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**TO-NIGHT'S FOOTBALL**

The C. F. I. and Felidians are the contesting teams at St. George's Field to-night. The game starts at (7.15) sharp.

ST. JOSEPH'S REGATTA.

The chief centre of attraction for Wednesday afternoon will be St. Joseph's Regatta and Garden Party, which takes place at Quidi Vidi Lake, commencing at 3 p.m. As already mentioned, a programme of seven races has been arranged for, and in each case the boats are well crewed and exciting contests can be looked forward to. A meeting of the committee will be held at St. Joseph's Hall to-night, for the purpose of accepting intending crews, and the drawing of the stakes and buoys.

FOURTH ATTEMPT TO SWIM CHANNEL.

BOULOGNE, Aug. 9.—Lillian Harrison, the Argentine girl swimmer, to-night proposed taking the water for the fourth attempt to swim the English Channel to-morrow night.

JACK DEMPSEY NEAR END OF ROPE; "FIGHT OR QUIT" DEMAND OF FANS.

(By Wilbur Wood.)
A little more than six years ago Jack Dempsey said: "I will be a fighting champion. I will always be willing to meet the man the public wants me to fight. If there is a better man, let him come and fight me for the title. I'm a fighter and I will fight."

Those were bold words. That was the way Dempsey felt about it at that time, we have no doubt. His defiance to all the world was spoken as his seconds dressed him of his ring garment a few minutes after big Jess Willard gave up the world championship at Toledo.

Dempsey, no doubt, was convinced at that time he could whip any man in the world. But time makes many changes. There is a vast difference between the Dempsey of 1919 and the Dempsey of 1925.

The man who, on that sultry July afternoon in 1919, was hailed as the superman of the ring after he had beaten down the huge Willard, for pos-

beaten down the huge Willard, for possible subterfuge to avoid a meeting inside the ropes with his patient challenger, Harry Wills.

For a long time it was possible to excuse Dempsey on the grounds that his manager, Jack Kearns, was to blame for the championship's failure to accept the Senegambian's challenge. But now, with Dempsey looking out for his own affairs, he is just as unwilling as ever to meet the challenger, judging from his actions. The apologetics for the champion of champions no longer can find excuses for him.

Dempsey, long pictured as the greatest of a long line of great heavyweights, now faces the humiliation of having his title taken from him without a blow being struck.

Having given the champion every possible opportunity to show that his alleged willingness to box Wills is not a mere sham, the Boxing Commission is preparing to take his laurels from him.

Near End of Rope.

Unless Dempsey bestirs himself, unless he sends in a signed agreement to box the negro and dispatches with this a sizeable cash forfeit to show that he is not kidding the public, the commission will have no choice but to pronounce Wills champion by default.

Championships are won and lost in the ring. But when a champion will not fight he cannot lose his title in the ring. And no champion who will not meet a worthy opponent within a reasonable time can expect to retain public esteem, whether his challenger be black, white or yellow.

If Dempsey does not want to fight he should say so and lay aside his crown. To be fought for by those who are willing to fight. Other champions have surrendered their titles under similar circumstances. Jim Jeffries gave up the same title held by Dempsey. However, Jeff quit because there was no more formidable opponents, not because he feared to box a man who had hounded him for years.

Johnny Dundee gave up the featherweight honors because he no longer could make the weight. Benny Leonard threw the lightweight title away for the same reason. By so doing they retained public esteem.

We do not recall a single champ-

ion so faint hearted that it was necessary to take his title from him by proclamation. Yet that is what is going to happen to Dempsey, if we read the signs aright.

There will be those who will sneer at any attempt by the commission to tear the crown from the champion's head. The commission realises as much. For that reason, the boxing fathers have given him every chance to redeem himself. Still, no word comes from him.

What a pity that a championship so gloriously won should be so ignominiously lost!

DEMPSEY WILL NOT BOX HARRY GREB THIS FALL.

Los Angeles.—The proposed Jack Dempsey-Harry Greb fight at Michigan City in September is definitely off, according to Rob Roy Benton, speaking for the champion here. A Dempsey bout prior to September of next year seems very doubtful.

Benton said that nothing had been done about the bout at Michigan City, which Floyd Fitzsimmons has been trying to promote. He added that the real estate holdings of Dempsey and Jack Kearns has been divided, through Kearns will be insured of a split in the profits of any fight prior to September, 1926.

