

## FROM A WINDOW IN FLEET STREET

(Written for The Ottawa Journal)  
LONDON—Lord Hailsham is in luck. Hoary tradition enjoins that when a new Great Seal is made for a new reign, the old discarded one becomes the personal souvenir of the Lord Chancellor. Sir Gascombe John the sculptor R.A., is now busy converting one he had in hand for King Edward VIII to serve for King George VI. We are at present, and have been since his death, using King George V's Great Seal.

Thus the lucky occupant of the Woolsack will obtain two instead of a rare one souvenir Great Seal, the old George V one and the one designed, but never actually brought into use, for the Duke of Windsor.

Before being handed over to the Lord Chancellor by the Mint authorities, the discarded Great Seal is defaced, without seriously harming its design, by a blow with a hammer.

Twice at least England's Great Seal has been thrown away into the Wash by King John and into the Thames, where a Greenwich fisherman's net dragged it up, by King James II. Mark Twain's story of Edward III using the Great Seal to crack nuts is super-history.

### No More Colds!

This was certainly the opportune moment, right in the midst of a virulent flu epidemic, to announce a cure for the common cold. It is claimed by a Sunday journal that two doctors, brothers, have achieved this long overdue miracle, after twenty years' intensive research in a laboratory attic above a London hospital.

The cure is said to be cheap and easily taken, in the same way as quinine for malaria, and it is a preventive also of such dangerous flu complications as bronchitis and pneumonia. Tests have proved successful, it is said, but further ones are in course of being carried out. Half the boys in a well-known school have been dosed, to compare their results with those of the non-treated boys.

One somehow doubts whether with our changing our climate, colds can ever be banished. But if science can cut down the plague even by one half it will be the biggest boon medical research has brought us in a century.

### Air Raid Bogey

I have just been reading a vivid description by an alleged expert of an enemy air raid on London. How these scientific fat-headed boys try to make our flesh creep. This one pictures the total and quick paralysis of the Empire's capital—that favorite "blow over the heart"—by enemy raiders who instantly and infallibly pick off all London's most vital centres. At once we are to be plunged in darkness, earthquake and eclipse.

I wonder does this alarmist realize that, owing to modern defence equipment, raiders must fly high to reach their goal. The only hopeful attitude would be somewhere around 20,000 feet up. At that height a bomb, falling at 500 feet a second and with approximately the same forward speed as the plane that drops it, would take 40 seconds to reach the ground. In that time it will have travelled for ward well over two miles, perhaps nearer three.

What sort of accuracy does anyone imagine bombing under these conditions could possibly achieve? Talk of picking out power stations or other vulnerable spots is just bunkum.

### New Year's Eve Saturnalia

Once more the ragtag and bobtail of the West and East Ends of London has celebrated New Year's Eve

on Ludgate hill by holding a riotous saturnalia round St. Paul's Cathedral. The majestic arcades of Wren's historic building, looming grandeur in the darkness, with the western portico aglow with two fairly-lit Christmas trees seemed somehow to rebuke the inherent vulgarity of the surrounding Cockney orgy.

Many may come in a thoroughly fit and proper frame of mind, but the majority make it a low-down carousal. Complete strangers hobnobbing out of whiskey bottles and dancing like demented Dervishes, and women with mouths like gashes of rouge hugging and kissing in indiscriminate fervor, all under the shadow of St. Paul's uplifted golden cross, is a spectacle that fails to fire my Scottish ancestry. Many of the revellers wore either grotesque fancy dress or sported huge false noses.

Time was when we could keep festive with dignity and prettiness. Since we seem to have forgotten how we had best leave this sort of thing to more sophisticated foreigners.

### Back to the 17th Century

A new organ for St. Cyprian's Cathedral at Kimberley (South Africa) was last week tried out at Chiswick by Herbert Dawson, organist of St. Margaret's Westminster.

It was a gift by Tom Hill of Kimberley, in memory of his mother but unfortunately, he had not lived to hear it. About the same size as St. Margaret's organ it has 253 pipes, ranging from under an inch to 16 feet, weighs 20 tons, and is blown by a 7 h.p. electric motor. A real expert can "place" an organ by its tone. German and French organs, which are cheaper, are thinner and more penetrating. The best English are smooth flowing, resonant, with emphasis on the diapason, and combine balance with brilliance.

