lom Rhymes

Depth

## The Prime Minister And Lord Dawson

Speaking at the recent dinner of the Royal Society of Medicine, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald told a story which speakers, when pointing out to young people the opportunities that life offers.

"It was the first time in my life I had been to Buckingham Palace," Mr. MacDonald said, "and as the great ones of this earth passed in their dazzling and gorgeous uniforms, a man of peculiarly striking distinction appeared and I asked who he was. I was told he was Lord Dawson. His dignity seemed to indicate that he had been born there. After the feast was over this man in an extraordinarily familiar sort of way held out his hand, and asked: 'Have you forgotten me?'

"When I told him that I did not think we had ever met before he reminded me that under this great cloak of dignity, title, and circumstance was a man whom I once knew as a medical student. The last time we had met before that occasion we had issued into Gower Street towards midnight after a most respectable supper. We were going the same way up to the North of London.

"Looking at each other, he said to me, 'How much have you got?' I, having taken a hurried glance at a few odd coppers, said to him, 'How much have you?' Our combined wealth was insufficient to save us from walking upon the south end of Gower Street up to Holloway Station after midnight.

"After all your skill and all your forethought and all your capacity to forecast what is going to happen, if you had been a third that night, over 19 years ago, could you, whatever your condition, have said to both of us, 'Gentlemen, you will bid each other good-night to-night at the corner of Holloway Station, and it will be your fate not to meet again until you are invited as guests of his Majesty to partake of his hospitality at Buckingham Palace?'"

"The Prime Minister did not go on," comments the Evening Standard, "as he might have done, to draw the moral of this really remarkable reminiscence—that there is much to be said for the social system in which such a thing can happen.

"Perhaps we have not realized to the full the ideal of the 'career open to the talents.' But it would be hard to name any country in any period of history which has come closer to it. Closer, certainly, than was France when the phrase was first invented, for careers were then open only to those whose talents were recognized as such by the Emperor.

"Even in England to-day, of course, it may be an advantage to be born as a member of a rich or an influential family. But it may not be, and what is really important in this connection it is by no means necessary. The road of education to its very end has been thrown open to persons of the humblest origins.

"The slum-bred child who shows signs of brains at his elementary school may go thence by way of a secondary school to one of the older Universities, where all the honors and all the prizes and all the opportunities of later life lie ready to his hands. He may pass into the Civil Service and become Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, or he may be called to the Bar and become Lord Chancellor. No profession, except perhaps the Army and the Navy, now presents any insuperable obstacles to the entrance of a young man who seems likely to excel in it.

"To most observers this widespread scattering of opportunity will seem the most precious gift of our modern civilization. The adventure of life has been thrown open to all, but it remains an adventure, has been rendered indeed even more adventurous than it was, since the well-born young man of promise finds as his grandfather did not, the son of the dustman in the field against him and no less well-equipped than he.

"Entrants for the great race are drawn from the whole population, and the accident of birth any longer prevents one competitor from starting or receives another from the necessity of running his fastest."

### Religion and Politics

"Good housing is not less 'religious' than the building of cathedrals. The regulation of the conditions of labor is, to say the least of it, as important as rules for the observance of Sunday. Honesty between nations is no less a desideratum in religion than honesty between man and man," writes Dr. F. W. Norwood, of the City Temple, on the subject of religion and politics, in the Daily Express.

"Between vested interests (whether secular or ecclesiastical) and justice between man and man there is ever a yawning gulf, but to do justice under obedience to a God of Justice is the saving principle either in religion or politics.

"All human life is a series of generalisations and compromises. Because there are so few who can put the cause of humanity above a particular system, there has grown up a distrust concerning the mixing of politics and religion. But the two are not irreconcilable; on the contrary, they are inseparable.

"The trouble is not confined to religion. I wish we could keep out of office every man who mistakes a class for a nation, or a nation for the whole family of nations. They are merely bitten by the same insect.

"Meanwhile we are likely to potter on as we are, until we learn in the fullness of time that God Almighty is greater than any system whatsoever, and simple justice is the crown both of politics and religion."

### GREAT MUSIC

Great music is always sad, because it tells us of the perfect; and such is the difference between what we are and that which the music suggests, that even in the vase of joy we find some tears.

