

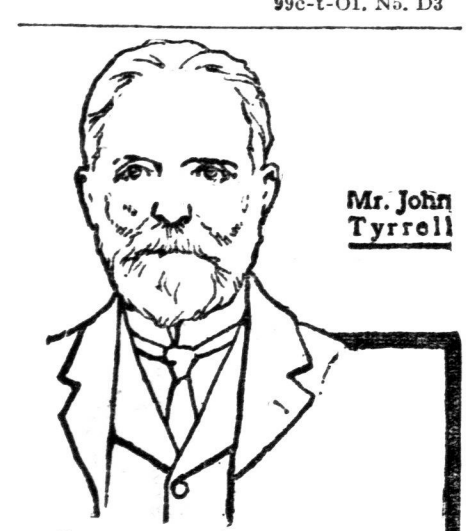
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Mr. John Tyrrell

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"It was in the latter end of the year 1908 that a nasty itch came through my skin and I scratched it until I tore the flesh. I tried several ointments to no effect. I went to a skin hospital. They advised me to go to the— I found that the papers of a case like mine, but I gave it no credence. At last I said, 'I will try the Cuticura Remedies.' With the first wash and Cuticura Ointment I used, I found their effects. I got one box of the Ointment more, and in less than one week the skin was all right, and left no traces at all. I have not had a return of the same since, and I shall always praise the Cuticura Remedies as being the means of my cure."

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Chocolate Chips

Lord Rosebery on the Errors of Youth

An Entertaining and Witty Address to University Students—Oxford Reminiscences—Stories of Gladstone and Disraeli—Advice to Young Speakers—Value of Collegiate Life.

Liverpool received some distinguished visitors the other day when its university conferred some important degrees. Viscount Morley, lord president of the council and chancellor of Manchester University, the Earl of Rosebery, Earl Cromer, Mr. John Burns, and Sir Archibald Clerk were presented for the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and both at the actual ceremony of conferral, which took place in St. George's Hall in the afternoon, and at the subsidiary gatherings with which it was associated the citizens gave a great welcome to their guests. At noon Lord Rosebery unveiled at the Central Hall a commemorative tablet which is to be removed to the new home of the University Union, now approaching completion.

The students in the gallery had the ceremony much to themselves, and for once their boisterous hilarity was reigned by the cleverness of their "jags." Lord Rosebery, sententious as he looked, was nevertheless compelled to smile broadly on hearing to the tune of an old plantation song the lines:

Up and down the whole creation
Rosebery must go.
Oh! What is his exact vocation?
Nobody seems to know.

Lord Morley, notwithstanding the highly complimentary nature of the verse, did not seem so comfortable on being saluted with the strains of "The Jolly Fiddler," both in the cabinet and in the novel of the caping ceremony and its attendants, and beat time with his mortarboard while the students shouted to the lilting chorus of "John Peel."

D'ye ken John Burns with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Burns at the King's levee,

and other very intimate allusions. Lord Rosebery and the Students. The unveiling of a bronze figure and memorial tablet to be placed in the buildings, now in course of erection, which are to house the Liverpool University Students' Union. The ceremony took place in the Central Hall. A large company was present, and students in the gallery did their best to lend merriment to the occasion. Lord Derby, the chancellor of the university, took the chair, and had a boisterous reception. It was loudly demanded of him that he should bow.

Lord Rosebery was warmly cheered, and the students gave him a musical welcome. He said that when he received the invitation to be present he had thought that in some small and inconvenient room of the union, he would meet a few leading students—(derisive laughter)—he understood the interruption; all students believed themselves to be leading students, and discourse to them in private for five minutes on the merits of union. Instead of this, he found himself in a great hall, loaded to the roof with an enthusiastic audience. It was a sufficiently severe trial when they took an old fossil from one of the dustiest shelves in their national museum and placed him on a platform, but when was the audience to expect that he would soon emit sweet sounds (laughter) it was enough to cow any human being and make him wish for retirement.

