

Held Broken Corner Of British Square With Fists and Won V. C.

Stories of Admiral "Tug" Wilson, Who Died Recently in England—How Lloyd George Fooled the "Listener in" on Phone Talks—News Topics of Week in London.

(From our own correspondent.) London, June 2.—The Crown Prince of Japan left us on Sunday, and everyone is sorry that the industrial crisis, through which we have been passing, threw something of a cloud over his visit. Certainly he surely saw London at its best, for what is known as the season is practically non-existent this summer. The Row is gay and animated enough, but there have been very few social gatherings; even the sacred cause of charity has given up garden parties in despair; the theatres are empty, and the restaurants are threatening to close down.

Nevertheless Prince Hirohito has probably learned more by his visit under existing conditions than he would have done if his stay had been a round of social gaiety. He is a man with a very old head set on a very young body. The Japanese are reckoned as a year old on the day of their birth, but the crown prince must surely have been very much older on his particular natal day. He is taking back with him many memories of his visit to England, including complete photographic records of his doings. He will not return direct to Japan, but will spend some time on the continent.

"Tug" Wilson.

Nearly all the obituary writers dwell on the strong contrast between Admiral "Tug" Wilson and Admiral "Jacky" Fisher, both of whom incidentally corroborate the rule that big men invariably contract a nickname. But there was one difference between these two great sea-men besides their sharply contrasting temperaments and personalities—the one sombre and reticent, the other flamboyant and assertive—which was, perhaps, more important. Admiral Wilson was probably better liked by naval officers generally than Admiral Fisher, though the former was never idolized by his favorites as the latter was, but Wilson was not the popular commander on the lower deck that Fisher was. Wilson was a martinet of the severest type. Fisher had more breadth of humanity about him. Wilson was the type of scientific student. Fisher was a sheer artist. In personal magnetism, there was truly no comparison between the two. Fisher had the dramatic flair which distinguished all great captains of war; Wilson lacked that. The one was a tactician, the other a great strategist. While the one was pondering systems, the other would be dreaming of battles. At El Léb was won by holding the broken corner of the British square with his fists. He retired just before the war, and, like so many old salts, became a real country squire. But he came up to town occasionally to call at the Admiralty, and, in his rusty old bowler and with his Wellingtonian umbrella, looked as rustic a civilian as ever marshalled a line of battle.

"By Special Request."

Among the many stories being told about the dead admiral, I have not seen the best and most characteristic, dealing with his last cruise. It was in 1907, when "Tug" Wilson held the highest post about as commander-in-chief of the home fleet, that he was called upon to take up the line, to the unbroken post of First Sea Lord. Wilson was a superb tactician, the greatest the navy has ever known, and he made his last manoeuvres memorable by a crowning achievement. The home fleet was at Arast Bay for "fleet exercises" with the Mediterranean fleet. Outside the Atlantic was behaving as only the Atlantic off the Spanish coast knows how. And "Tug" made the two fleets weigh anchor and carry out their exercises in the teeth of the gale. Not content with this, he amalgamated them into a single fleet under his flag, the largest ever known at that time, and handled the combined force with all his skill.

Naval officers today still speak with bated breath of that terrible cruise in a howling gale and mountainous seas, and repeat the sharp, sarcastic signals which emanated from the flagship whenever an unfortunate ship lost station. When he worked his will on the navy, he was with a lesson in seamanship it never forgot, he sailed with the home fleet for England. The day after his arrival in port he bade farewell to the fleet in a curt signal ending with the command, "There will be no cheering when the admiral goes over the side." So great was his prestige that this order was strictly observed and the navy said goodbye to its greatest sea commander in dead silence.

The Prince in the West.

The Prince of Wales thoroughly enjoyed his trip in the west of England, and especially his journey to the little-visited Solily Isles. The end of May is not quite the best time to go there. The fields of narcissus and other flowering blooms have lost their spring-time beauty, and, apart from agriculture and the culture of flowers for the London market, the islands can boast no industry other than the traditional one of taking in each others' washing. Everything is delightfully elementary, and it is a fact that some of our Harley street specialists are beginning to send nerve patients there to take the rest cure.

