

comes from practice—unless you happen to be born a Celt, and then speaking comes naturally to you.

To return to the subject of heckling. The jolly, spontaneous cross-examination of former days has been rather spoilt by the intervention of outsiders. Perhaps the parish minister and the schoolmaster frame the questions, or still worse, they are made up at headquarters and sent round syndicated in printed form to be dealt with by the candidate. Sometimes these are perplexing, but a little skill in the craft of skilful evasion will enable you to escape from the toils. A somewhat persistent person at an Aberdeen meeting handed a question to the chairman to be put by him to the candidate. The orthography was distinctly mysterious, and it was handed back to the proprietor, and he was asked to read it, which he was unable to do.

They used to say that Palmerston's annual encounters with the Tiverton butcher were eagerly looked forward to; but the ardent spirit of Gladstone, so impatient of contradiction, could not descend to the ordinary level. He lost his temper badly when heckled by Mr Usher in Midlothian, and told him in so many words that he could supply the desired information, but could not invent the machinery for getting it into his questioner's (presumably thick) skull.

Another great knack possessed in perfection by few is how to score off interruptions. Chamberlain and Goschen were past masters of the art, but Lloyd George runs them hard, as these two instances of his sharp wit will show. On one occasion he began his speech by saying, "I am here——" "And so am I," shouted out an unmannerly interrupter. "Yes," was the disconcerting retort, "but you're not all there." And again, when he was talking about Home Rule, and saying we wanted it not only for Ireland, but for Wales and Scotland also, "And for hell too!" ejaculated a would-be