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nov10,81

Secret Societies of the Underworld.

**DESPERATE RUFFIANS WHO ARE
BOUND TOGETHER AND MUTU-
ALLY PROTECTED BY VOWS,
SIGNS, TOKENS, AND PASS-
WORDS.**

It was a noteworthy saying of the late M. Bertillon, one of the most famous and efficient of Paris detectives, that the continuance of crime was made possible only by the systematic combination of the lawbreakers.

The apache, much more formidable than our London hooligan or Birmingham peaky blinder, invariably works in gangs, and with a distinguishing name, special methods, and deathlike vendetta against traitors. One man particularly active in forming these criminal combinations, a person named Bisset, was known as the Prince of Receivers, but so well laid were his plans that it was only after a particularly atrocious murder, and by finger-print identification, that he was brought to justice and the guillotine.

Even to-day the underworld of Paris is honey-combed with societies whose representatives are "out" to commit any and every outrage.

The Vanished Mafia.

You have heard of the Mafia—the association of the Black Hand—and know a good deal of its sinister activities. This was at one time the most dreaded secret society in the world.

From its centre in Southern Europe, its radiations, like the threads of a pestiferous spider's web, encircled the globe, then suddenly disappeared; mutilated bodies were discovered in the byways of big cities, prosperous citizens were blackmailed till, in despair, they ended their lives. The catalogue of crimes engineered under the auspices of this society was, indeed, so long and so terrible that special police, armed with exceptional authority, were "told off" to trace the mischief to its source.

Their task was one of extreme danger and difficulty. The creatures of the Black Hand were well served. Like Pryor or Moriarty—the arch-criminal with whom Sherlock Holmes

fought a duel to the death—they conferred and schemed with apparent security in their Sicilian home. Many police-agents lost their lives in the chase, but in the end the heads of the Black Gang were driven from their lair, and paid the full penalty of their misdeeds.

Led by a Genius.

They were a council of four, who administered terrible oaths, despatched members on perilous missions, and sought by the Prussian method of frightfulness to amass great wealth and to dominate kingdoms.

Lombroso, the great criminologist, said of them:

"They originated in the home of merciless vendetta and lawless bandits. Like Cain, their hands were raised against every man's. They made a business of blackmail, a trade of murder. They had their passwords, their signs, and their symbol—an outstretched black hand. The chief of the gang, Riccio, was a scoundrel with tremendous energy and a powerful brain, that in decent life would have brought him the highest distinctions. He was an organizer of mighty genius."

Hardly less formidable was the combination of criminals who masqueraded in the East under the description of the Tarbange. They took their name from a plague-carrying rat—the most repulsive of its species.

Murder Their Object.

All members of the organisation were specialists in the art of justice. They frequented lonely roads and attacked passers-by, whose bodies—usually with necks broken—were afterwards discovered stripped and mutilated. When eventually the chief criminals were run to earth, the leader was found to be a huge, ugly Korean—a veritable brute, without scruple or remorse. But he was undoubtedly a person of amazing power and energy, controlling and directing his secret organisation with skill and resource.

Anyone who knows China will tell you that that vast empire is over-run by secret societies, the members of which take the most solemn vows, and who stick at nothing, from a common theft and skillfully-executed murders to the overthrow of a dynasty. Secrecy and intrigue, indeed, are outstanding characteristics of the Oriental.

One band of desperadoes formed themselves into a murder club. They robbed their victims, of course, but it was an article of their guilt that none should be left to tell the tale. These homicidal fends were ultimately betrayed by a "brother," brought to book, and their heads solemnly severed by the official executioner.

One of these Oriental secret services had, as its headquarters, an underground palace. There were three degrees of the order, the last one taken only by a limited number, who had to pass an ordeal of fire before admission. This ordeal included a branding across the back, which they were expected to suffer with stoical unconcern. All were thieves, many of them murderers, and they shared the loot in amounts varying according to the degrees they had attained. Their ultimate break-up was due to an Englishman at Shanghai.

The Blood Brotherhood of Africa is well known to explorers of the Dark Continent. It is a kind of Masonry, and all the members are bound by solemn oath to succour each other when in need. The ceremony was

performed on one traveller, who gives the following account of the ritual: "My left arm and left breast were bared, and by means of a primitive, but quite effective syringe, drops of blood from one of the brethren were injected. I was then given some weird and fantastic signs or sounds, by which I could always be recognised as a member of the order."

Like a Thrilling Film.

No vows are more consistently kept than these. Members have died to serve a brother in distress, while the Black Brotherhood has led to tribal wars and battles in which the inhabitants of whole villages were wiped out.

Immediately before the outbreak of war, the police of the extreme west of the United States were kept in constant activity by organised bands—all the members of which were bound by solemn obligations—who carried on such interesting pastimes as "holding up" trains, highway robbery, and organised raids on banks. They were armed to the teeth, and as untamable a lot of desperadoes as ever collected in the real wild west.

