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of the MULE is proverbial. Though not proverbial it is a well-known fact that millions of housewives who have tried SUNLIGHT SOAP stubbornly refuse to use any other. These housewives,

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**LONDON GOSSIP.**

LONDON, April 6th, 1915.

ROYALTY AND EASTERTIDE.

The Eastertide brought to the King and Queen some welcome relaxation from the strenuous life their Majesties have been leading, practically without cessation since the war began. Her Majesty particularly was in need of a rest, for in the words of one who is closely associated with the Queen's daily programme, there "probably is not a busier lady in London than her Majesty when residing at Buckingham Palace." Most of her mornings are occupied in dealing with correspondence, which since the war has increased tenfold, interviewing, and personally conducting domestic arrangements at the Palace. In the afternoon there are ladies' deputations to the Queen of which the public hear very little indeed, for her Majesty dislikes publicity—or a round of visits to workrooms, or a couple of hours at St. James' Palace with the members of the Needlework Guild. Indeed, there are very few minutes of the day which are not occupied. Latterly the strain has been felt by the Queen, and the relief afforded by absence from London was doubly welcome. Queen Alexandra decided to remain in town.

THE NEW EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

When the preparations for the great combined attack by land and sea upon the defences of the Dardanelles are completed it will be found that—over and above the demands made upon us elsewhere—we shall have put into the field in this part of the world an expeditionary force of scarcely smaller dimensions than was at one time thought adequate for Continental emergencies. The command of this force has already been the subject of a good deal of speculation, but apparently the gossips at the front have finally settled it in their own minds. It is assumed that the command is to be given if it has not already been given, to General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien. The appointment, if the report be accurate, will be universally approved for no more brilliant soldiery has been displayed in the war than that which earned the unique tribute of Sir John French at a time when it was easier to lose a reputation than to maintain it and add new laurels to it.

"DER TAG."

Without desiring to engage in any controversy on the subject, there is a disposition in certain authoritative quarters here to regard with amusement, not unmixed with a little indignation, the report that the Duke of Orleans has asked to be allowed to serve in the French army is not surprising, nor is the reported refusal of his request, though neither offer nor refusal has any great political importance. The Duke is of a Royal house it is true, but since it became

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Rheumatic Pains Go—Suffering Ceases—Cure Comes in Even Chronic Cases.

For aching bones and sore muscles nothing will soothe away the pain like Nerviline.

For nerve-racking twinges in the muscles, for torturing backache or lumbago, you'll find Nerviline is full of amazing power.

You see, Nerviline has the power—its about five times stronger than ordinary remedies, and can penetrate very deeply, it contains juices and extracts of certain herbs that give it a strange power to drive out congestion, inflammation or pain.

You are safe in using Nerviline. Just rub it on—it won't blister or burn, and can do nothing but good.

Whenever there is pain or suffering Nerviline will go and will drive it out. It penetrates to every cell of a sore muscle; it sinks to the heart of every stiff sore joint; it searches out the pain of rheumatism quickly.

Give Nerviline a trial. See how fast it will liberate your lame back, how quickly it will cure neuralgic headache, how fast it will break up a bad cold or ease a sore throat.

The best family pain-remedy ever made is Nerviline. Forty years of great success proves this.

For emergent ills, when the doctor isn't handy, there is nothing better than the 50c. family size bottle; trial size 25c., all dealers.

firmly established the Third Republic has not been intolerant of distinguished people whom it recognizes to be good Frenchmen though they may not be good Republicans. After each internal crisis in the last century there were always a number of basements, but these have not usually been bitterly persistent. The Duke of Orleans owns property in France, or at any rate has revenue coming from it. The Empress Eugenie, widow of Louis Napoleon, used to spend a part of every year in the country where she had been Empress. Ardent and uncontrollable politicians less exalted in rank were exiled by the Republic for periods long or short. The picturesque and daring personality of Paul Bonaparte, for instance, was kept out of French politics for a long time, but he was allowed to return to his country some years before he died. Generally the Republic compares in its tolerance of persons very favorably with previous regimes.

GERMAN WAR STATISTICS.

