



TAKE IT FOR  
**CRAMPS—COLIC—  
DIARRHOEA**  
APPLY IT FOR  
**BRUISES—SPRAINS—  
SORE THROAT**

### Things That Have Interested Lord Curzon

(By E. T. RAYMOND.)

There are the man you honour, and tell you the man you are." It is perhaps truer that a man may be honoured by the things that interest him; many of us will agree to that. Most of us pay honour rather than interest. We are expected to trouble ourselves about the things that interest the man we honour. We cheerfully accept the accredited heroes, from Plato and Inge, and from Hampden and Chatham, merely to be spared the pains of painfully investigating the claims on our worship. We cannot be so stimulated. We are incapable of stimulating us to small talk—women are more interested—and the man has yet to tell you a good deal of the truth about himself. All authority is self-assertion, and the more the kind of the better it is as an indication of the mind and character of the man. Lord Curzon's "Tales of Travel" is a point. If all other records of distinguished statesmen and poets were lost, it would still be possible to know the kind of the kind of things which dwell in memory, or remain in his notes, to infer the main contours of character. If no undergraduate will immortalized the "superior" of whose hair was "black and sleek" and "no" dined at home twice a week, it would be clear from the internal evidence that the traveller whose recollections include the following was the very traveller:—  
"The music of many nightingales sang across the water from the island of Athos; the incredible glory of the morning at Darjiling; the

crossing of a Himalayan rope-bridge, sagging in the middle, and swaying dizzily from side to side, when only a strand of twisted twigs stretched between your feet and the ravening torrent below; the first sight of the towered walls, minarets and domes of an Indian temple emerging without a suspicion of sound in front of the posted sportsman; the stupendous and terrible grandeur of Angkor Wat; the snowy peak of Teneriffe glimmering at sunrise across a hundred miles of ocean; the ethereal and ineffable beauty of the Taj. . . .

Here was one of those favoured mortals for whom embassies serve as hotels, whose passports are fortified by letters powerful as incantations, to whom all doors fly open and all door-keepers make their most profound obeisances.

If the door-keeper should by chance be so obtuse not to recognize the aura of mildness, so much the worse for the door-keeper. Lord Curzon mentions casually how he experienced, in Afghanistan, the "happy novelty" of being suspected as a Russian spy. He complained to the Amir. The offenders excused themselves with an ingenuously which won Lord Curzon's admiration. But he adds that the only result was an imperative summons to Kabul. "What happened there I do not know, though from my knowledge of the Amir I should fear the worst."

It is this aristocratic aloofness, the temper of a man so highly and securely placed that he sees a large part of human life as a comedy in which he has only the interest of the amused spectator, that gives one marked flavour to Lord Curzon's volume. The humane and Christian part of him is repelled by the cruelty of the great desert. Abdur Rahman, "a patriot and a monster, a great man and almost a fiend," who, in writing to congratulate him on his marriage, ended with the sentence in which leaps forth "the irresistible humour of the man"; "if

she should at any time thrash you I am certain you will have done something to deserve it." But there is nevertheless a certain sympathy of the Western for the Eastern strong man.

Abdur Rahman put to death 120,000 of his own people; blinded with quicklime many thousands of rebellious tribesmen; poured water on an official guilty of an offence against a woman until he was converted into an icicle, remarking as he gave the sentence, "He will never be too hot again." Yet he could be "affable, gracious, and considerate to a degree," and "this man of blood loved scents and colours and gardens and singing birds and flowers." One gathers that Lord Curzon rather liked him, and certainly he admired his capacity as a ruler. It is the attitude of one who knows all about the difficulties of rule, and who profoundly feels that capacity covers a multitude of sins in a governing man with a hard task.

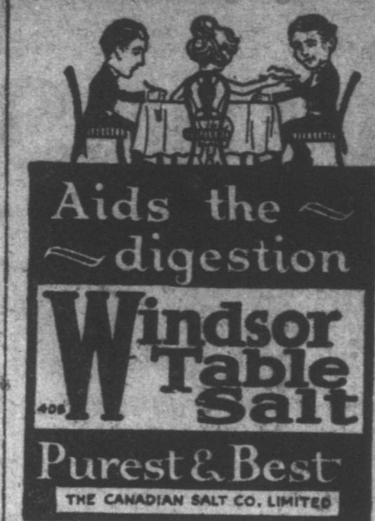
Once remarked on the curious mixture of hauteur and humility in Lord Curzon. It is not without some reason that he has acquired his popular reputation; but a man risen from the gutter could not display, in relation to his work, a more self-critical and self-sacrificing conscientiousness. There are glimpses even in these pages of the scrupulous exactness of his methods. Some of them recall the old jest that "George" made omniscience his foible.

