POOR DOCUMENT

MC2035

Lord Fisher's "Memories" Set "World Echoes Ringing"

Much in Public Eye at Present — Navy League's Trafalgar Day Success—The Death of Irving—The Soldiers and Work—The Housing Matter—Gossip of the Empire Metropolis.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

London, October 23.—Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher's published "memories" have fairly "set the wild echoes ringing." He is certainly the most abounding and astounding personality we possess. The facts of history, as they affect Lord Fisher, speak for themselves. But for him we should have been more or less caught napping at sea in 1914, and then the game would have been really up.

Lord Fisher collected our fleets from the ends of the earth, modernized our naval ideas, formed a naval buckler round the threatened heart of the empire, and gave us some Nelsonic sea commanders for Der Tag.

Jellicoe, the best of them all, though overshadowed in the cheaper London press by more theatrical personalities, was a Fisher man. From the moment Fisher heard that the Germans were expediting the Kiel Canal contract, and going to complete the work in 1914 instead of 1916, he said "The war will come in 1914," and he trained Jellicoe to lead the navy against that occasion. It was Fisher's hand and brain that planned the Falkland Island battle, too, within ten minutes of his recall to the Admiralty.

The old admiral still has great naval visions. But so he is entitled to. Does he not tell us himself that he enjoys suet pudding and treacle just as much today as he did aboard the Victory in 1854?

Trafalgar Day.

For some years the Navy League has been unfortunate in the matter of weather on the anniversaries of Trafalgar Day. But this week the elements were very kind. In the warm sun of this wonderful St. Luke's Summer the great square was filled with an animated crowd of people admiring the wreaths on the plinth of Nelson's Column. Brightly-colored booths enrolling new members for the Navy League, hawkers selling postcards, copies of The Times of October 22, 1805 (how the news traveled on those days), and models of ships and tanks, and a host of smart embryo bluejackets collecting funds for training ships gave a touch of brilliance to the normally ugly Trafalgar Square.

Long laurel streamers from the column and a skilful decoration of the plinth gave a dignity to the spot which has been the scene of so much vulgar and tasteless advertisement during the last five years. Over all watched Landseer's lions, looking smug and self-conscious in their green attire, and it seemed harder than ever to believe that these massive beasts were hollow.

Musical Lord Mayor.

Every new Lord Mayor of London enters office with the intention of making his year at the Mansion House conspicuous. Some attain this by lavish generosity, but the normal standard of hospitality on the part of the chief magistrate is so high that there is not much more to be done in that direction. Others have won fame by raising large Mansion House funds on behalf of deserving causes. Probably for the first time on record the present Lord Mayor-elect, Sir Edward Cooper, goes to the Mansion House with the hope of doing something for music.

He is an enthusiastic musician and one feels that if the city could be induced to follow him in applying some of its great wealth to the furtherance of London's musical talent a great step forward would have been taken. The city already has its Guildhall School of Music but we may yet see the Mansion House itself being devoted to the worship of the muse. On the business side, Sir Edward Cooper will devote his chief attention to the problems of industrial and commercial reconstruction.

Irving's Death.

The stage will be a great deal poorer by the death of H. B. Irving. An actor of great brilliance, he grew daily more like his father. In all the parts made famous by the late Sir Henry Irving, save perhaps that of Hamlet, it was hard to tell the difference between father and son. Mr. Irving had been ill for some time, and rumors had been circulated so frequently that he was at deaths' door that little heed was paid when first it began to be spoken of at the beginning of last week as what has proved to be a correct one.

Mr. Irving had been little before the public during the last year or two. When he let the Savoy Theatre for an almost unprecedently high figure a short while back, he took a long and well-earned rest. He was a great actor, and some there are who aver that his brilliance was such that he suffered by being the son of his father. Miss Ethel Irving remains the only survivor of the great family still before the theatre-going public.

A Le Bon Heur!

