

A Character Sketch of Lord Beaverbrook

This Sketch, Written By Collin Brooks For the Montreal Standard Says That Life is a Great Lark For the Former New Brunswicker.

By Collin Brooks in the Montreal Standard.

All the clever writers of character sketches have agreed that whatever else life may or may not mean to Lord Beaverbrook, it is certainly a great lark.

The man attempts to reinvigorate an empire—and the commentators regard it as an effort of impish mischief.

A young unknown, having made a million in his youth, crosses the Atlantic from Canada, wins a hard-thinking Lancashire seat at a difficult election, makes and unmakes Governments, brings his closest friend to the supreme seat of political power, himself enters a war-time Cabinet, and takes a seat in the House of Lords, buys newspapers and sets a new pace to the swiftest trade in the world, makes himself the abiding centre of one of the most influential groups of diverse men—and his bewildered critics write him down as an odd person who collects power as a boy might collect birds' eggs.

CONSISTENT

The misconception is understandable Lord Beaverbrook in person hides the serious purpose which drives him. He has, I imagine (in fact I know), little admiration for Voltaire but his whim is Voltairian. It is to cloak his aspirations and to veil his power by a zest and a delight in the flashing word and the sharp, piercing thought.

He is as diffident about his profundities as most men of his power and achievement have been about their flippancies.

His political career in these islands has been one of unusual consistency. His early claim to the suffrages of the electors of Ashton-under-Lyne was that he was an Imperialist. I still remember the amazement with which one electioneering feat of his was greeted in 1910. He actually brought from his chosen obscurity of habitat Mr. Rudyard Kipling to harangue a mob.

THE SECRET

Mr. Kipling is not a naturally gifted platform speaker. It is no disparagement to say that a quarter of a century ago the evangelist of Empire Free Trade was just as good as his master.

But his command of rhetoric meant little at that first election. What mattered was that obvious and almost painful sincerity of the Canadian newcomer and his loyalty to an Imperialism that was temporarily in eclipse.

That loyalty has never weakened. It is still the secret of the man.

Like so many of my generation, I had little concern with, and less knowledge of, the wartime machinations of Mr. Max Aitken, the Parliamentarian. Not until after the war did the true story of his part in the making of the Lloyd George "Win-the-War" Ministry come to light.

Even then it was the fashion to write and speak of the recently created Lord Beaverbrook as an "impish" but somehow sinister figure moving behind the arras of public life, behaving like a strange modern blend of Warwick the King-maker and Talleyrand. Even then he was interpreted as a euphuistic jester out for a lark. Others said of him that, like Major Joey Bagstock, he was "deep, deep, and day-valish sly".

POLITICAL WASTE

About that time in 1922, I—being a young and arrogant journalist—was prompted to combat the legend and dissect the man.

The purpose of that ephemeral and forgotten article was simple. It was to bewail, there is no other word, what I regarded, and still regard as one of the greatest pieces of political waste in our history.

Lord Beaverbrook, with his highly trained political faculties, his personal qualities of charm, "drive", and mental vigour, has only once, and for

a short time has been a member of a British Government.

After leaving the Commons he has never displayed sufficient confidence in the Parliamentary machine to make the House of Lords his sounding board.

What I wrote then might have been written this moment.

"Lord Beaverbrook's deepest desire is to serve the State. The State drives Lord Beaverbrook to render his aid in ways unorthodox and by methods adapted only to the use of supermen like himself.

"This man who is the incarnation of action and the embodiment of a great political aim, finds himself only able to apply that action to that aim by indirect and tangent channels.

"Never was a greater example of political waste!"

When you tell him this, Lord Beaverbrook laughs—a queer, loud, short laugh that is rather like an amused interjection of dissent.

SELF-CRITICISMS

No public man today has so strong a faculty of self-examination. His cheery self-criticisms would astonish many of those whom he criticises.

It was once well said of the late Lord Balfour as he strolled rapidly from Carlton House Terrace to Whitehall, "he is not aware of you, but neither is he aware of Lord Balfour".

The exact opposite is true of Lord Beaverbrook. He is keenly aware of you, eager and avid to pluck out whatever heart there may be to your mystery, but he is equally well aware of Lord Beaverbrook. He has discovered the high art of being at once a participator in and a spectator of the pageantry of life in which he has been cast for so stimulating a role.

