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Wild Strawberry
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THE DAILY DOPE

Y THE CUB-EDITOR

AUTUMN PREPARATION.

he more unfortunate
Hunting a flat,
ging, importunate,
Doffing his hat.

ick him out scornfully
If he should say it,
opelessly, mournfully,
"I cannot pay it."

ugh at him, guyer!
Expose him to raillery!
verything's higher
Excepting his salary.

as! for the rarity
f landlord's charity
Under the sun!
h, it was pitiful
a whole city full,
Home he had none.

Living is zero!
Existance a flivver!"
houted our hero,
And he jumped in the river.

ot till I drowned him
At the end of his pome,
ould I have found him
An ultimate home.

—Ex.

LIKE A GRAMAPHONE.

The policeman was going out on duty, and X0239 was trying to explain to the inspector what had become of his whistle.

"You see, sir, it was this way," he said. "When I got 'ome last night I placed that there whistle on the table, and presently, when I turns round, blest if one of the kids wasn't chokin' an' nearly black in the face. You see, sir, 'e'd swallowed the whistle."

The inspector hid a sympathetic heart beneath his blue tunic.

"Is the poor little one dead?" he asked, gently.

"Lor, no, sir!" was the reply. "'E ain't exactly dead. You see, sir, little Bill, 'e's—'e's got the whoopin'-corf, an every time 'e coughs the whistle goes, an' a policeman comes to the door!"

HE'D BEEN THERE.

"Father, I hope you won't blame me too much, but I very much want to marry Miss Footlight, the chorus girl."

"No, I can't blame you much, my boy, I was awfully keen on her myself when I was your age."

DID YOU KNOW THIS?—The inventor of cork legs was a Dr. Cork. Hence their name—not because of their composition, as you thought.

In trying to avoid worry many people worry more than the worry they are trying to avoid would ever amount to.

A man may get his foolish traits from his father, but names like J. St.-Clair Jones are usually given by mamma.

HEARTLESS WAITER.

"Waiter," cried the diner, "there's a fly in this ice pudding."

"Serve him right, sir," replied the waiter; "let him stay there and freeze to death. He was in another gentleman's soup yesterday. I'll be downright glad to get rid of him."

.. WHAT WE'RE COMING TO —

"Now, Charlie, if you're very good I'll give you a penny."

"I'm afraid I can't afford to be good for less'n tuppence, gran-ma—not the way prices is to-day."

A TOAST.

"Here's to the three powers of the world,
The Press, the Pulpit, and the Petticoat;
The Press spreads knowledge,
The Pulpit spreads morals,
And the Petticoat spreads—considerably!"

"IRONY" IS RIGHT.— "I cannot help thinking of the irony of the hymn 'We are not divided, All one body we.'" —Bishop of London.

SWIFT TRAVELLING.—The Laplander can cover 150 miles a day on his skates.

GIVE 'EM TIME.—The problem of discharging passengers from airship lines may be solved by the parachute, but no device has yet been perfected for boarding a ship in full flight. Give the inventors time.

AN OMEN OF EVIL.—Two visitors in the country were disturbed one night by the hideous howls of a prowling dog. "Isn't that a sign of death, Tom?" asked one mournfully. "Yes," replied the other savagely—"It is if I can get hold of my gun!"

WE MUST TRY THIS.

A rather seedy-looking man rushed into the railway carriage at the station exclaiming:

"Has anyone any brandy? A lady in the next car has just fainted."

Half a dozen flasks were at once offered. Seizing one, the man removed the stopped, and, putting the flask up to his lips, took a long, lingering pull at the fluid.

"Ah," he exclaimed, with intense feeling, "I feel better now! Many thanks, sir! Seeing a woman faint always upsets me so."

WHAT BUN. ATE—Bunyan was singularly abstemious. A piece of ccarse wheaten bread with a bowl of milk was his usual breakfast and supper.

TO A MOONSHINER.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, Mingle, Mingle,
You that mingle may.
—Shakespeare.

PART OF THE CURE.

Invalid: "Will you be my wife when I recover?"

Pretty Nurse: "Certainly."

Invalid: "Then you love me?"

Pretty Nurse: "Oh, no; that's merely part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cherful. I promised yesterday to run away with a married man who has lost both his legs."

