—THE EXPERIENCE OF WALES.

A four-days bazaar in the Carnarvon Pavilion was opened on Wednesday, Sept. 30, by Mr. Lloyd-George. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, accompanied by Mrs. Lloyd-George, arrived on Tuesday night. A large throng had assembled at the railway station to greet him, and he was loudly cheered. Mrs. Lloyd-George and he were the guests for the night of the Rev. J. E. Hughes, pastor of St. John's Welsh Calvinistic Church, on behalf of which the bazaar is being held. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in declaring the bazaar open, spoke in Welsh. He said: "I am glad to come to Carnarvon again to see my friends. I am glad to hear that the bazaar promises to be a great success. That is an encouragement to those who have worked hard to promote it. I am not sure whether a bazaar would not be a good suggestion to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in order to raise money to pay the old-age pensions.—(Laughter.) He is a man in want of money.—(Laughter.) Mr. Lloyd-George, proceeding, said: 'No man can measure the value of the Free Churches have really done to Wales. There are two great things which have altered in my mind the whole drift and character of the Welsh mind and of Welsh destiny: One is attributable to the Church of England, and the other to the fathers of the Free Churches. One was the translation of the Bible into the language of the people; the other was the foundation and formation of those great Free Churches which are flourishing to such an extent in Wales at the present day.—(Hear, hear.) They have steadied the Welsh purpose; they have ordered it; they have organized it.—(Hear, hear.)

THE CELTIC CHARACTER.

There is an idea that the Celtic character is fickle. I always think that that is a fundamental error. There is no more resolute and tenacious man in his purpose than the Celt.—(Applause.) I do not care what it is—whether it is religion, politics, education—anything he undertakes he pursues with a relentless purpose, which never flinches, which never swerves, which is never discouraged or disheartened.—(Applause.) Failures pass over him, and still he goes through the flood and torrent of discouragement, never breaking his heart.—(Cheers.) There is no more tenacious mind, no more unbreakable will than that of the Celt when he is pursuing any ideal on which he has fixed his heart. And I always think that the people who regard the Celtic nationalities—whether Welsh, Irish, or Scotch—as fickle and changeable have not read the history of those nations.—(Applause.) The Celt is a volatility about him, and I think it is part of their attractiveness, and Nonconformity has to some extent steadied the Welsh character, sobered it, and given it a sterner purpose.—(Hear, hear.) I dare say in doing so it may have taken away some of the joys of life for the time being, but that was necessary—for the moment.

LIKE THORNS IN THE FLESH

ARE THE SHARP TWINGES AND TORTURES OF RHEUMATISM. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS A CERTAIN CURE.

The twinges and the tortures of rheumatism are not due to cold, damp weather, as so many people imagine. Rheumatism comes from poisonous acid in the blood. The pains may be started by cold weather, damp weather, or wind. There is only one way to cure rheumatism. It must be treated through the blood. All the liniments and rubbing, and so-called electrical treatment in the world will not cure rheumatism. The only way the disease must be driven out of the blood and the blood enriched and purified. It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, red blood that they have cured thousands of cases of rheumatism after all other treatments had failed. As a proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do even in the most severe cases of rheumatism, the case of Mr. David Carroll, a well-known furniture dealer, of Pictou, N. S., may be cited. Mr. Carroll says: "I have been a most severe sufferer from rheumatism, and in the hope that some other poor sufferer may find relief from my experience I gladly write you of the benefit I have received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The trouble settled in my shoulders and down my sides, and at times I was quite unable to raise my arm. I was attended by a doctor, but as I did not appear to be getting any better I sent for a so-called electric belt, for which I paid \$40. It did not do me any good and then I tried another remedy, but without any better results. A friend asked me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got three boxes. By the time I had used them all I found the stiffness and pain less severe, and I got another half dozen boxes. When I had taken these every symptom of the trouble had disappeared and in the two years that have since passed I have had no return of the trouble. I believe there is no other medicine equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for curing this most painful trouble, and I have recommended the Pills to all others who have been benefited by their use."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have little cure rheumatism but all the other diseases due to poor watery blood, such as anaemia, indigestion, nervous disorders, neuritis, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood, with the headaches, backaches, aches and attendant miseries. Only the genuine Pills can do this and you should see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