The purpose of this, I understand, has been changed since first I undertook to come here," Lord Rosebery continued. "We were to lay a foundation stone. That was in the middle of July. Owing to the event which but the whole nation into mourning that ceremony was postponed, and now I find that I am to unveil a figure and tablet, because the enterprise of those who are concerned with the union has already raised the structure far above the necessity of any foundation stone. I hope the same energy and merriment that has enabled these walls to be raised will enable the union to be completed within no distant time. (Cheers.)

The Older Unions. "Oh, but a university union is not asking riddle. (Laughter.) I am not asking you to consider with me what is the meaning of a university union. We know what a trade union is something, to those who have not been at a university, which has a somewhat mystic character. A university union, in its origin of course, dates back to the famous societies of Oxford and Cambridge, where they first appeared. I remember very well Lord Houghton at a festival of the Cambridge Union giving a short history of that society, which is not without interest and piquancy on such an occasion as this. He said that in their early days, when he was an undergraduate, suppose about 1830 (whistles), is there anything peculiarly distasteful about that date?—about the year 1830 they met in what is called

a tavernous, cavernous room at the back of a public-house, the name of which I forget, but in which all the great men of that generation, including Tennyson and Arthur Hallam, strove intellectually with each other without any disparagement to the locality in which they met. (Laughter.) It was not until 1866 that they were able to get into such a building as you are contemplating for yourselves. I don't know whether they remained at the back of a public-house in those early days, but at any rate they had no home. These were not men to be despised. They were perhaps the most brilliant of the University of Cambridge ever owned. I do not say, being a member of the other university, that Oxford could not name many better, but they were the best names Cambridge could boast. Lord Houghton gave an interesting account of a transaction which occurred in connection with that union.

There was at the Union of Oxford, which was also, I fancy, in an unfortunate quarter, a young Liverpool undergraduate of the name of Gladstone at that time (cheers), and he and his friend, Francis Doyle, who was not only a poet, but a professor of poetry, which is quite a different thing (laughter), challenged the Cambridge Union to enter into an intellectual tournament. (Cheerful laughter.) A comparative merits of Shelley and Byron. Cambridge upheld the cause of Shelley and Oxford that of Byron. The reputation set out in the month of December, but was never warmed by generous enthusiasm, for the University of Oxford, and maintained the cause of Shelley. The leader of that party was not among the eminent names I have mentioned then at Cambridge, but a man named Sunderland, and he was acknowledged by this leading company to be by far the leading genius of known many of the serious fate, from the moment of leaving Cambridge, where he dazzled everyone, he disappeared from the sight of men. I do not know what the result of the debate was, whether Shelley and Byron carried on at Oxford between these two competing factions. I do not know whether it very much matters to the history of the world what it was, (laughter), but at any rate it was a chivalrous enterprise, and I should rather like to think that the age of chivalry has not altogether passed (hear, hear), and that in the future date we may see a deputaion from the Union of Liverpool setting out to combat the Union of the University of Manchester on the same great critical question as to the merits of Shelley and Byron.

Oxford Reminiscences. Now we come to Oxford. Of the Union of Oxford I confess I know very little, because though I was a member, I was a subscribing but a silent member. (Laughter.) I remember, without disparagement to any other sort of member, is the best member of any association can have, because I have always observed in the warfare of life that people are very much more ready to talk than to subscribe. (Laughter.) The fact is, I am afraid I did not belong to a very brilliant generation at Oxford from that point of view. I remember, however, an orator at the union, and he has remained, I think, unknown ever since (laughter); I do not mention his name. And I always understood that at that union and at the University unions the great questions, the interesting debates, were not on the familiar points as to whether Charles I. was rightly executed or not, but on questions of private law, such as whether such and such a newspaper should be taken in and whether elgar should be allowed in the library. (Laughter.) The Oxford Union of my time raged entirely around the admission of a newspaper. It was a newspaper, now dead, over the ashes of which I still cast a tear—"Bell's Life." (Laughter.) I remember the whole world of sport from racing down to knurr and spell—a mysterious game. Every game had a particular share of the paper—and, I think, owing to the fact that the tendencies in the matter of sports eventually came to an end I shall always deplore. (Laughter.)