But the prince was indefatigable during his stay in the islands. He did all his sight-seeing on foot, for the good and sufficient reason that even St. Mary's, the largest of the islands, hosts the possession of only three motor cars. At St. Agnes the prince could have shaken hands with the entire population without suffering inconvenience. All told, there are only sixty-eight men, women and children in the island. At Annet, which the prince also visited, there is no population at all, unless you count the multitude of gulls which give to the place the local name of "Bird Island."

Irish Hopes.

The absence of political news from Ireland must not be taken to mean that the negotiations for a settlement of the Irish question have fallen through. On the contrary, I am able to state that ever since Lord Derby paid his famous visit to Dublin a few weeks ago "soundings" have been going on industriously on both sides. Nothing is expected to happen until the elections are over, but the leaders on both sides are actively occupied in preparing the way for the round table conference which will soon be proposed.

Lord Derby himself, though he contrives to keep his movements out of the newspapers with quite extraordinary success, is spending a great deal of time in Dublin. It was urgent business in Ireland which prevented him from being present at Glenview a fortnight ago when Marshal Joffre was the guest of honor to the 55th Division—Lord Derby's own division we might almost call it.

A Victorian Veteran.

We hear very little of Lord Morley nowadays, but I met the veteran statesman in town the other day, and, in view of rumors to the contrary, was pleasantly surprised to see how well he was looking. He never had the stamens of his great chief, Gladstone, but for a man of eighty-three his mind and eyesight remain marvellously clear. He still does a good deal of literary work, but is reluctant to take up any big undertaking. Reading, rather than writing, has, in fact, now become his main relaxation. He rather avoids his old political and literary haunts, but comes up to town fairly frequently and generally finds his way to the "club" whereas at the United Services Club he was left alone. Nevertheless it is a little curious that this man of peace should seek sanctuary among the ex-colonels and the retired admirals.

The Prime Minister as Bookman.

The mystery of The Gentleman with the Duster, whose identity Fleet street has made so many guesses at, seems likely to be repeated in the case of a book called "Makers of the New World," in which an anonymous author gives intimate character sketches, close up, of the great military and naval figures who had important roles to play in the war and in the peace that followed it. This writer evidently treats at first hand, and with real personal acquaintance, of the historic names with which he deals, and he is particularly interesting about Lloyd George.

The supposition that Lloyd George is, in the academic sense, at all "illiterate" is completely in error. Not only has he a remarkable knowledge of the Bible, but the ability to give chapter and verse for every quotation, but his acquaintance with the old and modern classics is really sound. He reads regularly among contemporary, and re-reads his special favorites. History, biography, and travel fascinate him most, but in addition to the works of Grote, Gibbon, Monmouth, Macaulay, Smollett, Fielding and Sterne, he has modern favorites in Meredith, Stevenson, Wells and G. B. Shaw. He reads Mr. Shaw's books as they come out, and with regretfully recognizing that Mr. Shaw loathes him personally, says that G. B. S. is "nearly as clever as he thinks he is."

Baffling the Interloper.

One quite new anecdote is told about Lloyd George at the Paris peace conference after the armistice, which is worth repeating. During his stay in the French capital the British premier kept in close touch with affairs in London by daily talks over the telephone. But it soon became evident that these private conversations were being systematically and deliberately tapped, which annoyed Lloyd George very much indeed, as it naturally would.

The incident throws a sinister flood of light on the machinations and morals of modern diplomacy. But the "little

ST. JOHN WOMAN NOW TESTIFIES

Mrs. Sherwood Had to Live on Bread and Tea Only Because of Stomach Trouble, But She Can Eat Anything Now.

"I don't know whether my daughter or myself is the most enthusiastic about Tanlac, for we both owe it so much gratitude we never get tired praising it," said Mrs. Robert Sherwood, 186 Orange street, St. John, N.B.

"For three years I was in a dreadful run-down condition and there seemed to be no hope of relief for me. My stomach was in awful condition and I had to live almost entirely on bread and butter and tea. My nerves were worn almost to the breaking point, and I was little more than a shadow of what I used to be.