men have become rich, and their hearts have waxed gross with material prosperity. But no nation has ever done that without paying the penalty. There is a growing tendency to treat religion as if it were but a stage in the march of humanity towards a higher civilization, and along with the race must pass, but which it must, in spite of the beauty and grandeur of its scenery, leave behind it if it means to reach a more exalted destiny. This is no new attitude on the part of mankind. It has passed through this phase many a time in its history. It sometimes means that the human race is entering upon a dreary march through the parched, arid plains which are stretched between one form of civilization and another. It is not the first time that a long ramble through the wilderness has been the making of a nation. Human nature in its essence is the same in every age and in every dispensation, and religion provides for the fundamental needs of human life. The joys and perils of life are always the same, and when the wise men who have looked down the vista of the ages shun the churches can think of some more effective agency to guide men and women through the dangerous paths of life, for strengthening their hearts to bear the inevitable sorrows of life—some idea or scheme of things that will light up the valley of the shadows, and will swallow down in victory, as the religion of Christ has done in the experience of untold myriads who put their trust in Him, then we, the simple people of the hills, may give up the building of chapels and churches. But until that new ideal is revealed we will go on finding a new pride and a new pleasure in making sacrifices for the old cause that saved our fathers.

A MODERN VIEW OF RELIGION.

There are people who seem to imagine that the days of religion are passed, that religion has served its purpose, that it has exhausted its mandate, that it was very well to shackle and bridle the savagery of our ancestors, but they consider themselves to be free and all very well to give men a solace and hope in the slough of poverty, but now they are prosperous and they have no further use for it. I was very much struck on the Continent—and I am always impressed every time I go there—by the fact that the men had abandoned the churches there. You go to the churches practically in every continental country and you find that they are thronged with women—hardly any men there at all. The women, true to their old noble tradition in the past, still linger around the Cross, when others have left it.—(Applause.) But the men have gone, and it is largely attributable to the fact that during the forty years of peace which Europe has enjoyed men have become prosperous,

Ellen Terry's Story of Her Life

HER MARRIAGE WITH THE GREAT ARTIST WATTS AND THEIR SEPARATION—REMINISCENCES OF TENNYSON.

The special charm of "The Story of My Life," by Ellen Terry (Hutchinson, 6s.), is its delightful naivete. There is a spontaneity about this book that is lacking in most biographies or autobiographies, and the contents are different in character from the generality of biographies, so is the price. An idol of the people, Ellen Terry has presented her volume to the people for the price of a six-shilling novel, and it is the most interesting and readable of novels. I pass over Miss Terry's many stories of her childhood until the day when, a girl of fifteen, she was married to the celebrated painter, Mr. G. F. Watts.

THE GIRL WIFE.

The spirit of frankness that is seen in the description of the wedding precedes the book. "The day of my wedding was very cold. Like most women I always remember what I was wearing on the important occasions of my life. On that day I wore a brown silk gown, which had been designed by Miss Knott, and a quiet, white bonnet with a sprig of orange blossom, and I was wrapped in a beautiful Indian shawl. I went away in a sealskin jacket with coral buttons, and a little sealskin cap. I cried a great deal, and Mr. Watts said 'Don't cry, it makes me so nervous.' The day I left home to be married, I tucked all my little brothers and sisters, and washed their fair hair."

THE RECONCILIATION.

The marriage, which Ellen Terry tells us was a happy one, was arranged by her friends, and the separation that soon followed was arranged by those kind friends whose chief business in life seems to be the care of others. The true cause of the separation was incompatibility of occupation, reinforced by well-meanting friends. There is something terribly suggestive in the remark: "We all suffer from that sort of thing. Pray God, one be not a well-meaning friend oneself." I quote in full the touching story of a little meeting between husband and wife: "What bitterness there was effaced itself in a very remarkable way. I saw Mr. Watts but once face to face after this separation. We met in the street at Brighton, and he told me that I had grown. I was never to speak to him again. But years later, after I had appeared at the Lyceum Theatre, he came to see me in the world, I was in the garden of a house which I joined Mr. Watts' new Little Holland House, and he, in his garden, saw me through the hedge. It was then that I received from him the first letter he had had for years. In this letter he told me that he had watched my success with eager interest, and asked me to shake hands with him in spirit. 'What success I may have,' he wrote, 'will be very incomplete and unsatisfactory if you cannot do what I have long been hesitating to ask. If you cannot keep silence, if you can, one word, 'Yes,' will be enough.' 'I answered simply, 'Yes.'"

LONG TRAMWAY TUNNEL.