At least one of our London pavement artists did a good strike of business this week. This particular artist selected an admirable pitch, just near a big theatrical club and quite close to the Strand, and executed a really fine charcoal drawing of H. B. Irving in one of his most characteristic roles. He had other pictures in his collection—Lloyd George smiling at Fate, Earl Haig looking like Hindenburg, Beatty with his hat well over one ear, and the usual assortment of hectic dawns and shimmery moonlight landscapes.

But all the coppers were showered in front of "H. B." It was the day of the actor's funeral, and the theatrical fraternity—and sisterhood—could not resist the appeal. The most conservative profession in London, next to the now almost extinct crossing sweeper's, has always been the street pavement artist. For half a century his genius has not soared far above segments of cooked salmon and the mill on the floss. But at last he is "getting a move on," and becoming a sort of daily supplement to the halfpenny papers. The new movement, I gather, is being directed by new recruits, ex-service men who have fought in the great war, and now turned to drawing pictures on the hard London paving stones for a living.

A War Change.

One unmistakable change the war has produced in London. The foreign element is no longer predominantly Teutonic, but Latin. Before 1914, and too long afterwards, Germans were ubiquitous in London, and especially about the city and west end. Now one seldom meets with anyone whom one could positively accuse of being a palpable Hun, though there are suspects who manage to camouflage their nationality rather well. But French, Italians and Belgians abound. Especially are the Italians in evidence nowadays in the city. And one deduces that there is an era of considerable commercial activity about to open up between Italy and this old country.

Germany may experience one of her serious setbacks in the transference of Italian commercial and industrial interests from Berlin to London.

The change in the nationality of our resident foreign population is having its effect on the life of London in many curious ways. The vivacious Latin element is livening up our restaurants and cafes, and adding a dash of color and life to our public occasions. But one notices that the Latin, unlike the German, keeps more to its own company and patronizes American rather than British tailors, and bootmakers. Those who know something about these things tell me that there has been an immense westernizing influence throughout the south of Europe. The Latin races regard the American eagle as the bird least plucked at present in international zoology.

Restoring the Crystal Palace

One sign of the receding "war wave" is the approaching restoration of the Crystal Palace to the nation as a place of recreation. Bought out of public funds a little while before the war, it was taken over by the Admiralty and became the headquarters of Mr. Churchill's naval division. When the zeppelins began to raid London they searched diligently for the great glass house, but never succeeded in hitting it. But they made its inhabitants profoundly uncomfortable, for the orders were that no matter how wet the night the men must turn out of their bunks on an alarm being given and scatter in the grounds, lying down till all was over. A certain number, however, were allowed to take refuge in the railway tunnels which run through the hill on which the palace stands. They were the lucky ones.

Next year a great exhibition will be held by the Imperial War Museum authorities, when the stay at home public will learn by what ingenious devices and organization the war was won. This is expected to remain open for a year or two.

A Theatrical Record.

Last week all long-distance records were beaten by that remarkable musical play, "Chou Chin Chow," at His Majesty's Theatre. It has now run for 1,469 consecutive performances, which just betters "Charlie's Aunt" by three. And there is no apparent reason why "Chou Chin Chow" should not carry on indefinitely. It is still just as popular as ever, and might extend its run to the crack of doom.

Curious to reflect that crowded audiences have been laughing and applauding over "Chou Chin Chow" at His Majesty's since 1915—before the Battle of the Somme was fought or the tanks were invented. Thousands of men whose graves dot the immortal ramparts of freedom on the western front saw "Chou Chin Chow" while in London on leave. Hazards have been lost and won, cities have been destroyed, kingdoms overthrown, maps redrawn; but "Chou Chin Chow" still charms London with the same tunes and scenes and jokes. One wonders how the actors stand it. The strain of vain repetition must become well-nigh unendurable. And nobody could quite account for this abnormal popularity, after all is said, except that the piece is a poor substitute for Gilbert and Sullivan.