For example, Lord Curzon, visiting St. Helena in 1908, was shown over Longwood by the French consul, who quickly found that his illustrious visitor knew more about the place, and about Napoleon, than himself. Therefore—

He very courteously asked me to take the company round, which I proceeded to do. . . . Thus I acted as guide in a house which I had never previously seen. The consul, with much good humour, offered to vacate his post permanently in my favour. But this was not all. Lord Curzon unearthed, in the Governor's house, the identical billiard table on which Napoleon used to "knock about the balls with a mace or with his own hands" until he tired of the game. Instead of slate this interesting table had a foundation of inch-thick oak dovetailed together like a parquet floor.

At the Residency of Lucknow in 1899 Lord Curzon found a tablet:—  
"Here Sir H. Lawrence died  
4th July, 1857."

"How can that be?" he asked, and went on to argue that the tablet, which had been accepted unquestionably for fifty years, even by people



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who had passed through the siege, was utterly mendacious. Sir Joseph Farrer, who had tended Lawrence in his last hours, and was still alive, was asked to mark on a plan the room and spot where the hero's spirit had fled, and, without knowing anything of the dispute, exactly corroborated Lord Curzon. The tablet, of course, has since been put in the right place.

Those who know anything of the extraordinary care and industry of the Foreign Secretary in his official capacity will not be surprised by these stories. They may come as a revelation to those who have never associated a largely view of things with a most painful integrity in small matters as well as great.

For the rest, the book shows that the Marquess Curzon has not lost that knack of delicate humour and irony which the Honourable George Nathaniel displayed many years ago in "Problems of the Far East." His anecdote of Li Hung Chang may be quoted as an example of the statesman-author in his lighter vein. The old Chinaman found that Lord Curzon was the same age as the German Emperor:—  
Li Hung Chang: "The German Emperor, however, has six sons. How many have you?"  
Curzon: "I have only recently been married, and I regret that so far I have none."

Li Hung Chang: "Then what have you been doing all this time?"  
To this question I admit that I could not find, nor even now can I suggest, an appropriate answer.—John O'Lendon.

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### Just Folks. By EDGAR A GUEST

#### THE LITTLE HOUSE.

Within a little, simple house there dwelt a kindly man.  
And round about his open door three happy children ran;  
Each evening at its supper time the kitchen fairly rang  
With the strains of old-time melodies the busy mother sang.

The little house was very like its neighbors in the street,  
And yet it seemed to wear a smile,  
Like kind folk you meet.  
While others had a care-worn look of sorrow or despair—  
The hardened signs of bitterness were plainly written there.

The women at the other doors seemed of a different kind,  
As though their days and weeks were filled with bickering and complaint;  
The men were cold and rough of speech and quarrelsome and mean  
And had forgot their tender ways when lovers they had been.

The kindly man came home at night, a smile upon his face,  
And down the street to welcome him his little ones would race.  
For never had they seen him come at night in rage or hate  
And never had he cursed at them, though supper might be late.

Disension never passed the door.  
Those walls had never heard,  
In all the years which they had stood, one sharp or cruel word.  
And so the mother's face stayed fair and so her heart could sing.  
And so that little house appeared to be a lovely thing.

You'll know it as you walk along—the glad and happy place  
Where just as bright a look of joy as does a smiling face.  
For hate and bitterness and strife leave scars that nothing hides.  
While mirth adorns the dwelling place where gentleness abides.

### Naval Fatality Officers' Fault

"Culpable Inefficiency" Charged Against Three by Inquiry Board—11 Face Charges—Report Covering Wreck of U.S. Destroyers Termed Unprecedented.

Washington, Nov. 15.—(A.P.) Bad judgment and faulty navigation on the part of three officers caused the loss of 23 lives and of naval material to the value of \$13,000,000 in the destroyer accident on Honda Point, California, September 8, the Board of Inquiry declared in its final report to Secretary Denby.

On the recommendations of the board Captain Edward H. Watson, the squadron commander, Lieutenant Commander Donald T. Hunter, commanding the Delphy, flagship and leader of the nine destroyers which grounded, and Lieutenant Lawrence F. Blodgett, navigator of the Delphy, will be charged before a general court-martial with "culpable inefficiency in the performance of duty" and negligence. Eight other officers, including the commanders of as many destroyers which figured in the catastrophe, will face charges of negligence in performance of duty.

The report was declared by veteran naval officers here to be almost unprecedented in its sweeping condemnation of those alleged to be responsible for the disaster.