## Plain Tales From the Seas

In these days of rapid transport, when people move, live, and think at top speed, most of us have our little weakness for the "good old days" when things were a bit quieter—a bit more easy going. We look at the sixty-mile-an-hour express and hanker after the stage-coach, for instance.

The romance and glamour of those days call to us from books and pictures; but we sadly acknowledge that they are gone for aye. Even the great adventure of a sea-voyage is denied us now that liners start to the minute and arrive on the second.

### The "Survivors'" Story

"Those were the days!" we sigh, when we read of smugglers, pirate kings, mutiny on the high seas, and other gory doings. To-day our smugglers are rum-runners, our pirates have their "opposite number" in the hi-jackers, and mutiny simply doesn't exist!

Well, that's where we go wrong. Mutiny isn't as much a back-number as we imagine. There have been cases of mutiny, just as desperate and bloodthirsty as any in the history of the sea, in this present century. Take the story of the three-masted barque, Veronica, of 1,167 tons burden, which sailed from Ship Island, Mississippi, for Monte Video, with a cargo of timber.

A forlorn group of men, picked up from an uninhabited island off the coast of Brazil, declared themselves to be the sole survivors of the Veronica, and told a terrible tale of fire at sea and the loss of the rest of the crew.

### Spared Because He Could Cook

But one of the rescued was Moses Thomas, a negro, and his tale ran on different and still more terrible lines. The other survivors were four young Germans; Thomas swore that these four had murdered the captain, the mates, and the rest of the crew, and then fired the vessel. Thomas himself was spared because he was the only one who could cook!

"But for the grace of Heaven," he concluded, "I was murdered, too!"

The Germans made away with their victims one by one, the last being the first mate and the captain, who, though wounded, took refuge in the navigation-room, only to be brutally murdered later on, when the mutineers found it necessary to enter the room where they had barricaded their quarry. The cook's story, backed up later by one of the Germans, who gave evidence against his fellow-mutineers, reads like a lurid flight of imagination. Few novelists could have conjured up a more terrible tale. Yet this happened in 1902.

### Murder for Murder's Sake

The story of the Veronica is graphically told in "Strange Tales of the Seven Seas," by J. G. Lockhart. Mr. Lockhart's book lives well up to its title. Indeed, as he himself says in his preface: "Reading them through in bulk, I find there is rather more bloodshed than I bargained for. As in the old-time penny dreadful, there is a murder on almost every page . . . Mutiny is the theme of more than half my stories, and mutiny is a desperate, bloody business."

On February 22nd, 1861, five men were executed in a batch, after a trial at the Central Criminal Court, London. And so ended the story of the mutiny of the Flowery Land, a vessel which sailed from London in July, 1863, for Singapore.

Among her cargo were several bags of metal coins, polished to look like sovereigns, and actually worth about one penny each. Round these bags grew up a legend that the Flowery Land was a treasure ship, and this legend had a great deal to do with what followed.

The crew were a very mixed crew, only five of them being English—the captain, John Smith, his brother George, who was a passenger, the first and second mates, and the ship's boy. The others represented nearly a dozen different nationalities.

There was much uneasiness right from the start of the voyage, which culminated on the night of September 7th, when the ship's boy, Jim Early, who was at the look-out, heard the mate cry out: "Murder! Help! Captain Smith!"

Young Early, running courageously forward, saw the mate lying on the poop, with a half-breed member of the crew belaboring him with a "heaver," a wooden tool used for splicing ropes. From that moment the work of cold-blooded murder went ahead until only one of the officers remained.

When it came to sharing out the loot, it fell to the lot of this officer to tell the mutineers that the "treasure," which had caused so much bloodshed, consisted of worthless tokens. The Flowery Land was afterwards scuppered, the survivors escaping in two boats and reaching the coast of Brazil.

In so many of these tales of terror the motive is very small in comparison with the costly lives were taken regardlessly and ships burned or sunk for a few pounds gain. At Chios it is true, there was "any number" labored by the mutineers, but usually it would seem to be just murder for murder's sake.

One of the most sensational of these stories concerns the case of a man who was forced two passengers to walk the plank, and yet lived to tell the tale. He was Mr. S., who held an appointment in India, and embarked at Singapore with his wife in a vessel containing a large number of Chinese convicts. It was these men who mutinied and forced the British crew to walk the plank.

