

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE—A Character Sketch

"Hi arks yer—hain't it a hec-
-onomic fac'—?"
"Old yer tongue."
"Leave it to George."
"Hi arks yer—"



He goes to meet the King

The earnest looking gentleman of the aspirants sat down very suddenly under the persuasion of several pairs of hands. Premier Lloyd George, as he was then, proceeded with his speech to an audience in a part of London whence the late lamented Chevalier obtained many of the characters that made his songs so famous. It was in the general election campaign of 1918, when Lloyd George reached the zenith of his political career. He talked to that audience as to a

es from Britain have noted as an interesting "domestic" the rapidly growing demand for the return of David Lloyd George to power. Blows to British prestige abroad and the complex problems at home, are given as some of the reasons of this demand. The political situation in Britain is not yet stabilized; that much seems certain, and so long as Lloyd George is alive and well he will be a power to be reckoned with. Born in 1863, he is yet full of vigor, and but for his white, shaggy hair, appears to be a much younger man than he is. Thousands of Canadians will shortly have the opportunity of seeing and hearing him; not so many as would like to do both, nor as many as Lloyd George himself would, no doubt, like to oblige. Those who are among the fortunate ones will have an opportunity of judging what manner of a man is this who was for so long the outstanding figure among the statesmen of the world. In his short tour of this country he will be accompanied by Mrs. Lloyd George, herself a keen politician, and a splendid campaigner, and his daughter, Megan, the youngest member of his family and a boon companion in his travels and walks.

His Wide Understanding The following from a character sketch by William Banks, the material for which was gleaned at first hand during a British election campaign, may prove of interest in conjunction with the illustrations of the great British statesman and his wife and daughter:—

Welshman though he is, despite the accident of birth in an English city, he knows the Englishman of every rank better than the Englishman knows himself. He understands the Scot and his imperturbable belief in his own country and race, as the Garden of Eden and the Salt of the Earth. He can be an Irishman when the occasion demands, with exuberance that arouses laughter, with depth of feeling that finds expression in pathos or passion. He can battle with the boldness, energy and confidence of all these races, or find the way to conciliate the warring elements among them when others see only the broad road to division and destruction.

He Knows the People He still remains Mr. Lloyd George—The Right Honorable Mr. David Lloyd George, to be exact—

filled with the hope of a new and better Britain; where everyone who honestly desired to work and was fit, should have work to do. The war made many of his schemes toward that end useless. They called for the expenditure of large sums. The cost of the war has prior claim. But in the hour of his fame and prosperity he does not forget whence he sprang.

Lloyd George in Action Not a tall man, indeed one would best describe him as short, Lloyd George actually gives the impress-



He knows his master's voice—Lloyd George's favorite dog

ion of being bigger, physically, than he is. He has sturdy shoulders, a good sized neck, a large size head and a fine face. He always takes an excellent picture, whether in action or repose, because he is so alive. His eyes, frequently described as brown, seem to change color with his moods. They sparkle or flash, they grow dim when sorrow or compassion play upon his heart strings, they challenge the audience, they crinkle with delight when he is pleased. His mass of hair, gray now, is like a battle gauge when he is aroused. His moustache, as gray as his hair, has a curious inward turn as if it had been so trained by constant biting upon it, although one scarcely ever finds him doing that. This peculiarity adds to the piquancy of his features, which at times have an air of wistfulness; he is thinking then perhaps, of the Welsh hills where his heart so often strays, when his body cannot make the journey.

As a Speaker The voice of Lloyd George is not always compelling. That is noticeable some times at the beginning of his addresses, particularly if he happens to be treading on delicate ground. He is at his best, perhaps, in the face of a sudden attack or a scornful jibe in the House of Commons or during a public meeting. One wonders if the jibes are not some times deliberately intended to arouse him, simply that the House or the public audience may enjoy his counter attacks. Then, or when after feeling his way at a public gathering he finds that he has gained the real attention of his audience, he is inimitable. His voice gains volume as he proceeds, until one begins to find in it a rich baritone quality, that stirs the emotions if it does not always appeal to the reason. He can sing, too. In the little Welsh chapels he attends when he steals away to his own people for a rest, or in any other assembly where there is massed singing, he joins with fervor, in good time, and with a true ear for the right notes.