The Old 'Arrovian!

Fleet street used to be the happy hunting-ground for astute beggars, mainly for the reason that it is semi-Bohemian and, therefore, though comparatively poor, both sentimental and prodigal. The war banished these mendicants. They did not go into the army. I always fancied they may have found "indispensable" jobs in government offices. They were cute enough for anything. They used to study the newspaper offices from which their victims issued at night and, according to the territorial location, employ the appropriate dorie. They accosted you in broad Scots, West Country or Lancashire, according as you came from a scottish, a West County, or a Lancashire journal's premises in the street. Of course, they often made ridiculous mistakes, but they know how to turn even those to neat advantage.

I fear the tribe is returning. This week a party of three Fleet street men was accosted by a queer stick, who came, bold as brass, out of the doors of a tavern. He was smoking a clay pipe, wore a blue-and-white handkerchief round his unshaven neck, and his beady eyes were alcoholic. "Old 'Arrovian, gents, old 'Arrovian," he said; "come a cropper, clerk in the city for eighteen years. Come a biff. Want a job. Not begging. Tried every office in Fenchurch street ad seriatim!" This alleged Latin was supposed to be the "Old 'Arrovian" touch. But, not being Harrovians, we resisted.

Builders and Housing.

A serious effort is to be made to stop the building of cinemas and other entertainment ventures so long as the housing question is so acute as it is now. During the last session of parliament something of the sort was attempted, but the opposition was too strong chiefly for the reason that the big housing schemes were then not in form to be set going, and there was actually unemployment in the building trade.

The position is now entirely different. Many more men are wanted for the building trade to cope with the schemes in hand or contemplated, and the public feeling behind it may enforce the demand that what building does take place shall be in the direction of making homes for those who cannot at present get them.

Dr. Addison spoke of 100,000 new houses the first year, and 500,000 within five years. If this much-to-be-desired aim is to be achieved, the builders must agree to work longer hours than they are now doing, and waive their objection to the employment on building work of ex-service men now out of a job. Their objection is based on the plea that a building is a variable industry, with intervals when its ranks are partially unemployed. But I am told that unemployment cannot be possible within the next five years or so.

The Soothsayers' Paradise.

The verdict of a police court magistrate that fortune telling is not an offence if the seer conscientiously believes she has the power of looking into the future threatens London with something approaching disaster. It means that multitudes of palmists, clairvoyantes, mediums, and "phychics" will descend upon the capital, and by openly practising thier craft will get all the nervous, hysterical women in the metropolis under their control. As it is, with harassing police regulations, and the liability of fortune tellers to be sent to prison, and number of people carry on the business in secret and grow rich quickly.

Anyone who is clever enough to read fortunes is also astute enough to prove a conscientious belief in her own powers and plenty of amateur practitioners are convinced that there is something "mystic" about their performances.

Paris is reputed to have 35,000 seers of various kinds trading upon public credulity. Similar statistics are not available here, but the number must be very large. If Mr. Bankes' ruling is good law, then the law will have to be altered, for weak women become so fascinated in the cuft that they hang upon the lips of the soothsayers, and pass from exaltation to despair according to the verdict they receive from day to day.

The Disabled in Harness Again.

It speaks well for the patriotic attitude of employers that the king's appeal to them to engage partly disabled men should have met with a fine response. The work of placing these war heroes in berths has been proceeding silently but persistently. Already about 14,000 men have been provided for, and 3,000 firms have taken part in the scheme for finding them work. The unemployment registers no longer present the sad appearance of having long lists of men whom nobody would take. I am told the transformation seen in the men when once they get back into harness again is very remarkable. Constant failure to secure positions had depressed a good many of them, and condemned them to idling their time. They are rejuvenated when they return to industrial life, and generally speaking they find a considerable welcome from their mates.

The War on Cats.

