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LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, April 23rd, 1917.

HARRY LAUDER AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

One of the most interested and interesting strangers who listened to the debate in the House of Commons on the Prolongation of Parliament Bill was the famous Scotch comedian Harry Lauder, who was given a place under the clock on the floor of the Chamber where a few strangers are admitted. According to gossip he was heard to murmur, "Man! it's a great game; it's a great game!" Lauder is the highest paid performer on the British stage and although born in humble circumstances and filling his first years of work as a coal miner in Scotland now owns extensive estates in the highlands. His son, John Lauder, who had a commission in the British army, has been killed in the war. Lauder's visit was the sequel to a very interesting luncheon party in the dining room of the House of Commons, at which Mr. Pringle was the host, and there were several interesting guests besides Lauder. One of them was Professor J. Young Simpson, one of the chief experts on modern Russia, who lately went through the Caucasus with the Grand Duke Nicholas. Lauder will soon visit the front, where he will cheer and entertain the Scottish soldiers.

AN ABUNDANCE OF SHELLS.

"The Arras victory was largely a victory for the munition workers of this country," said an important official of the Ministry of Munitions on April 15th. "The soldiers did miraculous things, but without the backing of the munition workers they could have accomplished little, however heroically they might have fought." He added that the fact that our guns finished the intensive bombardment with more shells at hand than when they started, proved our ability to meet any demand it might be necessary to make. The problem of 1916 was to find shells for the guns, but the problem of 1917 will be to find guns for the shells. The output of guns at present is immense and perfectly satisfactory; the shell production is sufficient to feed a much larger number of guns—a gratifying contrast to the time, not so long ago, when the Germans were able to fire their shots for every British shell. No gunner is now under the necessity of counting the number of shells he fires. He need never fear that he will

SAVING THE FRENCH ORCHARDS.

France is not unduly depressed by the destruction of her orchards in the evacuated areas of her territory, because a remedy has already been found on these agricultural districts by the enemy. I hear that as soon as the wholesale felling of the fruit trees was announced by the French press an astute Norman peasant wrote to his paper pointing out that nothing was easier than to save a broken or hacked fruit tree at this time of the year by careful grafting. The Horticultural Society of France took up the idea at once and issued detailed instructions for the grafting of every kind and variety of fruit trees. This work must be completed by May 15. At the same time an appeal was sent to the other agricultural districts of France inviting them to send selected cuttings to the Horticultural Society at Versailles, Trianon. Thus has French ingenuity once more defeated Teuton malignity in one of its most hateful manifestations.

MORE ARMOUR FOR SOLDIERS.

If the war lasts much longer the modern soldier will soon be clad like the armoured knights of "Faerie Queen" days. The British troops are now being supplied with a veil of chain mail, which hanging from the slender rod fixed round the brim of the steel helmet, protects the eyes and face of the wearer from fragments of shells and flying debris. It is the invention of a famous ophthalmic surgeon. The veil is light, flexible, and strong enough to turn a bullet travelling with considerable velocity; while at the same time it does not interfere materially with the soldier's clearness of sight. With steel helmet, chain veil, and gas mask the advancing soldier must be a rather terrifying apparition.

CHEAPER LUNCHEONS.

The one outstanding change wrought by the new Meals Order has been that the more unpretentious restaurants have decided to keep within the fifteen pence per head per meal limit, and no diner may spend more. Thus these restaurants put themselves outside the scope of the order and avoid the tremendous clerical work involved in the keeping of re-

records for Lord Devonport's department, that is the Food Controller. The fifteen penny luncheon, consisting of soup, joint, beans and bread proved satisfying enough for most customers. Naturally there was occasional grumbling over the absence of sweets, but no doubt that will soon pass. In any case, a diner who feels unsatisfied can always eat his sweets in another restaurant. In the more expensive restaurants the new order resulted in no very perceptible change. There seemed no general desire to take advantage of the relaxation of the restriction on the number of courses that could be ordered, and the luncheons and dinners eaten as a rule were no larger than those taken under the old regulations.

ASSISTANCE FOR CRIPPLED SOLDIERS.

A suggestion is to be heard that the present would be a fitting time for the establishment of a War Appliances Maintenance Fund. This would certainly have the support of a prominent surgeon engaged upon much military work, who points out a difficulty of procedure for which no adequate provision for the future appears to have been made. Wounded soldiers are being furnished with artificial limbs and other appliances regardless of cost, and for the time are receiving the fullest possible consideration. Experience shows, however, that these appliances need the same periodic attention as a clock or any other mechanism, and it is no unusual thing for a man with an artificial limb—which may have cost £80—to spend three or four pounds a year on adjustments. Many of our wounded soldiers, it happens, are young working men, who may reasonably look forward in many instances to a long period of civilian life. These will be unable to pay for the upkeep of their special appliances, and it is predicted that without adequate provision they will ultimately have to abandon them for the wooden stump of the past. That is why a demand is being made to establish a War Appliances Maintenance Fund.

