

"Extra Turns" in Parliament.

One of the Oldest and Ablest Members of the House of Commons Press Gallery Recalls Amusing Scenes and Incidents in the Mother of Parliaments.

(By CHAS. T. KING.)

It is the cleverest men in Parliament who laugh the best. I never came in contact with a man who was really great or clever who was not very ready to laugh.

Mr. Lloyd George laughs with his eyes. Nothing makes him laugh in Parliament with quite so much relish as an attack upon him by some large-looking nobody. When he sees a joke, it hits him all of a sudden, and his eyes light up and his shoulders and ribs seem to bunch up with sudden laughter, and it always reminds me, whenever I see Mr. Lloyd George laugh, of that American expression, "tickled to death."

Some Individual Smiles

You almost imagine that someone is pushing a long feather or tickler against the Prime Minister's side, that he is drawing away from it, and at the same time laughing with great enjoyment like a tickled child.

If the sunniest laugh in the House is that of the Prime Minister, the most charming smile I ever see at Westminster is the winning, gracious, intellectual smile that plays lightly and gracefully, like a fiftieth of a smile, over the features of that brilliant ex-Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour. Of a different kind, but full of enjoyment, is the laughter of Mr. Winston Churchill. His is still boyish. He gazes, laughing round the House, with remarkably bright eyes from a pale face, and he turns the corners of his mouth up and gives one of those inward kind of laughs.

Mr. Asquith, always a good, human man as well as a great statesman, has the laugh of real English enjoyment, and it steals happily over his mobile and often rosy-tinted face. Sir Eric Geddes and his brother Sir Auckland Geddes, two men suddenly brought into Parliament by the war, both have a quiet little laugh, full of calm enjoyment; and I have seen Sir Eric give a pink-faced smile of extreme delight when some small person on the other side of the House has been trying to scold him for his alleged desire to capture all the power in the country by means of his Transport Bill.

Jokes for M.P.'s Only.

Talking of ticklers, I have rarely seen a laugh on the good-humoured and good-looking face of Mr. Tickers, M.P.

What is it that makes Parliament laugh? It would pass the wit of man to cause a smile on the faces of the outside public at many of the things that make the House of Commons roar, bubble, or ripple with laughter.

Sometimes I have seen them in the middle of the night, lying back on the green benches, a simple series of rows of long lines of men with mouths like round O's, and the whole place abandoned to laughter; and if I set down in cold print what the phrase, or speech, or situation was, you would wonder why they laughed at it. This is because the self-contained circumstances and things that are in the minds of the M.P.'s shut up in the

chamber are so different from those outside.

Here, however, are a few of the things I have seen and heard that have provoked laughter in the House. Some will raise a smile outside, and some may not.

"Fatted Calf" and All.

Once Mr. Rowland Hunt had been away from the House and at variance with his party over some public question. One day he returned to the fold. He walked up the floor of the House, add close to him there happened to come the stout, ample figure of that gifted London M.P., Sir William Bull. Somebody, pointing to the long-absent Mr. Rowland Hunt, bawled out: "The return of the Prodigal Son!"

"Yes," rattled Mr. Jerry MacVough—"accompanied by the fatted calf!" That calf was a Bull, in more senses than one. The place rocked with laughter.

Talking or Irish wit; very few bulls are let loose from the Irish benches. I very seldom saw those benches scintillate with what is known as Irish wit. Still, there was the laughter of Mr. Reddy, and there are the sallies of the Nationalist Party's one wit, Jerry. Still, Jerry went to the House from the Press-Gallery, where the whole proceedings of Parliament are regarded with a half-indulgent smile.

It was that dour Scot, the most serious granite-faced, cold-minded, slow-spoken, non-humorous speaker of the House, Mr. Adamson, the chairman of the Labour Party, who, the other day, in a Coal Mines Debate, made an amusing but unconscious little blunder.

"I warn the Government," he said solemnly, "not to let this hang round their neck like a millstone which threatens to engulf them."

No one laughed.

"I know a lot about general servants."

I cite this by way of contrast, for this simple little phrase made the great, packed assembly roar and rock with laughter. It came at the end of a big fight to get domestic servants included in one of the Workmen's Compensation Bills.

The Tall, hawklike figure of Lord Robert Cecil rose from a back bench and fought manfully for Mary Ann. His simple declaration, "I know a lot about general servants," convulsed the place.

What is Rhubarb?

"Oh object, Mr. Speaker, to the River Ban being hung down on the face of this House, and belted with a bone of contention!" said Mr. Reddy one night, and the House laughed at the idea of the delightful conflict in the Irish mind between a wet river and a dry bone.