Debating Discouraged. But whether it was ever admitted to the Oxford Union or not I cannot tell to this day. (Laughter.) Well, I suppose that many of you present will be inclined to think that the principal function of a union is debating. Now I am not disparaging debating, but I rather hope that it will not be the characteristic of your union. It is not for me to undervalue the faculty of debating; indeed, I think it exercises an undue and disproportionate influence on the affairs of men. What I want now in our country and in our history is action and not speech. (Cheers.) And, though I am inclined to think that the art of speaking is extremely valuable to the great value and effect of oratory. The speeches you can read a week after they have been delivered can be counted on the fingers of your hand, while as to the sermons—But I see that it is a delicate subject. (Laughter.) I see some divines present, and delicate forbids me to say more on that. (Laughter.) But, at any rate, this is a very serious matter, that of all the many speeches and sermons you may have listened to uncomprehendingly, I think I myself, when I have been asked for advice by students as to how they should learn to speak, have always refused to give any advice; first, because I do not know any advice to give, and secondly, because even if I did I would not encourage them in the art of speaking. (Laughter.) It is quite true that as it is so handy a means of influencing your fellowmen, it will always be practiced, because a man who is going to debate, though I earnestly urge that that is not the most important part of the functions of your union. But I have one very strenuous piece of advice to give with

regard to your debating, which I earnestly hope you will accept.

Advice to Young Speakers.

It is that on the door of your Debating Society room you will inscribe in large letters, "No one is bound here after by any opinions which may be expressed within these walls." (Laughter and cheers.) Let your debates be dialectical and not the expression of a confirmed and chattering faith, which you would be very unwise to declare so prematurely. (Laughter.) Ten years hence you will think probably on all subjects very differently to what you do now. Politics that are the result of reading history and of study are very apt not to stand the friction of the world, and therefore I believe that there is nothing more fatal for a young man, or a young woman either, while they are in the position of what we used to call statu pupillare, and before they have taken the responsibility of party politics or of politics in any form—before, in fact, they have the possession of the vote, which is the only thing that necessitates the practical dealing in politics, I believe there is nothing so unwise or so fatal for young people in that position to tar themselves with a particular badge and call themselves Tories or Liberals, or to be fitted to have a practical acquaintance with politics. (Hear, hear.) You may take up any sides you like in the debates in your arena, but I do implore you earnestly not to take them as definite and lifelong opinions by which you are to be bound, and not to compromise by mere intellectual exercises now the intellectual and political future of your lives. (Cheerful laughter.) We like them much better at 18 than we like them at 58. (Laughter.) But at any rate, they are a study, but does require an acquaintance—a practical acquaintance—with mankind and the affairs of mankind, and that cannot be acquired, I think, by any study in the class room or the university. And let me tell you gentlemen, it is not merely a question which I urge upon you for your own benefit on the very highest ground—because I have known many a party promised, having joined political clubs in London at 20 or 21 years of age, and finding themselves in a very disagreeable position when they became 25. But if you rise to eminence, as I think you all will if you wish to, you may find it extremely disagreeable to refer back to the records of your university debates.

Gladstone and Disraeli.

I remember very well, because I was then grown up—it was in 1866—when Mr. Gladstone, as leader of the House of Commons, brought forward a parliamentary reform bill, and Mr. Disraeli, his great antagonist, who sometimes committed faults of taste, but I think, never repeated them (laughter), I am saying that quite seriously, had the folly, as I think, to taunt Mr. Gladstone with his high Tory speech, he had made at the union at Oxford when he was an undergraduate, and when he expressed the very highest Tory opinion on the subject then before the House of Commons. I do not, I must say, in a triumph for Mr. Gladstone, because he gave Mr. Disraeli a most severe trouncing. (Laughter.) I remember one expression—Mr. Disraeli, who was then the leader of the Conservative party, had been supposed to be rather a Radical in his youth—a supposition which is combatted in the very interesting life of David Bruce just been published by Mr. Money-penny. However, he had been supposed to be a Radical in his youth, and that was the prevailing impression.