WOMEN'S WAR WORK IN INDIA.

From private correspondence it is learned that in India women workers in factories engaged on war equipment are earning remarkably well. In some of the races and tribes they are preferred to men on account of their superior resourcefulness and industry. The call upon their physical energy is more exacting, because it is more continuous than when they are engaged upon their normal occupations, industrial and agricultural. The earnings, however, are much larger than are obtainable in peace time, and some of these workers have with a bound crossed the boundary between bare subsistence and relative luxury. Notwithstanding the immense population of India, the demand for labor in the great ports and industrial centres is not easily met, and high wages have to be offered to attract the indispensable supply.

CAPE "BOYS" FOR FRANCE.

So much success has attended the experiment of employing South African natives for work behind the lines in France that other companies of Cape colored drivers, together with proportionate artificers, are to be raised for service at the front. The officers and non-commissioned officers will be European. This new contingent is being formed on the special request of the War Office to the Ministry of Defence. In the House of Assembly recently General Botha made a touching reference to the torpedoing of the transport *Mendi* in the Channel, when many natives were lost.

The S.S. Bloodhound.

Halifax, May 12.—Back to port, yesterday, came the forty-four-year-old sealing steamer *Bloodhound*, Captain Edward Wayne, with five feet of water in her hold. She sailed from Halifax the day before and when fifty miles from port, near Beaver Island, she met heavy weather, which opened up her seams and she began making water so fast, the only thing Captain Wayne could do was to return to Halifax, and she is now tied up at Pickford and Black's wharf. In her hold there is 2,965 barrels of flour, and it is quite certain the lower tier, anyway from stem to stern, will be found in a damaged condition. The *Bloodhound* is owned by Baine Johnston and Company of St. John's, Nfld., to which port she was bound, having taken aboard her cargo at Deepwater, including a deck load of oil. Her pumps are kept going continuously and the work of discharging the cargo will likely begin to-day. The *Bloodhound* is somewhat of a curiosity in these days of modern built, sea-going craft, and always attracts no little amount of attention on the waterfront when she visits Halifax, which is not very frequently. The old craft has a history as well, for she was formerly H.M.S. *Discovery*, engaged many years in Arctic exploring. She is a wooden craft and has been sheathed many times over.

THE WIFE HE LEFT BEHIND HIM

Pursues her daily round of Domestic Duties

The homes of our Gallant Soldiers & Sailors are not neglected in times of war. The Motto of Sweethearts and Wives is

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The Tale of Tyndareus

These seven days, from South Africa, tale of the Tyndareus finally told. Feb. 25th, 1852, on a reef off Danger Point, fifty miles from Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, the "Birkehead" transport broke and sank. Of the 638 souls on board 454 looked their last upon the world. They were soldiers all, British troops; and they stood to attention, calmly facing death while the ship sank. Off Cape Agulhas, near Simonstown, 8 p.m. Feb. 9th, as if history would have nothing in repetition not Homer—the Tyndareus struck, not a rock, but an enemy mine. At once the heroic scene began. From the southeast a hard gale was blowing, and the moment the ship struck the German mine exploded. It seemed, in the instant, that the Tyndareus must sink. Already she was down by the head, with her propellers out of the water.

Then the "Assembly" rang out, and, as did the Birkehead men of old, the "Diehards" lined up on deck, a battalion of the Middlesex Regiment under Lt.-Col. John Ward, Labor M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent. This is no romancer's story, but the plain, bare pith of an Admiralty record. Putting on his lifebelt, every man paraded "in perfect order." And—the roll was called. It might have been the plain hard gravel of a barrack square. With the roll finished, the next order: "Stand easy." And then—think of it—in face of gale, explosion and death, the battalion began to sing!

