

# POOR DOCUMENT

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EVENING TIMES-STAR, ST. JOHN, N.B.

### Amusing Accidental Meetings With the Great and Near Great

Lloyd George Taken by Surprise—Sir Oliver Lodge's Forgotten Cap.

#### THE KAISER'S SALUTE

Churchill Nearly Knocks Out an Excitable Friend—A Collision With Roberts.

By JOHN McLELLIN.

It has been my lot on various occasions to meet and converse with a number of great or near-great men. So far as any of these gentlemen have published their memoirs, no reference has been made to these conversations. As the others can be relied upon to maintain the same strange silence, it may not be out of place to set forth here the epoch-making purport of the referred-to.

Traveling down from Edinburgh to Birmingham on the Midland express some years ago I was intrigued by a huge, mud-infested boat that protruded into the corridor of the railway carriage from the door of the adjacent compartment. Knowing that the compartment was "first-class," I wondered how a navy had managed to secure possession of it. Investigation discovered that the muddled foot belonged to an enormous individual who was sprawled at full length on the seat of the carriage. He was clad in a rough-spun knickerbocker suit, and was reading a copy of the "Occult Review."

When we reached Birmingham my traveling companion picked up his club, pocketed his book, stepped on to the platform. I noticed that he had left his cloth cap in the carriage and was snatching towards the taxi stand with his master, bald, domed cranium towering far above his head. I picked up the cap, which resembled nothing so much as a young carpet bag, and hurried after the owner. Printed with pen and ink inside the lining of the cap were the words, "Oliver Lodge."

"Excuse me, Sir Oliver," I said, "think you have forgotten something."

He turned and regarded me with mildly surprised eyes.

"Well," he exclaimed as his glance fell on my limp winking, "I am very much in your debt. Thank you!"

A friend and I having occasion to call at a certain house in Edinburgh were shown by mistake into a room where a little man was sitting curled up in a deep, easy chair in front of the fire. He uncorked at our entrance and revealed the well-known figure of Lloyd George. He was to deliver an important speech that evening, and was busy planning some Cambrian fireworks for the occasion. His embarrassment at the intrusion was as conspicuous as the absence of a cure was not. He was making some pleasant observations when he was again interrupted, this time by his host, Mr. Thomas, afterwards Lord Shaw, of Dunfermline, and one of the trustees for the Carnegie Trust Fund for Scotland.

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Sir Wm. A. M. Goode, K.B.E.

FORMER New York reporter, although practically unknown to the world, is a Briton, whose presence in Austria is almost as complete as that of the Habsburgs themselves.

Goode a few months ago was hardly known and to-day he has a great deal to do with the rehabilitation of the Emperor.

He is chairman of the Austrian section of the International reparations commission. Among his many honors are: Commander of the Order of the Crown, Commander of the Order of the Austrian Empire, Commander of the Order of the Austrian Eagle, and Commander of the Order of the Austrian Lion.

He holds the Austrian purse strings. He claims that \$250,000,000 guaranteed by the allied governments would put Austria on her feet.

Former on that famous promenade I cannoed violently into a little man. He too, was wearing a silk hat, which by a miracle of dexterity prevented from rolling into the gutter when we collided. The rest of his attire consisted of, among other things, light spats, a perfect fit of the coat, an unobtrusively embroidered waistcoat, and a little white goatee beard.

I beg your pardon," I said in tones of the utmost sincerity.

A Collision With Roberts

"I beg yours," was the reply, and with another little adjusting pat to the crown of his headgear, Lord Roberts went on his way.

Some years previous to the war I found a quiet side street into the Unter den Linden I found that famous thoroughfare strangely deserted. The highest was coming out for an airing and the hot polio had been chased away for the passing of the Imperial era.

While plumes waving, the party passed me at an easy pace as I stood on the curb. Involuntarily I raised my hand to remove the phlebotomy from my lips. William, under the name of the finest return salutes he ever achieved.

CARMAN'S QUIP

WHEN BLISS CARMAN visited Toronto recently, he was introduced at the Hart House to a young lady with ambition for the stage. She was delighted to meet the poet.

"I have recited a great deal of your verse," she announced.

"Do they let you?" Carman responded.

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### A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye.

#### Toronto Publisher Has Quick Rise

Mr. Hugh Eayrs, New President of Macmillan's, With the Company Only Four Years.