IMPERIAL FORCE

His very appearance bespeaks power. He has not great inches. He lacks the heavier dignity beloved by the Victorians, but the generous forehead, the wide and smiling mouth, the wise—the infinitely wise—eyes impress immediately and immensely. And most of all the broad jowl tells of conscious, almost self-conscious, strength.

Even so, nobody coming into Lord Beaverbrook's circle is allowed to be aware that here is an Imperial force a great and powerful Press magnate, a man who has made world history.

The breezy welcome is the same for all who come. Your host under that roof talks down to nobody.

There is, it is true, a touch of command in his invitation to sit there, to look at this for that, but it is the merest touch, an acquired manner of which its owner has no knowledge.

The tone does not change for anyone. Prince, potentate and pauper have the same courtesy with just that undertone of firmness. For any one with whom he talks in duologue he displays an almost paternal solicitude.

HUMOUR

As a talker he is lavish—whether he is explaining the mystic excellencies of his Canadian maple syrup, expounding the value of the black Colonies or telling what really happened in 1916 or 1922.

He talks like a Canadian Emerson, in natural epigram, when he is not asking a steady stream of questions that seem to flatter his interlocutor but have really a deeper purpose.

His epigrams are not verbal flashes of surface brilliance, they are the distillations of his experience. That they have wit goes without saying to anyone knowing that nimble and penetrating mind but Lord Beaverbrook's talk is savoured with humour rather than spiced with wit.

HIS IDEAL

He strikes one as a man without reservations. Candour is his forte.

He makes frequent use of idiom. His judgments of men are shrewd, and singularly free from impatience. As a political, financial or journalistic craftsman he speaks in detail with the quiet assurance of a past master, and not as a theorizing on-looker.

GIRL GUIDE GOSSIP



ended with the supper hour followed by "Taps" and a verse of the old favorite hymn "Abide With Me."

On Wednesday of this week, the Girl Guides Company of Minto, launched their first commercial enterprise. A delicious supper was served between 5 and 7 p.m. in the Public Hall which was artistically decorated with the company colors. Blue and yellow crepe paper curtained the windows. The yellow table covers and napkins bore the trefoil in the corner. Each table was centred with a bowl of blue and yellow pansies. The affair was capably convened by the Captain Mrs. A. T. Woolley. This is the youngest company in this district and from the spirit prevailing the whole organization and the accomplishment of their first venture bids fair to go far on the road of successful Girl Guiding. Much praise is due the Minto Women's Institute who gave this company its initial start. Visitors to Minto for the occasion were the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Ashburnham, who has always shown such a keen interest in Girl Guides, Miss Katherine M. Stewart, District Commissioner, Mrs. E. Drysdale and Mrs. A. A. James, Captain First Fredericton Co.

The closing meeting of the First Fredericton Girl Guide Company was held on Tuesday, June 25th, in the Parish Hall. Great was the disappointment of the girls when for a second time they had to abandon their plans for a hike due to the rainy weather. However, a guide smiles and sings under all difficulties and they settled down to a pleasant indoors pastime with games and songs and much planning for the camp. The meeting

LAVAL IN OLD MASTER'S ROLE

Erstwhile Understudy to Briand Destined For Part Played by Late Leader

PARIS, July 6—Pierre Laval seems destined to be the Briand of the years to come, the man to whom France can turn whenever the country and the party leaders are tired of political strife and long for the repose of compromise.

It does not often happen that an understudy becomes a star actor in his own right, but that is what has happened in the case of Laval. Fifteen years ago people nudged each other during international conferences and asked: "Who is the little dark man with the white tie who is always following Briand about?" The answer was—if one happened to be talking to one of the few who knew him—Pierre Laval, who used to be a revolutionary Socialist, but is now training, under M. Briand's tutelage, for statesmanship.

M. Laval was elected to Parliament for the first time in 1914, as a red hot rebel. He was considered so dangerous that his name figured on the famous "B list" of men who were to be arrested immediately on the outbreak of war. He and some dozens of others, it was feared, would if left at liberty start a revolution. But thanks to the intervention of liberal leaders, the "B list" men were not arrested in August 1914.