"Dempsey has not signed to fight Greb at Michigan City and does not intend to," added the champion's spokesman. "No articles were sent him to sign. Nothing definite was done about the proposed Greb match, and as a result Dempsey has decided that if he fights any one at all in September it will not be Greb."

"He will continue light training, however, in case some kind of a bout is arranged for him soon; but if action is delayed he will turn his attention to other affairs."

"It was agreed at the conferences that if Dempsey fights before the expiration of his contract with Kearns in September, 1926, Kearns will get a 35 per cent. split."

"There is only one definite bout on Dempsey's program and that is the bout in which he has agreed to meet Harry Wills in the fall of 1925."

FAMOUS BOUT.

Carson City.—(Asso. Press)—The bout used at the world championship heavyweight prize fight here March 17 1897, when Jim Corbett lost the title to Bib Fitzsimmons, has been given by Mrs. Sadie Manton to her son, a resident of Texas, whose father was one of Corbett's trainers. Mrs. Manton purchased the old belt from Andrew Todd, Sr., of Carson City, who has had it in his possession since the day of the battle.

Prophetic Dreams**ARE THEY MERE COINCIDENCES?**

Once upon a time (says a doctor writing in the London Standard) most of us ascribed our dreams to cheese or lobster. That attitude still has its supporters, even in Harley street. But it is now distinctly old-fashioned. The modern interpreters of dreams repudiate, most emphatically, any suggestion of a dietetic origin.

Generally speaking, the psychoanalyst first interprets a dream as a surreptitious wish-fulfilment. It represents a compromise between the Old Adam and the good citizen. Having restrained an errant desire—but not ceased to hanker after its fulfilment—we dream that it has, in fact, been fulfilled.

Good citizenship forbids that the dream shall be open and above-board. Everything is disguised; everywhere are symbols. Thus, the dream is meaningless unless the symbols have been interpreted.

Fulfilling a Wish.

And there, or so it appears to me, is the rub. The interpretation of symbols in a haphazard business.

On the other hand, I am aware that correct interpretation is often reached and that dream interpretation is becoming a true branch of science.

What, then, of the so-called "prophetic dreams" by which our ancestors set so great store? If a dream is merely the fulfilment of a wish it cannot, at the same time, be a warning about an unknown future. The psychoanalyst has as little faith in the prophetic as he has in dietetic dreams. He dismisses both as mere coincidence.

In most cases, no doubt, he is quite right. But there are a few cases in which coincidence does not seem to be a satisfactory explanation. Not long ago, for example, the police were enabled to discover a missing body because a relative of the dead person dreamed its whereabouts correctly.

The odds against such an event being a mere coincidence are overwhelmingly great.

Susu in Port

S.S. Susu, Capt. Jacob Kean, returned from points as far as Chang Islands, Saturday night, after a splendid passage of four days. She brought a small freight and several passengers for this port. Capt. Kean reports the trap fishery at the northward is now over as far as Chang Islands, the voyage on the whole being only a fair one. Hook and liners are not doing so well, although there is a plentiful supply of squid for bait. The Susu sails again to-morrow at 3 p.m.

Buying Men in Bits

PEOPLE WHO SELL THEIR SKIN.

A very strange advertisement appeared in a London daily paper recently. A man offered himself as willing to undergo any operations where there was a "sporting" outside chance of recovery.

No one seems to know exactly what is the legal aspect of the case. If such an offer were accepted, and the man died under the operation, it seems possible that the operator might be indicted for manslaughter.

It is, however, a well known fact that both surgeons and patients are willing to pay large sums for suitable human subjects for medical experiments. The blind American millionaire, Mr. Charles Bensen, once advertised for a man suffering from eye trouble similar to his own who would be willing to undergo a somewhat painful operation which might result in cure. He finally obtained a subject, and retained him for some years at a salary of £250 a year.

£1,000 for An Ear.

Several operations were performed upon the substitute, but all without the desired effect. So the millionaire at last gave up hope and resigned himself to a life of darkness.

Five years ago Miss Emma Gallacher, a wealthy young woman, was terribly burned by the explosion of a spirit stove. Her chin, neck and chest were left almost raw. To conceal the scars the doctors performed twenty-three different operations in skin grafting, the skin being taken from twenty-three different persons. The sums paid for other people's skins worked out at £200 per square foot.

