LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, Feb. 17, 1919.

PRINCE AND FLEET TO VISIT U.S.A.

The Prince of Wales is likely to go with the Grand Fleet, or rather with the picked contingent of it, which, if all goes well, will visit America, under Sir David Beatty, before the King holds the final review of the Grand Fleet this summer. If the Grand Fleet is then sub-divided into the three independent Fleets which existed in the old days, Sir David Beatty would naturally take office ashore. Sir Charles Medden, Lord Jellicoe's former Chief of Staff, might then command the Home Fleet, better called the Atlantic Fleet, and Sir Michael de Robeck the Mediterranean Fleet, assuming that there is no truth in the suggestion that Sir Rosslyn Wemyss would like to go back to the Mediterranean.

GERMAN FAITH IN SCAPA.

Lord Jellicoe, in his new book, wonders why the Germans did not take advantage of their great chance in the first winter of the war, when the fleet was at Scapa Flow with insufficient destroyers and hardly any anti-submarine defence. He concludes that the Germans credited us with possessing, like themselves, proper harbor defences, and that it seemed impossible to the German mind that we should place our fleet—our all-in-all—in a position where it was open to destruction. The rigidity of the German mind in this matter is borne out in the following story. Very early in the war two German spies got to the Orkneys disguised as neutrals. There were very few precautions in those days, and ships were calling at Kirkwall. The spies got back to Germany, and gave the astounding information to the German Chief of Intelligence that there were no defences at Scapa. They persisted in their story under the closest examination, with the result that they were taken out and shot, the German naval authorities being quite convinced that their spies had been tampered with and were bringing them an ememy trap. It seems that it was the German faith in the British fleet that helped us to win the war. Lord Jellicoe mentions three alarms of submarines in Scapa Flow, but leaves it doubtful whether any submarine ever did get in. One of the supposed submarines was a whale. The most determined attempt to get in was made, according to a writer here, a few weeks before the armistice, and the attempt was very nearly successful. The report went in the fleet that the submarine was manned mainly with officers, who, when it became clear that the German navy would never fight again, determined to make one gallant attempt for death or glory. Their end came suddenly. It has always been a puzzle to our officers why the German naval men showed so little initiative or entenprise of any kind. The public are able to wonder, too, now they see the appalling catalogue which Admiral Jellicoe gives of the deficiencies of the British fleet in destroyers, mines, submarines, wireless, searchlights, and even in the armour and character of the big ships, in which Great Britain's faith was most firmly set. So small was the margin between the average available force and the German force at a selected moment that there was a school of strategy with a very powerful political supporter which held that we should not fight the German fleet whenever it appeared, but should wait until it reached a satisfactory position for our battle operations. It will thus be seen that, while Admiral Jellicoe's tactics in not immediately closing with the enemy are severely criticised, there was another school which censured him for going so far.

FUTURE OF THE SUBMARINE.

The British naval authorities have not made much of a secret of their views on the subject of the use of submarines in time of war. There never was any sanction for the kind of warfare carried on by the Germans against merchant shipping, and there never will be, if they can help it. But they are quite agreeable not only to prohibit the employment of submarines in legitimate warfare, but also to scrap all existing vessels of the type—provided satisfactory guarantees of security are given by a real League of Nations. American naval opinion is understood to be to much the same effect; while our Allies, the French, are said to adhere to the view that as a legitimate instrument of war the submarine can hardly be definitely ruled out. In the end, however, the French will probably be found in agreement with us, for facts always impress them, and an important fact of this matter is that we stand to lose more by the abandonment of the submarine than any other of the world's powers. We have developed the type for legitimate warfare far further than anybody else.

FUTURE OF "BRITISH PROPAGANDA."