The Prussian General Staff has prepared and issued statistics with regard to the proportion of killed and wounded and the percentage of recovery from wounds in the Franco-Prussian war and the last Russo-Japanese war. In 1870-1871 there were 18 great battles, with 40 days of battle, and five engagements of the larger class and 228 of a smaller. In 1904-1905 there were four great battles, with 27 days of battle, and six larger and 37 smaller engagements. The losses in battle in killed and wounded on the side of the Russians amounted to 135,000, and on the side of the Japanese to 145,000. In the case of the Germans in the Franco-German war the losses in killed and wounded were 82,500. Reckoned on the basis of the total numbers engaged, there was an average loss per individual battle of the Russians 16.7 per cent., of the Japanese 20.4, of the Germans 7. The Prussian General Staff believes that it is justified in supposing that the battles in the Far East were more sanguinary than those of the war of 1870, not only in consequence of the long continuance of the battle, but also as a result of the improved action of weapons. The statement with regard to the proportion of those who died of diseases and wounds to the number of those treated for diseases and wounds is interesting. In the Crimean war 12.2 per cent. of all the sick among the British died, and among the French 16.4. In the Franco-Prussian war the proportion was only 2.1. In the Manchurian war, among the Russians the figure was only 2.1. It is yet too early to speak of the percentage of those who have died from wounds received in the war now in progress, but the above figures bear witness to the great improvement in military surgery and the percentage of deaths will no doubt be small by comparison with some of the campaigns to which allusion is made in the Prussian official statement.

LONDON IN WAR TIME.

The pageant of the streets of London in war time has all sorts of different lessons, according to the mind behind the eyes that watch it. An old Service man, for instance, in the course of a walk down the Strand or Whitehall will find a dozen illustrations of a governing idea where a person without any particular moral to enforce would see nothing but the cheerful sunlight falling on signs of war that once were strange but have already become ordinary. The governing idea in the mind of the old army officer, but by no means, of course, in his mind alone, is the need of more men for the army. Entering his club at the end of his morning's walk, he will give you a list of the superfluous occupations he has mentally catalogued on his way down. There was a strong-looking man polishing up the Duke of Devonshire's statue. Why could not the Duke have been left a little dimmed until the war was over? Another able-bodied man had been discovered in St. James' Park cleaning the winter's dirt off the penny chairs. Why should he not be helping to clean away the dirt of the trenches? The sight of a couple of fine horses pulling a furniture van suggested to him how much more usefully occupied they would be in bringing food from the docks. Passing a mechanic laying electric wires in the street, our patriot had asked himself why he was not, instead, somewhere in France laying a wire from the batteries to the firing-line. Street-cleaners, innocently engaged in making the place tidy, had prompted the reflection that we might well put up with a little dust until the dust of the great upheaval had been laid, and everywhere the sight of able-bodied men busy with the works of peace had disturbed the placidity of his thought with a certain patriotic irritation.

FRANCE'S EXILES.

The report that the Duke of Orleans has asked to be allowed to serve in the French army is not surprising, nor is the reported refusal of his request, though neither offer nor refusal has any great political importance. The Duke is of a Royal house it is true, but since it became

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import will be brighter in some ways than it was before the war. For the time—there seems to be general agreement on the point—serious novels and other works of the same literary standing suffer more than lightly from the war.

A tendency towards frivolous reading was said to be noticeable before the great event, and the expectation now is that the war will bring a deeper feeling into the literary interests of the general reader. Novelists with whom one talks about this probability had with great difficulty in guessing the direction in which the new interest will turn. There can be few businesses in which the future development makes a greater puzzle than that of the novelist. The war itself must, of course, have some literary fruit, but soldiers at present are too pre-occupied with the making of history to be able to tell of it, and those who come over from the front on leave are reticent, almost as much from this inarticulateness of pre-occupation as from discretion.

THE HATED HALF-BRICK.

