

LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, Aug. 31.
KING RETRENCHES.

King George has just called for a return to be submitted to him showing the names of everyone in his employ in no matter what capacity, the salaries or wages they are paid, and the duties they perform. This is following upon the Premier's call for economy in all Government departments. The King proposes to go through this carefully so soon as it is complete, and all who are then found to be unnecessary will either be found other positions or will be removed from the Royal service. The King hopes to make a very considerable saving on the charges of the Court, but will see that no one suffers hardship through these economies.

THE CRISIS IN CLUBLAND.

London clubland, which used to be such a flourishing part of the social life of the first city in the Empire, is passing through the most critical period in its history. To outward appearances the clubs, which have made Pall Mall and Piccadilly famous throughout the world, are the same as ever. There is a daily coming and going among their membership which would betoken a return to something like pre-war conditions. But those who probe a little deeper, or who, worse still, are responsible for the management of a club at this juncture, are anything but easy in their minds. The finances of the average club would be strained in any case in these days of high prices of food, labor, and so on, but there is the opposition of members to pay increased subscriptions and the disinclination of new members to join which complicates the problem to a disturbing degree. There are also the necessary capital outlays for repairs and alterations, which are more insistent than usual after the enforced neglect due to the war, and in the past club financiers have not always been conspicuous for their foresight in laying by money for a rainy day.

THE WOMEN'S LEGION.

The Women's Legion of motor drivers seems to be demobilizing more quickly than was generally supposed, and now the school at Teddington has been closed. The Legion, which was started by Lady Londonderry, its present head, in 1915 to provide drivers for motor ambulances and army service vans and cars, has done splendid work here and in France. The other branches of the Legion supplied trained cooks and waitresses for the army, and for a long time had its headquarters at the Duke of York's School in Chelsea. It was the successful work done by these drivers, cooks, and waitresses for the army that convinced the army authorities that it would be safe to employ women in still larger numbers and under the discipline to which they had proved amenable both at home and abroad. The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, the Women's Royal Naval Service, Women's Army Service Corps, and the Women's Royal Air Force were direct developments of the Women's Legion.

OUR SUBMARINE SUPREMACY.

Rear-Admiral Douglas L. Dent has just taken up his duties as chief of the Submarine Service. He succeeds Rear-Admiral S. S. Hall, who had been in charge of Britain's under-water flotillas since the beginning of 1915. During the four years of Admiral Hall's command the submarine service made extraordinary progress. When the war opened this country was by no means

well supplied with effective submarines. She possessed a great many boats, but the majority were too small for ocean going duty, whereas all but two of the German boats were capable of longer voyages. Lord Fisher lost no time in making good the deficiency, and placed big contracts for submarines of various types, including the 24-knot steam-driven "K" boat. Altogether about 150 new submarines were built or ordered during the war. Their duties were of the most diverse character. In addition to maintaining a continuous patrol of the German coast they helped to convoy food ships and transports, and themselves sank 20 German U-boats besides dozens of enemy surface craft. Britain's total loss in submarines was 53 boats, more than half of which were obsolete, and of this total only 35 were destroyed by enemy action. Despite the cutting down of the shipbuilding programme the Admiralty is resolved to maintain the lead which Britain has now gained over all rivals in the numbers and quality of submarines.

PASSING OF THE EAGLE HUT.

Since August, 1917, when the first batches of American soldiers began to arrive in London there has been no more familiar building in the Strand than the Eagle Hut. Now its useful career as the headquarters of the American Y.M.C.A. in London comes to an end, and the premises have been taken over by the Chief Commissioner of Police for the use of recruits who have been taken on to replace those who were dismissed in connection with the recent police strike. The hut has been one of the most interesting histories of any war club in London, and many associations and memories will cling about it that will make it an object of pilgrimage for every American visitor to this country for years to come. It is estimated that since its opening over 3,000,000 meals have been served under its roof, and hardly one of its 410 beds has ever been unoccupied for a single night. The original cost of building and equipment was £20,000, (\$100,000) half of which the American Y.M.C.A. are receiving as purchase money from the police authorities. The Eagle Hutters, as they came to be called, did useful service during the period of air raids, and the hut itself was hit on one occasion, but suffered only slight damage. The new comers are allowing the League of Nations to arrange tours and give information to American soldiers on leave to retain a room in the building, and Americans in uniform will be cared for in the Grafton Hotel.

RETURN OF THE CRIMINAL.

