

## Doctors Say

To have good health it is necessary to use

## PURE SPICES

Therefore, ask for

## COLBURN'S,

and insist on having them, as they are

## Guaranteed Absolutely Pure

1726, St. John's

## LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, Oct. 24th, 1919.

### THE NATIONAL RAILWAY STRIKE.

As I mail this article Great Britain is in the throes of the national railway strike. Train services everywhere have stopped and only irregular and occasional runnings have been arranged by means of volunteer help and to satisfy particular points of popular pressure. The carriage of goods by railway is almost non-existent and therefore the general trade and industry of the country is tied up with a severity which will increase unless the strike is rapidly negotiated off, as seems possible upon the date of mailing this letter. There is no need to amplify here what it means to have all the railways stopped, nor would any further words be wanted to indicate how business men generally fear a further extension of the strike to all transport workers by road and water. Neither is there any need to go into details of the dispute. It is a wage question and both sides appear to have been obstinate. These few lines, however, may indicate that in this letter is mailed conditions in this country are decidedly not good, although the Government, assisted by the newspapers, is trying to put the best possible complexion upon matters.

### A WAY-BILL.

Here is a fairly typical extract from the diary of a Londoner getting home from the city in these days of scarce when the trains are either not running at all or are only available at certain limited points and hours:

5 p.m.—Left office. All buses full. Hoped that private motor would oblige. Walked towards Charing Cross. Waved stick and pulled up several cars, but all said they were going in other directions.

5.45—Piccadilly Circus. Here a number of fine cars at my mercy. Promptly mounted footboard of the largest, and owner-driver said, "Certainly, one outside, but I am only going a short distance."

5.47.—Car reached its destination. On foot again. Knightsbridge in repair and jammed with traffic.

5.50.—Albert Hall. Boarded big closed Rolls-Royce, and while I was trying with the driver the car moved along, but the occupant opened the door and said "Come inside." Someone got inside, said I sat by the driver, who told me he was driving a famous

general home. Car stopped at South Kensington, and I continued my tramp. Attached myself to small motor van and sat with legs dangling over the tailboard. Took me half a mile. On tramp again. Better luck next time.

7.—Wills of West Kensington. Descended at last to horse-drawn wagon, drawn by underfed horse. Discovered state of horse on passing goods by railway is almost non-existent and therefore the general trade and industry of the country is tied up with a severity which will increase unless the strike is rapidly negotiated off, as seems possible upon the date of mailing this letter. There is no need to amplify here what it means to have all the railways stopped, nor would any further words be wanted to indicate how business men generally fear a further extension of the strike to all transport workers by road and water.

8.30.—Barnes and home. Distance covered seven miles. Time 3 1/4 hours. Number of vehicles used (in all) four. Remarks—Next time walk all the way, if in hurry.

### THE STRIKE FROM A DISTANCE.

A correspondent holiday-making on the South Devon coast writes: The railway strike is a dim and distant thing to this happy region. Its sudden advent caused some consternation among the remnants of the summer visitation. Among those who were going back on Saturday to home and business the news that they were cut off visibly delighted the women and children (for the weather is magnificent); only the men (in outward seeming) were angry and disturbed. But all these places now have their motor charabancs, and the enterprising owners quickly posted notices that these would leave on Sunday morning for London at fares about two and a half times the third-class railway fare. Then began our touch of drama. Some of the vehicles were commandeered for the Government before they started. My own village duly got its party away, but that was the last seen of our charabanc. Engulfed in London it never came back, and is now playing a sterner part in the struggle. On Monday a local fish buyer came in on his motor lorry with a thrilling story of how he escaped from the capital, tearing down by-streets and secluded lanes while the military right and left were holding the car. But on Tuesday the fearless patriot was off again with a heavy load of fish for London. The local fishermen (and our village fishes for its living) are not perturbed by the railway stoppage. The nearest towns will be glad to buy all the fish they can catch just now; had it been later, during the herring season, the stoppage would have hit them hard. As it is, with plenty of home-raised food, the life of the villager and of

the holiday-maker goes on untroubled. For three days we had no newspapers, and our last letters from the great world are at the moment of writing five days old, but the philosophic mind can treat these deprivations as blessings. And on Tuesday came what seemed to many the beginning of the end—the wheels of our little local train moved again to make connections with the great main line not moving many miles away.