### A Night of Horror

Mr. S.'s turn came at midnight. He could not swim a stroke, the sea was full of sharks, land was a thousand miles away, and the ship was in complete possession of the convicts. Yet he lived to tell the tale at a London dinner-party!

"In falling off the plank he caught a rope towing overboard. By this he hung, invisible, hearing successive victims fall, and distinguishing between the dead and living bodies by the absence in the former case of the last frantic struggle for existence. At length his chilled fingers lost hold of the rope."

But Providence was kind. As Mr. S. made his final effort to keep afloat his legs struck a hard substance. It was one of the ship's boats which was towing astern, half-submerged. So he managed to "support" himself till dawn came, when he was discovered and brought back on deck. Later he was confined to his cabin, but one or other of his captors came each day to inquire what he would like for dinner!

### Foundered in Calm Sea

What spinner of "tall stories" has ever had an inspiration to match that? In the sequel, the mutineers were captured by a British naval boat.

Famous sea mysteries, such as the case of the Mary Celeste and the Waratah, are touched upon by Mr. Lockhart, who quotes other cases of equally mysterious accidents where, however, there were survivors to tell the tale.

One evening, while the Trevessa was in the middle of the Indian Ocean, her holds began unaccountably to fill with water. The crew took to the boats, and most of them came safely through the ordeal; but not one of them could ever explain what caused the sudden and tragic leak.

More recently, in July, 1927, the Sarada left Calcutta only to founder next morning on a calm sea just after entering the Bay of Bengal. The captain was roused by a strange tremor. Going on deck, he found water pouring over the rail on the starboard side. Everything possible was done to save the vessel, but in vain. There was not even time to get out the boats; the steamer sank with twenty-one men still on board.

A Marine Court, after hearing all the evidence available, decreed that the cause of the foundering of the Sarada was water finding its way into the interior of the vessel. What caused the water to enter is unknown.

As Mr. Lockhart adds: "We send our ships to sea equipped with all that human ken can devise for the safety of crew and passengers. Yet the inevitable remains; and the incalculable is, at once the clerk and the lawyer of the sea."


## WHEN YOUR BABY CATCHES A COLD

In spite of all precautions little ones will take colds—especially during the changeable days of our fall season. When the first symptoms appear—sneezing, redness of the eyes, running nose—Baby's Own Tablets should be given at once. They will rapidly break up cold and prevent more serious complications.

Mothers who keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the home always feel safe. In fact they are like having a doctor in the house. They are a gentle but thorough laxative that sweetens the stomach and regulate the bowels, thus driving out constipation and indigestion and keeping the baby free from the many childhood ailments which are the direct result of a clogged condition of the bowels or sour stomach. They are absolutely safe—being guaranteed to contain no drug at all harmful to even the youngest babe. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do good.

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs.


## Ill-Fated Ring Placed on Exhibit

### Tragedy Followed Use of Wedding Band by Rudolf's Bride

Vienna.—It is a popular tradition that marriage rings should not be used twice. That there is something in it is proved by the rings which were made for the wedding of Empress Maria Theresa to Emperor Franz I and used a second time at the wedding of Crown Prince Rudolf with Princess Stefanie of Belgium.

The eight years of Rudolf's married life were filled with matrimonial strife and ended with the drama at the hunting lodge of Mayerling, when the Crown Prince shot his friend, Baroness Vetsera, and then made an end to his own life. Those rings are shown in the newly opened "Ecclesiastical Treasury," whose famous collection has been enlarged by the "Treasure of the Capuchines," which hitherto was not accessible to the public.

The monastery of the Capuchines held a privileged position under the Hapsburgs, who were baptized by Capuchine monks and buried in the monastery's vaults in the Neuer Market in the heart of the city. In recognition of the many services of the monks to the Imperial family, the latter made them precious gifts, and individual Hapsburgers bequeathed them art works and sacred objects.

### Sacred Relics on Display

In the monastery the gifts were added to the treasury to remain there entombed like their donors until after the revolution when the treasurers were handed over to the state, which has added them to the ecclesiastical exhibition in the former imperial palace.