Uses Few Gestures Lloyd George uses few gestures. He seldom wears his glasses when speaking, but he often taps the thumb of his left hand with them. Occasionally he refers to his notes; quite often, when thoroughly warmed to his subject, he throws them on the table, and proceeds to the end of his speech without them. Heedless do not easily turn him aside. Few of them get the better of him. Friendly interjections are at times adroitly seized upon to illuminate or emphasize his remarks. The writer recalls a London political meeting where Lloyd George was extolling the gallantry of the British and Overseas Dominions forces. He named all the Dominions but Australia, whereupon an Aussie, perched upon a precarious rafter seat, interjected, "What about Australia?" Lloyd George turned to him with a wave of the hand and a flashing smile, and launched upon a eulogy of Australian heroism and sacrifice in the Dardanelles that held his audience still and enthralled until its conclusion which was marked by a burst of ringing cheering that is possible only from a crowd of British-born.

Into His Confidence He descends at times from the lighter plane of his theme to a lighter vein, in which he is conversational. It is as though he were taking the audience into his confidence. You could almost imagine him prefacing these periods with an invitation to come closer—there was something confidential he wanted to say. At the right moment he begins to ascend the hills again, rapidly, unerringly, skilfully. His whole being seems to be imbued with the vigor of the thought that spurs him. He holds back his head until his collar presses into his neck, he lifts one hand heavenward, in a quick almost jerky gesture, and holds it so

until the ascent is finished without a misplaced word, and the audience peaks and glimpses that which is so real to him. To the vision that guides him in so many of his policies and actions must be added the courage that drives him through to attainment. His word has not always been law to those who now follow him in or out of Parliament. Times was when he was regarded with something like dismayed astonishment and bewilderment, but all except his own class, the class of the shoemaker uncle to whose devotion and self-sacrifice he owes so much. Of what need to recount his rise to the Premiership of the little British Empire? The foundation for it was laid before the war. In the crucial hour for Britain and her allies the call was for him, and he answered it, not only because he was ready, but also because he believed that he was predestined to lead Britain and the Empire—in the larger sense of leadership.

How He Does It Two things have greatly assisted Lloyd George to go so far and at so tremendous a pace. One is his ability to dose or sleep for short or long periods on trains in the intervals of the House of Commons, or in rarer periods snatched from the huge amount of work that was always waiting for him during his Premiership at his London residence, the famous Number 10 Downing Street, and now confronts him at his private home. The other really resting mind and body when holidaying. Fishing, golfing, walking with the members of his own family, social intercourse with old friends, companions of his earlier years, or with new acquaintances are better medicine to him than all the doses the doctors could prescribe.

The happy faculty of making himself at home in any company is another one of his secrets of success. He can talk with the coal miner of his work understandingly, because he has visited many mines in search of his information. He can discuss finance with the most expert of financiers, because as former Chancellor of the Exchequer he knows his subject.