"Isn't rhubarb a jam-bearing plant?" This phrase does not look very funny, but in the mouth of Mr. (now Lord) Haldane, who was fighting an all night battle of young Tory obstruction, it made the House laugh so much that the Opposition, for the time being, at any rate, melted away.

Engineer Gives Out the Facts About Trouble

Is Able to Eat Hearty Meal For First Time in Years.

"For the first time in many years I am able to sit down and eat a square meal without suffering afterwards, and it is all because my troubles have been completely overcome by taking a few bottles of Tanlac," said J. T. Gilroy, a well known Stationary engineer who lives at 11 North Clifton street, Halifax, the other day.

"There has been many times during the past seven years," continued Mr. Gilroy, "when I would have gladly given twenty-five dollars for a bottle of medicine that would give me the relief that Tanlac has. I had about come to the conclusion that no medicine would ever do me any good, and until I commenced taking Tanlac, I had not been able to find anything that would even give me temporary relief from my sufferings. In a few minutes after eating I would have terrible cramping spells, and very often the pain was so bad that it would almost kill me. I was constipated all the time, and had a dull headache every day. I hardly ever got a good night's sleep on account of being nervous, and I just seemed to lose all my strength and energy, and finally got so weak and rundown I could hardly get about."

"Then I heard about Tanlac through a friend of mine who had used it and had been greatly benefited by it, and I thought I would give it a trial. Well, sir, Tanlac just simply put me on my feet in little or no time, and my health is as good in every way now as it has been in a long time. In fact, my troubles have been completely overcome and I never have a sign of stomach trouble or indigestion now. I have a good appetite and eat anything I want and everything I eat agrees with me all right. I have gotten rid of that constipation and haven't had a headache since soon after I began taking Tanlac. I have as steady nerves as any body now and sleep like a log every night. I am more than glad to recommend Tanlac, and will never lose an opportunity to praise it for the good it has done me."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, under the personal direction of a special Tanlac Representative.

"All-night sittings are a middle-aged lark," said Lord Robert Cecil one night. Many opened their eyes and laughed.

Once, when Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, then Home Secretary, had been much photographed in the Sydney Street battle. Small men tried to get up a cavil about this, but Mr. Asquith turned it all off with the smiling remark, "My Right Honourable and picturesque friend, the Home Secretary, attracts more cameras than most of us, and he can't help it!"

Mr. Churchill laughed. The House laughed. And the attackers retired in confusion.

Uncle and Stepmother in One.

It was Mr. Aubrey Herbert who quite recently got out a little mixed metaphor which was something like a bull:

"The Ulster Volunteer body is the uncle of Sinn-Fein, and the stepmother of trouble all over the Empire."

It was a good bi-sexual mixture. No one laughed.

If you have seen the pictures of Mr. Turveydrop in the early editions of Dickens, you have a fair caricature of Mr. Illingworth, the Postmaster General. He said the other day, "Some of the language used by some telephone subscribers to the girls is such as to make them—reply."

Mr. Illingworth's dramatic pause, and the silent picture of the spitfire answers made the House laugh hugely. He looked severely round the House gave the smiling M. P.'s a cold glance of his eyes, and added:

"I should like the members to know that there is a human being at both ends of the phone."

This seemed to suggest that M. P.'s were human as well as the "Hello" girls!

I notice that the Woman question does not arouse such hilarity as it used to. I well remember Sir John Rees triumphantly talking out the first Women Suffrage Bill, and amid laughter, shouting:

"Anything I say now, so long as it wastes time, will be of service to the State."

The following passengers landed from the Kyle at Port aux Basques yesterday, and are on the incoming express: Miss L. Hitchin, J. T. Mayers, Miss G. Street, Miss L. Alsop, Mrs. M. G. Smith, J. Ducett, Rev. S. J. Pike, Mrs. W. N. Fewer, G. and Mrs. Gosse, Mrs. R. N. Lake, R. and Mrs. Churchill, J. K. Penney, Miss A. Tibbo, W. Garland, G. L. Roberts, M. J. Murray, J. T. Manuel, R. Kennedy, J. Deshowitz, J. P. Chetwynd, Mrs. Osprey, H. Osprey, D. White, A. H. Frank, L. D. Frienduburg, P. Trainor, A. Moulton, Mrs. L. T. Winsor, Mrs. J. Guy, J. Richardson, S. Richardson, Miss E. Martin, Mrs. Jos. Prosper.

Just received, a large shipment Sunset Soap Dyes. DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, —aug. 31

WINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

Monday and Tuesday,
The Cosiest Place in Winter, the Coolest Place in Summer.