United States Vice-Consul Angelo Boragino reports that a tunnel more than a mile in length, said to be the longest in existence for use by municipal electric surface car lines, has just been opened for operation by the Genoa Street Railway Company. It connects Genoa with the adjacent large commune of Rivaolo, which previously

A BAD BRUISE

Often causes a good deal of trouble. The best cure is the prompt application of Nerviline, which instantly stops the pain, prevents swelling, removes all blackness and discoloration. Nerviline is antiseptic—prevents blood poisoning. No tincture so strong, so penetrating, so swift to destroy pain. You miss a lot of comfort by not using Nerviline. For nearly fifty years it has been the standard family remedy of Canada.

The Crew at Work.

Not until you have gone down in a submarine and seen the crew at work can you say you have seen the limit to which it is possible to drill human creatures. No crack company of a regiment, no fire company in any of our big cities, not even the engine force on a man-of-war, is under such discipline as the crew of a submarine. The very department and the men themselves realize that months are required even before the most capable group of ten can be made to work as a unit, perfect as clockwork. There is no time to "break in" crews when once war is declared, and for this reason the submarine service is continually and incessantly in war practice. Practice runs in the ordinary sense do not exist. Each time the boat stands out to sea she goes as if for business, the scenes you see being exactly like those that would be enacted were the vessel bent upon actually sinking an enemy. From "The Under-Sea Sailor and His Boat," in St. Nicholas.

DARING ESCAPES FROM SIBERIA

REMARKABLE FEATS BY CELEBRATED PRISON-BREAKERS OF CZAR'S LAND.

Nothing, perhaps, better illustrates the indomitable courage of the men and women who are fighting to-day for the emancipation of the Russian peasants and their unswerving belief in the ultimate triumph of their cause than the fact that, although many of Siberian imprisonment have sought they have either escaped or been released, they still continue their propaganda work. The hero of Russian prison breakers is Leo Deutsch, who is also still in revolutionary work, although he has been sent to Siberia on three occasions, and has escaped each time. His last escape, in 1905, particulars of which are given by an English writer, was perhaps the most audacious of all. He had returned to Russia after the war, and the institutional manifesto, which guaranteed the safety of himself and other revolutionaries. But in spite of this solemn promise Deutsch was re-arrested and sent to Turukhansk, and his friends were left in hopes of rescue. On the road, however, Deutsch got the permission of the officer of the escort to purchase some clothes and provisions while passing through a little town on the road to Turukhansk. Two guards accompanied him in his shopping expedition, and into a drapery's they began to chat affably with the shopkeeper, forgetting all about the dangerous prisoner in their charge.

HE GOT AWAY.

Deutsch, noticing their attention was directed to the shop, and he bolted thence into the courtyard, where, luckily, he found an unfastened gate leading to liberty. He was fortunate enough to have some personal friends in the town, who hid him for some time, and then helped him to return to St. Petersburg, where he immediately took train to Finland and eventually arrived in England. Another name held in reverence by Russian revolutionaries is that of Hypolyte Moushkin, who was shot in 1885, and who first fell into the hands of the police through trying to liberate from prison the famous novelist and political economist, Nicholas Tchernishevsky. The attempt failed, and Moushkin was condemned to ten years' penal servitude. His fortune seemed to dog him in his attempt to escape his punishment. He made a series of attempts, the most sensational being that practically accomplished from the Kara political prison in Siberia.

A DAGGER WITH A HISTORY.

An interesting relic has recently come into the possession of Lord Burnham. It is the weapon of Edmund Burke's famous "dagger scene" in the House of Commons. History has credited the great orator with having treated Parliament to a carefully worked-up dramatic crisis in this speech, but Mr. Macknight, in his "Life and Times of Edmund Burke," declares that the scene was impromptu. The affair took place at the discussion of the alien bill. On the way to the House of Commons that day Burke called at the foreign office, and was shown by the under secretary of state a dagger which had been sent to a pattern to a manufacturer in Birmingham with an order for some thousands of the country at the time was full of angry and dissatisfied societies, and such a proceeding as a large order of offensive weapons, looked very suspicious. Burke asked for the dagger and took it with him to the House. Fox spoke against the bill, stating his sympathies with the French republicans. Burke's speech followed. At first all he said was grave, argumentative and reasonable. Coming to the question of the bill itself he grew excited, and declared it was necessary to keep murderers and atheists from British shores. Already schemes of bloodshed were prevalent. Large orders for daggers had been sent to Birmingham. Here the House looked astonished. Fulling out the dagger Burke held it up before the audience, then threw it vehemently on the floor. Pointing to it, he exclaimed: "This is what you are