Lord Buckmaster tells us that "hunger, bankruptcy, and revolution will soon be knocking at our doors." However that may be, the burglar is knocking at them already and is getting inside our houses with rather alarming success. All wars have been followed by an increase in crime, and the last war is proving no exception. House raiding in the holiday season is no new thing, but some districts here are suffering from it with unusual severity. Attacks on shopkeepers' cash tills are significantly frequent, and the latest development is the raiding of the booking offices' cash at railway stations. The other day a robbery was brought off successfully at a station in the West of London, and another is reported from an important station just beyond Croydon, in the south-west portion of the Metropolis. Amazing stories are told daily in the newspapers here of robberies by gangs of shop thieves riding about in motor

cars, and of motor cars left unattended. There is abundant evidence that the criminal class of London, having done its bit with others in the war, and being now demobilized, has returned to its civil avocation with an energy and daring that will need to be sternly repressed. If, as Lord Buckmaster prophesies, we are facing a time of civil disorders, no police force is likely to be adequate for the protection of life and property in great cities. The householders will have to defend himself and his goods as best he can.

LONDON'S NEW AIR SERVICE.

The new London-Paris Air Service had a good start on August 25th, the machines doing the journey out and home in scheduled time, and without mishap of any kind. Needless to say there is nothing new in the adventure. For many months past aeroplanes with passengers and mail matter have flown to Paris and back. It was Bonar Law's ordinary method of transit to and from the Peace Conference, and flights such as this were to airmen during the war things of no consequence. In normal weather conditions the job is an easy one for an experienced pilot. The difficulty will come when the foggy weather sets in and complicates the task of landing. At Hounslow (the London terminus) lies in the broad valley of the Thames it is not appreciably freer from fog than any other locality outside London, and unless some means can be found for dissipating fog a continuous service in practically all weathers cannot be made. Did not Sir Oliver Lodge some years ago give attention to this subject, and conduct experiments which indicated that success could be reached? It is true that English fogs are not what they were a generation ago. Not for several years have we had what used to be called a "London particular." Smoke prevention and the use of electricity have done wonders. But the mists which roll up the Thames from the Essex marshes in autumn and winter are as dense as they were when Tacitus wrote of the Britain which Caesar knew, and there is no cure for them. They are as unalterable as the latitude. This is the real handicap upon aviation for passenger mail services.

Our Book Column.

"Maclean's" for September is an unusually good number. Among the contributors are—Baroness Orczy, Robert Service and C. H. Cahan, K.C. "On Leave" by Harry Bailey is a London society story.

"Evil Spirits" by W. A. Fraser is a fine account of Bulldog Carney a story of the North-West, full of action. "Evil Spirits" is a man's story.

An interesting account of the training of the Polish Army in Canada by Major Young, Adjutant of the Polish Army Camp at Niagara is also included.

Baroness Orczy's "His Majesty's Well Beloved" is a story up to her usual style and time.

"Teddy Bear" by Robert W. Service, is a pathetic little poem entirely different from Service's usual style. It is in a different Service style, but quite as good as any other written by the author of songs of a Sourdough.

"Rough Rhymes of a Padre" by "Woodbine Willie" (G. A. Studdert Kennedy, M.C., G.F.) This little volume is the expression of a most curious and energetic character and it gives a most lurid picture of the intellect of the soldier trying hard to fathom the difficult problem of a world seemingly given over to hatred and fighting. Mr. Kennedy seems to have understood his men better than any other Chaplain who has ever published a book so far. Mr. Kennedy possesses a bold and daring style, resembling somewhat Rudyard Kipling except that whereas Mr. Kennedy verges on the almost sublime, Mr. Kipling is the very opposite.

"For to do more than you can is to be a British man. Not a rotten 'also ran.'" (The Sprite.)

"Rough Rhymes of a Padre" is published by the well known firm of Hodder and Stoughton in Toronto.

"French Windows" (John Ayscough). In this book the author gives life pictures of the French and Belgian peasants and soldiers. Mr. Ayscough is remarkably intimate with both Nationalities. His book displays a great love of the French and of France itself. He does not seem so much at home in his Belgian sketches as in his French ones. His creed and calling gave him special opportunities for getting into touch with all sorts and conditions of men, but only a man with his sympathy and insight into character could turn his conversations with those men into such a good account. The sketches in which our own soldiers figure have a beauty and truth which most of us can all recognize and enjoy while to most English readers the presentation of the soul of the French soldier—peasant will be a revelation. To say that the book is published by Longman's is a sign that "French Windows" is a good book.

When the pineapple leaves come out with a gentle pull the apple is ripe. Serve cold baked beans, seasoned with chopped onions, in a bowl of lettuce.

Canadian Pacific
Station Agent was
Compelled to Quit

"All The Boys At This End Of The Line Talking About My Recovery," He Says.

"When the boys come by and see me back on the job looking like my old self they always holler at me to know what has brought about the wonderful change, and I always shout back, 'Tanlac,' said A. E. Rawley, the popular telegraph operator at Welsford Station on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and living at Westfield Beach, New Brunswick, in relating his remarkable experience with the medicine, recently.

