

## HE'S IN THE FRONT RANK

A MAN OF WHOM MUCH WILL YET BE HEARD.

He is Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and though he is quite an old man he will yet make a reputation—incidents in this famous man's life.

Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman is in the front rank of the men of whom the public will probably hear a great deal during the next few years. That, seeing that he is already sixty two, and has been in Parliament over thirty years, may seem a strange thing to say, but those who know him best believe that Sir Henry has in the past preferred to be a useful member of Parliament rather than a 'popular' one.

With his friend he is of course popular in the best sense of the word, and it would be difficult to find a single man among the 670 members of the House of Commons who is more generally liked by all parties. But Sir Henry is, nevertheless, not by any means so well known in the country as many of his colleagues, and in that sense, at any rate, he has his reputation yet to make.

Nobody who knows him has any doubt that he will make a popular political leader. He has the reputation among his friends of being one of the most thoroughly genial men it is possible to meet. He is clever, frank, and has a good fund of wit. He might do anything, said one of his friends, if he had ambition, but of ambition in its most personal sense he has none.

He has, however, the sterling qualities that make a true man. Without them he could never have sprung from a Tory household to be the leader of the Liberal party. Sir Henry's career is one more example of a house politically divided against itself. About the beginning of the century two brothers set up a small drapers shop in the East-end of Glasgow. They were James and William Campbell. The little business prospered, and one of the brothers became Sir James Campbell, Lord Provost of Glasgow.

Prosperity came in time for Sir James to send his boys to the University, and the eldest son, James Alexander Campbell, went to Glasgow University and became a Tory, like his father. Henry, the younger son, went to Glasgow and then to Cambridge and became a convinced Liberal; and to day both brothers are members of the House of Commons, each voting against the other on almost every motion.

Sir Henry soon made his mark. He took office in Mr. Gladstone's first Administration, three years after he entered Parliament and he made himself so valuable in various directions, that he has held office in every Liberal Government since that time. He has been Secretary to the War Office, and he has also held the important post of Chief Secretary for Ireland, Secretary to the Admiralty, and President of the Local Government Board.

It is an open secret that Sir Henry might have held one of the proudest offices open to an Englishman but for his devotion to duty. He has always declared that to him Parliament is higher than party, and he has confessed to one political ambition. It was to be Speaker of the House of Commons, and when Lord Peel retired that proud post was open to him. He would have been unanimously chosen, but he was considered far too valuable a man to be spared from the councils of his party, and he yielded to the pressure of his friends and dropped his candidature.

Sir Henry's post-bag, for days after his election as Liberal leader, testified to the popularity of the choice. Letters poured in from all parts congratulating him—many coming from Scotland, many from political opponents, and one even from France. Journalists were concerned about the length of his name, but they quickly solved the difficulty by christening the new leader 'C.-B.', and Sir Henry has now the happiness of knowing everybody wishes him well.

But it certainly would be convenient if he would shorten his name. It is the longest name on either of the Front Benches. A London newspaper complained that it meant nearly a whole line every time he was mentioned. But it is lucky, at any rate, that it is not fashionable to give our great men all their titles when speaking of them. Here is the Liberal leader's full name as it stands in the reference books: 'Right Honourable Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, G. C. B., M. P., P. C., M. A., LL. D., D. L., J. P.'

Among his intimate friends Sir Henry is known as 'the man who deposed the Duke.' A shrewd observer wrote of him in 1892: 'Mr. Campbell-Bannerman has only one fault. He is lethargic. A few crackers ignited under his coat-tail would do him good. If he could only be induced to become a vegetarian and to read only one French novel a month he might depose the Duke of Cambridge, and be-

come famous in history as the man who created the British Army!'

Within two years Sir Henry had fulfilled the prophecy. War Ministers of both parties had shrunk from interfering with the Queen's cousin, but Sir Henry induced the Duke to resign without creating any commotion. To him it was merely something that had to be done, and he did it. It was a magnificent triumph of tact, and earned for the Secretary the gratitude and esteem of every man in the Army.

Sir Henry has another claim on the esteem of the Army—two, in fact for he married a General's daughter. He conferred a great boon on 20,000 men by establishing the eight hours day at Woolwich Arsenal. Speaking of the result of this experiment not long ago, Sir Henry said: 'The men have gained enormously, and the taxpayers are as well off under the shorter hours, as was a great experiment, but it has more than justified itself, for it has been an absolute success from every point of view.'