### STRIKE LEADER THOMAS.

The railwaymen's secretary, J. H. Thomas, has a vast responsibility at the moment, and one would not like to be too critical of his published remarks. But it was a curious figure that he used as the mass meeting of 12,000 railwaymen at the Albert Hall when he spoke of the Government as having "thrown down the gauntlet which may go off as a boomerang." People who are in the habit of losing their gloves might be rather glad of a pair that could be relied on to possess the homing instinct of the boomerang.

### "FIGHTS" AT THE ALBERT HALL.

Talking of the Albert Hall reminds me that those middle-aged citizens who are always delighted to ask what the late Queen Victoria would have thought of this, that, or the other development in present-time affairs have found a fresh topic lately. It appears that a syndicate has secured the Albert Hall for a number of boxing displays, or, as adversaries prefer to describe them, "professional prize fights." A protest is now being publicly raised, partly on the ground that the hall in its inception was designed as a temple of the arts and sciences—as was, indeed, the Crystal Palace in the Southwestern outskirts of London, in the days of the long ago—and partly because Queen Victoria displayed a touching devotion for the building, which, as a matter of fact, she very rarely visited. The point is ignored that the Albert Hall in these times is a great public institution, run on business lines, and is liable to be hired by any promoter of a popular entertainment which is legal, where it is a socialist meeting or a society ball, a boxing encounter or a toy bazaar, a huge dinner or a private firm's dance. It has been used before, I believe, for boxing matches, and no-one except the participants has been any the worse; and where the expected crowd is too large for a music hall, and too small for Olympia, it seems to suit both promoters and patrons remarkably well.

### RESTLESS WINSTON.

I attended a conference one day this week where that most famous but frequently derided British statesman, Winston Churchill, had to keep silent for a full hour while another man spoke. Though he said not one word, he revealed his character by his actions: First he sat at the table. Then he pulled an armchair to the fire, plunged into it, and relit his cigar. Three minutes later he walked to the window and looked out. Next he provided to and fro between window and fireplace, swinging his eyeglasses at the end of their cord. After trying the armchair again he leant with his back against the window with his head on his hand, and so it went on. But he never missed a word of what was said.

### THE BLACK RAT.

That the black rat survives in London there was ocular evidence to-day in the form of a dead specimen in the gutter of Bridge Lane, just off Fleet Street. He was as black and as glossy as a piece of freshly-broken Silken coal, and was quite a shapely and elegant animal, exciting none of that instinctive loathing which the gray Norwegian rat, living or dead, inspires in most people. I had not seen a black rat for nearly thirty years, and that was in an old building where I had a length of matchboarding over a shaft removed for the fun of watching their coming and going and getting into it of all sorts of antics. It is commonly stated that the black rat is extinct in England—that he has been driven out or eaten up by his larger, longer, more ferocious and more cunning gray relative from the north, often called the Hanoverian rat in the belief that it swarmed over England with the arrival of George I. and his German entourage. But the statement clearly is not true; and although there are plenty of gray rats in the purlieus of Fleet Street, there are also some black.

### A \$30,000,000 Deal.

Although he is only thirty-six, Lord Furness, who has just sold certain of his shipping interests for \$30,000,000, is one of industry's keenest captains. When the famous Christopher Furness died seven years ago, he quickly showed that he had inherited his father's remarkable powers of organization, and proved of great help to the Government during the war.

He tells the story of a steamboat which was stranded in the Mississippi. The captain could not get her off. Eventually a hard looking fellow came on board and said he was a pilot.

"Do you know where the sandbanks are?" asked the captain.

"No."