Some quaint mementos, including the reliquaries of the pious Empress Anna, are in the collection. There is a tree of embossed gold, which bears as fruit little receptacles containing teeth and other relics of saints. The receptacles hold relics of the Virgin mother, it is said, also of St. Peter, the founder of the Church; St. Catherine, St. Joseph and St. Christophoros.

Another reliquary of the same empress has the shape of a miniature altar, richly ornamented with gold and set with precious stones. In the centre is a picture sitowing the flagellation of Christ and the setting up of the crown of thorns.

The picture, of elaborate mosaic work, consists of countless little patches of variquary, richly set with pearls and rubies, contains in a niche a thorn of the crown.

### Christening Robes

In the course of the centuries the Capuchine monastery received from its patrons many precious church utensils and embroidered vestments, which are exhibited in glass vitrines. Most of the latter are the work of archduchesses. The christening of a Hapsburg was always a gala event and surrounded by traditional hallowed ceremonies.

The garments, which the new-born archduke or archduchess wore on such occasion, generally were elaborate miniature state robes with heavy gold and silver embroidery and fine lace. Several of these garments are to be sen in the Capuchine treasure, among them one worn by Francis Josef at his baptism. It served for a whole generation of baptismal candidates and also was donned by Archduke Maximilian, the later Emperor of Mexico, by Archduchess Marie Anna and the Archdukes Karl Ludwig and Ludwig Victor.

### Peers Surprised

"Eleven Peers who were members of the late Government were astounded at figures quoted in the House of Lords by the Earl of Midleton showing the bloated size of the War Office and Admiralty staffs," says the Daily Mail.

"In 1914, 1,514 men were employed at the War Office at an annual cost of £455,000. Now, to administer an Army smaller by 272,000 fighting men 2,673 men are employed at a cost of £861,000.

"At the Admiralty a staff of 1,592 men in 1914 cost £181,000; now, to administer a much smaller Navy, 2,512 are employed at a cost of £1,187,000.

Search not who spoke this but mark what is spoken. Thomas A. Kempis.

Minard's Liniment for Distemper.

## Royal York Buys Champs

In order to ensure a full larder for the coming festive season the Royal York Hotel entered the list of buyers at the Rayol Winter Fair, Toronto, and secured the special carload lot of champion steers which created a great sensation among cattle experts throughout the fair. This Champion herd of fifteen hand picked steers, bred and raised on the famed MacIntyre ranch in southern Alberta, weighed in at slightly under 1200 lbs. apiece and was heralded on all sides as the finest bunch of beef cattle ever to have been finished in Canada. It was quite a dramatic moment when the steers were brought into the Coliseum and herded in the center of the ring.

The managament also purchased the Grand Champion Wether of the fair and in addition the first prize carlot of ten lambs. A final purchase was the Grand Champion Steer, "Play Boy"—a perfect specimen of the Shorthorn Class—was raised by Ernest Robson, Denfield, Ont. The Royal York paid $1.25 per lb. or a total of $1,093. "Play Boy" weighed 875 lbs. He is shown in the above cut.

## Keen Old Gentleman Enjoys Youth's Sport

ENGLAND'S OLDEST MOTORCYCLIST

Sir John Orde, Wickford, Essex, Eng., now 80 years old, has ridden a motorcycle ever since they were invented. He has competed in innumerable races.


## Are your hands shaky?

THE nerves are fed by the blood. Poor blood means starved nerve tissue, insomnia, irritability and depression.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will enrich your blood stream and rebuild your over-worked nerves. Miss Josephine M. Martin, of Kitchener, Ontario, testifies to this:

"I suffered from a nervous breakdown," she writes. "I had terrible sick headaches, dizziness; felt very weak and could not sleep; had no appetite. I felt always as if something terrible were going to happen. After taking other treatment without success, on my sister's advice, I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and now all these symptoms are gone, and I am strong and happy again."

Buy Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now at your druggist's or any dealer in medicine, or by mail, 50 cents, postpaid, from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ontario.

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Dr. Williams' PINK PILLS

"A HOUSEHOLD NAME IN 54 COUNTRIES"


## M. Clemenceau

"As a country which knows how to value great soldiers, France may confer on Marshal Foch that distinction which belongs to one who won the war; even so, with the name of Foch the French people must ever associate that of Georges Clemenceau, who set Foch in the saddle."