The firm of Chiswick, which has built it, was founded 110 years ago by the present managing director's grandfather, who was an apprentice with George Pike, England, who in turn, links up with Renatus Harris, a famous 17th century organ builder. A few days ago the Kimberley organ was in a B.B.C. broadcast.

### Phrenology

Perhaps the Duke of Kent's visit to the famous Ludgate Circus phrenologist may revive a somewhat decadent exact science. The Victorians were much keener on phrenology than the Neo-Georgians.

I remember being taken to have my bumps essayed by a venerable professor in Bristol, who looked like the Friar in Romeo and Juliet, and assured my maternal parent, without the ghost of a smile that I ought to avoid eggs and politics. I have at any rate followed 50 per cent. of his excellent advice. There is a British Phrenological Society, with a very stiff diploma, and it does not lack support even today.

The little shop in Ludgate Circus has been a familiar landmark with Fleet Street people for generations. The present occupant Gen. L. G.'s bumps when he was quite a small boy and urgently recommended a political career. His "diagnosis" still adorns the window.

What I like about phrenology is the charitable way it lingers on the respectable bumps and ignores others.

### Number of Golf Clubs

I expect the protests against the proposal that golfers should be limited to 14 clubs will come from a few of the best players and many of the

## T. L. SIMMONS DIES SUDDENLY AT HIS HOME

### Chief Engineer of the Board of Railway Commissioners

The Ottawa Journal has the following regarding the death of T. L. Simmons, formerly of this city, who passed away at Ottawa on Tuesday last:

Of a heart ailment which had afflicted him for a number of years, T. L. Simmons, Chief Engineer of the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada, died suddenly at his home, 92 James street, shortly before midnight on Tuesday, at the age of 64 years.

Mr. Simmons was preparing to retire for the night when he collapsed. He died in a few minutes. His death will be widely mourned throughout the public service, transportation and engineering fields of Canada.

A resident of Ottawa during approximately half his life, Mr. Simmons was one of the most popular of the senior Government officials in the Capital. His death came within two days of his birthday, as he had observed his 64th anniversary on Sunday.

### At Work Tuesday

Tuesday he had been at his office in the Railway Commissioners' quarters at Union Station, and although his health was known to be delicate, there was no indication he was close to the end.

The funeral service will be held at the parlors of George H. Rogers, Limited, 172 Elgin street, on Friday, Jan. 22, at 2:30 p.m. Interment will be in Beechwood vault.

Thomas Lockwood Simmons, familiarly known simply as "T. L.", was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Simmons, and was born at Fredericton, N. B. He entered the engineering profession, completed his education at University of New Brunswick, and graduated with civil engineering degree. For a short time after leaving college he taught school at St. George, N. B., and it was there that he met his wife, the former Miss Winnifred Dicks, to whom he was subsequently married in Montreal.

For a time, after the brief interim as a teacher, Mr. Simmons entered into the general practice of his profession at Cornwall, but on the establishment of the Board of Railway Commissioners in the early years of the century, he came to Ottawa to take the post of assistant engineer on that body. He had continued in the service of the Commission, and on the death a few years ago of his chief, the late Mr. Mountain, succeeded him as Chief Engineer.

In this capacity Mr. Simmons became well known all over the transportation lines of the Dominion, having made frequent inspection trips with the Commissioners, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with the rail facilities of the country.

### Enthusiastic Sports Fan

As a young man he had taken an active part in sports, having played on his college football team, and been a keen follower of all branches of athletics.

For many years, Mr. Simmons entered enthusiastically into all branches of civic life here. He was one of the early members of the Royal Ottawa Golf Club, and had been associated also with the Young Men's Christian Association. In later years the condition of his health had obliged him to lead a more retired life.

Mr. Simmons was a member of the United Church of Canada, worshipping at Dominion Church, where he was a member of the Board.

Surviving Mr. Simmons, in addition to his wife, is a son, Alan Simmons, at present on highway development projects near Toronto. There also survive two brothers, Dow and Bruce Simmons, both of Fredericton, N. B., and one sister, Miss Edna Simmons, living in British Columbia.

worst, and that it will be warmly supported by caddies.