In the opinion of the court, it said, "the disaster is, in the first instance, directly attributable to bad errors of judgment and faulty navigation on the part of three officers at

tached to, and serving on the Delphy, viz., The squadron commander, the commanding officer and the navigating officer. Their responsibility is complete and the court sees no extenuating circumstances."

Commanders of the other destroyers must be held responsible in a measure, the board found, for having "too blindly followed the judgment of the squadron commander" and in failing to check the position of their individual ships against that ascertained for the Delphy.

Dividing the fatal cruise of the flotilla into three periods, the board declared the first two "reflect no credit upon the navy," but commended highly the morale shown in the third period which comprised the time after the ships had struck.

"From that instant," the report said, "squadrons displayed a zeal, courage and coolness in face of grave danger, which is a matter of pride to the navy."

The board found no evidence of unusual ideas or extreme errors of radio signals which it would accept as contributing to the disaster, although "radio bearings received by the squadron commander were obviously in error when considered for navigational purposes." Each ship, the report said, had its equipment for determining course and location which could have been used if correct judgment had been displayed.

### Her Seventh Husband

"Inhuman to Live Alone," Says 76-Year-Old Bride.

Mrs. Jane Rebecca Williams, aged 76, a widow of Cohasset, Maine, having been married six times previously, took her seventh husband recently, when she was married at Portsmouth Registry Office to a widower named Frederick Sydney Whall, of Portsea, 63 years of age, and a carpenter by trade.

The bride's last matrimonial venture was in July, 1922, but the then bridegroom was afterwards sent to prison for bigamy. Mrs. Whall said after the last ceremony that it was inhuman to live alone.

### MOTHER!

Child's Best Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"



Hurry Mother! A teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" now will thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, fretful, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love its pleasant taste.

Tell your druggist you want only the genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother you must say "California." Refuse any imitation.

## SHELTERED DAUGHTERS : SHELTERED DAUGHTERS

Parents, have you told your daughter all she should know? Have you kept her shut up? See the result in

# Sheltered Daughters

in Seven Parts

- 1st—FAWNETTE DANCES A SPANISH DANCE.
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This is a show well worth seeing. Don't miss it.  
HOT DOGS AND HOT STUFF will sure cure the blues.  
WEDNESDAY—"OVER THE BORDER" with Betty Compson and Tom Moore. A wonderful production.  
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SHELTERED DAUGHTERS

SHELTERED DAUGHTERS

## WHAT'S HER NAME?



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Get your entry forms to-day; your grocer has them. Post them to J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., Union St., Bristol, England.

Entries must arrive at the address not later than 12 noon, December 20th, 1923.

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### How Mrs. Weller makes her oyster stew

- 1 small can Libby's Milk
- 2 small cups water
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- pepper
- 1 qt. oysters.

Bring milk and water almost to boil; add butter, stirring all the time. Add oysters with their liquid and let cook until edges curl.



7 1/2 teaspoons of butter fat  
in every 16 ounce can.

## Mrs. Weller makes her famous Oyster Stew with Libby's Milk

When Sunday night comes around, the family of Mrs. T. A. Weller of Danville, Va., always know that supper time will bring something of delicious interest.

Quite frequently it's oyster stew and then there is rejoicing. For Mrs. Weller's oyster stew is a favorite dish of her family and friends.

In making it, Mrs. Weller always uses Libby's Milk. She says it does not curdle as ordinary milk is so likely to do.

Then too, Libby's adds a richness of flavor and gives a smooth, creamy body very satisfying to appreciative appetites. It is a great enricher.

7 1/2 teaspoons of butter fat in every can

In every 16 oz. can of Libby's Milk there are 7 1/2 teaspoons of butter fat—that substance which gives to

cream and butter their great food value and makes them such enrichers.

The reasons Libby's Milk is so rich in butter fat are, first of all, because it comes from herds selected by trained dairymen for the exceptional quality of milk. These herds are pastured in favored localities, where the meadows are thickly carpeted with grass and abundantly watered.

Right here in the heart of these famous dairy sections are our condenseries where we remove half the moisture from this milk, making it double rich.

Nothing is added to it; none of its food values is taken away. But that you may use it, and other women all over the country, we seal it in airtight cans and sterilize it.

So, you see, Libby's Milk is the finest cow's milk in the land, made double rich!

### Use this double richness in YOUR cooking

Thousands of women have found what Libby's Milk adds to their cooking in richness and flavor. Try it in one of your favorite dishes; you will be delighted with the new quality of added richness.

Your grocer has Libby's Milk. Order a can, or better still, several, to have on hand, for once you have tried it, you will want to use it in all your milk cookery.

### Write for free recipe folder

We will gladly send you a copy of a new folder containing some of the best recipes sent us by good cooks who use Libby's Milk. Write for it today.

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