

London Letter

By Glenville Carew (British United Press)

LONDON April 22—The authorities of Burlington House have had a bad time recently but are sleeping more restfully now than for many days past

At Burlington House, in Piccadilly, as all the world knows, there was recently held an exhibition of Persian Art. To that exhibition the King lent four magnificent swords. The exhibition closed, the exhibits were packed up and despatched to the 400 owners in the 30 countries whence they came.

When the King's swords reached Windsor Castle there were but three of them, and then the hullabaloo began. Had it been stolen. Red hot cables flashed all over the world. Frantic officials made desperate and futile searches. Had the thing been sent abroad in error among the four hundred consignments?

No. The cables came back. Nobody had this Twelfth Century jewel-encrusted sword made by Ismail the son of Isfahan.

Then the authorities made a last desperate bid. The fiat went forth—"Search the vaults of Burlington House."

And there was the missing sword. Who will commit kara-kiri has not yet been decided.

Saville Row where London's swell tailors serve their clients—not their customers—has arrived at Scotland Yard. London policemen in future are to wear form-fitting garments. As to the helmet, that is still suspense. Helmets—those "unsightly blue bulbs"—are admittedly uncomfortable things to wear, but they share with stove-pipe hats the advantage that 'Bobby' can and does put into them things which will not go decorously into uniform pockets.

Anyhow, leaving the helmets for the moment on their wearers' heads, the police authorities have decided to take advantage of the fact that nowadays our policemen have waists and may not be allowed any longer to conceal them. So Police Constable Smith's winter overcoat is to be provided with a four-to-six inch false belt which will gath in the garment about his diaphragm and prevent it from hanging in a manner in front which would distress Saville Row. And all his other raiment will be comme il faut. Now, ordinary tailors cannot achieve these results except by accident, so perhaps that is why Scotland Yard in its hour of need called in the aid of Saville Row.

It is one of the post-war phenomena that our police today all possess trim silhouettes. Twenty years ago fat, not to say obese Bobbies were the rule in London and vaudeville jests about their equators were always in stock. Nowadays in London the wearers of the blue bulbs as agile and athletic as any of the Brigade of Guards.

If you had been in a certain street in the West end of London the other night you would have seen some thirty or forty prominent men—great physicians and surgeons, King's Counsel and the like—going to a fashionable restaurant to have a monthly dinner and to gloat over ghosts.

No one who associates with these men in ordinary private life ever knows what goes on in that private dining room on the first Wednesday of every month. The diners leave their everyday selves outside on the mat and for several hours abandon themselves to a gorge of ghostly. They call themselves the GHOST CLUB. For just a century they have been in existence and not one of them has yet revealed a word of their strange and carefully guarded proceedings. They are under an oath of secrecy not to divulge what transpires at those meetings. What would happen to a member who talked does not appear, but it would certainly be something in the line of boiling oil and melted lead.

In the mystic atmosphere of this gathering is told many a tale too gruesome for publication. These are taken down by the secretary with the solemnity of a Supreme Court. They may not be published, but they are stored away, many volumes of them, in a secret place.

Gandhi is watching St. Georges. That was a catch-phrase invented by a certain newspaper (which, not being renowned for its English, called it a slogan) during a recent By-election at St. Georges, London. Then it was varied by application to each and every individual voter. "Gandhi is watching YOU."

So for days and days we had an uneasy feeling that an emaciated half-naked and malevolent spectre was sitting somewhere in a dusty ashram in India with fanatic eyes intent only upon our voting papers—those of each and all of us at once.

Gandhi was supposed by the proprietor of the newspaper to be deeply interested in the question whether a gentleman who makes oil or another gentleman who fought in the Great War (and were therefore ipso facto great statesmen) would be elected,

because on the result in favour of the oil gent, the fate of India depended. However that may be, the warrior won and India is still on the map.

But the phrase, meaningless though it was, captured London. Boys shouted it to one another. Mothers warned their infants against sin by 'Gandhi is watching you.' And now an enterprising land development concern engaged in a building scheme in the suburbs has appropriated it. Our unnow announced that "Gandhi is watching Northolt."