—Birmingham Post.

The world admired M. Clemenceau for two things. He relieved France at a critical moment in the war when the nation was almost at the point of despair, and he was largely responsible for the character of Dreyfus being cleared, a triumph only achieved after a bitter campaign. On this point the Times says:—

"His most famous period as journalist opened in 1897 with the Affair of which he was appointed editor in 1903) and the beginning of the Dreyfus case. It was when he gave to Zola's famous article on defence of the Jewish officer its famous 'J'accuse.' Day after day he led the advance guard of those fighting for Dreyfus, weighing evidence and disclosing documents with an energetic [illegible] of [illegible] vision.

"On November 14, 1917, he formed his Victory Cabinet. It was a cabinet in that, which but few years before members had not held office during the War. His declaration of Government policy was well calculated to brace the flagging nervous system of the country. 'The War, nothing but the War,' was his watchword, his Government's one policy. 'We have one sole, simple duty—to stand fast with the soldiers, to suffer, and fight with them. We demand from us everything that is France.'

"When, during the German advances of the German Army in the first half of the year 1918, the question of the defence of Paris and its abandonment was agitated, Clemenceau's decision was 'I will fight in front of Paris, I will fight in Paris, I shall fight behind Paris.'

"At the Doullens Conference in March, 1918, he supported Foch and nor in making Marshal Foch generalissimo of the Allied Forces. Foch, Like Poincare, had been a short victim of his [illegible] Clemenceau. Throughout Clemenceau's [illegible] Foch, who came to him, performing feats incredible physical endurance, who had passed his 77th year.

"No life could have been more active than his. As a writing Post; and with his pen the end crowned the task. He was an incurable [illegible] sceptic, as his autobiography written in [illegible] of his retreats.

"But the man who [illegible] his faith in God and [illegible] reached a peaceful [illegible] and her destiny. When [illegible] has been [illegible] war [illegible] 5th.

The late Mr. T. P. O'Connor before his death [illegible] of M. Clemenceau for the graph, and this comes [illegible] by:—

"I first made the [illegible] acquaintance of Clemenceau at [illegible] thirty years ago, and from [illegible] forward we met as friends [illegible] with each other [illegible] and a good [illegible] of years, and [illegible] now experiences [illegible] emotions.

"Like him, I had [illegible] of Louis Napoleon, [illegible] well as in his decline. He lived through all the [illegible] War of 1870; like him, I [illegible] grieved over the [illegible] Lorraine from the [illegible] devastated and [illegible] like him, I had lived through a miserable interval of [illegible] followed the [illegible] like him—[illegible] [illegible] many [illegible] from deep [illegible] crushing [illegible]

"Clemenceau [illegible] and the [illegible] epoch in [illegible] our own. [illegible] Washington [illegible] lived to see [illegible] talk of [illegible] Heath, of the [illegible] Park; of the [illegible] Terrace; of Gladstone [illegible] outbursts [illegible] amused public [illegible] to you of [illegible] of Mr. Lloyd George [illegible] combination [illegible] some conception of [illegible] rieties of experience [illegible] Clemenceau had [illegible]

"He was [illegible] ship," states the Daily [illegible] a leader, that he [illegible] pendent who had [illegible] detail of his [illegible] the key to the [illegible] [illegible]

"To [illegible] friend, [illegible]

For Toothache—Minard's [illegible]

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CEMENT CELLARS, LEAKY TANKS, cisterns made bone dry. Instructions free. Iron Waterproofing. Agents wanted. Sealking Company, 116 Edith Drive, Toronto.

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ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT, GOOD condition, with [illegible] battery charger. Cheap. Peter Abbott, Marshall, Ontario.


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Deafness HEAD NOISES Relieved


## PUBLIC NOTICE

### TO EMPLOYERS OF LABOR

Attention having been directed to the scarcity of work in this City at the present time, employers of labor are asked to try and help to relieve the situation by engaging only bona fide residents of Toronto on any available work.

### NON-RESIDENTS

Notice is hereby given that no assistance or relief will be given to non-residents of the City on account of their being out of employment.

SAMUEL McBRIDE,
Mayor.

Mayor's Office,
Toronto, December 12th, 1929.