

## LLOYD GEORGE SHOWS SIGNS OF IMMENSE STRAIN

is Looking Forward Eagerly to Parliamentary Vacation.

Control of Air Force Subject of Debate in Lords—Voyage of Quest a Failure—Gossipy Notes From World's Biggest City.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)  
London, Aug. 23.—People who watch him closely in the House of Commons are remarking on the note of weariness which distinguishes both the speeches and the movements of the prime minister on the rather rare occasions when he comes down to the Treasury bench for a debate. His friends, however, make no secret of the fact that in these days Mr. Lloyd George is a very tired man. Physically he has never been very strong, and he is one of those men who depend almost entirely on their nervous energy to keep them going. Certainly there is no man in the House of Commons who is looking forward so greedily to Mr. Lloyd George's coming parliamentary vacation. For a long time his labors have been enormous, and few men could have withstood them as he has done. It is sheer will power which enables him to carry on, coupled with a happy faculty of being able to snatch an hour or two's sleep at almost any odd moment. On a long motoring run out into the country he will talk with amazing vivacity to his friends or to his private secretary. Then, almost without warning, his head drops forward, and he slumbers soundly for perhaps a couple of hours. Mr. Lloyd George lacks Mr. Asquith's gift of putting worries behind him, and he lacks something of his old chief's powers of intense concentration. But what he loses in this respect he gains by his happy power of seeking recuperation in a sound sleep sometimes in the middle of the day.

**Big Politics.**  
Heaven preserve me from venturing very far upon the thorny controversial fields of the Canadian cattle embargo. The rights and the wrongs of that very complicated question are affairs best left to the experts.

But for the grand emergency of the war, when so many pledges were given that have since come home to roost embarrassingly, probably the embargo would never have been removed in our time. And the fight over it is even now not concluded. There remains any amount of opportunity for obstruction by those hostile to the project. One fact, however, may be noted. Never before have such strenuous and organized efforts been exerted to secure parliamentary action in a purely business matter. Some remarkable stories are told in London of the extent to which the successful agitation has been financed and the large sums which have been handed over at various stages of the campaign, which started, of course, with the famous by-election at which the present minister for agriculture was defeated, to everybody's amazement, on what seemed an absurd side issue. This invasion by big commercial trusts of our domestic political arena is a thing and a matter that will certainly require attentive watching. In the recent instance it may be an excellent thing; in others it might be quite the reverse.

**Trouble in The Air.**  
The recent debate in the House of Lords on the Air has by no means simplified the situation. The Admiralty seems to be more determined than ever to secure the return of the control of such air forces as may be used in conjunction with the navy, and the talk is now too prevalent to be ignored, so that it may be stated Lord Beatty is preparing to resign if necessary to enforce the Admiralty view. The sympathetic but unprejudiced observer cannot help thinking that in the excitement of the controversy both sides are losing their perspective. One appreciates the alarm of the Admiralty over its powerlessness as regards air defence or offence. But one appreciates also the deliberate and settled policy which, as the result of actual war experience, set up a separate air ministry. But is a compromise not possible? I think you will find that the views of both Admiralty and air ministry may, and very soon be, met by secondly air officers to the navy, so that the navy's auxiliary air force will be under the control of the Admiralty but officered by the Air Ministry.

**The Expedition of The Quest.**  
Members of the ship's company of the Quest are beginning to dribble back to England. The story they have to tell of this, the last of Sir Ernest Shackleton's expeditions, must be somewhat depressing to the promoters. In a sentence the voyage of the Quest may be put down as a failure from the point of view of scientific or commercial results. For this, of course, Frank Wild, the present commander, who took it over after the tragic death of Sir Ernest, is in no way responsible. Now that his great chief has gone, Wild is the greatest among our living explorers of the cold regions, a man of resource and indomitable courage. The fault dates from the very beginning. The vessel was unsuited, and the ship's company itself may not have fitted, and, above all, the purpose of the cruise seems to have been too vague for others than Sir Ernest himself to follow. It is now betraying no secret to say that when the expedition started last year official circles regarded it more or less as a joy ride, but Sir Ernest Shackleton had done so much for exploration that this excursion, which was to carry him to his death, could not be withstood, and official facilities were granted in all ways possible, although the hopes of tangible results were practically nonexistent.

**Cruise of The Hood.**  
Having agreed, after pressure, to send the battle-cruiser Hood and Repulse to represent this country at the centenary of Brazilian independence in September, the government will now allow these vessels to visit Trinidad, Grenada, Barbados, Dominica, and other British possessions in the West Indies. Their appearance will be welcome to the local white population, the more so as the

## PRINCESS MARY WELCOMED TO HER YORKSHIRE HOME



When Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles arrived at Harwood, recently, they were welcomed by villagers and tenants. Some of the younger villagers dragged their motor from the gates of Harwood Park to the house. The photo shows an employee of Harwood House reading an address of welcome to the Princess and Lord Lascelles.

reductions in the seagoing fleet rarely allow of such visits nowadays.