An added reason for energetically prosecuting the national campaign against rats is that Nature herself is sweeping away large numbers of cats. For some days there has been talk of a mysterious disease—a kind of influenza—which is killing off London's cats in wholesale fashion. It is impossible to pretend that the public feel any regret at this scourge. In the interests of peace and quiet at night the epidemic might rage with profitable effect for a considerable time to come.

When chancellors of the exchequer get into difficulties some not altogether disinterested advisers invariably advocate a tax on cats. Without such an impost we shall never know how many cats live and thrive in our midst, but they must run into a million, and half that number appears to be outside one's house when a quiet night's rest is particularly desired.

Count Czernin's Excuses.

Since the fall, and that abject "The woman tempted me and I did eat," there has been nothing more humiliating than Count Czernin's apologia. The whole burden of this once haughty Austrian autocrat's plea is that "Germany made us do it!" He blames Germany for egging them on to pick the quarrel with Serbia, blames her for the eleventh-hour rejection of Lord Grey's pacific proposals, blames her for the treatment of Belgium, shows how the German military commanders, who held everybody in pawn, including the Kaiser, forced them to agree to the unrestricted U-boat war, and finally compelled them to abandon real peace overtures in 1916.

The diplomatic view in London is that, though interesing as confirming the aggressive leadership of Berlin in the world war, these recollections of the Austrian minister are less than frank on the subject of Austria's enthusiastic co-partnership in the greatest crime on earth. In fact, Count Czernin reveals the true psychology of his tribe and caste, the most baleful the world has ever known, by a querulous complaint that Germany, by building only submarines and stopping work on other vessels, might have succeeded in her piracy schemes. The righteous indignation of the companion burglar, who complains in the dock that it would have been all right had his fellow-criminal brought another jemmy, lacks sympathetic appeal.

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

Superintendent of Nursing School Says Internal Bathing Gives Best Results in Constipation.

Dr. R. M. Smythe, President and Superintendent, Dominion School of Nursing, Toronto, writes: "I have much pleasure in sending you a letter recommending the J. B. L. Cascade. I shall also be pleased to do so personally or by 'phone. From personal experience also from my various patients who are using the J. B. L. Cascade I have no hesitation in recommending it to anyone with constipation or any trouble arising therefrom. Its benefits is such cases are felt at once, in my own case as well as others that have come directly under my notice. It has certainly been the means of bringing about many wonderful cures of constipation and various other troubles. I have much pleasure in recommending the Cascade."

If you are troubled with headaches, biliousness, bad breath, rheumatism, sallow complexion, or any trouble arising from imperfect elimination, we would urge you to try Internal Bathing by means of the J. B. L. Cascade. This wonderful health-giving appliance is shown and explained at E. Clinton Brown, Druggist, Union and Waterloo streets, St. John, N. B.; F. W. Munro, Dispensing Chemist, 357 Main street, St. John, N. B.

'Phoe or ask them for free booklet all about it—or write Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, 163 College St., Toronto.

FUND TOTAL FOR THE DOMINION $260,365,992

That Was Amount Known at Noon Yesterday

NEW BRUNSWICK $4,110,750

Charlotte County Going Away Over Allotment — Manitoba Passes $16,000,000 Mark—Storm Interferes in West

Toronto, Nov. 7—The total amount subscribed to the Victory Loan is now $260,365,992, according to reports received up to noon today. This is based on reports from British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Montreal, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, up to Wednesday night and from Ontario up to Thursday night.

The total is divided among the provinces as follows:

British Columbia, $12,440,842.
Alberta, $6,022,650.
Saskatchewan, $4,970,550.
Manitoba, $14,793,800.
Ontario, $148,218,850.
Quebec (including Montreal), $61,506,950.
New Brunswick, $4,110,750.
Nova Scotia, $7,765,500.
P. E. I., $536,100.

Charlotte County Will Do It.