The question of the future of what is known as British propaganda in foreign countries will shortly have to be decided. The Ministry of Information has been closed down, and all that now remains of it is the British wireless service and a skeleton of the old propaganda staff, which is now attached to the Foreign Office. It is unknown whether the Government intends to "carry on," even on these narrow lines beyond the end of the financial year. Some of the well-known men who have taken an interest in the Ministry's work during the war—among these is Sir Henry Newbolt—are anxious that the work of keeping foreign countries informed about British movements should not be allowed to drop at a time when it is more than ever important. It is particularly necessary that British political point of view should be [illegible]d abroad during the Peace Conference period. Anti-English propaganda has rarely been more active than it is at present. In South American countries, for instance, and in certain of the Dominions, it is said, the German propagandists are very busy just now, magnifying Britain's labor troubles and persuading people that a revolution has broken out in England. Both in neutral and friendly countries there is a great demand for trustworthy information about political and social developments here, while the organization to supply it is fast disappearing. Even in Belgium, where one would think England's war effort was thoroughly understood, there is a good deal of ignorance. Only the other day an intelligent Belgian commercial traveller on coming here was astonished to learn that trade here has been so devoted to war production that he could not get a promise of prompt execution of an order for machinery. His last news of England was "Business as usual."

BOOM IN THE FLOWER MARKET.

There was a boom in the flower market at Covent Garden, London, at the end of last week, which dealers who have been long in the trade described as quite extraordinary. The great demand was variously explained, but on the whole it was put down to the extreme scarcity of flowers generally, and the desire of certain buyers to obtain such supplies as were available at any cost. One dealer stated that he was immensely surprised when a costermonger eagerly purchased a pad of narcissi (about 40 bunches) at the high price of $5.00. It was evident that he could dispose of them retail at a very big figure if he could afford to pay so much for them wholesale. Owing to the great cold, the flower supplies are arriving in London in what is described as a crystallised condition, and it is necessary to store them for some time in a warm place before they return to anything like their normal state. This treatment much curtails their life, which makes the high prices they are fetching—two and three times pre-war scale—all the more remarkable.

MEN'S SPRING WEAR.

Tailors and outfitters are looking forward to a year of prosperity. The problem will be to obtain sufficient stock to allow of their displaying a varied assortment, for the question of supplies is going to be more difficult this spring than at any time during the war. Woollen manufacturers, having been mainly employed on Government orders, have had little wool machinery or labor available to produce clothes for civilian wear. Also the clothing manufacturers have been principally occupied on khaki and now hold limited quantities of material, and practically no stocks of made-up garments. There is a restricted choice of patterns, chiefly in browns and greys; while prices for ready-made suits are three to four times their pre-war cost, and are not expected to become cheaper for another nine months at least. It is already evident that most of the returning soldiers are adding a sports jacket to their wardrobe, as this garment provides the greatest amount of freedom desired after the restrictions of military garb. Supplies of these jackets, however, may not prove equal to the demand. Flannel trousers at three times the 1914 price are also being heavily bought, for now that the men are coming home a big revival in sports will take place. But here again supplies are not over-abundant.

Did Child Wake Up Cross or Feverish.

Look Mother! If tongue is coated give "California Syrup of Figs" to clean the bowels.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, dirrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowels cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the Cali-

The Most Powerful Man in the World.

In Europe there is a man who makes and unmakes governments. A private citizen, he wields more power than any ruler. He has been called "The most powerful man in the world." He sways the British Empire, now naming, now unhorsing British Prime Ministers.

This man is Alfred Harmsworth, ex-reporter, now Lord Northcliffe.

He has won his unique place, his unparalelled influence, his overwhelming power, by the soundness of his judgment, first as publisher and later in statecraft. He has the courage of a lion, the determination of a bulldog. Obstacles nor obscurity could not daunt him; fame, honors, power have not unbalanced him.

He braved the execration of the British public, he knowlingly incurred the risk of imprisonment, by openly defying the censorship rules to reveal that the Asquith government and Earl Kitchener were bungling the conduct of the war so grossly that defeat appeared inevitable. His "Daily Mail" was burned on the floor of the London Stock Exchange and his effigy was hanged when his exposure from the War Department was published. A loud cry arose, "Put the traitor to jail." Through it all Northcliffe remained unmoved. In his soul he felt that he would have been a traitor to his country had he kept silent. Events abundantly justified his daring action. Investigation proved that the British army was not being properly equipped to withstand the monster guns and themendously powerful explosives used by the Germans.

