

LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, August 11th, 1919.
THE PRINCE'S TOUR.

There is much personal interest in the Prince of Wales's tour to the New World. He has developed a good deal since the armistice and has thrown himself into public affairs. He gave up dancing about six weeks ago when he found that public matters required so much of his energy. One point which our American friends will doubtless note is that, compared with King Edward when he made his great tour as Prince of Wales—or rather as Baron Renfrew—the Prince, like most modern young men, lacks staying power. King Edward could dance up to five in the morning and be at a review at eight, and keep up that sort of thing for four or five days. Canadian and American society, however, will not make the onerous calls on the Prince that they made on his grandfather. The Prince of Wales promises to develop into a very ready and agreeable public speaker. There was a long gap in such among our Princes from the time of Charles I., whose elegant flow of appropriate words on fitting occasions was in agreeable contrast with the pedantic, pompous, and utterly prosy harangues of his father, James I. The next good Royal speaker was the Prince Consort, Queen Victoria's husband, who was also a scholar, though laborious, as was his fourth son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. His eldest, the late King Edward, was somewhat husky, but agreeable to listen to; while his third, the Duke of Connaught, is straightforward and therefore appealing. King George always gives the impression of having deeply thought out his words before speaking, and of not being quite sure how they will be received; but the Heir-Apparent goes another way to work. His full-dress speeches are carefully prepared, and he then sets himself to the task of turning them into the semi-colloquial style of the young man of five-and-twenty. It is only when he is thoroughly satisfied that the sentences sound like himself that he attempts to memorise them.

THE NEW FIELD-MARSHALS.

With the award of batons to General Plumer and Allenby there are now a round dozen of British Field-Marshal, of whom seven—Haig, Egerton, the Emperor of Japan, Wilson, Foch, Plumer and Allenby—have been made during the war. Lord French of course received his baton the year before the war broke out. The senior Field-Marshal is the Duke of Connaught, promoted in 1902, and the Emperor of Japan and Marshal Foch are the only foreigners on the roll. It is believed that the King of the Belgians will shortly be added to the list. The King of Spain may also in due course receive the honour. At present he is the senior General of the British Army. The above appointments will no doubt be received with general approval. General Plumer the veteran of the Generals, commands the affection and admiration of the whole Army, and General Allenby's wonderful work in the East merits every recognition it can receive.

SIX DECISIVE BATTLES.

"One of the six decisive battles of the war," said Lloyd George, referring to the victory won by Lord French and his handful of Contemptibles and Territorials when the way to the Channel ports was barred at the first battle of Ypres. What are the other combats on the Premier's list? He gave no hint, but we shall all agree on most of the battles. The first battle of the Marne, the first battle of Ypres, the battle of Jutland, the second battle of the Marne, and the second battle of Cambrai with the accompanying struggle for the Canal du Nord—those are five great stages in the checking and defeat of Germany. But what is the sixth? Nancy, where De Castelnau held Lorraine and made it possible for Joffre to stand on Marne? Tannenberg, which made the war a long one and gave the Germans a superiority in the East, never afterwards lost? Esdræon, where Allenby's cavalry and aeroplanes ended the Turkish Empire? The Austro-German check at the Piave after Caporetto, when the Italians and their allies rallied and kept Italy in the war? I fancy Lloyd George himself would put all these aside in favor of Verdun, greatly though he values Allenby's work.

THE WAR OFFICE RIFLE RANGE.

It seems that the War Office has determined not to be caught napping when the next war comes. In the basement of the War Office has been arranged a rifle range for the female staff. The attendance at present is crowded, and one marksman lamented that, as it was quite impossible to get any practice at six o'clock in the evening, she had promised to try and be there at half-past nine in the morning to meet friends who also might be courageous enough to get to the War Office at such an unearthly hour. Perhaps the War Office is more sub-

tle than might be believed. While it is producing Amazons it is also including early hours.