Parliamentary Bad Boy

Although he neither attempted to start a revolution nor to interfere in any other way with mobilization, M. Laval was the bad boy of Parliament throughout the war. From his seat on the Socialist benches, he shouted denunciations against those he opposed. The Journal Officiel of the war years teems with his scathing interruptions. He was young, still under thirty when the war ended. M. Briand took

If his critics have affected to find his motives incalculable, his friends have no such difficulty. He is moved by a strong political ideal, and a traditional philosophy.

The ideal is that of a self-conscious close-knit union of the British races, a self-sufficient Empire making full use of its material resources to advance the cultural progress of the Imperial peoples.

A CLUE

The philosophy? There is one sufficient clue to the philosophy. His houses are adorned by busts and portraits of a notable Scot—a sombre, bearded Scot—John Knox, that synonym for fortitude.

Lord Beaverbrook's veneration for his unusual exemplar is simply explained. The foundation of Knox's teaching was a belief in education.

It is the foundation on which Lord Beaverbrook would build the Imperial edifice of which he dreams.

him in hand. He, too, had been a violent Socialist in his youth. In fact it seems that there is no better beginning for a politician in France. Under the paternal guidance of the old war horse, M. Laval progressed in five years from the extreme opposition benches to a Cabinet seat. Soon he became one of those almost indispensable men whose names are found in every new Cabinet list.

At Briand's Death

M. Briand's death left two coveted positions vacant—that of permanent Foreign Minister and that of supreme compromiser. In M. Briand's time, whenever there was a long and difficult Cabinet crisis, political wisacres would shake their heads and say: "They'll have to call on Briand before it's over." M. Briand was never in a hurry. He rarely sought office directly. He waited until others—all the others—had tried to form a Cabinet and had failed. Then, with apparent reluctance he consented to assume the burden, and usually succeeded.

Of course, many people believed that M. Briand was not as reluctant as he looked. It was often said that he had much to do with the pulling of the secret strings that bring Cabinets crashing down, and prevent the king's horses and men from putting them together again. Some malicious tongues say the same thing about M. Laval today. They even say it was he, more than anybody else, who caused M. Flandin's downfall, although M. Laval was a minister in the Flandin Cabinet. They say, too, that he upset M. Bouisson, and that his secret intrigues prevented Francois Pietri from forming a government.

Refused at First

Why, then, some may wonder, did not M. Laval accept the Prime Ministership on the very day of M. Flandin's fall? It was offered to him, but he refused. After M. Bouisson fell it was offered to him again, and this time he made a half hearted attempt, but reported that he would have to give it up. Then, after Yvon Delbos and M. Pietri had failed, he tried again, and this time succeeded.

He was following the old Briand tactics. The idea is to let the horses race each other to death, and then slip past to win at the post. M. Laval knew that after a week of night and day political negotiations, the Deputies would be tired of party strife and ready to agree to almost anything. He knew too, that if the crisis could be prolonged to the eve of the Whit-sun holiday, everybody would be eager to go home.

His Cabinet is not essentially different from the Flandin Cabinet, nor from the Bouisson Cabinet, both of which the Chamber of Deputies bowled over. If anything it is weaker,

Of Interest to Women

Strawberries, Canned And Preserved

Strawberry Jam—using equal weights of sugar and strawberries, put them into a preserving kettle in alternate layers, then mash with a potato masher. Heat gradually to the boiling point, then carefully skim off any scum which may have risen, and boil 12 minutes longer, or until a teaspoonful sets when cooled on a saucer. Place a cube of paraffin into the bottom of each sterilized hot jelly glass and fill with the hot jam which will melt the paraffin, sending it to the top where, when cold, it will have covered and sealed the whole top. Leave a little room for adding a little more melted paraffin if needed for giving sufficient thickness for a protection.

Open Kettle Canned Strawberries—Wash and hull fresh sound berries. To each pound of berries add half a pound of granulated sugar, place in a kettle, heat slowly, shaking or stirring gently to keep from burning. Boil slowly for 15 minutes. While boiling hot, fill into hot, sterilized jars and seal.

Uncooked Strawberry Preserves—Into hot, thoroughly sterilized jars fill clean, sound, hulled berries and fill the jar to overflowing with boiling hot syrup made in proportion of two cups of sugar to one and one-half cups of water. Use new rubbers. Be sure that the jars are filled to overflowing. Put into place the hot and well-sterilized jar cover. Set the jars into a pail or deep pan previously lined with several thicknesses of newspapers. Fold the papers up over the top of the jars, and cover all with more paper, letting them set until cold, usually over night.