"Finally I broke down completely and went to hospital for several weeks. While the stay helped me I gradually went back to my old condition. I was so weak I had to hire help to get my housework done.

"Since taking Tanlac my appetite is just splendid and I eat things I hadn't touched before in years. I have regained nearly all my lost weight. My nerves are steady and I sleep like a child at night. My daughter, who has always been delicate, seeing how Tanlac helped me started taking it, too, and the results have been just as remarkable in her case as they were in mine. Tanlac is simply grand."

Tanlac is sold in St. John by The Ross Drug Company and leading druggists.

Welsh Attorney" was equal to the occasion as usual. He promptly installed at the other end of the phone in London a trusted confidant as the general for the daily and nightly conversations, which were conducted exclusively in the Welsh vernacular. That absolutely gratified the interlopers, as the phrase is, left them guessing. But the curious part of this episode is that, according to the unimpeachable word of the interlopers, the man who had been deliberately and systematically tapping these private conversations actually resented the artifice by which they were accomplished, and made the most energetic remonstrances.

A Lesson in Flying.

One of the British pilots, who is flying for a Dutch company near Amsterdam, tells me that in Holland the general public takes the keenest interest in all kinds of Big crowds collect on the military aerodrome whenever the army machines are being flown, and even modern aerobics are given with tremendous cheering. One day this week a couple of military pilots, of no very particular skill, performed a few "stunts" before a large assembly. In the opinion of the British ex-war pilots the roll and turns lacked the polish of the perfect stunt merchant. The crowd, however, loved it and cheered themselves hoarse. After the exhibition was over there appeared, sailing with easy decorum over the aerodrome, a stately aircraft. It flew twice round the aerodrome, turning on its wing with consummate grace, and plainly demonstrating how inept in comparison is the invention of man. The crowd watched the creature with unseeing eyes and it finally departed over the canals without receiving so much as one cheer.

Hobbs Trophy.

There is generally a crowd round the athletic outfitters' shop in Fleet street by the famous cricketer, Hobbs, whose strained thigh muscles are keeping him out of the matches, just when his cheerful spirit and superbly consistent batting are fast needed. Londoners swear by Hobbs, and he occupies much the same pinnacle in the affections of the West Country in the good old days. Today the pavement outside his shop is so crowded by enthusiasts gazing into the window that one could not pass without struggling. The special attraction seemed to be a trophy of the last disastrous M. C. C. tour in Australia. It consists of a willow cricket bat cut out of the rough, properly splined and handled, and a cricket eleven of jaunty little kookaburras, small Australian birds something like our kingfisher, painted on the blade.

This bat was presented to Hobbs on his way home at the end of the tour by some Australian admirers, who describe themselves as "barnummers," but appreciate the Surrey player's cheerful sporting spirit. Amongst the signed autographs are many well-known names, including several who have gone by doing their bit, both down-under and in this country, in test cricket. They modestly ask Hobbs to accept the spirit of the gift, and the value of its "cheques" and wish him luck out of all proportion to the cost of the presentation. If, happily, Hobbs makes a recovery and re-appears in the English side this season, he might do worse than test the Australian "barnummers" mascot in a test match.

Our Petrol Derby.

War or no war, strike or no strike, the Derby still goes on. During the war, when it could not take place at Epsom, it took place at Newmarket, and yesterday, though there were no trains to speak of consequent on the miners' strike, everyone who wanted to see the great race had to go down to Epsom by road. And in spite of difficulties everybody apparently did go. The Surrey lanes and highways were crowded with strings of vehicles from four-in-hands and Rolls Royce cars to donkey-harrows and perambulators. There was even an airship up above controlling the traffic and sending out messages by wireless whenever there was a breakdown at any spot which threatened to hold up the great procession. The crowd was one of the greatest ever known on Epsom Downs. Perhaps it will enable the English side to visualize the great scene if I say there was a park of 70,000 motors assembled at one spot.