M. CLEMENCEAU'S LATEST "MOT."

Another piece of M. Clemenceau's wit is delighting the town. At a meeting of the Inter-Allied Committee last week there was a question what time they would resume in the afternoon. Signor Tittoni did not want it too early, because he liked to have his siesta early in the afternoon. Mr. Lansing did not want it too late, for he wanted to have his drive in the Bois and then his siesta before dinner. M. Clemenceau then summed up. "The meeting will be at three," he said. "Signor Tittoni can sleep before it, Mr. Lansing can sleep after it, and Mr. Balfour and I can sleep during it."

"GLOBE" CHANGES HANDS.

"The Globe," London's oldest evening paper, has changed hands several times in the last fifteen years. Now Robert Donald, a wealthy Liberal journalist, has bought it from Mr. Maxse, the well-known Imperialist and tariff reformer. Previous changes of proprietorship have always left the paper unaltered in two things—its politics have been high Tory, and its color pink. Donald was until towards the end of last year the editor of the London "Daily Chronicle," but resigned and sold out when a particularly strong Lloyd George group bought up the newspaper for political propaganda purposes.

THE SEASON.

A social observer of many seasons sends the following note on the season that has just closed. It is, of course, stretching the word to talk of a "season" at all nowadays. In the old days a "season" meant the time when a restricted number of people came to town with their families to live a certain round of town enjoyment and to see a good deal of one another. Nowadays if the season has any meaning it means the time of the year when everyone who has money to spare comes to town to enjoy themselves as they may. But dealing with the class who used to keep the old season one would say that the present season began by being rather violent and ended in something like a return to old conventions. There was never so little

entertaining and yet there was so much, which is to say that there was very little entertaining on the grand scale and a vast lot of entertaining in a small way. Apart from the St. House ball and one or two others there were no great balls, but everyone was giving "little dances" with hardly any preparation. Many girls had not worn a ball dress for four years, and there was a generous reaction after hard work, with the result that a good many of the remaining conventions gave way. One result of these small dances with no arrangements for sitting out and rather small space because of part of the house being shut up was the custom of walking in the street between dances. Many of the West End squares were rather peculiar sights in the summer evenings. The custom went further. Young men often took their partners for drives in taxis between dances. Things got rather extreme. Towards the end of the season, however, a perceptible reaction set in. Women began to insist on their partners wearing gloves, and going into the street between the dances became not quite the thing. The dances, too, began to change, and the old-fashioned waltz came in a good deal at the end. As to the older people, there were plenty of dinners and bridge parties, but all on short notice. About the middle of the season the servant difficulty became less pressing, and now one hears comparatively few complaints. Most people have not resumed their footmen, and maidservants are being retained in all the clubs and in most houses. There has been an unusual amount of race-going and a great deal of betting.

TO CORRESPONDENTS!

Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their real names, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. In future no correspondence will be considered unless this rule is adhered to.

CLOSE TO EARTH.

I never yet have ridden in an airplane or balloon, although I've often been hidden to board one and go skidding around the smiling moon. In motor cars I've gadded, but I'm not keen to fly; until the earth is padded, with velvet cushions ad-

ded, I will not soar on high. I note the plane and scan it, but if I fell from that, the jolt would shock the planet, and all the folks who man it, and leave the buildings flat. I hold it right and proper for youths to tour the air; for they're as tough as copper, and if they come a cropper they do not need to care. But my old blood is chilly, I limp in many styles; and I'd look rather silly if I fell, willy-nilly, about a dozen miles. My years are three score seven, and I'd lose dignity, if I came down from heaven, some fourteen leagues or seven, and landed in a tree. I hear the air fans calling, "Come with us if you please!" The sport is too appalling for one whose beard is falling, all snowy, to his knees. Let reckless youth unravel the cloudland's mystery; the soil on which I travel, the unpolished gravel, is good enough for me.

Household Notes.

A length of white oilcloth spread on the bed can be used instead of a cutting table. Never sew at a sewing machine with the light facing you. Let it come from the left. An excellent, hearty salad is made with cottage cheese, tomatoes, eggs, olives and lettuce. A large cork, first rubbed on the scouring cake and then the knives, cleans them well. Prunes stuffed with cream cheese and served on lettuce leaves are another good salad. Put hard, dry lemons in a pan of hot water for two hours. Keep at an even temperature.

