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LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, Oct. 18, 1918.

GRANDSON AS KAISER.

It is interesting to recall that the Kaiser's grandson—Prince Wilhelm—had now twelve years of age, and that the thought of his sudden succession to the throne—first emerged in the summer of 1914—was now only five years ago in the annals of the periodical quarrels of the German Emperor and his subjects.

In the spring of 1913, three months before the war, a colored cartoon representing Kaiser sitting at a desk with a crown on his head and a sword in his hand, and a young boy, Prince Wilhelm, standing beside him, was published in the Kaiser's official journal. The Kaiser's expression was one of stern gravity, and the young boy's face was one of childish curiosity. The Kaiser's expression was one of stern gravity, and the young boy's face was one of childish curiosity.

Whatever the true opinion entertained in German Government circles may be as to the future of the colonies captured from them in more than one continent, it is not without significant interest to hear that, according to information reaching an authoritative quarter here by way of Bern, the Colonial Ministry in Berlin has now been closed, and the staff, consisting at the end of two minor clerks, relegated to a room on the top floor of the Foreign Office in Wilhelmstrasse. Practically all the records of the department have been deposited in an empty building in Taubenstrasse near by, and there is additional interest in the fact that no successor has so far been appointed to Dr. Solf, now Foreign Secretary. It is little wonder, in these circumstances, that Dr. Dernburg, a predecessor of Dr. Solf at the German Colonial Office, has been publicly speaking this week in tones concerning the future of Germany very different from those he was accustomed to employ in more flourishing days.

GERMANY'S DESERTED COLONIAL OFFICE.

General Allenby is an old Inniskilling Dragoon. So is General Remington. A contemporary of theirs in their sulbaltary days is Lieutenant Colonel J. Watkins Yardley, who was a smooth-faced youth, earning the nickname of "Curate" which still sticks to him. He retired as a captain, doing a lot of gentlemen riding at the Biber Club meeting and elsewhere. He joined up again for the South African War, in which he was shot in the thigh, greatly shortening one leg; but a course of big game shooting lengthened it again, and he has since ridden in steeple-chases. He went to France in 1914. "With the Inniskilling Dragoons in South Africa" is his work. A very popular brother officer of theirs was Major "Pickles" Cross, a son of the former head of the Subo firm whose strawberry jam used to be so fragrant in the good old days. He was one of the handsomest men that ever put on uniform. When the Inniskillings were

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Our Snow-White Palace

In which McCormick's Products are made is situated in a meadow outside the city, where the benefits of fresh air and sunshine are secured. The building is designed to give comfort to the employees as well as to greater efficiency in production. Consequently, the better class of help is attracted which, with the choicest ingredients and most up-to-date methods, naturally results in the making of superior food products.

Make sure you get McCormick's Biscuits and Candies

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In Natal the "Garden Colony" was borrowing money at 6 per cent. "Pickles" told his brother officers that the interest was as safe and double as large as that of Consols. They took his hint and made a magnificent investment.

VOLUNTEERS AND THE NEW CLOCK.

Being now a recognized part of the Army, the Volunteer force have adopted the new 24 hours' clock and abolished a.m. and p.m. While the Regular soldier is falling into the change fairly easily and the Volunteer finds the two systems, one as a civilian and the other on duty, somewhat confusing. It is awkward for the Volunteer who is dismissed at 10.00 to look up his train for home and to recall that it is 4 p.m. Again, the business man has to think twice to discover whether he can keep a commercial appointment at 5 p.m. and be on parade at 17.30 which is half an hour later.

HOW THE WOMEN WILL VOTE.

The question how the six million women voters are likely to vote at the general election is now exercising the minds of all women's societies. When the Franchise Bill passed there were indications that the leading women in many of the chief organizations hoped to join forces to work for the immediate removal of women's economic, legislative, and professional disabilities, and some of the societies have remained true to that ideal. But there will be a stronger effort to rally the mass of new voters to existing parties. In all directions women are showing an eagerness to understand the questions on which they will now have a voice and women citizens' associations for which the National Union of Women Workers and the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies are almost equally responsible, have been formed in all parts of the country to study and discuss every question of importance. These are non-party associations, formed locally by women's societies representing many shades of political opinion and their growth has been rapid and spontaneous that a central organization has now opened an office at Westminster under the name of the National Women Citizens' Association. It is non-party, but there is nothing to prevent any branch working along any lines it may choose. Similar educative work has for long been carried on by local branches of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies which are always strictly non-party.