GERALDINE FARRAR, America's most famous Artiste, in her newest Goldwyn Production,

"SHADOWS."

A drama of Eastern Days and Alaskan Nights. Can you imagine the celebrated Miss Farrar in the environment of Alaska—and a dance hall at that. See this picture and you'll see how the famous opera star conducts herself as the Queen of the Tenderloin.

ALSO A PARAMOUNT COMEDY AND CARTOON.

NOTE.—Special Music by the Majestic Orchestra for this big programme.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

Flying Upside Down.

Capt. Alcock's reported statement that for some time in the fog the Vickers-Vimy was flying upside down brought forth an interesting recital of his own similar experience from former Lieut. G. H. Payne, U.S.N., a member of the Aero Club of America, who saw submarine patrol service during the war at stations all the way from Pensacola to Chatham.

"Patrolling in an R-6 from the Bay Shore Naval Air Station," said Lieut. Payne, "I saw the fog drifting in and hurried to beat it back. I had not started soon enough, however, and soon found myself in the thick of it. Every landmark, and even the ocean, were blotted out."

"Fog is the great enemy of the airman as it is of the sailor. I shut off my motor, thinking to plane down to where I could get sight of the water. I was watching the compass and the altimeter at the same time, and thought it was odd that the latter instrument showed no marked change in altitude, but wasn't especially concerned because they have been known to get out of order."

"But presently I came out of the fog and got the scare of my life. Apparently far below me as I looked over the edge of the fuselage was the sky, and overhead, not so far away, was the Atlantic Ocean. There was no peculiar physical sensation, but it was a tremendous mental shock."

"It took me a few seconds to realize what had happened. Then came the understanding that in trying to plane down through the fog I had turned completely over and was flying upside down. I tried to start the motor, but the gasoline refused to feed, so I went into a sideslip, got right side up again, and lost no time in getting to the surface of the water. I hit it inside of five minutes and taxied home."

The Athenian Habit.

One of the keenest journalists that ever visited Athens wrote that "all the Athenians and strangers who were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." This journalist, Doctor Luke by name, was himself a Greek, and he recorded his impressions in the seventeenth chapter of the Book of Acts, where they may still be read.

Supplementing this ancient comment is the remark made a few weeks ago by a diplomat in Athens. In view of the Greek habit of much talking, which amounts to the same view that was held by Doctor Luke, he expressed as follows:

"The trouble with these Greeks is their cafe habit. They spend too much time sitting in the cafes talking, talking, talking about all sorts of trivialities, mostly political. That breeds intrigue and schism. They are talkers and not doers, and so are never content with whatever order may be existent."

Thus the first Century and the twentieth coincide in their judgment of the Athenians, comment Dr. William T. Ellis, writing from Athens to the New York Herald.

Shortest Distance Across North Atlantic.

The shortest track across the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Ireland is from Cape Freels, Newfoundland, to Achill Head, Ireland, 1,610 nautical miles, 1,854 statute miles. This is the shortest distance computed along the Great Circle.

The coast at Cape Freels is low and rocky. The sea freezes there between January 1 and February 1, ice remaining there until May and sometimes as late as June. Foreign vessels enter only between June and December.

The next shortest track is from Cape Bonavista, Newfoundland, to Achill Head, 1,611 nautical miles or 1,855 statute miles. Same conditions as at Cape Freels.

The third track is from Cape Spear, Newfoundland, to Dunmore Head, Ireland, 1,631 nautical miles or 1,873 statute miles. Cape Spear is close to St. John's.

Express Passengers.

The following passengers landed from the Kyle at Port aux Basques yesterday, and are on the incoming express: Miss L. Hitchin, J. T. Mayers, Miss G. Street, Miss L. Alsop, Mrs. M. G. Smith, J. Ducett, Rev. S. J. Pike, Mrs. W. N. Fewer, G. and Mrs. Gosse, Mrs. R. N. Lake, R. and Mrs. Churchill, J. K. Penney, Miss A. Tibbo, W. Garland, G. L. Roberts, M. J. Murray, J. T. Manuel, R. Kennedy, J. Deshowitz, J. P. Chetwynd, Mrs. Osprey, H. Osprey, D. White, A. H. Frank, L. D. Frienduburg, P. Trainor, A. Moulton, Mrs. L. T. Winsor, Mrs. J. Guy, J. Richardson, S. Richardson, Miss E. Martin, Mrs. Jos. Prosper.

Just received, a large shipment Sunset Soap Dyes. DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, —aug. 31

WINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.



Sunkist Orange Marmalade.

Sunkist Orange Marmalade is a so-called sweet marmalade, but distinctively individual in its sweetness. It provides the flavor that most people who nourish a sweet-tooth probably will prefer.