REMINISCENT RAMBLES. — Mrs. Justwedd: "Just think of it, dearest boy! Twenty-five years from yesterday we shall be celebrating our silver wedding."

No correspondence has reached us yet. We're waiting.—The Cub-Editor.

Up Goes Sugar.

CANADIAN PROFITEER BOOST PRICE.

SYDNEY, N.S., Sept. 9.

Sugar refiners jumped the price of the sweet stuff another 50 cents per hundred on Monday.

Notification of the advance was received by a local wholesaler with whom The Record talked this afternoon, and the news didn't add a bit to the man's joys.

The sugar kings are evidently out to gouge the profits from the people one way or another. They produced a sugar shortage in Canada by exporting sugar to Europe when they found they could make big profits that way. When public protests at last led Ottawa to make a move, the export licenses were cancelled. But now the "big fellows" start to grab the money another way: If they can't make big profits abroad they'll make them at home —apparently that is their idea—and up go their prices to the Canadian trade.

Will Ottawa permit this sort of thing? Ottawa will unless the people create such a storm of protest that Ottawa fears longer to do the will of the profiteers.

Fish as Candles.

Everybody seems fed up with restriction, and the last straw seemed to have been reached when the fiat went forth that our gas was to be rationed.

But such a degree would have few terrors for the inhabitants of British Columbia, who possess a prolific breed of fish, which not only supplies them generously with food, but saves them the cost of electric light, gas, and candles.

It is a species of smelt, and when dried you either eat him or light him. The fish is full of oil, and can easily be adapted to any form of candlestick. The dried fish is stuck tail uppermost in the receptacle, and when a light is applied it burns with a power which puts an ordinary dip in the shade.

TThe oil, too, is spoken of as being as efficacious as cod-liver oil, while it is infinitely more palatable.

T. J. EDENS,
151 Duckworth Street.
(Next to Custom House.)

Some Fresh Arrivals.
By S. S. Sachem:
GRAVENSTEIN APPLES.
EARLY WILLIAM APPLES.
DUCHESS APPLES.
PEARS in half barrels.

PRESERVING PLUMS.
CANTALOUPES.
FRESH TOMATOES.
LOCAL CABBAGE.
CARROTS.
BEETS.
SWEDISH TURNIPS.
POTATOES.

White House Coffee.
White House Tea, 1 lb. ctns.
Barrington Hall Coffee—
Soluble—made in an instant.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE.
ROSE'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL
ROSS'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL
NEAVE'S FOOD.
FLOOR POLISH.

GOLDEN PHEASANT TEA,
1 lb. and ½ lb. tins.

T. J. EDENS.
151 Duckworth Street.

Romantic Marriage.

NFLD GIRL WEDS MILLIONAIRE.

"There was no secret about our wedding," said Mrs. Goff, wife of former United States Senator Nathan Goff of West Virginia, to a reporter for The World at the Hotel Commodore yesterday. "We were married last Thursday noon, after obtaining a license at Borough Hall, Brooklyn.

"The Senator's right age is seventy-six years. I'm thirty-six and not forty, as some of the newspapers have printed. I've known the Senator five years. We first met when I was engaged as a trained nurse to attend him. I was graduated from Howard Hospital in 1911.

"When my sister, Mrs. Catherine E. Briggs, now living in Flint, Mich., was married last January by the Rev. Dr. William Hamilton, at the First Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, we attended the wedding, and the Senator gave the bride in marriage. We left Clarksburg, W. Va., last Wednesday, having made up our minds to get married in Brooklyn and have Dr. Hamilton officiate. My mother, Mrs. George Penney, and Adam Baldwin, a relative, accompanied us and witnessed the marriage, which was performed in the parsonage. In a few days we expect to go to Boston on a honeymoon trip."

As printed in The World yesterday morning, news of the marriage came from Clarksburg, when telegrams announcing the marriage were received there.

Mr. Goff's first wife, who has been dead for some time, was Miss Laura Despard of Clarksburg, and they were married in 1865. He has two sons, one of whom, Dr. W. P. Goff, is a physician in Clarksburg, and the other, Guy D. Goff, a lawyer in Milwaukee.

In 1867 he was appointed United States District Attorney, in which office he served until 1881. He served in Congress and ran twice for Governor of West Virginia. He was Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of President Hayes. In 1913 he was elected Senator. Mr. Goff is wealthy, having inherited much and added to it by investment in West Virginia coal and oil lands.