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Bologn Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

Napoleon and Wilhelm.

(Montreal Daily Star.)

In the despair of post-Waterloo days the great Napoleon wrote to the future King George IV: "Your Royal Highness—A victim to the factions which distract my country and to the enmity of the Great Powers in Europe I have terminated my political career and I come like Themistocles, to throw myself upon the hospitality of the British people. I put myself under the protection of their laws which I claim from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant and the most generous of my enemies."

It is Wilhelm's turn now, but the pen that wrote the royal signature to the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk can never form so dignified an appeal.

Tells of Life in Arctic.

After spending five and a half years in the American Arctic archipelago at the head of an expedition sent out by the Canadian government to explore the islands and seas north of Alaska, Vilhjalmur Stefansson has returned to New York. He will start at once upon a lecture tour of the country for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Mr. Stefansson described the results accomplished by his expedition, including the discovery of five new islands within four hundred miles of the North Pole. It was also discovered that King Christian Island, hitherto supposed to exist, was a myth. "We cleared up about one-quarter of an unexplored region embracing some one million square miles 400 miles from the Pole," said Mr. Stefansson. "It has always been regarded as the most inaccessible part of the Northern Hemisphere. We traveled on an average of more than two thousand miles a year for five years, and never missed a meal and never lost a dog from hunger."

Mr. Stefansson stated that the survey of the ocean proved more difficult than the discovery of the new islands. In the journeys undertaken in the first two years of the expedition the ocean was found to be very deep, raising the presumption that there was no land northwest of American Alaska. After leaving shore a sounding wire four-fifths of a mile long failed to touch bottom, but in the northwest above the newly discovered islands a platform discovered to exist about 250 fathoms under water furnished an indication that there might be land there.

The largest staff of scientists that ever went on an Arctic expedition accompanied Mr. Stefansson. It included men from Canada, Scotland, New Zealand, Australia, France, Denmark and the United States. Mr. Stefansson said the biological results alone would fill eleven volumes, and that it would be five or six years before the scientific data gathered on the expedition would be ready for publication.

The only fatalities occurring during the expedition were the deaths of thirteen men at the very start of the expedition when the Karluk, the largest of the six ships, went down, with the loss of a large part of the supplies and nearly all of the scientific apparatus. This made necessary a radical departure from the traditional methods of Arctic exploration.

"We virtually upset all the old traditions," said Mr. Stefansson. "Heretofore most explorers have taken as much food as they could carry, gone as far as they could on half of their supply, and then turned around and raced for their base or supplies. On the other hand I depended on foraging, killing animals for food as we went along."

Mr. Stefansson said that contrary to popular impression the Arctic regions are not barren of life and that there is no place on earth where it is easier for a man to support himself if he knows how.

"There is an abundance of game everywhere," he said. "On floating ice in the lanes of open water there are seals and polar bears. On the land there are musk oxen and reindeer or caribou. Every polar island that I have seen is covered with grass and vegetation upon which fat herds of reindeer and musk oxen feed."

He added that shrimps were plentiful in the polar seas but that the men of the expedition ate raw meat by preference. He said that he cured several men of scurvy by putting them on a diet of fresh raw meat.

The voyage was used by Mr. Stefansson to be made to go farther north than Martin Point, Alaska, about 1,000 miles from the North Pole. The first journey of 700 miles was made from this point in 1914, proceeding in a northeasterly direction over the frozen sea, then in a southeasterly direction to the northwest corner of Banks Island. The second journey, made in a northwesterly direction from Banks Island, brought Mr. Stefansson to the southwest corner of St. Patrick Island, the mapping of which was completed in 1915.

It was on August 30, 1915, that the first news of the European war reached the expedition from the crew of a whaling ship. In the following year the expedition went further northeast, arriving at Melville Island for the winter. The spring of 1917 was the beginning of a journey occupying a year and a half and extending north to latitude 80 degrees, 30 minutes.—Ez.

Very Like a Whale.

A good story comes from the British Admiralty, as narrated by a gallant United States naval officer, who stated that one of their destroyers had been "shadowing" a very shy U-boat for three days and three nights. At last they were convinced that they were in a position dominating their prey, so they loosed a depth charge, with the result that a big bull whale, very much the worse for wear, was blown to the surface.