At the Rio Assembly, Great Britain will, as on former occasions of a similar kind, have the distinction of being represented by the largest vessel, for the "Hood," with a displacement of 41,200 tons, has no rival in any navy, and probably never will have now that the Washington Conference has fixed a tonnage limit of 35,000. The largest of the three American battleships present will be the "Maryland," of 38,000 tons. Japan is, however, sending three armored cruisers of old types, the "Idzumi," "Iwate" and "Asama."

### A Word From Samoa.

Anyone who turns up the remarkable dedication to "The Dynamiter," the New Arabian Nights sequel, in which R. L. Stevenson and Fanny Vann de Grif Stevenson collaborated, and to the dedication of which both set their names, must be struck by a note of modern application. "Horror is due to ourselves, in that we have so long coquetted with political crime; not seriously weighing, not acutely following it from cause to consequence; but with a generous unfounded heat of sentiment, like the schoolboy with the penny tale, applauding what was splendid, when it touched ourselves (truly in a vile shape) we proved false to these imaginations; discovered in a crime that crime was no less cruel and no less ugly under sounding names; and recoiled from our false duties. Whoever be in the right in this great and confused war of politics; whatever elements of greed, whatever traits of the bully, dishonor both parties in this inhuman contest, your side, your part, is at least pure of doubt." This last reference is to the police, to those courage and devotion, "no common in their ranks, so little recognized, and so meagrely rewarded," R. L. S. and his wife, writing in the heat of events about April of 1885, bear high tribute. Reading that dedication today, when so many of the echoes of thirty-two years with modern reality, one judges that the Die Hards would have had a staunch recruit in the exile of Samoa.

### Using the Courts.

Mr. Justice Astbury has done good service in calling attention to the growing practice of using the law courts as a vehicle for advertisement. The manner in which the courts are exploited for publicity purposes by theatrical managers, actors and actresses, and even by bootleggers of the enterprising kind, is becoming something of a public scandal. The method generally employed is that of seeking an injunction against somebody or something, though occasionally the more cumbersome machinery of the laws of libel or contract is set in motion. This sort of thing is apt to bring the courts into disrepute if it is not checked. The actress who loses her jewels nowadays finds it increasingly difficult to persuade the cynical editors of newspapers to give very much prominence to her tragic troubles, but if it is necessary to cast about for some more ingenious method of attracting public attention and getting oneself talked about, it is eminently desirable, in the public interest, that the courts of justice, at least, should not be utilized for that purpose.

The Voice.  
It makes not the slightest difference, either to the artist or the public, whether a film star drops his aspirates or has a Cockney accent. But the person who announces the broadcast telephone items for wireless circulation, though he may be as hideous as Nero, must possess a voice like Orpheus, and if possible the best Oxford accent. The other night I spent an hour listening in to the latest Marconi House broadcast content. The vocal and instrumental items were excellent enough in their way, and sufficiently audible and articulate. But what captured my admiration was the rich, resonant, haunting voice of the unknown, invisible operator at Marconi House, ten miles away from my aerial, who acted as chairman to an immense circle of invisible, unknown audience. He fascinated the senses with his mellow, easy "Hello! hello! Marconi House speaking! The next item," etc. I felt that it would be nice to know him, to have him sitting next one at dinner, talking in that beautiful rich voice, so deep, so surely modulated, so cultured. Thousands of Londoners who have gone in for a wireless set would recognize him though they have never set eyes on him, and know not what manner of man he really is, if they merely chanced to overhear him ordering a cup of coffee in an A. B. C. "Hello! hello! Marconi House speaking!" I feel that I know him quite well.

**The Admirable Critic.**  
I observe from notices of forthcoming books that the butler of a certain member of parliament has turned author in his spare time. That is nothing. I have in mind a footman in one of the

### LORD ROTHERMERE.



Who will probably administer the estate of his brother, the late Lord Northcliffe.

royal palaces whose duty it is occasionally to attend on the king, and who, in his spare time, is a cinema actor. The producer casts him for roles of gentlemen of refined comportment and savoir faire!

### "Come Unto These Yellow Sands."

Every summer towards the end of the London season the fashionable Smart Set plays its little roughish game of hide-and-seek. Between the last West End dance and the first shooting party on the moors, Society likes to slip across to some quiet little French seaside place, which speedily becomes recognized as extremely chic, and the proper place to go. But the clever and frivolous folks who compose Society's Smart Set are always dodging from one place to another, so as to frustrate the bores, frumps and climbers, and keep themselves and their revels strictly to themselves—and a few enterprising press photographers. There must be some bitter tragedies when aspiring social forces, anxious to keep ever in the swim, turn up at the wrong bathing place, regardless of expense and inconvenience, only to discover they are a year behind the tide of genuine fashion.