"Well, how do you expect to get me out of here if you don't know where they are?"

"I know where they ain't," was the reply.

## Sir David Beatty's Great Task.

A Bed in the Square.  
We live in Trafalgar Square, with four lions to guard us, with fountains and statues all over the place!  
The 'Metropole' staring us right in the face!  
We own it's a trifle draughty—but we don't want to make no fuss!  
What's good enough for Nelson is good enough for us!

—Recited by Lord Fisher at King Edward's Lunch.

"Lord Beatty's appointment as First Sea Lord, puts our greatest sailor in his natural place. His career fills a proud page of history," says the Daily Mail.

"The First Sea Lord takes office in an era of straitened national finance. It will be his urgent duty to carry through the drastic cutting-down and economy which are necessary in the Navy as in every other Department. The Navy-to-be lies in a present interpretation of the future, and the nation regards Lord Beatty as the man who has the capacity and imagination needed for the long-forward view."

"Sir David Beatty represents more than any other living man the Fisher or tradition, which is the Nelson tradition," says the Times. "Sir David Beatty has proved himself in action; he has now the opportunity of proving himself in administration. Superficially the qualities needed for administration are very different from those of a great leader in action. Essentially, especially in the British Navy at this time, they are the same.

"The man who is to administer the Navy now must have imagination, decision, courage, and devouring energy. He must not be content with the results of the war, immense as they have been. He must look forward, must forecast, the effects of the new engines of sea-power that the war brought near to perfection, must resolve to be the first to exploit new lessons and the wisest in their exploitation. Stagnation must be the bugbear of his days, the nightmare of his pillow. Every influence will oppose him, for those who fear change and detest initiative are always in the majority. He will be criticised and abused, and will need continual strength of mind and character to combat these forces of inertia."

"Sir David Beatty showed these qualities as a battle leader. As a leader of the long peace battle for the soul of the Navy he will need to possess them trebly enforced. That is why Lord Fisher's book is so opportune on the day of Sir David Beatty's definite succession to the post of First Sea Lord. The same post Lord Fisher fought the same battle that Sir David Beatty will have to fight now, and triumphed. His book is the record of the fight, and shows how success has won."

"The doctrine that the changes wrought by the war in the whole balance of sea-power, and in the relative effectiveness of its instruments, involve corresponding changes in the line of development of the Navy, is simplicity itself. But one word of caution must be added. The British Navy, besides being the greatest of war instruments at sea, is a peace instrument at sea as well, for the seas are the ties of the Empire. Before the war the German threat to British sea-power obscured for some years the peace function of the Navy; it was a minor function and had to



## "My Back Is So Bad"

PAINS in the small of the back, lumbago, rheumatism, pains in the limbs all tell of defective kidneys.

Poisons are being left in the blood which cause pains and aches. The kidneys, liver and bowels must be aroused to action by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

There is no time for delay when the kidneys go wrong, for such developments as hardening of the arteries and Bright's disease are the natural result.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Dr. Chase's Medicines at all Drug-gists and Dealers. GERALD S. DOYLE, Water St., St. John's, Sole Agent.



Always insist on a soap that is ALL SOAP.

## Make soap go further.

You can do it this way:

—Insist on getting a soap that is all soap—that is Sunlight Soap.

—You will then be sure of full value in real soap—no impurities.

—For this reason it is easy to economise with Sunlight Soap, because its purity makes it the most economical and, at the same time, the most effective of household soaps.

—Every particle does its work of making your linen clean and fresh.

—Sunlight Soap is guaranteed pure.

—For economy and efficiency insist on SUNLIGHT SOAP.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED,  
PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

## SUNLIGHT SOAP

give place to the major. Now it is restored to its normal place. Sir David Beatty will do well to have an eye to its effects upon the work which he now undertakes."

### Happy Though Old.

"I am the happiest man in the world. It seems to me that I have just begun to live."

Thus Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday. "I am happy because I am still able to work. My mind is as acute as it was twenty years ago. I have my health, which is best of all, and by writing my biography I am keeping my mind occupied. That is the secret of happiness in old age."