Sir Henry's last official act, too, added another mark to his name in the good books of the British Army. The last thing he did before leaving office was to complete the purchase of the new Under Hilton Rifle Range, Westmorland. The range, comprising miles of Hilton Fells, is of the utmost value to the Army, affording first-rate musketry practice, and troops are in constant practice there for five months each year.

Soon after conferring this boon on Tommy Atkins Sir Henry's office as Cabinet Minister ceased. It was on the vote for his salary that the Rosebery Government fell. The reduction in his salary would not have been a serious matter, for Sir Henry is rich enough to afford to light his cigar with a £5,000 cheque. But an important question of principle was involved—the question whether the word of a Minister should not be accepted without reserve by the House of Commons—and Sir Henry and his colleagues preferred to resign rather than subscribe to the violation of this principle.

June 21st, 1895, was a memorable day in Sir Henry's career. On that afternoon the announcement of the Duke of Cambridge's resignation was made, and later in the day the man who had successfully achieved this great step was attacked on a point of comparatively trifling importance, and defeated. He had made his mark as a friend of the Army, and the Army had brought about his fall.

It was characteristic of Sir Henry that, as soon as the fatal vote had been taken, he should leave the House and quietly drive home in a cab to dinner. His chief colleagues were absent when the vote was taken, and on returning he found the House

in the hubbub of a crisis, of which everybody was wondering what would be the end. But Sir Henry, the Minister, most concerned, was the least perturbed man in the Cabinet.

Imperturbability, indeed, is the new leader's chief characteristic. Nothing ever ruffles him. An Irishman once said of him that 'you can neither depress him, nor provoke him, nor tire him out.' He is one of the members of Parliament who are never heckled, though when attacked he is always ready with a fund of good natured retort.

Sir Henry and Lady Campbell-Bannerman are acknowledged to be among the best hosts and hostesses in society. Nobody knows better how to give a good dinner. Lady Campbell-Bannerman is a daughter of the late General Sir Charles Bruce, and whether in town or at their beautiful home, Belmont Castle, in Scotland, she is never so happy as when dispensing hospitality to her husband's friends.

As has already been said, Sir Henry is immensely rich. He is said to have an annual income of £50,000 a year. But he is not ashamed of the fact that his father was a draper. He derived considerable wealth under the will of an uncle named Bannerman, in Kent, and it was under this will that he assumed his extra name.

It was Sir Henry who coined the word 'Ulsteria,' so often used in Irish politics; and a good story is told of another phrase—'finding salvation'—which is often attributed to him. When the Home Rule question first became a factor in English politics, Sir Henry was discussing the matter in the lobby with the late Mr. Mundella, who said, 'Well, waiting till now, I have come to the conclusion that it has got to be accepted, and that that alone can clear everything up.'

'Yes,' said Sir Henry; 'you are just in the position of a man who, in the language of the Salvation Army, has "found Salvation." He has been in great perplexity and distress, and when he goes through the operation that the Salvation Army so describes, he feels that everything is made right by this one thing.' When, some time afterwards, Mr. Mundella was speaking, he amazed Sir Henry by telling his audience that 'Mr. Campbell Bannerman had told him that he had found salvation long ago.'

The story of how Sir Henry was stopped by 'a man on the pavement,' and asked to give him his seals of office, after the defeat of the Rosebery Government, is too well known to need repetition. It is said that the Queen was indignant at the slight put upon her Minister, but Sir Henry entered into the fun of the thing, and he never tells the story without a laugh.

It has often been said of Sir Henry that his riches have made him too easy-going for politics, and that he is inclined to treat everything lightly. According to an Irish M. P., he tried to 'govern Irishmen by Scotch jokes.' But already he has dispelled this illusion. He has shown that it is good-humored he can also be strong, and that it is he is inclined to go through life with a smiling face, he is not unmindful of its serious side. The general verdict is that he is one of the two or three men in politics whose names will be on everybody's tongue during the next few years.



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## Settled—Perhaps!

They had been married fully three months, and were having their thirteenth daily quarrel—thirteen being an unlucky number.

'You only married me for my money,' he said.