The citric acid of the orange tempers the sweetness and imparts the tang that distinguishes real marmalade from the usual preserves and other marmalades.

Everyone who likes preserves of any kind will be delighted with this luscious marmalade.

Sunkist Grapefruit Marmalade.

For the lovers of "bitter" marmalade our Scotch connoisseur-cook makes a limited quantity of Sunkist Grapefruit Marmalade after a special recipe which she brought from Scotland.

Sunkist Grapefruit Marmalade has that piquant tang that the connoisseur always seeks in marmalade.

Sunkist Orange Jelly.

Sunkist Orange Jelly is distinguished from ordinary jelly by a very delicate tang combined with the full flavor of fresh-picked oranges.

It is a stiff, clear jelly of beautiful, natural color. It contains oranges, lemons, water and pure sugar. Nothing else is added.

This jelly is also characterized by the real "home taste." You will want to serve it often.

Now carried in stock by all the best St. John's Grocers. Trade supplied by

P. E. OUTERBRIDGE,

Sole Agent for Nfld.

KING'S ROAD, Cor. Gower Street.

Telephone 567.

Head, Ireland, 1,631 nautical miles or 1,873 statute miles. Cape Spear is close to St. John's.

Something the Matter.

(Montreal Gazette.)

Any man who could not make money during the war must have something wrong with him. So declared a successful manufacturer before the Cost of Living Committee of the Commons. By his standard there are a good many hundreds of thousands of honest Canadian citizens who are ailing. They did their duty in the troubled period by faithfully performing their allotted tasks and making all the sacrifices required. But they emerged without wealth and are to-day finding it hard to make both ends meet. So there must be something the matter with them!

Sunset Soap Dyes, all colours, at STAFFORD'S DRUG STORE, Theat. Bldg.—aug. 31

The Power of the Vote.

A suffragette lecturer once brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, 'John, will you exercise the franchise,' he would reply, 'Please mum, which horse be that?'"



TO CORRESPONDENTS!

Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their real names, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. In future no correspondence will be considered unless this rule is adhered to.

No Matter How the Fire is Caused

If you're not insured, you're a loser. Take time to see about your policies. We give you the best companies and reasonable rates.

PERCIE JOHNSON, Insurance Agent.

Mail Orders Received Careful Consideration

Few shoe shops nowadays can offer such an extensive selection of Footwear as

BISHOP'S

We feature the New Models as they appear New York.

We are now showing so practical models, characteristic of smartness becomingness, perfect fit & luxurious quality. Every Shoe Wrote Sole of the Light Weight now approved, making the cool and flexible.

Ten Years Hence.

(By Twells Brev.)

A June day in 1930. The air, mellow Brisbane came swooping down Hounslow. A returned exile from the Gilbert Islands alighted, and looked for his friend.

"Hi, Smith! Hallo, Dagnall! Welcome home! Where's your baggage?" "Me on! There's a local 'bus just 'ving!"

They crossed the great aerodrome to two dozens of express or suburban buses with silent engines were arriving or departing. They boarded one which was lettered "Hitchin, Peterborough, Lynn, Cromer." They skimmed London, glittering and radiantly white. In fifteen minutes they were in green Hertfordshire. Sometimes the plane landed, and laconic passengers, women returning from afternoon tea, satelched children going home on school, entered or alighted.

"I used to live here," said Smith, Hitchin, "but I've moved further to Cromer. The children like the place, and I can get to the office in the 'bus in just over an hour."

The Man Who Came Home.

"Cromer a suburb!" exclaimed the man from the Gilbert Islands. "This world of yours is all a dream to me. I never saw an aeroplane until I came here," said Smith, Hitchin, "but I've moved further to Cromer. The children like the place, and I can get to the office in the 'bus in just over an hour."

His friend, for answer, pointed to a land below them, dotted with homesteads and sparkling with little garden cities.

"And there was a food problem—" His friend pointed to endless parterres of intensive crops, to serried balconies of shining glass cloches in the allotments of little towns.

"Hardly any goods were being made, and we were exporting next to nothing in payment of our debts."

Well-Nigh Paupers.

Once more his friend pointed at a dim factory town, embowered in trees and public gardens.

"That's Stevenage," he said. "A village."

Miss Information

ANN CHECKS IN MAIL THIS MORNING?

MISS INFORMATION

ANN CHECKS IN MAIL THIS MORNING?

MISS INFORMATION

ANN CHECKS IN MAIL THIS MORNING?

MISS INFORMATION

ANN CHECKS IN MAIL THIS MORNING?

MISS INFORMATION