There is one Prussian officer now "convalescing" in his native country who cherishes a quite special hate for England and her methods of warfare. This officer—and I tell the story as it was told me by an American friend who heard it from the man's own lips—was recently in command of a small detachment who were holding a farm building against our men. The British attack was vigorously pressed, and one by one the Germans were killed or wounded. The officer almost alone remained unhurt to meet the final charge of the enemy, and he was preparing to sell his life as dearly as he could when a British soldier with a "disgusting chuckle" seized a broken half-brick and knocked him senseless. The officer (I forget how) subsequently rejoined his own army, and soon afterwards received in an orthodox fashion the wound from which he is now recovering. But the abrasion on his scalp is what is really troubling him, and he declared to my informant that it must be due to this not being considered an honorable wound that he failed to get the Iron Cross for his defence of the farm building.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

It is understood in official quarters in Whitehall that in consequence of the pressure of work which has developed upon His Royal Highness not only in his capacity as Governor-General but in connection with the organization and inspection of the Canadian forces, several officers are immediately to be sent out to Ottawa to join the Duke of Connaught's staff as additional members. These will represent each arm of the military service, and they will also be at the disposal of the Dominion Government for consultation purposes. Letters which have just been received here from members of the suite of the Duke and Duchess speak in glowing terms of the labors of their Royal Highnesses and Princess Patricia, and add that the health of the dual family has seldom been better.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

A Millionaire's Wife.

(The Philadelphia "Public Ledger.") Not even the possession of fabulous wealth can stay the course of mortality. Perhaps the death of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller is of no great significance to the world, but it serves to recall that the simple life can be lived in spite of the embarrassment of vast wealth.

When one is determined to adhere to the elemental virtues and is content with the elementary pleasures, life ceases to be complex and distracting. It is they who deliberately cultivate a taste for the artificial, who accustom themselves to exotic stimulants, who permit themselves to be placed in rivalries that are extraneous, to whom life is taxing beyond endurance.

Cherished Her Future Husband. Mrs. Rockefeller was content with old friends, familiar paths and normal occupations. She might have had anything else, everything else, that money could buy; but these gave her happiness, a quiet contentment, and a sphere of influence that she felt to be ample for her powers. And it is all so natural that it sounds amazing. Perhaps, however, it holds the lesson that American women need most to-day.

Mrs. Rockefeller was seventy-six, and had been ill for a year. Mr. Rockefeller and his son were away from home at the time of the death. In the grammar school at Cleveland she met John D. Rockefeller when they were fifteen years old, says the Chicago Tribune.

Rockefeller was a country boy. She was the daughter of one of Cleveland's leading citizens. His home was a little farmhouse, hers one of Cleveland's handsomest residences. Laura Spelman's schoolmates knew her as a quiet, studious girl who would rather read a good book than go to the theatre, as a devout churchgoer, and as a girl who was always well dressed in good taste. At high school she caused some surprise by taking not only the prescribed course but book-keeping and other commercial studies little pursued by young women in those days.

During the days of Rockefeller's early manhood, when he saw the hopes of a college education fade away, and soon thereafter, when he tramped the streets of Cleveland for weeks in a seemingly hopeless search for work, Miss Spelman encouraged and cheered him. Soon after he had established himself in business, she left Cleveland to complete her education at Worcester, Mass. She returned when she was twenty years old and taught in Cleveland's public school.

In 1892 Miss Spelman became assistant principal of the school. Rockefeller, absorbed in business, took the books of his firm to her of an evening, and together they would go over his affairs. Both of them were interested together in church work, too; she as a Congregationalist, he as a Baptist.

Young Rockefeller prospered beyond his fairest hopes. As soon as he felt that he could ask her to become his wife he did so. They were married on September 8, 1864, the eve of her twenty-fifth birthday, and started to keep house in a little two-story brick residence on one of Cleveland's side streets. Upon her marriage Miss Spelman became a Baptist, and to her religion and her home she devoted her entire time.

To be a good wife and mother is the highest and hardest privilege of a woman, was one of the sayings accredited to her by the little circle of friends she knew at this time. The borders of her world were her home. Her whole life was wrapped up in her husband and children.

Frugal Even When Rich.

When Mr. Rockefeller's wealth was mentioned in seven figures they left their first home for a residence remarkable only for its unpretentiousness, on Euclid Avenue, Cleveland's "mile of millions." Here Mrs. Rockefeller reared her four children; a fifth died in infancy.

The training given the Rockefeller children by their mother is declared to have been almost Spartan.