St. Stephen, Nov. 7—Charlotte county will go way over their allotment of $750,000 in Victory Bonds this year. Up to date $565,150 already has been subscribed. St. Stephen, Lepreaux, Campobello and St. David have already won the Prince of Wales flag by exceeding their allotment and the parish of Dufferin has not only won the flag but also one crest. Nearly every section of the county will go over the top.

$16,000,000 in Manitoba.

Winnipeg, Nov. 7—At noon today Manitoba had passed the $16,000,000 mark in the Victory Loan subscriptions. Country returns are now coming in strong and the campaign seems to have taken new life.

Victoria, B. C., Nov. 7—Victoria loan subscriptions here yesterday brought the total for Victoria to $3,025,000.

In Various Cities.

Lethbridge, Alta., Nov. 7—Victory Loan subscriptions of $58,700 on Thursday brought the city's total to $437,900. The objective is $475,000.

Calgary, Nov. 7—Calgary's total in the loan is now $2,891,250, over $150,000 has been raised since yesterday.

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 7—With a subscription for the day of $1,772,665, British Columbia on Wednesday night had raised $12,440,842, or approximately half of its quota of $25,000,000.

Regina, Sask., Nov. 7—Subscriptions to last night amounted to $4,970,550 as compared with $6,610,550 at this date last year.

Winnipeg, Nov. 7—Yesterday was a record day for Victory Loan canvassers and they wrote $336,050 in subscriptions for 1,210 persons, bringing the total to $3,340,650 and the provincial subscriptions to $16,000,000, two millions more than half of the sum allotted to Manitoba.

Blocked by Snow Storm.

Regina, Nov. 7—Reports received by the provincial Victory Loan executive from divisional headquarters in all parts of Saskatchewan tell the same story of the almost complete demoralization of the Victory Loan organization in rural districts as a result of the heavy snow storm of the past week. Roads in all sections are impassable and the use of motor cars is impossible. Such reports as are received by telephone from local canvassing areas and sub-divisional organizations in the districts all state that canvassing is practically at a standstill as it is impossible to get over the country.

C. N. R. Subscriptions.

Moncton, N. B., Nov. 7—Reports received by the Canadian National Railways Victory loan committee up to Thursday night, show that the eastern and transcontinental divisions have exceeded the million mark and are still going strong.

The reports are not entirely complete as there has been wire trouble owing to the recent storm and a few districts have not reported since Wednesday. The exact amount from reports received show that $1,145,800 has been subscribed.

Fort William division is in the lead with $208,900; Levis second with 662 subscribers for $135,250; New Glasgow is closely following with 686 subscribers for $126,400; Moncton shops have 965 for $92,550 while the offices have 481 subscribers for $88,651. Moncton division has now 531 subscribers for $73,550. The general offices have the largest percentage of subscribers in proportion to the total numbers of employes. Prince Edward Island has jumped to $68,000.

A Social Necessity.

Mrs. Newrich (to applicant as chauffeur)—"Y'r all right except your name. My chauffeur's name must be 'James' life in all the society novels I've read."—Judge.

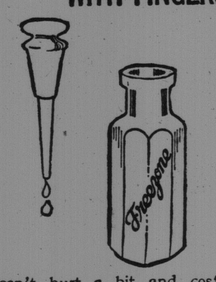
Shave With Cuticura Soap

The New Cuticura Way

Buy Cuticura Soap When You Buy A Safety Razor

And double razor efficiency. No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. After shaving touch spots of dandruff or irritation, if any, with Cuticura Ointment. Then bathe and shampoo with same cake of soap. One soap for all uses. Rinse with tepid or cold water, dry gently and dust on a few grains of Cuticura Talcum and note how soft and velvety your skin. Absolutely nothing like the Cuticura Trio for every-day toilet uses. Soap to cleanse and purify, Ointment to soften and soothe, Talcum to powder and perfume. Sample each free by mail. Address: "Cuticura, Dept. N, Boston, U. S. A."