Golden rules of happiness and health were once given to the writer by Mr. Frederic Harrison, the famous historian, philosopher and critic, who is still writing vigors at 85.

"Touch not tobacco, spirits, or any unclean thing," he said. "Rise from every meal with an appetite. Walk daily for two hours. Sleep nightly for seven hours."

"Work, work, work. That is what keeps the brain active and the body healthy. I do not intend to grow old. Miss Genevieve Ward, the octogenarian actress, lays down this axiom as the secret of perennial joy. "And keep laughing," she adds. "Undoubtedly cheerfulness leads to a long and happy life."

That she is as happy as anybody in the social work upon which she is engaged is the confession of Mrs. Despard, the veteran Suffragist and sister of Lord French. "It is not that you are happy, but the fact that you are making other people happy, which counts."

Sir Edward Cooper, the Lord Mayor-elect of London, says that he is perfectly happy at seventy-one. "Good health, the ability to enjoy life, ambition, and that true helpmate, a wife go towards making one among the happiest of men."

### Telephonic Newspaper.

An attempt is to be made to introduce into this country the telephonic newspaper which was such a novel success in Budapest before the war.

A special telephone was installed in every subscriber's house, and from the central office the day's news was announced by a clear-voiced speaker. At 9 a.m. you had a call to give you the correct time of day—this being repeated four by hour—and all Stock Exchange fluctuations, murders, and so on came over the phone as they occurred.

At noon you had the news of the day condensed in a clear narrative, and then, keeping the receiver to your ear, you could listen to a snappy story or a thrilling instalment of a serial.

For two hours each afternoon you were telephonically connected—if you wished—with the performance of a famous military band, and on five evenings a week with the Grand Opera House.

And all this for the equivalent of half a crown a month!

Cashin Will Come Back.

### Slips of the Tongue.

A well-known public man in a little Staffordshire town is remarkable for his curious habit of getting hold of the wrong word. Some time ago, for instance, he made his audience laugh by asking them to carry a resolution with exclamation!

At a council meeting in a Midland county, one of the councillors, referring to a recent quarrel, said, "I had been hoping that the hatchet was buried, but it has sprung up again like a mushroom."

A horny-handed son of toil was holding forth at a meeting which had been called to discuss the pros and cons of building a secondary school in the town. "I don't agree with this 'ere 'igher eddication," said the workman. "There was no such thing when I was a lad, and we got on alright before the circulation of the blood was invented."

One often hears queer names for diseases, but here is one, entirely new. Mrs. A. was telling her neighbor, Mrs. B., that she was going to see her daughter, who was in the hospital. "What is the matter with your daughter?" asked Mrs. B. "Why," said Mrs. A., "she's got a garter on her swaller!" What Mrs. A. meant was a garter in her throat.

A noble duke was opening a new club-house, and commented on its situation. He said it reminded him of an incident that occurred to himself one day, when he drew the attention of his caddie to a very fine view that could be obtained on a certain course. "Yes," said the caddie, "it is a very fine panorama."

"I told him that if he did not behave himself he would be detected," said a picture-house attendant when giving evidence in court.

Inquests are not the places where one expects to find humor or cause for laughter, but certainly there were smiles at a Birmingham inquest when one of the witnesses said: "I inhaled a cab. When I got back I found him lying on the sofa. He appeared to be uncannily (uncomfortable) and the policeman said he was unconscionable."

At a local debating society, the

danger of being buried alive was discussed. One of the debaters remarked, "Well, gentlemen, I have come to the conclusion that, although dangers continually surround us while we are alive, we are not even free from them when dead; for then there is the danger of being buried alive."

### From 3d. to \$250 An Hour.

The successful production of the Arnold Bennett's new play, "Sacred and Profane Love," reminds me that it was by winning a prize of twenty guineas offered by "Tit-Bits" for the best humorous condensation of a novel published in these columns that the brilliant author was enabled to strike the road to fame and fortune.