His bride was Miss Catherine M. Penney of Carbonear, Newfoundland. She has resided with relatives in Rutherford, N. J., for several years.—New York World.

Wash That Itch Away

We know of no sufferer from Eczema whoever used the simple wash D.D.D. and did not feel immediately that wonderfully calm, cool sensation that comes when the itch is taken away. This soothing wash penetrates the pores, gives instant relief from the most distressing skin diseases.

D.D.D.
THE Lotion for Skin Disease

The Little Auk.

(From the Captain.)

The little auk is the so-called lamp-bird of the Eskimos. This gallant little diver, of dark-grey plumage, whitish breast, and small, gull-like head, lives far up North, and is seldom seen outside the waters of the Arctic Circle. When, however, there is a continuance of heavy gales from the north, northeast, and northwest, specimens of it make their appearance on the shore of Labrador and the coasts of Norway and Lapland, and Northern Scotland. When it does appear in fair weather in more southerly latitudes than it usually frequents, it is no doubt because of its preying on the shifting shoals of the small fry that form its chief food. When these fish shoals are dispersed, or driven down into deeper water by bad wather, the little auk soon weakens and becomes the sport of the boisterous gale. It is then this frail, storm-tossed bird makes its appearance on the coasts already mentioned, and sometimes in great numbers.

In its natural, well-nourished state the little auk is so fat and full of oil that the Eskimos are said to have the custom of utilising its body as a lamp by inserting a wick under the skin of the bird, and setting light to it. Be that as it may—and even at this day travellers' tales are full of wonders, if not untruths and exaggerations—taxidermists who have handled the litle auk can verify the statement as to the very oily condition of it when the bird is even in poor condition after having been buffed and weakened by the great stormy waters of the North for days together.

Along the north-east coast of Scotland some years ago hundreds of the litle auk were picked up dead and dying consequent on a series of violent tempsts out of the north and north-east. More were also reported from far inland, where they had been blown by the gales, against which they had been too weak to battle. And when in a weak state they soon fall victims to the fierce attacks made on them by the great black-backed and other gulls. So weak does the little diver become when torn from its customary food by inclement weather that it can but go before the wind, and at times has been borne across Scotland, and from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles across Norway.

As can be easily understood, it is very difficult to keep a bird of this exclusively marine species in captivity, for to supply it with its natural food, is, of course, impossible. Some years ago, however, a Scottish naturalist did succeed in saving a little auk found by him in an exhausted state on the shore after a prolonged and very severe gale, and he got the bird to live on bits of raw cut-up fish. In time it grew so tame and so fond of him as to waddle after him about the house and grounds.

FOR THE HOLIDAY

TAKE A KODAK WITH YOU.
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is complete.

Also a full stock of Eastman Roll Film, and Film Pack to fit every size camera at

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TO CORRESPONDENTS!

Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their real names, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. In future no correspondence will be considered unless this rule is adhered to.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, Etc.

KNOWLING'S
NEW GOODS

We have now opened, and are opening every day, one of the largest and most complete shipments of New Goods we have been able to get together from England during the last two or three years. The following are a few of the items:

Men's Women's Infant's
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CLOTHING
FALL HATS, CAPS, GLOVES
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COCOA MATTING, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS
Women's and Children's
Millinery, Velour, Felt, Straw and Waterproof
HATS
Damasks, Flannels, Shirtings, Blankets

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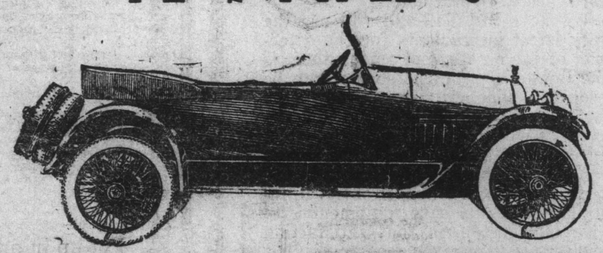

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It treats upon the Science of Investment; how Banks and Trusts make their money; the significance of watered stock; the difficulties and histories of old companies; the magnificent profits returned from various companies on small investments; speculative deals; about small shareholders; melons; inside methods; oil profits and who makes them; the abuse of money; growth and safety, and many other interesting items.

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