Remember Mr. Gladstone said: "The right honorable gentleman, secure in the recollection of his own consistency, taunts me." (Laughter.) I agree that in the event it turned out all right for Mr. Gladstone, but I honestly think that when he rose to move for the reform bill of 1866 he would very much rather he had not made that speech in the union, and I believe I should have been much out of the world that I really don't know whether it is true or not—that even some very eminent living politicians would find themselves in the same position if the debating records of their university union were to be examined. (Laughter.) Therefore, I trust, gentlemen, on every ground that I have given, that you will be careful to take to hold yourselves unbound by any opinions you may express in your debates in the union.

The Party Bunch.

Now I have something that in a short time you will hear enough of politics; you will find yourselves in the most stormy clash that politics can produce; all the winds will blow from every quarter, and you will be the flood, the hurricane, the storm, and hail, which are characteristic of political contests. What I hope is that you will not go out and break any windows (laughter), but that you will find in the University of Liverpool an ark of safety from which you may serenely and dispassionately look out on the typhoon that is raging around the university itself. I do not want to talk about politics, and if I did I suppose I should have been turned out long ago. That would have been too

SHE COULD NOT HOLD CUP OF TEA

DOCTORS AGREED TORONTO NURSE HAD BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her After Five Years' Suffering—Felt a Benefit After the First Box.

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 2.—(Special)—Mrs. Albert Giffin, nurse, living at 490 Wright avenue, this city, has been interviewed in regard to her reported cure of nervous or Kidney Trouble by Dodd's Kidney Pills. She states that the report is true in every particular. "My sickness," Mrs. Giffin says, "was caused from a nervous breakdown, and what the doctors called Bright's Disease brought on, by cold and long weeks of nursing. I suffered for five years.

"I was treated by three doctors, and was a patient in two hospitals, but I never recovered. Reading the experiences of other sufferers has led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. At that time I was so weak and nervous I could not hold a cup of tea without spilling some of its contents.

"I felt a benefit after taking the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and eight or nine boxes cured me so completely I can now walk a mile without fatigue.

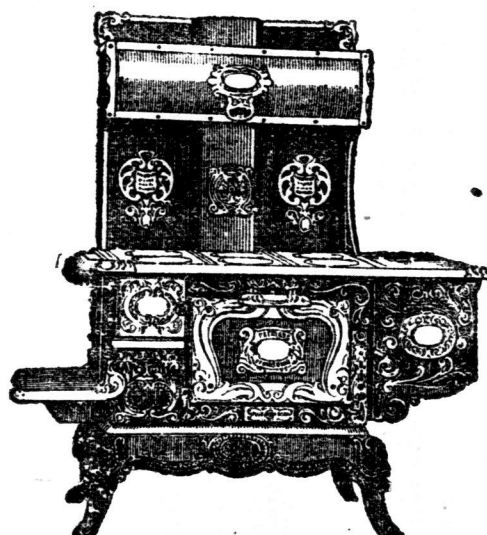
"If you haven't used Dodd's Kidney Pills yourself, almost any of your neighbors will tell you they always cure Kidney Disease in any form.

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With such a damper, the usual course to secure a moderate oven is to open the oven door. Many a pan of bread and cake has been spoiled because the oven was cooled off this way.



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Simply slide the damper along the groove, and the "Peerless Peninsular" oven responds, giving you the desired temperature for any kind of baking you wish.

A Thermometer is furnished in the oven door to give you scientific accuracy if you wish.

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still to welcome the oncomers that are pressing on the same journey, to live their insect life here and come to the same end. This Sphinx will look with the same smile on a nobler and more exhilarating procession—the long march of generations of youth, full of generous enthusiasm, fortified by the instruction that have received within these walls, instinct with patriotism and with duty, animated by gratitude to their country, and determined to do their best for it, and with that nearer and closer and more personal resolution that that little corner of it which they themselves inhabit and can influence shall be the better for their life and their career on earth. (Cheers.)

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