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JELLY BEANS,

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29 cases No. 1 SALMON.
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100 SMOKED SALMON.
SKIPPER SARDINES.
FRENCH SARDINES in OIL.25 cases Campbell's Soups, asstd.
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VALENCIA ONIONS
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Friday and Saturday,

The Cosiest Place in Winter, the Coolest Place in Summer.

JEAN SOUTHERN, in

"A MOTHER'S ORDEAL."

A fine, strong dramatic story that will prove of absorbing interest to the spectator.

Also, "The Friend's Husband"

And a Humorous Cartoon.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

Hindoo Widows Burned

AT HUSBANDS' FUNERALS.

On Monday, Aug. 30, 1838, at Udaipur, in north-west India, its Maharajah, or "great king," Junah Singh, died, and when his body was consumed on the pyre, two of his queens and six of his concubines were burned to death at the same time. Such self-sacrifice is called "suttee," or properly "sati," meaning "good woman" or "true wife," because it was expected as a proof that she was faithful to her deceased husband. It was regarded as showing the affection that she had felt for him during this life, and she desired to attend him, if he needed any such partner, in the future one. It had been thought, however, that women were taught their duty as a means of a successor getting rid of the burden of supporting them, especially as they might not marry a second husband. Lord William Cavendish Bentinck, when Governor-General of India from 1828 till 1835, had formally abolished these "suttees" on December 7, 1829, but they continued occasionally to take place as on this occasion. On March 1, 1877, several wives of Sir Jung Bahadur, Prime Minister of Nepal, a State on the south-west slopes of the Himalaya Hills, thus perished. The Greeks found this custom in India when they reached it, under Alexander the Great, in b.c. 327, but the original ancient laws of India required of a widow only to lead a chaste life. Akbar, the greatest sovereign of Hindustan, from 1556 till 1605, made the earliest attempt to stop it. But as late as 1905 a "suttee" was held in Behar, a district of Bengal, and the British rulers were obliged to sentence to penal servitude those who assisted on that occasion.

Suggestion on Eczema

It will take just a few moments to stop in and ask your druggist what his experience has been in the way of grateful customers with the soothing wash of ointment, D.D.D. Your money back unless the first bottle relieves you. Try D.D.D. to-day.

D.D.D.
THE Lotion for Skin Disease

Imprisonment in a Good Cause.

Edward T. Leech, editor of the Memphis Press, sentenced to imprisonment for ten days for contempt of court, was escorted to jail by a procession of automobiles, while the crowds in the street cheered Mr. Leech as he passed, says an American paper.

It is not contended that the editorial which caused Mr. Leech's imprisonment attacked anybody by name. It merely undertook to describe certain political conditions in Memphis, and the description was so impressive that Mr. Leech was sent to jail for contempt of court.

What constitutes contempt of court in cases arising outside of a courtroom is always a debatable question, but as long as there are Judges who use their power and office for political purposes, there will be citizens who

speak their mind regardless of the threat of imprisonment. When this power is invoked to stifle criticism of political conditions in any city, it is apparent that these conditions need serious attention of the people. The methods invoked to prevent attacks are more eloquent than anything that the most scathing critic could say. Imprisonment for contempt of court in this instance will do no harm to the editor of the Press, and it may mark the beginning of a much-needed municipal house-cleaning in Memphis.—Sydney Record.

BUILDING NEW VESSEL.—The new auxiliary schooner which has been under construction for some time at Botwood for the A.N.D. Co. is expected to be launched in a few days. She will be about 500 tons, and is said to be the best ever turned out in Newfoundland. She will be engaged in the foreign trade with Lieut. Stan Duder, R.N., in command.

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NEW EGYPTIAN ONIONS in Sacks,

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Pure Gold Jelly Powders.
Pure Gold Icing Sugar.
New Pearl Tapioca.
Flake Tapioca.
Pearl Tapioca in 1 lb. pkgs.
Quick Tapioca.
Dromedary Dates.

Borax—1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. packages.

Mol's Pure Fruit Syrups.
Due Saturday or Monday:
Bananas.
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New Apples in barrels.
New Potatoes.

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