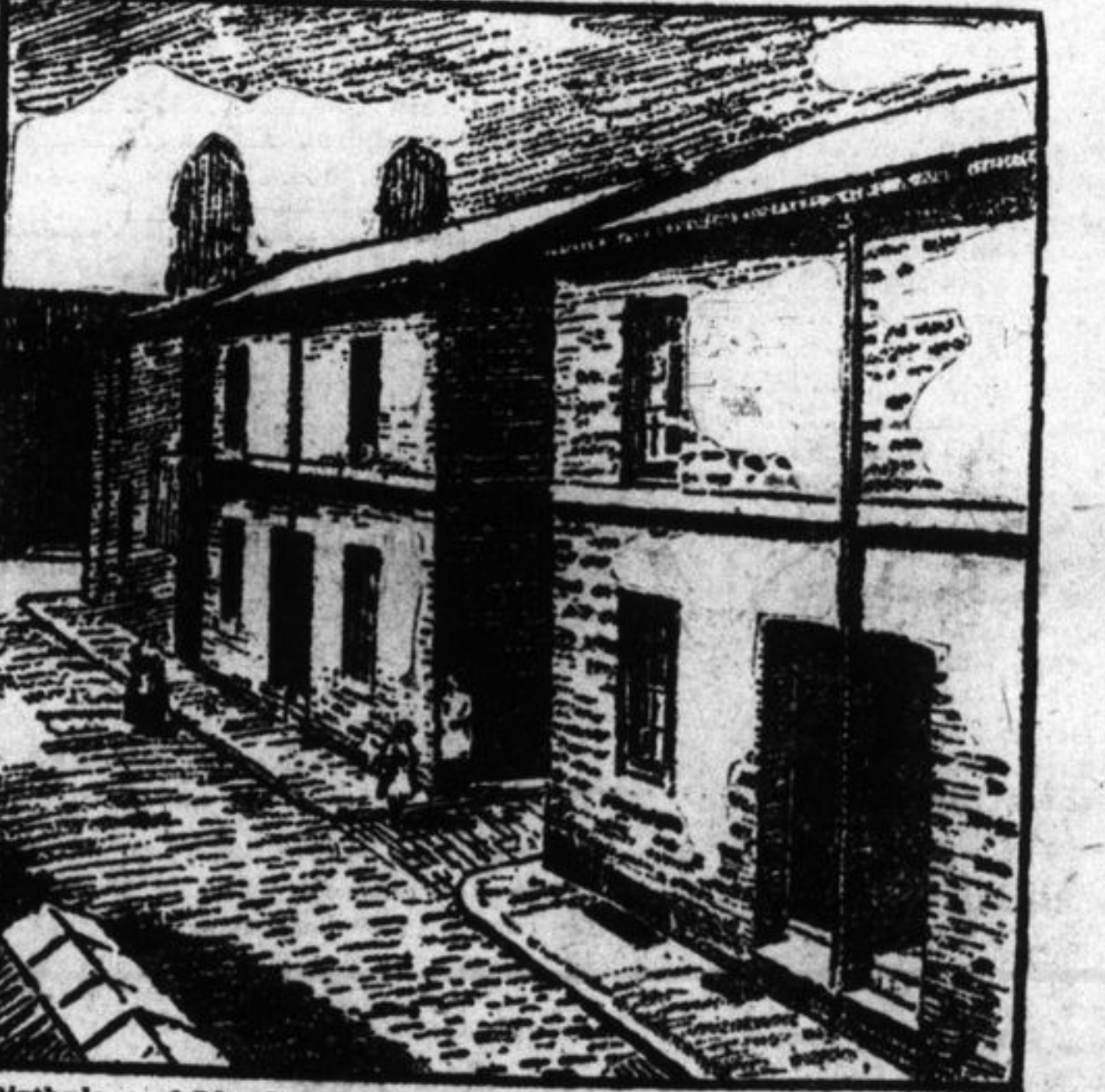
It is said of Lloyd George that he knows the Bible better than any

on January 17, 1863, and at the age of three was left fatherless. The famous shoemaker-uncle who became his foster-father, took Lloyd George's mother and her



In his old felt hat and with an overcoat slung over his shoulder. This is a characteristic attitude in an informal hour

little family to make their home with him in Llanystrudwy, a tiny Welsh village. In 1884 he was called to the bar as a solicitor, having in the interim won a local reputation as a champion of the poor. In 1888, at the age of twenty-five, he married Margaret Owen of Criccieth, a woman who proved to have rare qualities of helpfulness, and who provided an added stimulus for her energetic husband. They have two sons and two daughters, both the sons having enlisted very early in the great



Birthplace of Lloyd George in Manchester. This house was recently presented to the city

other book—it certainly seems to be the well-spring of many of his apt phrases and epigrams. He reads widely but not on any special plan of study. He does not read technical or scientific newspapers or periodicals, but he reads at every opportunity, and when travelling he has the billboards if he happens to have exhausted his book or newspapers.