Golfers are a superstitious lot and the excessive number of implements some of them carry is a sign of it. They are like women with their hats; they buy one when they want to cheer themselves up. There used to be—and, for all I know, may still be—a Musselburgh Cleek Club whose competitions were played with the club of that name, now seldom heard. The players returned scores within two or three points of those attained by competitors with a whole arsenal.

One of the best London amateurs, a former champion, can be seen going out on a Saturday afternoon with five clubs in a lady-like bag, which he carries under his arm. So equipped he can give strokes to most of his contemporaries. Fourteen are enough for anybody, except, perhaps, the dealers in clubs.

W. A. Marshall, Toronto, is staying in the city for a few days.

J. T. Turnbull, Saint John, is a visitor to Fredericton today.

## ROOSEVELT'S BID FOR IMMORTALITY

Canadians peek over the back fence to watch the inauguration of an American President today with more than usual interest and with the most neighbourly feeling that exists between nations in a world of faction. We know Franklin Roosevelt personally, we like him and admire him. We "knew him when," in fact, because of his penchant for cruising and fetching up at a summer camp in New Brunswick. And since he came to office he has not merely revisited Campobello but gone out of his way to pay a "Good Neighbour" call upon Lord Tweedsmuir and Mr. King at Quebec.

But, person feelings apart, under the Roosevelt regime was written a new Canadian-American trade agreement, a tangible token as well as an outward and visible mark of the good feeling between these North American democracies. Furthermore, we in Canada, no less than the people who voted in last November's American election, recognize that Roosevelt brought with him a new breath of hope in 1933, when both the United States and Canada were touching absolute bottom in the depression.

## DUKE OF KENT CASE DEAD ISSUE WITH FAMILY

### London Press 'Build-Up' Domesticity of Duke in Late Editions

"In the view of the British Royal Family, the case of the Duke of Kent and the phrenologist is closed," it was stated today in a David P. Senter article from London obtained especially for The Citizen by International News Service.

The whole matter of the ugly rumors, which were precipitated over the world involving the Duke and Mrs. William Allen, granddaughter of the late Senator James Dore, Saint John, following their visit to a phrenologist for a head reading, has been shelved, it was learned.

The dispatch to this paper revealed that the Duke, who recently became a father again, is fully aware of the rashness of his action and is expected in future to keep a tight check on his public movements. He was shocked, it was reported, by the public reaction to the matter.

Said Senter: "Carrying out his normal duties, the Duke yesterday visited several London social welfare centres, where he was warmly greeted and performed his usual tasks of chatting with mothers, children and officials."

"He left for Sandringham late in the afternoon to attend a private family memorial gathering on the first anniversary of the late King George's death."

"Meanwhile, obvious 'build-ups' in the press emphasize the Duke's domesticity. Pictures of his new baby going for an airing with its nurse are featured on front pages, with photographs of the Duke chatting with mothers and patting the heads of the children during the day's tour also prominently displayed."

A state of nervous exhaustion claiming the former Bella Dever (Mrs. Gellibrand), mother of Mrs. Allen, was reported today to have alleviated somewhat. She was stricken when her daughter was thrust so into the limelight.

### BURDEN NOTES

The weather for the last few days has seemed more winter like, but the roads are still in a terrible icy condition, which makes it very dangerous for cars.

R. B. Crewdson was to Magundy recently on a business trip.

Mrs. W. A. MacKenzie was calling on Mrs. Harold Kitchen Tuesday.

Lewis Herbert of Harvey was here on business this week.

Harold Kitchen had the misfortune to have one of his cows badly hurt on the ice.

Otis Niles of Long's Creek, was calling on friends here yesterday.

Murray Kelly of Kingsclear has the contract for getting the gravel for finishing up of the hard surfacing of the Trans-Canada highway. The gravel being trucked from Wheeler Island.

Herman Kitchen and sons of Kingsclear are here racking potatoes this week.

Huntley Crewdson is confined to his home with a severe cold.

Mrs. Granville Holt and daughter of Grand Falls are spending the winter with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Evans.

Roy Tapley is spending today with friends at Long's Creek.

## ARTHUR F. BETTS

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