"Hobos" (tramps) also had a habit of collecting themselves in groups. They invented strange calls and peculiar whistles, which were readily recognised among the initiated. These were always ready with the knife and revolver, and terrorised the districts they infested.

London Has Its Share.

The intrigues of aliens in our own country were manifested by the formation of secret Anarchist bodies, which had as their avowed purpose the utter destruction of all semblance of law and order. Their headquarters were chiefly in Soho, though some met, and wickedly schemed, in the East End of London. One of these gangs actually planned a score of bomb outrages during the visit of a crowned head to England. In the conclave, however, was one of the cleverest men of the special branch of Scotland Yard, and on the occasion of the royal tour all the conspirators were placed safely behind bolts and bars.

More amazing, however, if less alarming in their programme, are the secret societies formed by bands of young hooligans which have sprung up in many quarters of the Metropolis. They assume such distinctive titles as "The Weesels" and "The Whitties." The Weesels had an elaborate ritual, with definite rules, and a system of penalties well calculated to strike fear into the hearts of the weak-kneed and faltering of the young rascals.

They worked methodically, mapping out the districts, and noting victims—generally smooth-tongued tradespeople—for periodic raids. And so greatly were they dreaded that many shopkeepers submitted to blackmail rather than run the risk of a raid.

"The Weesels" were ultimately broken up, but there are other bands still in existence. The police know of them only too well, but their plans are so cleverly arranged that they avoid capture; while if a single member is arrested, he seldom gives his pals away—Answers.

He Didn't Want It.

A certain gentleman owns a row of houses, and in one of them lives a married son of his who is, noted for his miserly habits.

This has got to such a pitch that for several years his father has not only been unable to get a single penny of the rent due to him, but has had to pay the rates and taxes.

As he did not want to take harsh measures he at last went to his son, and said:

"Look here, Tom; it's no use me trying to get any rent out of you for that house of mine, so I've decided to give it to you."

"No fear," interposed the son. "I shan't have it."

"Why not, pray?" exclaimed the astonished parent.

"Because then," replied the unabashed son, "I'd have to pay the rates and taxes; and goodness knows they're heavy enough in these parts!"

The woman street-cleaners in Cologne are now officially known as "Städtische Elektrische Strassenbahnschneidungsfrauen!"

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H.P.
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Get a bottle to-day.

All Stores sell H.P.

**Capt. McDonald
Dreaded to Go
Out on His Run**

**Was So Run-Down He Was
About to Give Up His Job—
Feels Fine, Now.**

Most everybody who travels over the Canadian National Railroad—between Dartmouth and Windsor Junction—knows Captain Ronald McDonald, who has been running as passenger conductor between these two points now for the past several years.

It is, indeed, doubtful if there is a more widely known or popular railroad man in all Canada than Captain McDonald, or "Curly," as he is familiarly known to his many friends, for he has been with the Canadian National in his present capacity for the past thirty years—twenty-five years on the main line—and his uniform courtesy to the travelling public have for him the friendship of, and esteem of, all who know him. Captain McDonald makes his home at Truro, but his headquarters are at Dartmouth.

Captain McDonald has suffered much annoyance during the past three years from stomach trouble and a general run-down condition, and a few weeks ago he decided to try the new medicine, Tanlac. The first bottle helped him so much that he obtained another, then another and so on. But, let Captain McDonald tell his own story in his own words. Here is his statement:

"Tanlac has put me in shape to where I am just like a brand-new man. In fact, I am now feeling just about as well as when I first got my run, thirty years ago. But just before I began taking this medicine I told my wife that unless there was improvement in my condition pretty soon I would just have to give up my job as I was almost played out."

"I have been suffering from indigestion for three years. My appetite was very poor and what little I did force down would sour almost as soon as I had eaten it. I would blast all up with gas, turn almost deathly sick and there was the worst kind of pain in the pit of my stomach nearly all the time. It was almost useless for me to go to the breakfast table for I would invariably vomit up everything I would eat. Even toast and the very lightest of things disagreed with me. I suffered constantly from heartburn and the gas on my stomach would crowd my heart so at night that I would simply have to get out of bed and walk the floor in order to get my breath. I seemed to get no nourishment from what I ate, as I lost weight and strength continually. I finally got to where I actually dreaded to eat, for when I did I would suffer from it for hours. I also had a nagging cough, said to be due to the condition of my stomach, and I not only felt miserable, but was getting worse all the time. I would wake up in the mornings feeling 'all in,' hated to get up and dreaded to go out on my run."

"I had about made up my mind to give up the job and go West for a change of climate, as nothing in the way of medicines did me any good. But there was something about the Tanlac testimonials that caught my eye. The statements seemed so sincere that they appealed to me, and made me want to test the medicine out in my case. I am now on my fifth bottle and the results have been nothing but astonishing. My appetite was never better, and I can eat three rousing meals a day and all the gas and pain and every sign of indigestion has disappeared. I feel like a log at night that, tired, worn-out feeling has left me, and I come in from my run feeling in fine shape and if there's such a thing as a person feeling like they have been made new I do. I have recommended Tanlac to many of the boys on the road and I am only too glad to give this statement for what it may be worth to others who are trying to find relief."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, under the personal direction of a special Tanlac representative—adv.