LIFT OFF CORNS WITH FINGERS



Doesn't hurt a bit and costs only few cents

Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic!

A tiny bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn betwen the toes, and the calluses, without sorenes or irritation.

Freezone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.

I STOPPED MY CATARRH OVER NIGHT

I Gladly Tell How—FREE

HEALS DAY AND NIGHT

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming, or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder, no plaster, no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. **Something new and different**—something delightful and healthful—something instantly successful. You do not have to wait and linger, and pay out a lot of money.

You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured, and my friends are cured and you can be cured. **Your suffering will stop at once like magic.**

I am FREE—You can be FREE

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

SEND NO MONEY

Just write me to-day before you do another thing. Just say: "Please tell me how you cured your catarrh, and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

JAN-O-SUN

59 St. Peter St., Dept. 312. Montreal, Que.

DIEU ET MON DROIT

The Associated Board of the

Royal Academy of Music & the Royal College of Music

LONDON, ENGLAND.

For Local Examinations in Music in British Empire

PATRON: His Majesty the King.
PRESIDENT:
H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, K. G.

The Annual Examinations, both Practical and Theoretical will be held throughout Canada as follows:

PRACTICALS—May or June, 1920 (according to locality.)

THEORETICALS—November 8th next, 1919 and in April, 1920.

Two Gold and two Silver Medals are offered annually also one Scholarship, entitling winner to 2 years free tuition at one or other of the Colleges in London.

These examinations—the highest standard test of musical efficiency in the world to-day—are open to the pupils of ALL teachers of music. The music required for preparation, Syllabus and all other particulars can be obtained on application to

F. WARING DAVIS, Resident Secretary,
777 Sherbrooke Street, MONTREAL.

"77" FOR COLDS

Medical Book sent free.

The feeling of depression preceeding a Cold, si due to a check in the circulation of the blood; the prompt use of "Seventy-seven" restores the circulation; sends the blood coursing through the veins and breaks up the Cold.

"Seventy-seven" also breaks up hard stubborn Colds that hang on, that have not yielded to other treatment.

At all Drug and Country Stores.

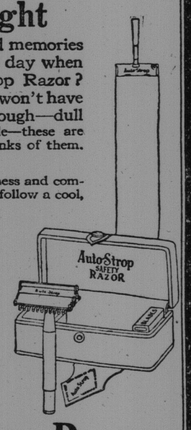
Humphreys' Homeo. Medicine Co., 156 William Street, New York.

He's starting right

Dad knows it. For hasn't he vivid memories of other times, before the eventful day when he bought his cherished AutoStrop Razor? So he is happy to find that his boy won't have to put up with what he went through—dull blades tingling face, half removed stubble—these are the things that make dad wince as he thinks of them. But happily all that is past—to stay.

And now for the boy there is only cleanliness and comfort, the sense of physical well being that follow a cool, clean, satiny shave such as only an AutoStrop Razor can give. This and the fact, that the AutoStrop Razor sharpens its own blades, and is not taken apart for stropping or cleaning, has led thousands of dads everywhere to recommend the AutoStrop Razor to their sons.

The price you pay for an AutoStrop Razor, strop and blades—$5.00—is on deposit till you're satisfied.



AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., Limited
AutoStrop Building, Toronto, Canada

AutoStrop Safety Razor

Are Your Tires Trustworthy?

If your tires are constantly a source of worry you'll want to blame something or somebody—blame yourself. It's your fault if you do not have tires that are trustworthy. There is no need to be in constant dread for thousands of motorists have absolute trust in their tires. They know they will "get there" and back without tire trouble. You can have that sense of security by equipping with

MALTESE CROSS TIRES

"The Tires That Give Satisfaction"

Remember, Maltese Cross Tires possess the limit of reliability.

GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER
LIMITED

Head Offices and Factory: TORONTO

BRANCHES: Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Fort William, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Lethbridge, Vancouver, Victoria.