Some Details Lloyd George was born of Welsh parentage at Manchester, England, tober, 1922.



Walking with Megan, his youngest child and constant companion

ed to grab him when he came up. She hung on to the little fellow with all the strength she possessed in the meantime screaming lustily for help. Her father heard the cries for assistance and made an immediate response, but by the time he arrived at the scene Dorothy had Billy out of the water and the latter was none the worse for his narrow-escape except

that his clothing was thoroughly soaked. Queen Alexandra, the mother of King George V, of England, in her thoughtfulness for birds, has a tree on the grounds of her home, on which in cold weather nuts, fruits, and odd scraps of food acceptable to birds are tied to the branches.



Dame Margaret (Mrs.) Lloyd George and Megan George

familiar. That is characteristic: Lloyd George can make himself at home with any audience. At the close of the meeting a local character, moving a vote of thanks, naively confessed that he had his "money on George," and the second or third said "they can't beat 'im an' if they hever do 'e'll come back an' knock 'em silly."

Is Still a Power Is he coming back? It is just about a year since he resigned the premiership, which he had held since 1916, and completed seventeen years of continuous service as a cabinet minister. Bonar Law followed him as head of the government, and in a few months gave way, because of ill-health, to Stanley Baldwin, the present premier. Within the last few weeks despatch-



"And make this Britain a fairer land than we have ever known it"

during July, at Chaffey's Locks, on the Rideau canal system, little Dorothy Alford, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Alford, whose home is on the edge of the canal, was playing in a boat house with her three-year-old brother, Billy, when suddenly the younger child slipped on a wet floor and stumbled headlong into the deep water of the canal.

Dorothy at first was frightened, but she showed rare presence of mind for one of her tender years. Instead of running for help, as most children would have done under the circumstances, she called out to her brother: "Make your hands go, Billy, and try to swim." Throwing herself down on the floor at the edge of the boat house she reached out for Billy and manag-

ed to grab him when he came up. She hung on to the little fellow with all the strength she possessed in the meantime screaming lustily for help. Her father heard the cries for assistance and made an immediate response, but by the time he arrived at the scene Dorothy had Billy out of the water and the latter was none the worse for his narrow-escape except

MEN AND HORSES

How closely related is man to the more intelligent of the animals is seen in many of the ailments to which both are prone and the remedies to which they answer. Doctors and veterinarians are often-times surprised to learn of the similarity of their methods of handling the ailments of man and beast. Sprains, burns, scalds, scratches and many other minor injuries, many everyday ailments, too in men and animals take the same course, and both answer immediately to the same treatment—Absorbine Jr.

Absorbine was first discovered by a very close student of the horse, W. F. Young, and by him, devoted to its cause. Its very exceptional benefits, however, were promptly seized upon for the human race and, in a milder form, the preparation is sold all over the continent today as Absorbine Jr. It is used for men, women and children everywhere as a positive germicide—a germ killer—and a prompt and certain healer of all hurts. It is useful not only for all the purposes served by ordinary liniments and embrocations, but as a mouth-wash and for anything else where a germicide is needed. Don't wait until you need it. Get it in the house today. \$1.25 at your druggist's.

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Fall Sailings To appreciate the comfort of sea travel to its fullest extent book by the White Star-Dominion Lines—luxury ships, wonderful accommodation and cuisine, courteous service and moderate rates. Montreal-Quebec-Liverpool BOBIC (New) Oct. 13 Nov. 19 CANADA Oct. 23 Nov. 17 REGINA (New) Oct. 27 Nov. 26 White Star, Red Star and American Lines, regular sailings from New York. H. G. Thorley, 41 King St. E., Toronto, or local agents.

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LITTLE GIRL SHOWED PRESENCE OF MIND Goodness of Dorothy Alford Saved Life of Billy, Her Brother. Belleville Recorder and Times. Information has been received that