"It's a long, long trail," broke out a man's voice, with, perhaps, a quaver in it. And, in a few seconds, if there were hard lumps in choking throats, if there were faraway gazes in pale faces, they were gone. Every brave British heart was singing—singing—singing. Death was underfoot. But hearing those hardy voices, no man would have thought them to be in the midst of the shark-infested South African sea. They might have been in the soft, green heart of Home, cheery on parade for the last "Dismiss!" to a long leave. To stand and be still To the Birkehead drill Is a damn tough bullet to chew; An' they done it. So sings Kipling in his virile song of the Birkehead. And here was the whole glowing stand being made again, chewing the bullet, and standing—STILL! As becomes its theme, the marching song died away. And what could come then?—what but the old, and, in its way, touching, "Tipperary"? There, in the far-away waste of stormy waters, our boys sang again the half-plaintive, half-dogged, air just as our first boys sang it in France in the dim, far-gone landing of 1914. For half an hour those gallant Middlesex voices went on with their song. And, as steadily, the omen of fate kept time and accompaniment. Every moment the singers saw the deck slant more and more under their feet, as their stricken ship sank down by her head. "Keep it up, lads!" shouted the captain from the bridge, not once, but a good round, British dozen times, "All's well!" And, as often as he shouted, the singers broke and cheered him. For "he was splendid," they said. "Yet, all the while, the dread "S.O.S." distress signal of the sea was ringing from the wireless through space. Boats were being lowered one by one. No man dies without a fight. But who fights for dogs in such an hour? Not many, it might seem; but one man was here who did. As a boat went over the ship's side it overturned. This heroic shipman, young and not yet named, leaped without a moment's pause into the heaving sea. There he struggled, spool for sharks at any moment. And he righted the boat! Can we hear the broken song and the bursting round of cheers?

British all of it, all the world over! Hardly had the hero finished his work before he was in the water again. Now he dived from a lifeboat—to save the Regiment's pet dog, "Paddy," who had fallen overboard! British again, all of it. And he was not alone in shedding fresh lustre on the old name. While the captain, his officers, and his deck crew were performing labors of Hercules, showing that "devotion and perseverance" which the Admiralty has praised, there were the engineers, the "black squad" in the deep heart of the sinking ship. Men on deck could take heart from vision, seeing whether help was coming across the troubled seas. Men below could see nothing. Yet there they stayed, and worked the work of heroes.

And among the men who were singing with British courage on the slanting decks, among the men who could see, were six privates, whose names, also, have yet no record. In civil life they were engineers. And they volunteered to quit the deck above sea for the engine-room below. They exchanged khaki for overalls, and, caged in the most dangerous depths of the ship, they worked like Trojans. Shaken from stem to stern, she seemed to be fast settling down. Could help reach her in time?

What was beyond the rim of the horizon no eye could see. But two steamers were racing full steam to the rescue; and it was during this time of trial and tearing doubt and uncertainty that our singing men, "faced by the probability of imminent death," as the official record says, "maintained their steadfast courage and discipline." And, kinder, than when the glorious Birkehead sank, fate heard the singing voices, smiled, and relented. When the bows of the Tyndareus were almost under water the rescue ships arrived. From drifting boats and stricken ship the "Diehards" were taken on board the timely friends, and, presently, they were in the midst of the warmth and greetings of Simonstown. Not even a dog was left behind, and there were five—Boston Transcript.

Everyday Etiquette.

"Will you tell me if it is proper to give a clergyman a fee for baptizing one's child and when should the money be given him?" asked Mr. Younghusband. "Unless the clergyman is a relative or intimate friend, it is quite proper, but not compulsory, to send him a fee a short time after the day of the ceremony," said his experienced father.



Skin on Fire!

Do you suffer that burning, gnawing itch from Eczema, or other skin troubles? Here's instant relief for you! Just a few drops of the mild, simple wash, the D. D. D. Prescription and the itch is gone. Can you imagine how it will feel—that itching agony swept away in a moment? And D. D. D. Cures! The demand for this new remedy has become tremendous within a short time, because people are learning that the hundreds of cures it has effected are permanent. D. D. D. Penetrates the skin, cleaning it of all impurities—washes away blotches and pimples, leaving the skin as smooth and healthy as that of a child. Get a bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to-day. Sold everywhere. Recommended by T. McMurdo & Co., A. W. Kennedy, M. Connors, Peter O'Mara. A tablespoonful of kerosene added to the suds in the wash tub will make expensive naphtha compounds unnecessary. The good housewife picks out the most important pieces of housework, does them well and doesn't worry about the others. Fresh Smelts and Fresh Haddies at ELLIS.

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

From all parts of the world we receive words of praise for Gin Pills as the great remedy for Kidney troubles. The following is from J. M. ... where Gin Pills enjoy a very large sale. "I was a clerk in a store in Jamaica but had to give up my position on account of kidney trouble. I purchased one box of Gin Pills from a local Druggist and before it was all finished I was entirely better and able to return to my work. I recommended them to a friend who was also in a similar condition and he tried them with the same good results. I may tell you I tried many remedies in Jamaica before I got your Gin Pills. Yours very truly Thomas Price, Bog Walk, Jamaica."

If you suffer from backache, swollen joints, constant headaches, rheumatism, sciatica, and other diseases due to kidney trouble, write for a free sample. Or buy a box from your druggist—Six, a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited Toronto, Ont. U. S. Address—N.A. DRUG CO., Inc. 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

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