SCARCELY a decade ago a young man from Bristol, England, arrived in Toronto, and decided to make it his home. His father, the Rev. Geo. Eayrs, P.R.H.E., a well-known Methodist minister, had a wide reputation as a writer, and is acknowledged to be England's foremost authority on John Wesley. His son, Hugh, contributed to English journals and periodicals when at college, and during the brief period that he had been articled to a solicitor. For some time after his arrival in Toronto he was engaged in the publicity office of a railway company. He then spent two years on the now defunct Canadian Courier. He then went to the Macmillan Publishing Company and became associate editor of Macmillan's Magazine. He then came to Toronto, where Macmillan's collaborated with Mr. Eayrs in a war-time novel, "The Amateur Diplomat."

The impulse to get into the publishing business was strong in Mr. Eayrs, and four years ago he connected with the Macmillan Publishing Co., Ltd., of Canada, in the capacity of sales manager. With characteristic energy he stimulated sales, gained a thorough knowledge of the merchandising of literature, and interviewed writers known and unknown. He was always willing to give advice and encouragement to those who submitted manuscripts. Merit and industry have been rewarded, and Hugh S. Eayrs has recently been appointed president of the Macmillan Publishing Company, Ltd., of Canada. It is a fine achievement for a young man scarcely in his thirties. In a recent lecture Mr. Eayrs advised his audience to read the "Amateur Diplomat" and stated the encouraging development of the platform of Canadian literature.

He is an excellent platform speaker. He is a lively interest in Canadian and empire politics, plays a sound game of tennis and golf, and of course, is an enthusiastic motorist.

JIMMY'S GRIEVANCE

MR. JAMES SIMPSON, the Labor man, is much criticized and caricatured by a certain Toronto newspaper. Jimmy is a friend of mine.

"It's a shame the way that outfit treats me,"

"I beg your pardon," I said in tones of the utmost sincerity.

"I'm not so much," responded Jimmy. "It's the way they draw my nose."

REGARDING OBARITY.

IT eleven cases out of a dozen the charity that begins at home stays there.

HOME MADE.

THE average man has a mania for posing as his own hero.

#### George Ham, Prince of Story-Tellers, Sentenced a Man to Hang

'Twas When He Was a Magistrate in Winnipeg in the Mild Old Days—Put On Black Derby Hat.

GEORGE HAM was a magistrate—yes, think of that!—in the old days in Winnipeg, and in his reminiscences he tells this story of western justice as meted out by him one day in the police court there, owing to the unavoidable absence of Colonel Peebles, the regular distributor of justice. Let George tell it: A worthless drunken pirate, who had the championship for being the best all-round nuisance in whatever locality he happened to be in, was brought up charged with being drunk and disorderly. The evidence was clear, and I felt that full justice should be sternly administered. So I put on my black derby hat, and ordered the prisoner to stand up.

"George," I said with dignity and solemnity, "you have been found guilty of being a general trouble-provider and a universal nuisance. The sentence of this court is that you be taken from the place whence you came immediately after breakfast next Friday morning, and be hanged by the neck until you are sure enough dead, and may the good Lord have mercy on your alleged Protestant soul."

CARDINAL LOGUE IS SON OF A PEASANT

MICHAEL LOGUE, Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh and Roman Catholic Primate of All Ireland, who speaks to Sinn Féin in his Lenten pastoral with the powerful voice of his church, is the son of a Donegal peasant. For his early training he had to be content with the national school near his native village of Carrigart. But it was as an altar boy in the village chapel his quickness of parts and pious bearing attracted the attention of the ecclesiastical authorities. The result was that a free place at Maynooth, the famous training college of the Irish priesthood, placed him at the foot of the ecclesiastical ladder. Before he was forty years of age he had almost reached the top, for in 1879, when only 33 years of age, he was made bishop of his native diocese of Raphoe. In 1893 he was elevated to the cardinalate, the first of the 114 primates since the days of St. Patrick to attain such dignity. The weight of his eighty years was not a burden to the old man—he has been "for more than forty years a prince of the church and they have been turbulent years for his country politically—but he is still as interested in its people as in the days when the famine crop failed and he worked to save the bodies as well as the souls of his stricken flock.

Burnaby's Friends  
Among the Dead

W. E. BURNABY, president of the Ontario U.F.O., had given a speech at a political meeting and was being congratulated afterwards by a circle of people. "I was just thinking" if the dead could vote for you how easily you would be elected."

GEN. BOOTH'S COFFIN

GENERAL BOOTH, who visited Toronto some weeks ago, has always been original. He it was who invented coffin preaching. He had a coffin made to fit him, and, wrapped in a shroud, stood in it, and preached from the text, "Prepare to meet thy God."

He held meetings outside every theatre and music-hall when people were paying for admission, until the police stopped him; he paraded the streets in a shroud, literally wearing for the sins of the world.

He is the eldest son of the founder of the Salvation Army, and was only seven years of age when he first saw a sermon. General Booth is sixty-five years of age, was married when he was twenty-six, and has two sons and four daughters.