'I didn't do anything of the kind,' she retorted.

'Well, you didn't marry me because you loved me.'

'I know I didn't.'

'In Heaven's name, madam, what did you marry me for?'

'Just to make that hateful Kate Scott you were engaged to cry her eyes out because she had to give you up to another.'

He fell down on the white bearskin rug at her feet, and rolled over it until he looked like a huge snowball.

'Great Caesar! woman!' he spluttered, as he tried to get the hair out of his mouth, 'what have you done? Why, I married you just because Kate Scott threw me over!'

And by the time dinner was ready there sweet young hearts were once more so full of sunshine that awnings were quite necessary.

## A Remarkable Wedding.

A most remarkable wedding has just taken place at a small village called Trail, four brothers being married to four sisters. The four knots were tied at the home of a prosperous farmer named James Hochstetler. Their ages range from eighteen to twenty-eight and the ages of their prospective husbands vary only slightly. The bridegrooms are the four sons of John Sumers, and are energetic young men of good habits and some means. The four brothers and their wives live within a stone's throw of each other.

## Twenty Thousand Tons of Tobacco.

There is enough tobacco at Victoria Dock, London, to raise a cloud that would cover the Metropolis, and cost nine millions of money. Among the twenty thousand tons in bond at a time you will find every sort, from all around the world, in cask or box or bale. Here are America's

tobacco being weighed in big hogsheads that hold seven hundred weight or even half a ton. Here is Japan tobacco in the broad dark leaves that are now so largely used for cheap cigars. Little thinks the tripper that the skin of the twopenny smoke he so carefully chooses came not from Cuba, but from Japan. Here is Sumatra tobacco, with the leaves folded so as to prevent evaporation; here is Kanaster, which takes its name from the rush baskets in which it was originally packed; here is Latakia, which owes its peculiar flavour to being cured over fires of camels' dung; here is Turkish, of all qualities, in its peculiar 'ballots,' six of them in each case.

## Curious Pocket Handkerchiefs.

A newspaper in Madrid is seeking popularity by printing its columns on linen, and with an ink which easily washes out, so that the readers after perusing the journal may apply soap and water and convert it into a handkerchief. This suggests an inversion of the process, by means of which the enterprising advertiser could make known his wares. He could print invisible pictures—i.e., 'mercurially-bleached silver images'—on pocket-handkerchiefs, and give them away, but the first time they were washed the advertisement would reveal itself.

## SUFFERED UNOLD MISERY.

South American Rheumatic Cure Thwarted Disease and Cured Him Outright.

Robert E. Gibson, merchant, Pembroke, says that ten years ago he contracted rheumatism in a very severe type, suffered untold misery—resorted to fly-blisters and other severe treatments with no lasting good or relief. When hope of recovery was well nigh gone he was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. The first dose gave him instant relief, half a bottle cured him outright. His own words were: 'It is the best rheumatic remedy on earth.' Sold by S. C. Brown and all druggists.

## The Fresh Air Cure for Consumption.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the late Sir Andrew Clarke cured himself of consumption by living as much as possible in the open air. The principle involved has since been generally recognized by the medical profession, with the result that the old bad practice of keeping consumptives in warm, stuffy rooms has been almost entirely abandoned. It is fresh air which is mainly responsible for the cures worked at such places as Davos, where the patients spend fourteen hours a day out of doors, breathing cold, bracing mountain air, while they are exhilarated by bright sunshine. The result is that each diseased spot in the lungs is cut off from the healthy tissue by a ring of stretched cells, across which disease germs cannot pass, and so the malady is arrested until the strengthened body can overcome it.

## She Got the Seat.

A short time since two young women entered a tram car in Manchester, England, and found only standing room. One of them whispered to her companion, 'I am going to get a seat from one of these men. You just take notice.'

She selected a sedate looking man, sailed up to him and boldly opened fire.

'My dear Mr. Green, how delighted I am to meet you! You are almost a stranger! Will I accept your seat? Well, I do feel tired. I heartily admit. Thank you, so much!'

The sedate man, a perfect stranger, of course, quietly gave her his seat, saying:

'Sit down, Jane, my girl; don't often see you out on washing day! You must feel tired! How's your mistress?'

The young woman got her seat, but lost her vivacity.

## CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

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