As a result, I would not describe it as absolutely popular. It never is popular when a horse which has failed rather signally in one great race beats the same lot of conditions in another and still bigger race. But Mr. Joel is to be congratulated on his second Derby win and especially on having a genius of a jockey like Donaghue to pilot his horse to victory. Donaghue was to have ridden for Lord Derby but that noble lord and splendid sportsman thought of scratching his own horse on account of the hard going and so gave Donaghue permission to ride for Mr. Joel. When Lord Derby decided after all, to let his own horse run he was much too good



MADE IN CANADA

a sportsman to recall his permission he had given. But for this it is possible that Craig an Eran, and not Humorist might have won the Derby.

BACKACHE AND SORE KIDNEYS ARE DUE TO ACIDITY

"Drink a strongly alkaline water to neutralize the acids and flush the kidneys. Then the pains must go," says JOHNIE BASHAM, Weltweitiger Boxer Champion of Great Britain.

Not one person in a hundred flushes the kidneys often enough, or knows how to do it properly. Not one in five hundred over the age of forty understands how easily kidney neglect can lead to serious rheumatism, gout, sciatica, or even such dreaded maladies as Bright's Disease, Dropsy, or Diabetes. It is astonishing how few persons, excepting the chemist and the medical profession, understand that the water we drink must reach the kidneys by first being absorbed into the blood, and that if the water is strongly alkaline it thoroughly flushes the kidneys when being expelled, taking with it the acids and impurities it has absorbed while in the blood. This is why the strongly alkaline water of famous hot springs are so effective. Kidney, rheumatic or uric acid sufferers can supply the blood with a complete satisfaction and without stirring a single pipe from their own homes. Simply drink before breakfast every other morning for a week or two, a glass of hot water in which you have dissolved a level teaspoonful of the Alka Seltzer (powder form), which all chemists can supply. Its taste is pleasant, its cost very slight indeed, and it probably is as good as anything you can use for the purpose. Afterward, you will be likely to have much patience with any of your friends if they continue to suffer after you have told them about this.

REDUCE TAXATION TO HELP BUSINESS, APPEAL OF TAFT

High Taxes Obstruction to Enterprise—Advised Visitors from U. S. to Cultivate Relations With Canadians.

(Montreal Gazette.)

By force of good will and circumstance, William Howard Taft, President of the United States, became the central figure at the twelfth annual convention of the American Iron, Steel and Heavy Hardware Association, which opened at the Windsor Hotel yesterday. Mr. Taft is in Montreal as a member of the Grand Trunk Arbitration board, and the convention was held here to address the delegates, representing many of the greatest metal firms in the United States.

In a brief introductory remark the president, Eugene J. McCarthy, of Buffalo, expressed his pleasure in presenting the guest of honor. "We all welcome Mr. Taft," he said, "as one of the most respected and loved men who ever held high office in the United States, and not the less so that Mr. Taft comes to us informally, and almost unexpectedly."

Mr. Taft made a brief speech of welcome, as an American citizen; "For I am still a citizen of the United States, although it has been my good fortune to spend a good deal of time in Canada, and to know what a very resilient, young and strong nation this is, and to realize that the difference between it and the one south of it is more in laws than in substance."

"You have come here," he continued, "from a country in which the exuberant joy over business conditions that we have sometimes had. The leaders of great industrial plants all state that there is a good time coming. They may be right, but the question is as to how closely they measure the time."

Problem of Taxation.

"One of the greatest obstructions to business is the taxation, with the possibility of taxation of capital. Men are in a

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a desperate condition, and if there ever was a motive towards proffering, it is the taking of almost all the profits from men who are trying to carry on business. More than that, it frightens capital into non-productive business investments, which do not tend toward business activity."

"Further," said Mr. Taft, "the overtaxing of business alarmed merchants and frightened citizens, and led them to wait and see.

"Therefore, I should say the first thing that is necessary is a reasonable reduction of taxation. But there are those who think that if you can only tax the rich man so that he is not rich, or so that he has to borrow money to pay his taxes and to pay his ordinary family expenses, why, somebody is getting the better of him. Well, you can read the lesson from it in the unemployment and in the other things that we have at home which do not make for general prosperity and a restoration to the normal.

Must be Patient.