"AND I AM SATISFIED."

(By H. M., in the Times, London.) They told a Spartan woman long ago Her son had fallen as he faced the foe. And "bury him," she said, with steadfast face "And let the younger brother take his place."

They told a woman yesterday in France Her son was killed. She flashed a sudden glance From shining eyes. And "promise me," she cried, "Victory to France: and I am satisfied."

If aluminum ware is handled until full of dents, it can be hammered into shape again, which is one reason why it is the most economical ware a housewife can use.

If you are in the habit of lending books, it pays to keep name of book, name of the person who has it and date of loan. Then cross out the name when the book is returned.



Germany's Torpedoes.

Germany was one of the very first nations to recognize the possibilities of the torpedo. She began to create a torpedo flotilla in the late seventies of the last century, under the direction of the present Naval Secretary, Grand-Admiral von Tirpitz. In 1880 or the following year the firm of Schwartzkopf had produced a torpedo which, it was claimed, far surpassed the best Whitehead model in speed and accuracy. This weapon, which was approximately 14 in. in diameter, was purchased by the State, and continued to be the standard German model for many years. Meanwhile the construction of fast and weatherly torpedo-boats was carried on with great energy. As early as 1892 the surprising efficiency of the German flotillas was attracting the attention of foreign observers, among them the late Sir William Laird Clowes, who paid tribute to the skill with which the torpedo was handled in the German service. A few years later an impenetrable veil of secrecy was cast over the development of this arm, and practically nothing was known of subsequent improvements.

Young Man,

If you are thinking about buying a BLUE SERGE SUIT, better see our stock first. We specialize on Blue Serges, and carry a splendid stock of never-fade Indigo Blues from \$20 to \$25. As to fit and style, you 'shouldn't worry.' Leave it to us and you will get the best that's going. SPURRELL BROS., 365 Water Street.—apr16,eod,tf

Odd Fishes.

It is said that at one time the Icelanders taught tame bears to jump into the sea and catch seals. In China birds do equally well, for at a signal they dive into the lakes and bring up large fish grasped in their bills. In Greece the fishermen use branches of pine steeped in pitch and lighted; the inhabitants of Amorog used cypress-leaved cedar, which served, when lighted, as a lure; and the Chinese fish in the night with white-painted boards placed in a manner to reflect the rays of the moon upon the water. These attract the fish to the boat, when the men cast a large net and seldom fail to draw out considerable quantities. Anchovies are fished for in a similar manner.

LITERATURE.

I like a rattling story of whiskered buccaners, whose ships are black and gory, who cut off people's ears. A yarn of Henry Morgan warms up my jaded heart, and makes that ancient organ feel young and brave and smart. I like detective fiction, it always hits the spot, however poor in diction, however punk in plot; I like the sleuth who follows a clue o'er hill and vale, until the victim swallows his medicine in jail. I like all stories ripping, in which some folks are killed, in which the guns go zipping, and everyone is thrilled. But when I have some callers, I hide those books away, those good old soul enrallers which make my evenings gay. I blush for them, by jingo, and all their harmless games; I talk the highbrow lingo, and swear by Henry James. When sitting in my shanty, to "have my picture took," I hold a work by Dante, or other heavy book. But when the artist's vanished, I drop those dippy pomes, old Dante's stuff is banished—I reach for Sherlock Holmes.

A BIG RAID ON FAKE PHYSICIANS.

New York, April 22.—Police authorities said to-day that one of the fifty-four operators of medical museums and their assistants arrested here yesterday in one of the most sweeping raids upon alleged medical impostors ever conducted in this city, had promised to appear in court to-day and make a confession. His statement, the police asserted, will reveal the workings of a system of national scope for extorting money by fraudulent physicians and false methods of diagnosis. The chief operator of the museums under arrest here is alleged by the police to have accumulated a fortune of more than \$1,000,000 by operating a chain of medical offices with free museums as "feeders" in New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh and half a dozen other cities.

Stafford's Phoradone Cough and Cold Cure is sold everywhere or all kinds of Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and various Lung Troubles.—apr5,tf

Use old table napkins for glass and china towels.



BUT THIS IS HOW HE DID IT