Any bit of fine linen, provided it is eight or nine inches square, can be utilized for charming hand-rolled handkerchiefs.

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Music has justified itself as a factor of real service in this hour of trial. Not only to the man at the front, do there come times of loneliness and discouragement. Those who remain at home have their share of the world's burden. They need the inspiration, the encouragement, the soul-satisfying comfort of music in the home.

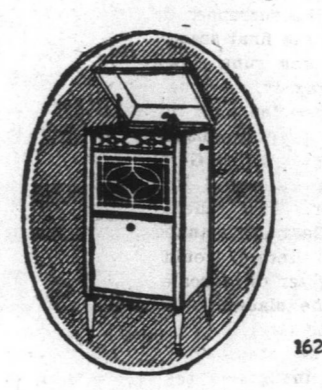
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We will gladly send a New Edison to your home for purposes of comparison or to be heard alone, without the slightest obligation on your part.



Fred V. Chesman, St. John's, Nfld.

The Kaiser's Dream.

Chicago Post: He wakes, maunders, draws his cloak closer. Earth hates him. Earth curses him. Earth, with his multitudinous lips, calls down upon his head the vengeance of a just God. He beholds a world reeling under the shock of great-guns, hurled from the flames of burning homes and churches, deluged with blood. Before him floats a ghastly panorama of babies' bones mounded by eels on the bottom of the sea; horrid crustaceans fastened upon the white dead breasts of women; innocence defiled; millions of husbands, sons and fathers turned to carrion; prisoners of war starved, tortured and crucified; and, as in a glass, he sees himself, the world's byword for perfidy, cruelty and lust.

A becoming cape collar of point lace is caught about the neck by a little black ribbon tied in a smart bow.

At a Queer Wedding Somewhere in Egypt.

The Sheik of the neighbouring village was very friendly with us, and when he came to the camp with an invitation to the festivities at his brother's wedding the captain and I accepted with alacrity.

As we halted our camels before the house on the appointed evening, our host, in white robes and turban, came forth and welcomed us with quiet dignity and charming courtesy. The captain, who knew some Arabic, responded suitably, while I repeated all I knew, "Si-soda" (Good-day).

Two boys led away the camels while the sheik conducted us by a narrow path to the house. On our left, beneath a rude framework covered with palm leaves, two oxen chewed contentedly. To the right was a large room, bare and dimly lighted. Round the walls squatted a score or more of old men, all robed and turbaned in white. Suddenly one began a long

chant or recitative, and when he had finished, the rest applauded gravely, "Aya, Aya."

"They are praising the bride and groom and asking blessings, I think," whispered the captain. "It is in a sort of blank verse." Presently another took up the chant and so it continued.

We next passed through an enclosure containing the weirdest wedding party I have ever seen. Boys played games and banded jests, while young men smoked, drank coffee, and chattered volubly. In a corner a cow fed stolidly, a goat was having the time of its life, and fowls fluttered about picking up crumbs. Members of the household moved from guest to guest with coffee and sweet biscuits.

Beyond, we came to a small green field set aside for the more important guests, and here we met the bridegroom. On a carpet in the centre dancing girls moved to and fro in a strange, swaying, sinuous dance. Their dresses, hung with coins and spangles, tinkled as they danced, and in their hands they held little clappers with which they beat time. An Arab played on a double flute a sort of whole-toned rhythm which rose and fell continuously, while another held under his arm a round copper vessel and beat on it with fingers and palms.

The guests sat around clapping vigorously and swaying from side to side. Occasionally one would jump up and join in the dance, to the great delight of his comrades. All vied in their efforts to entertain us; those who could speak a little English came and talked to us while their friends looked enviously on, and those who could not speak with us, piled us with coffee and biscuits and smiles.

At a late hour we came away, and the dancing and chanting were still going on. The curious thing was that we did not see the bride or any women, except the dancing girls. As the captain said with a grunt, "They were in another room having a beauty on their own and a good job too!"


"I think I prefer our own way," said I, and thought of home.—A. A. K. in Daily Mail.

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THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.

THERAPION No. 1

THERAPION No. 2

THERAPION No. 3

When combining the hot milk and tomato of tomato bisque to avoid curdling, pour the tomato into the hot milk.

Never dip a cup into flour, but put the sifted flour into cup by spoonfuls and level it off with edge of knife.