"My recovery has not only surprised me," continued Mr. Rawley, "but all the boys on this end of the line are talking about it. Pulling through what I have suffered back into health and strength seems more like work of a miracle than of medicine, for I had disappeared of living much longer."

"My health suddenly gave way four years ago following a severe attack of grippe, which settled in my stomach. My food would sour, causing gas and such a pressure through my chest that I could scarcely breathe. Sharp pains would suddenly strike me in the chest, keeping me in agony for hours, and at night I would have to get up and walk the floor to keep from smothering. One day, about a year after my trouble started, I began vomiting and kept it up almost incessantly for four days, and I thought sure my life would end there. I had to be carried to a hospital for treatment after which I felt in fair condition for a few weeks and then another attack came on me with great pains in my stomach and intestines which would last for hours. At first these spells came about once a month, then twice a month and then every week and got me down to where I just couldn't work at all. In fact, I lost fifty pounds in weight and had to give up my position as station agent and do nothing but try to find relief. Then I went to another hospital for treatment, then another, making three in all, and tried every medicine I knew of or that was suggested to me, but kept getting worse. I had no idea I could live much longer and, of course, had little hope of ever getting any better."

"Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, under the personal direction of a special Tanlac Representative."

Household Notes.

When possible a refrigerator should be connected with a separate drain. When baking bread near dinner time economize fuel by baking the dinner.

Vegetable or fruit cocktails take the place of a salad and are easily prepared.

Every bit of chicken and broth left over should be scrupulously looked after.

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Is made in an instant in the cup, as clear as wine and of the strength desired by each person to be served. No mussy grounds—no coffee pot to clean—no "left over" to be thrown away.

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COOKED CORNED BEEF,
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FRESH EGGS,
Early Hatched.Early June Peas,
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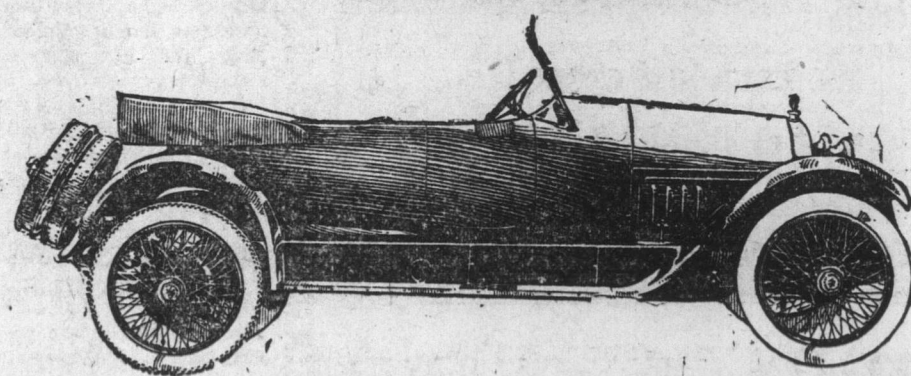
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to be seen at BISHOP

Dramas
and

The Secret of the

BY THORNTON HALL.
(In Two Acts.)

It was an evil of fate that took
lovely, high-spirited Sophie Doron
of Celle to Hanover to be the wife
George Louis (Later George I.,
England), the most loutish and
absolute Prince in Europe; and it
an evil omen that, when she stood
the altar beside her suitor, the
groom, the Royal Chapel was plun-
ged into darkness as of midnight, and
striking of the storm outside drove
the voices of priests and chorists.

Wedded to a husband whom she
spised and detested, who treated
brutally and flaunted his love-affair
before her eyes, and hedged round
rigid etiquette in an atmosphere
coldness and suspicion, life was
daily misery to her.

"I have no one to love me,"
child (for such she was) piti-
wrote in her diary. "Everywhere
nothing but cold unsympathetic
—I who have always been surround-
with so much affection and to which
it is as necessary as the air I breathe."

Sweethearts Since Childhood

Thus for Sophie Dorothea six
happy years passed, when suddenly
the whole world was transfigured
her by the coming to the Hanover
Court of Philip Konigsmarck,
Swedish Count, one of the hands-
est and most gifted men in Europe
who had won laurels as a warrior
in a hundred battles.

The Count had been the favorite
playfellow and "big sweetheart"
her happy childhood at Celle, and
he returned to her in the prime
handsome manhood, a hero whose
name was on all tongues. Her heart
was empty; here at last was a man
could fill it. She was dying for
of love and sympathy; here was
who could surround her with
and protection.

Can one wonder that the love
their childhood was quick to spring
to life; or that it rapidly grew
passion on whose strong tide
were swept off their feet?

They were halcyon days that
flowed for Sophie and her lover—
of blissful and stolen meetings
they would forget the world in
their arms. And when after a
such golden months the Count
sent to Meiningen to fight against