Deepest Lake in World.

Lake Baikal is the great lake of Russia in more than one sense. It is the deepest in the world, one of the largest, and besides it is, to the Russians, holy. The people who inhabit the region of Lake Baikal firmly believe that both the lake and its surroundings are endowed with supernatural powers and inhabited by unearthly beings. All manner of weird tales mingle with their explanation of any feature of the lake.

Even so simple an object as a great rock lying in the middle of a river just where it flows from Lake Baikal takes on a mysterious significance. If this stone were to slip from place, they say, the whole of Lake Baikal would pour out of its basin and flood the river and probably the continent.

Yet, even without native interpretation, many things are strange about the great Russian lake. One of Baikal's phenomena is a species of fish that inhabits the deepest part. These fish have been seen by few persons, for as soon as they are lifted out of their accustomed atmosphere of high pressure they explode.

Lake Baikal has played an important part in Russian affairs. It lies directly in the way across the continent, and before the railway was built around the southern end of the lake it had to be crossed by Siberian travellers going either east or west.

In summer steamers carried freight and passengers, but in winter, when the lake was ice-bound, traffic depended on the slow work of an ice-breaker—a steel ship that could cut ice four feet thick—and when the ice became too thick for the breaker, sledges made the forty-mile trip over the ice.

During the Russo-Japanese War, when troops had to be rushed from one end of the empire to the other, Lake Baikal was a great obstacle to speed until engineers laid tracks across the ice sheet and ran trains across it.



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Black Rubber Raincoats, trimmed with White Collar, White Belt and White Strapped Sleeves. The style and workmanship are excellent and it is only because of their lateness in filling the order that the manufacturer made a price concession which enabled us to offer them at this reduction.

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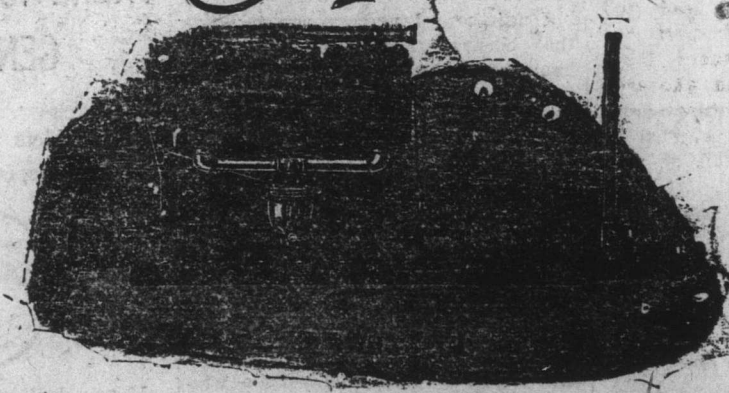
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AGENTS.

Don't say Paper, say The Evening Telegram

The Teacher and His Salary.

There is a wide gulf in these days between the high ideals that the public set for the profession of the school teacher and the actual value that they place upon those ideals as measured by teachers' salaries. In a time when the whole of the industrial class is moving toward by leaps and bounds in the matter of increased reward for its labor, the teachers, in common with one or two other professions, notably the ministry, have gained so little that they have become a by-word for meagre income and straitened conditions of life. This is more noticeable in view of the increased emphasis which the time place upon education in all its various aspects. Are the salaries of teachers our estimate of the value of the education of our children, or are we degrading these men and women out of what is their due? This is the question in a nutshell.

Through all recent times reformers have looked to education for the advancement and regeneration of society. In these days, particularly, when the whole structure of society seems to be shaken at its foundations, the prophets of our times are calling for a spread of knowledge and a training of mind that will combat those tendencies that lead to degradation. Moreover, there is an insistent call everywhere that the training of the children who are to be the citizens of the future shall not be left to chance nor entrusted to unskilled hands, but shall be the work of specialists, well trained, alert in mind, healthy in body and healthy as well in their outlook upon the world. And to those who seem to meet the necessary requirements in all those respects we pay a wage that is less in many cases than the common laborer on the street will receive for his eight hours of work. The situation is not peculiar to Canada nor to Canada. It is quite marked in the United States and Great Britain. It is resulting—already resulted in fact—in making the profession one largely occupied by women. The men with gifts and energy have discovered that teaching is other professions that make less drain upon the physical strength, that are quite as satisfying and from which the returns are double or triple that paid to teachers. Not that alone, but men in recent years have undergone of training for the profession are going it for business. This is a serious thing for the training of youth of the country, but the more they refuse to remain in economic bondage imposed by their citizens. This is the lament of the part of it that it is not the Ag