Don't Let One Fly Escape

Do you know that one fly lays one hundred to two hundred eggs in one batch? It doesn't take much imagination to figure out the consequences if a few flies are allowed to roam around.

Of course, you and I loathe flies because they are irritating and disgusting, but though we all have an urge to get rid of them, we are not all over-careful of preventing their breeding.

All garbage and refuse must be covered or burned, manure, rotting leaves kept well away from dwellings and all surroundings kept as scrupulously clean as possible. However, there will always be some flies around somewhere. Screens on doors and windows will help to keep them out of the house and all exposed food should be kept covered.

Medical authorities and scientists have proved by the most careful tests that the common housefly spreads deadly germs of infantile diarrhoea, the dreaded warm weather complaint that claims the lives of so many little children.

Flies are a deadly menace and must not be tolerated. A fly will come straight from a heap of filth and settle on food or drink, if the latter is not protected, spreading disease that may cause a death right in your own or your neighbor's home.

Gala Rhubarb Desserts

Rhubarb Custard Pie-Crust
Mix thoroughly 20 graham crackers,

particularly in the all important finance department, now handed over to Marcel Regnier, a radical politician without any known financial qualifications. But that proves nothing except that Pierre Laval is a far astuter politician than either M. Bouisson or M. Flandin.

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finely crushed, 1 tablespoon butter, melted; 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons water. Pat down firmly with palm of hand to bottom and sides of a deep 8-inch or shallow 9-inch pie plate.

Filling.—Mix together 7-8 cup of sugar, 1 egg, slightly beaten and 2 tablespoons flour. Add 2 cups rhubarb, diced. Fill the crust and bake for 40 minutes in hot oven, 375 degrees F. Bake covered for first 20 minutes, uncover and bake for remaining 20 minutes. Serves 5 to 6.

Rhubarb Brown Betty

Use 2 cups rhubarb, 6 tablespoons sugar, and 5 tablespoons butter. Melt 1 tablespoon butter and mix with 20 graham crackers, coarsely crushed. Place layer of crumbs in buttered baking dish, add layer of fresh tender rhubarb, cut in small pieces, dot with bits of butter and sugar.

Continue with alternate layers of fruit and crumbs until all ingredients are used. Place layer of crumbs on top, dot with butter and bake in moderate oven 375 degrees F. for 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold, with or without cream. Serves 6 or 8 persons.

Rhubarb Meringue Pie

Blend 1½ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk, 2½ tablespoons lemon juice, 2 egg yolks, fold in, 1 cup freshly stewed rhubarb which has been drained. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue made by beating 2 egg whites until stiff and adding 2 tablespoons sugar. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F. ten minutes or until brown. Chill before serving.

Fresh Rhubarb Refrigerator Cake

1 1-3 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk and 1-4 cup lemon juice. Add 1 cup unsweetened stewed fresh rhubarb drained. Use 24 vanilla wafers. Line narrow oblong pan or spring form cake pan with wax paper. Cover with fruit mixture. Add layer of wafers, alternating in this way until fruit mixture is used; finishing with layer of wafers. Chill in refrigerator for 6 hours or longer. To serve, turn out on small platter and carefully remove wax paper. Cut in slices and serve plain. Serves 8.

Rhubarb-Apple Pie

Place 1½ cups flour and 1 tablespoon salt in mixing bowl. Then blend together ½ cup lard and 1-4 cup boiling water; then add to the flour and salt, and make a stiff dough. Use one half of the pastry and roll out on floured board and line tin. Wipe rhubarb with a damp cloth and cut into one-inch pieces, filling the unbaked pastry with one well-covered layer of rhubarb. Pare enough apples and cut into eighth slices and fill the balance of tin. Beat 2 eggs and pour over top, season with ½ to ¾ cup brown sugar and dot with butter. Roll out remaining pastry and cover the pie, cutting in slits to allow steam to escape. Bake in oven 425 degrees F. for 35 to 40 minutes.

SEATTLE, July 6—More divorces are caused by "women who talk too much than any other one thing," Justice of the Peace Charles Claypool said.

At 74, the judge is something of an authority. He handles hundreds of domestic relations cases each year. He has been married 45 years.

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