It was Northcliffe who, again impelled by the highest sense of patriotism, brought about the removal of Herbert H. Asquith from the premiership and the appointment of David Lloyd George; and history will confirm the wisdom of the choice.

Born in Ireland of an English father and an Irish mother, he was reared in the vicinity of London, early developed a passion for journalism, published a school-boy magazine, which made its bow with this announcement: "I have it on the best authority that this paper is to be a marked success," and followed this in the second number with the declaration: "I am glad to say that my prediction as to the success of my magazine has proved correct." At sixteen he began writing for a juvenile publication. His work almost immediately commanded notice, and he was soon made assistant editor of "Youth," a well-known periodical, at a salary of $25 a week. The death of his father compelled him to become the directing head of the large Harmsworth family, although he was among the younger of the boys.

Despite the warnings and protests of timid friends Harmsworth when only twenty-three, launched a weekly publication of his own, "Answers to Correspondents." It hung fire. He worked as he had never worked before. He wrote most of the articles, was his own circulation manager and trudged from newsstand to newsstand, urging the dealers to push his paper. Although wrestling with numberless difficulties, and although success was not in sight, he demonstrated his faith and his self-confidence, by assuming domestic responsibilities. Scheme after scheme to boom "Answers" (as it was called) failed, and matters had reached a critical stage when a friend lent him $25,000.

This proved the turning point as William E. Carson points out in his excellent biography "Northcliffe, Britain's Man of Power."

Harmsworth placarded England with posters, reading "One Pound a Week for Life!" He offered this extraordinary prize to the person who made the best guess of the amount of money that would be in the Bank of England at a certain date. The country was taken by storm. Every class, from office boy and laborer to city bankers, entered the competition. Each competitor had to cut a coupon from "Answers" and have it signed with the names and addresses of four friends. All told 718,000 coupons were received. This meant that the Harmsworth periodical had been brought to the atention of over 3,500,000 people. In six years Harmsworth was earning from "Answers" profits of $390,000 a year. Incidentally a soldier won the contest.

From then to this day Harmsworth has constantly branched out. At thirty he led the English publishing held, was a millionaire, was rapidly becoming recognized as a force in the formation of public opinion and as an influential national figure.

At the age of forty-one Lord Northcliffe consummated his highest ambition by securing control of the "Times." This coup was perhaps the greatest newspaper sensation ever sprung in Britain. Lord Northcliffe had gone about the acquisition of the stock so quietly that even the principal owners of the paper themselves were unaware of what was happening until he had secured a majority of the holdings. Of the place that the "Times" has for a century occupied as a part of the warp and woof of the British Empire; of what the "Times means to the nation; of its unparalleled political power; of its unrivaled reputation as the fountain head of national and international news and thought, there is no room here to speak. Indeed, the American citizen, unacquainted with European life, cannot begin to conceive the majesty which attaches to "The Thunderer," as it is nicknamed because of its ponderous power. Its possession probably means more to Lord Northcliffe than the possession of all the other fifty periodicals he controls through his incorporated company, The Amalgamated Press.—Forbes Magazine.

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FRESH COD TONGUES, CODFISH, HADDOCK.
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SCOTCH CURED HERRING, KIPPERED HERRING.
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MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

Yesterday's Accident.

Mr. E. Vere Holloway, Janitor of the Board of Trade Building, in the elevator of which Mr. Alex. Moore, of the Royal Gazette Printing Office, sustained serious injuries yesterday, wishes it to be known that he was not on duty at the time the accident occurred, the hour being earlier than the scheduled time for the lift to start running. Had it not been for the superior presence of mind of Miss Vere Holloway, who very promptly stopped the car and disengaged Mr. Moore from his dangerous position, there is no doubt but that a fatal termination would have been recorded.

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