FORGET NOT THANKS.

TALK is cheap; especially when you make use of your neighbor's telephone.

THE CONFESSIONAL: Uncensored Talks With Big Men About Themselves

Dr. MICHAEL CLARK, M.P.  
By Emil Longue Beach.

If you are ever giving advice to men about the relation of their politics to history, tell them first to master the Stuart period, and chiefly the first half of the century. It is the Stuart period, and then to learn how the independence of America was the direct outcome of George the Third's attempt to restore personal government, with a feeble imitation of the Stuart obstinacy. And there you will put them on the track of the economic bulwark of the political strength of the British Empire, Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," which is behind all my speeches on that colossal exorcism the tariff.

"Smith's classic was published in 1776, the year of the Declaration of independence—a significant and blessed coincidence. Wait a moment, till I find you something—"

And the doctor brought from a small bookcase Green's "Short History of the English People."

"There," he continued, having found what he sought, "is a true historian's reading of a vital situation, which can't become too familiar to the people who fancy that the way to increase trade is to restrict it."

"If books are to be measured by the fortunes of mankind, the 'Wealth of Nations' must rank among the greatest of books. Its author was Adam Smith, an Oxford scholar and a professor at Glasgow. Labor, he contended, was the one source of wealth, and it was by freedom of labor, by suffering the work to be done by the man who was to do it, that the public wealth would be promoted. Any attempt to force labor into artificial channels, to share by laws the course of commerce, to promote special branches of industry in particular countries, or to fix the character of the intercourse between one country and another, is not only a wrong to the worker or the merchant, but actually harmful to the wealth of a state. The book was published in 1776, at the opening of the American war, and studied by Pitt during his career as an under-graduate at Cambridge. From that time he owned Adam Smith for his master. He had hardly become minister before he took the principles of the 'Wealth of Nations' as the groundwork of his policy. The ten earlier years of his career marked a new point of departure in English statesmanship. Pitt was the first English minister who really grasped the part which industry was to play in promoting the welfare of the world."

"Perhaps they won't let you print that in Toronto, but it's tip-top stuff, and might well be read at every meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, and preached from at every roll-call of the protected interests. To believe in free trade is to believe in common sense having free course to run and be glorified. The tariff—"

"Yes, doctor, the tariff is an inexhaustible and exhausting subject. What about your Canadianism for the future?"

"Ah! that's my adaptability and faith for to-morrow. It puzzles some of the men here how a man can be as much of an Englishman and as much of a Canadian as I am. I was a doctor in Newcastle, with a very good practice, viewed from both standpoints of service to my fellow-men and to my household. There isn't very much financial clever in bringing Englishmen and women into the world at seven and a halfpence, and the birth rate was high and the patients appreciative. As you know, I was a not inconsiderable figure in the Liberal party of Newcastle, after John Cowen went over to the other side. John Morley was one of our members, and it is a pleasure to remember that he more than once expressed a certain indebtedness for one's help."

"But the younger country always had a fascination for me. My splendid wife came from Hamilton; and we decided that Canada was a more spacious country in which to leave our family than Newcastle with its everlasting clouds. So we went to Alberta, away from the dangers of urbanity. We have plenty of land, plenty of stock, abundance of work and here I am, giving Canada wholehearted allegiance and thinking more of its future than of the future of any and all lands under the sun. 'Not that we love England less, but that we love Canada more—that is the slogan for Englishmen who leave their purple mark on this incomparable land. But life divided between the far west and Ottawa isn't all lavender, just the same."

"You may well say 'for example,' the Liberal party. Where is that party now? For years I made the best of it, but it was more party than Liberalism. Why, before the war, Carvell and some others wanted speaking tours arranged for me in the west. George Graham and Fred Pardee put their foot on any such freedom of speech as that. I sincerely admired Sir Wilfrid, who also sincerely admired Cobden and Bright and Gladstone. But he was a practitioner of political arts which the 'Yes, doctor, the tariff is an inexhaustible and exhausting subject. What about your Canadianism for the future?'"

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"But the younger country always had a fascination for me. My splendid wife came from Hamilton; and we decided that Canada was a more spacious country in which to leave our family than Newcastle with its everlasting clouds. So we went to Alberta, away from the dangers of urbanity. We have plenty of land, plenty of stock, abundance of work and here I am, giving Canada wholehearted allegiance and thinking more of its future than of the future of any and all lands under the sun. 'Not that we love England less, but that we love Canada more—that is the slogan for Englishmen who leave their purple mark on this incomparable land. But life divided between the far west and Ottawa isn't all lavender, just the same."

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