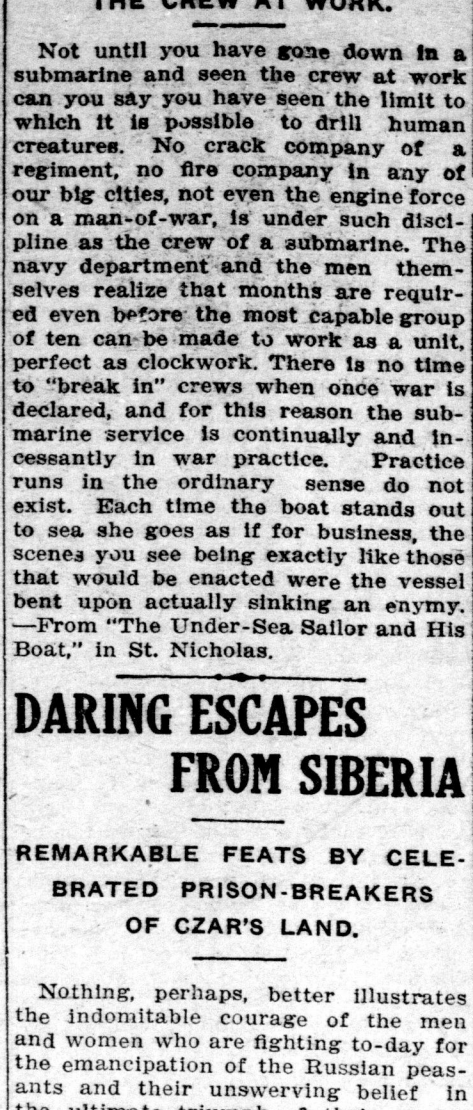
THE NEW WOMAN IN TURKEY.

Is the new woman about to capture Turkey? During the recent political agitation the unheard-of spectacle was to be seen at Salonica of a woman of rank, the wife of a Young Turk, parading unveiled through the streets with a banner, to the delight of her husband's partisans. At Monastir, many women, bent on political errands, travelled about alone. If this is to be the result of a constitutional movement what is to become of the Prophet's strict command

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Every woman should have beautiful and abundant hair, for nature lavishly rewards those who labor intelligently to preserve and beautify it. Is your hair oily or sticky? Is it dry, dull or lustreless? Have you dandruff? If so, you should use Newbro's Herpicide at once. It kills the germ or microbe that causes dandruff and falling hair, after which the hair will grow as nature intended. It stops itching of the scalp almost instantly, and gives the assurance of a cure from the very first application. It contains no oil or grease, and is unsurpassed in its daintiness. It makes the hair light and fluffy and gives it a silken gloss.

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- Granite Preserving Kettles 50c, 42c, 35c
 - Bread Boxes, red, blue, green 85c, 75c, 65c
 - Tin Lunch Pails, square 25c
 - Rice Boilers 75c and 45c
 - Tin Pails 30c and 15c
 - Tin Pot Covers, six in rack 35c
 - Slop Pails, red, blue, green 38c
 - Mrs. Potts' Iron Handles, regular 15c, now 8c
 - Hat and Coat Hooks, regular 15c doz, now 8c
 - Wire Clothes Lines, 100 ft. and 50 ft., were 50c and 25c, now 35c and 18c
 - Sisal Clothes Lines, 10c, now 5c
 - Cotton Lines, were 15c, now 8c
 - House Numbers, were 15c each, now 3 for 25c
 - Cheese Triers, were 50c, now 25c
 - Brass Curtain Rings, English, 3 in., were 75c per dozen, now 40c
 - Padlocks, large assortment, from 5c to 75c
 - City Picks, with handles 60c and 50c
 - Bolts, from 1 in. to 12 in., assorted sizes, per dozen 8c to 25c
 - Horn Tips, solid brass, were, each 35c, now 15c
 - Firmer Chisels, 2 in., were 90c, now 35c
 - Car Bitts, were \$1 each, now 60c
 - House Brushes, were 35c, now 20c
 - Gue Pots, iron, were \$1.25 and \$1, now 60c and 50c
 - One Wicker Go-Cart, was \$8.50, now \$3.50
 - Iron Letter Boxes, were \$1.25, now 75c
 - Gold Bronze, regular \$1 per lb., now 60c
 - Barn Door Hinges, per lb., 5c
 - Circular Saws, 14 in., 16 in., 18 in., 24 in., and 28 in. diameters All at half-price.

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