At that time he was short-hand clerk in a London solicitor's office earning 25s. a week. This twenty guinea prize spurred him to further efforts for the "Green Tm." He began to write articles. "When I received a postal order for the first one," he once told me, "I saw the world opening before me like a flower."

He confesses, however, that at that time his average literary earnings did not exceed threepence an hour, a striking contrast to his earnings of to-day, which must work out at something like £50 an hour.

### A Difference.

I am reminded by the announcement that he is likely to resign, of a good story about Dr. Diggle, Bishop of Salisbury.

There is nothing he detests more than self-conceit. One afternoon he was travelling in a railway carriage in which a man swaggered so much that Dr. Diggle could stand it no longer, and entered into conversation with the stranger.

He promptly informed the Bishop, "I am a self-made man."

Dr. Diggle replied, "I thought so," and added, "If God had made you, you would have been quite different!"

Dr. Diggle believes in learning as much as possible. When he was a boy he learnt to knit stockings and make shirts, and he can hoe a bed of turnips with the best. He began life as a poor boy, and confesses that his happiest days were spent as a curate in the slums of Liverpool.

### President Wilson and the Lord Mayor.

"President Wilson is an admirer of the eloquence of Sir Horace Marshall, the retiring Lord Mayor of London. He told Sir George Riddell that Sir Horace Marshall had once proposed his (the President's) health more felicitously and gracefully than he had ever heard it done on any public occasion. Sir George Riddell conveyed this high compliment at a luncheon given at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor, who is the head of the famous newspaper distributing firm to a number of his friends, members of the Newspaper Conference, a body representing leading London and provincial newspapers," says the Mail.



## Lord Fisher's King Edward

Lord Fisher's Unconventional Autobiography—A King and His Faithful Friend—Lord Fisher in Exile.

THE ONE FISHER.  
For The Man is awake, though the mannikins sleep. And brain-storms are sudden, and Jacky is deep. So he'd "sack the lot" in the morning.

Lord Fisher cried out day by day in the "Times." Cried out in the "Times" for a Fleet cut down. And his language defied either reason or rhyme. Though the strength of it tickled the ears of the town. But Fisher's the Man, and the others but sheep. They're all to unlearn, and they're many to keep. So good-bye to the lot in the morning.

—MORNING POST.  
Lord Fisher, O.M., Admiral of the Fleet, has written his "Memories," and they are to be published by Hodder & Stoughton. Meanwhile extracts appear in the Times.

The first selection told tales about Lord Fisher and King Edward. "King Edward had faith in me," says Lord Fisher, "and so supported me always, that it is only natural I should begin this book with the remarks about him which I privately printed long since for use at my death; but events have occurred to alter that decision and induce me to publish this book.

"There are more intimate touches than those related here, which I forbear to publish. There is a limit to those peculiar and pregnant little exhibitions of a kind heart's purpose being put in print. They lose their aroma."

"A King's Faith in Fisher."

"In the Dictionary of National Biography there is a marginal heading in the Life of King Edward as follows:—

"HIS FAITH IN LORD FISHER."  
"It is the only personal marginal note I now descend upon it, not to be egotistical, but to exemplify one of the finest traits in King Edward's noble character—without doubt, I personally could not be of the very least service to him in any way, and yet in his belief of my being right in the vast and drastic reforms in the Navy he gave me his unfaltering support right through unswerving, though every sycophantic effort was exhausted in the endeavour to alienate him from his support of me. He quite enjoyed the numberless communications he got, and the more outrageous the calumnies the more he revelled in my reputed wickedness!"

"I can't very well put some of them on paper, but the Minotaur wasn't in it with me. Also, I was a Malay? I was the son of a Chinese Princess—hence my wicked cunning and duplicity! I had formed a syndicate and bought all the land round Rosyth before the Government fixed on it as a naval base—hence my wealth! Now the King enjoyed my showing him my private income as given to the

### "Reg'lar Fellers"