"Of course we must be patient in the working out of the problem. We have an enormous cost of government, and it has to go on; but, I venture to think that before we get through with the problem we shall reach a sensible conclusion that the cause for incurring this enormous burden was a cause which affects not only the present generation, but affects advantageously many generations to come, and therefore, it is fair that it should be divided between the present generation and the generations to come by funding it in long term securities, which shall transfer part of the burden to those who come after us.

"One of the things we must realize in dealing with governmental matters—and it is the reason we ought to keep business as much as we can out of the government—is that governments move slowly, and all sorts of views have to be considered, and weighed. Ultimately, of course, the ordinary common sense of the American people asserts itself, but it sometimes takes an exasperating period to have it work itself through—at least it seems exasperating to us.

"It is a good thing to have you come here. It is a good thing to cultivate relations with the Canadians. They are responsive people. They have demonstrated their great capacity in the war, and they feel a new confidence in the country. They are coming through, and coming through triumphantly. I am very confident, because I know something of the country, and one of the things we have to carry in our minds always is that the stronger and more prosperous the Canadians become, even from a mere selfish standpoint, the better for us. They are our nearest neighbors and we should look with every degree of satisfaction on their growth to the greater things to which they are coming.

"I agree that temporarily there is a feeling of competition, on both sides, possibly, but that in the long run, there is nothing as compared with the business that two great peoples alongside are bound to do with each other. You may think I am getting back to my old theory of reciprocity. As I am out of politics and as I have no responsibility on the subject, I can still continue to think as I once did, and occasionally let it out."

cent Chown, assisted by President Ross, secretary of the conference, Rev. E. E. Styles, Rev. H. B. Clarke, W. M. Ryan, R. W. Weddall, D. D., and H. E. Thomas.

Stationing Committee.

The stationing committee has made several changes in the station sheet. They are: Rev. Dr. Chown, Florenceville; G. A. Ross, Hampton; Rev. J. B. Gough, Hillsboro; Rev. Samuel Howard, Murray Harbor (P.E.I.); Rev. L. H. Jewett, St. James, Charlotte county; Rev. C. W. Kerstead, York (P.E.I.); Rev. Thomas Marshall, St. Andrews; Rev. Henry Penna, supernumerary supply at Gagetown; Rev. Dr. R. W. Weddall, supernumerary supply at Shediac. The stationing committee met Saturday night and made the following changes: J. K. King to St. John (Zion); Rev. T. Pierce to Hartland; Rev. G. Orman to Richibucto; Rev. R. W. Weddall to Shediac; Rev. M. Hughes to Dorchester; Rev. J. B. Gough to Hillsboro; Rev. L. H. Jewett to St. James; Rev. C. W. Kerstead to York; Rev. S. Howard to Murray Harbor.

Our Portrait is of Mr. E. I. WHEELER, of 22, Regent Street, Bally, Doncaster, England, who writes:—

"About two years ago I had a wound break out in my big toe. I attended to it for about three months but during that time it had spread the toe, with the result that I had undergone an operation, but with no result. Then, after another operation, as it not get any better, I thought I would give your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' a try. After taking the first three bottles I walk better, and now after having bottles the wound has quite healed. I am pleased to say I have not seen sign of it breaking out since."

Sufferers from Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Eczema, Boils, Pimples, Eruptions, Rheumatism, should realize that lotions and ointments can but give temporary relief—to be so complete and lasting benefit, the blood must be thoroughly cleansed of the impurities, and the true cause of such troubles. Clarke's Blood Mixture quickly attacks, overcomes, and cures the impurities, that is why so many remarkable recoveries attend its use. Pleasant to take and free from injurious ingredients.

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Mrs. HENRY A. MURPHY, 1907 7th Ave., East, Owen Sound, Ont.

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Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a "Frezone" on an itching corn, and then lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle "Frezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn between the toes, and the call without soreness or irritation.

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If your eyes are work-strained; tired; if your vision is dim blurred; if it bothers you to read; if your eyes burn or itch or ache; if you wear glasses, get a bottle Bon-Opto from your druggist, dissolve one in a fourth of glass of water and use from two to four times a day to bathe the eyes. Bon-Opto has brought comfort relief to thousands and thousands. Note: Doctors say Bon-Opto strengthens sight 50% in a week's time in many cases.

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