It may be a come-down for the Mahatma to be engaged as an inspector of little suburban villas but it will keep him out of mischief.

If the monkeys in the London Zoo can have artificial sun-ray treatment—why not Members of Parliament? It is an important and vital matter and Miss Ellen Wilkinson, the red-headed Socialist Member for Middleborough asks the question quite properly. She represents the Member of course.

Take the admitted facts. The Zoological Gardens authorities have for some time past provided their monkey guests with artificial sunlight apparatus and this has had a marvellous effect upon the health and the intelligence of our cousins.

If a benevolent Government were to provide sun-ray apparatus for the benefit of members who kindly spend so much of their lives in the House for our advantage and who are stated to be of a much higher creation than monkeys, would not the effect be immeasurably greater upon the members than on the monkeys? Of course it would. Subtract the total intelligence of the members from the total intelligence of the monkeys—and there is the answer.

GHOST SHIP ENCOUNTER

LONDON, April 25. (British United Press)—What mystery surrounds the strange ship sighted by Skipper Allen and the crew of the Aberdeen trawler Arona—an old derelict thickly covered with weeds and shell seen drifting northward off the Scottish coast?

Four days south of the fishing grounds which fringe the ice barrier of the Arctic, the Arona slashed her way between walls of white-topped waves blown up by the fast increasing gale. Suddenly a dark object was sighted ahead. The helmsman spun the wheel round to bring the object out of line with the vessel.

There was no doubt about it, she was an old ship, for her great chain plates projected from her sides like those of an ancient frigate.

After the Receiver of Wreck at Aberdeen had taken details the matter was reported to Lizard's and a warning broadcast to ships.

Shetland Islanders are trying to connect the derelict with a schooner which was sighted off the Butt of Lewis two winters ago. This vessel was being admired from the shore as she sailed west under heavy canvas. Then, as they watched, she suddenly faded out like a ghost ship.

All sorts of theories have been put forward to account for the Arona's discovery, and it is believed that the schooner Hardwick is still adrift. This vessel left Bridgewater, N. S., late in September, 1919. She was abandoned by her crew on October 10 while on passage to Madeira. Long after she was reported by passing ships, and a year later a Spanish steamer found her drifting 2,000 miles south of her last reported position.

The lone wanderer must have borne a charmed life, for she has weathered gales and survived risks of collision.

With her hold full of swollen timber, so compressed as to become solid mass, the ship may "keep the seas" for many more years.

Who knows but what the vessel seen by the Arona a few days ago may not be the old timber laden Hardwick driven north again? Stranger things have happened on the sea.

NO WHALE HUNTING THIS YEAR

OSLO, Norway, April 26—(By the Canadian Press)—In order to prevent the over-production of whale oil most of the Norwegian whale-hunting companies have decided not to hunt during the coming season. This decision means that ships and equipment to the value of \$50,000,000 will be lying idle for a year, and that 11,000 men will be thrown out of work. But the decision has been well received in Norway. During the past few months it has become clear that the world's market for oil was depressed because of over production; the shares of some of the whale-hunting companies were quoted at prices which gave no idea of their real value. When the first rumors of a limitation of the hunting began to circulate, the shares at once began to recover.

Whale-hunting has become a very important industry in Norway. In the early days the hunting was conducted from a station ashore, but the method now is to send out ships which do not put into harbor during the cruise, except to take new bunkers and provisions. These ships which might be described as floating factories, are accompanied by a flotilla of smaller steamers. The men

hunt the whales in the small boats which are also used to tow the bodies to the floating "factory" where the oil is stored in tanks. When this method first came into use many people thought it would lead to a great reduction of the whale stock. But there is little proof that this has happened. The new method has, of course, led to a far greater output of oil, and when the results of the first expedition became known people flocked to buy shares in the existing companies. The rise in the shares was quite justified, for dividends have averaged 20 per cent. in later years. Forty-two floating factories with 23 hunting boats were used this past winter, 30 floating factories with 155 boats being registered in Norway and the rest under foreign flags, chiefly English.