This year the really "chinky" spot is understood to be Pourville-sur-Mer, a little bathing place not far from Dieppe, and quite without any special attractions of its own, apart from the brilliant London butterflies who have made it their temporary headquarters. Next year Mr. and Mrs. Nevill and family will faithfully make the pilgrimage to Pourville-sur-Mer, and find it as void of interest from the social point of view as any nice English beach. The word will have passed round amongst the Smart Set that some other undiscovered cove is it! Amongst the present holiday-makers at Pourville are several very famous London Society beauties—Lady Diana Manners and Miss Gladys Cooper—both of whom may be seen any morning scampering around in bathing suits.

### A Co-operative Theatre.

A new short lease of the Aldwych Theatre has occasioned the postponement of an interesting experiment which was to have been made there. The big wave of unemployment in theatrical circles, coupled, no doubt, with the success of the "Co-operators" at the Palace, suggested to Mr. Donald Cadogan a "co-operative" theatre, where drama would be produced. The scheme immediately "caught" several very famous known stage personalities warmly took it up; scenic artists and others with experience joined in and was hoped to be open at the Aldwych at the end of July. The experiment, be it understood, is being undertaken mainly for economic reasons. Nevertheless the active participation of some of the most distinguished members of the profession must react upon it from the artistic point of view. Judging by their plans, the promoters of the scheme are determined that in helping themselves they will benefit the English stage artistically. They propose to devote themselves to old English comedies and Shakespeare. I hear that five such plays are in the running for the honor of opening the experiment, among them "Twelfth Night" and "The Shoemaker's Holiday." The postponement is not likely to be long.

### FAIR YOUNG HIKERS ARE HELD BY POLICE

Belleville, Ont., Aug. 23.—Hiking, which has been quite a fad this summer, received a rude jolt on Saturday, when two young girls from Toronto, who were hiking through, were arrested by the Belleville police for selling raffle tickets for a piano in Toronto. The fair ones were allowed out on bail. It is alleged that the girls had canvassed factories and on the streets for buyers of tickets.

### CURFEW IS RINGING FOR WINDSOR CHILDREN

Windsor, Ont., Aug. 23.—Chief of Police Thompson on Saturday gave orders to enforce the old curfew law which prohibits children sixteen years and under being on the streets after nine o'clock at night. Police officials were instructed to stop all offenders, take their names and summon them before a magistrate if seen on the streets after that hour. The old law was invoked following an appeal by the Children's Aid Society.



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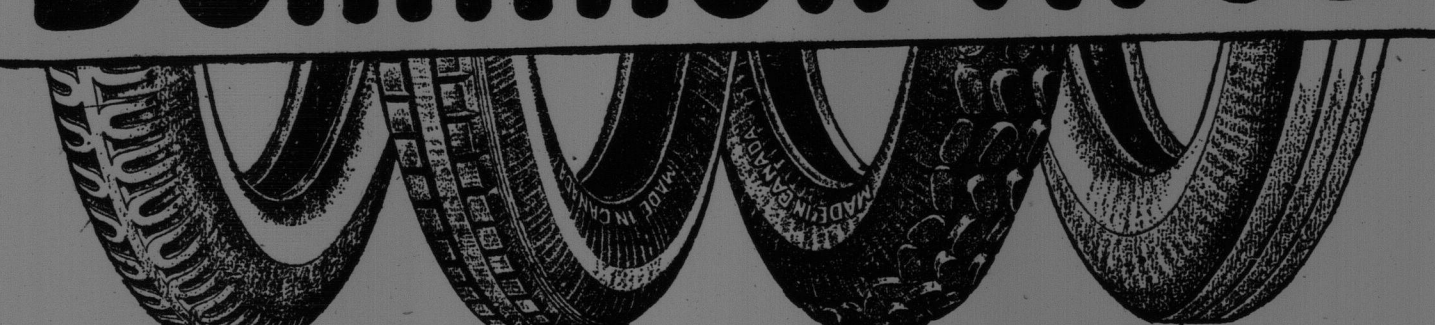
Portland, Aug. 23.—The Maine Central Railroad Company is conducting a series of experiments with a new type of gasoline driven combination passenger and baggage car such as has been successfully used on several western roads.

The car is being run about the yards of the Portland Terminal Company here in its preliminary trials, after which it will be sent out upon the road for regular service tests after further equipment has been installed.

It was announced some time ago that the Maine Central intended to motorize some of its shorter lines, but no statement can be made yet as to what line the motor driven car will be placed upon if it should prove to be satisfactory.

It contains much the same sort of power plant and transmission system as is used upon large motor 'buses. It has a capacity of thirty-eight persons in the passenger compartment, while in the baggage room are eight seats that can be used in an emergency. The car weighs about thirteen tons.

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