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Speaking Of Sports

Breaks Sure to Play Part in League Races

With five teams in the National League and two teams in the American League strong enough to win the championship of their respective leagues, breaks, both good and bad are certain to play a great part in determining the ultimate winner.

Breaks, according to an old baseball axiom, go to the winning team. This is true only in the sense that a winning, scrapping, hustling club can often force the breaks of the playing field to come their way. But until the season was two-thirds gone

bad breaks are something no club president or manager, can beat. All the planning in the world on the part of Manager John McGraw would not have prevented the bad "hop" on an easy grounder to Lindstrom, which gave Washington the 1924 World Series.

Even worse than breaks upon the playing field are those of sickness injury and death which rob a team of players. Such breaks cost the Chicago Cubs the National League pennant last year and seriously handicapped other of the teams. The Cubs finished but two games back of the winning St. Louis Cardinals. Had they not been robbed of the services of Pitcher Hal Carlson by death, and Rogers Hornsby by a leg injury the Cubs undoubtedly would have won the flag. Injuries all but knocked the Cardinals out of the race, too. Not playing field to come their way. But until the season was two-thirds gone

were the Cards able to put their full strength on the field. Pittsburgh might have won a first division berth had they not been forced to play without Lloyd Waner, star centerfielder.

But for injuries which removed Frederick and Bressler from the lineup when they were most needed, the Brooklyn Robins might have held their lead and won the championship. Right now, with every man intact, the Philadelphia Athletics are favored to win their third successive American League flag. But let one of their "Big Five"—Grove, Earnshaw, Simmons, Foxx and Cochrane—go out with injuries and the team would do well to land in the first division.

The same goes for Washington's Senators.

EDMONTON, Alta., April 26—(By The Canadian Press)—Speaking of records, here's one for the swine family to shoot at. It is probably a record for the American continent, if not for the entire world, and is claimed for a Yorkshire sow, owned by Samuel Pearse, a farmer in the Meeting Creek district.

In less than three years this proud porker gave birth to 134 pigs.

It is usually safe to say that when a child is pale, sickly, peevish and restless, the cause is worms. These parasites range the stomach and intestines, causing serious disorders of the digestion and preventing the infant from deriving sustenance from food, Miller's Worm Powders, by destroying the worms, correct these faults of the digestion and serves to restore the organs to healthy action.

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"SPRING"

In the cool, damp woods as I passed by, I saw a May-flower ope its eye And shyly gaze at the deep blue sky. Last night the wind sighed in mine ear, Drowsily whispered a secret dear, Breathed a sweet message that summer was near.

—Walter Renfrew.

The bus stopped and a crowd of Easter holiday-makers scrambled to enter it. "Will the gentlemen please move up a little to allow more room?" asked the conductor as politely as possible. "No, I won't," growled the snappy individual. The conductor shrugged his shoulders. "All right, you needn't, he said. "I only asked the gentlemen."

"Did you show that account to Harcup again today?" "Yes, sir." "Did you tell him that it had been on the slate long enough and I'd like to rub it out?" "Yes, sir." "What did he say?" "He said it looked as if you were trying to rub it in."

A naval chaplain believed in music as a means to interest men in religion. One day he arranged a lecture, which was illustrated by lantern slides. He told of one seaman, the happy possessor of a gramophone, to play appropriate music as each picture was shown.

Everything went well until a picture of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden was thrown upon the screen. The sailor was nonplussed and ran through his list of tunes. "Go on," pleaded the chaplain, "play something." The seaman had a happy inspiration and a moment later the gramophone burst into the first bars of that once-popular ditty. "If you were the only girl in the world and I was the only boy."

A famous New York clergyman, whose hair is very kinky, was introduced by a witty baldheaded toastmaster as follows: "This is the well-known preacher with the crocheted hair." To which the preacher replied, "I would rather have hair that is crocheted than hair that is nit."

Four-year-old Bobby was much interested in the story of David and Goliath which his mother read to him. When she was through, he asked, "Mamma, where is David now?" "In Heaven, I suppose." "Will I go to Heaven when I die?" "I hope so, dear." "Mamma" (that little voice was very eager now), "do you s'pose when I get there David will let me hold his sling-shot a little while?"

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