An advertisement appeared some time ago in a New York paper to the effect that a Western millionaire, who was about to be married, was prepared to pay £1,000 for a right ear to be grafted upon his own head, in place of one which had been lost in a mining accident.

An immense number of applications was received, and Dr. Nalden, who undertook the operation, selected a suitable candidate. A deed of agreement was drawn up, and the physician agreed to keep the names of both buyer and seller secret.

The operation was duly performed. The upper half of the volunteer's ear was cut away, together with four inches of skin at the back of the ear and grafted on the millionaire's head. The two men had to lie practically motionless until, after twelve days, the flesh had united, and the rest of the ear was cut away and grafted.

Still more wonderful, says a writer in the Glasgow Evening Citizen, was the case of a Scottish woman who sustained shocking injuries in a runaway accident. Her skull and both legs were fractured, and her left arm and one side of her face badly lacerated. Her son, a young physician, abandoned his practice and set himself to endeavour to restore his mother's life. "Everyone else had given up her case as hopeless. Day and night he devoted his whole time to her, and was inspired not only her nurse, but the poor sufferer herself, that she survived and began slowly to mend."

But the mutilation of the face caused terrible disfigurement. The son thereupon insisted upon the attendant physician removing skin enough from his own body to graft upon the scars. One by one, no fewer than forty pieces of skin were cut from his body and grafted upon his mother's face and arm. In the end the woman not only recovered from injuries which would have killed ninety-nine people out of a hundred, but also showed very slight disfigurement.

In this case, however, filial love was the motive for the sacrifice, and perhaps similar disinterested motives have operated at least as powerfully in cases of this kind as the hope of monetary gain.

A Ploughboy's Success

There has just been hailed in London as a great singer a young baritone who began life as a ploughboy in the wilds of Wales. He is Mr. Watcyn Watcyns, and he has scored a great success in oratorio and other spheres of music. The son of a blacksmith, Mr. Watcyns has been a singer all his life. "It was the hills of Montgomeryshire that gave me my love of music," he told me the other day. "Although my day started at 5 a.m. and ended at dusk, there was hardly a moment in which I wasn't to be heard singing—singing—singing! And it was always my dream to sing one day before great audiences in the world's capitals."

Well, Mr. Watcyns' boyish dream has come true. He has sung before many distinguished people, some of whom have hailed him as perhaps the greatest baritone of our time.

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Nature's Scale of Weather Too Big

Former Director of Meteorological Office On Thunderstorm Making.

(By Sir Napier Shaw, F.R.S.)

London.—There is a curious and indomitable fascination about British weather. The Meteorological Office stimulates our curiosity by announcing another prospective week of fine weather, and titillates its announcement by shy hints of sea fogs and thunderstorms.

Through the insatiable curiosity of science we are always trying to find a formula into which we can put the facts of the present and the past, and set the weather of the future. A forecast of twenty-four hours in advance is already something practical; a forecast for a week, a month, or six months ahead is well worth striving for.

If the internal construction of a machine for determining the weather were given to us, we should not know what food to give it; we have still to find out what are the "causes" of our weather—sunspots, ice in the Polar regions, on the Alps, or Mount Everest, the strength of the Gulf Stream, the temperature of the Labrador current, the strength of the trade winds, the condition of the upper atmosphere here and elsewhere. Meanwhile we know about cyclones and anticyclones, and are assured that when there is a well-formed anticyclone above us it is a substantial barrier against the invasions that give cloud and rain.

That little reminder of the risk of sea fog and thunder, with which the weather office seasons its anticipation of a fine week, gives us a glimpse of the outstanding uncertainties, about circumstances that nobody is willing at the moment to locate or to specify, however important they may be.

Tune The Air.

It may seem helpless to be unable to say yes or no to the prospect of a thunderstorm, throughout the history of our weather. It is indeed hard upon meteorologists that the most impressive events like the thunderstorms and tornadoes should be fickle beyond all others excepting, apparently, sea fog on the coasts. There is, however, a reason. The exploration of the upper air by kites, balloons, and aeroplanes during the last thirty years tell us a good deal. In order to get the conformation of a thunderstorm both the lower air and the upper air must be tuned to play the game; the upper air must have its temperature properly adjusted to make the ascent of wet air (if there should be any) automatic and vigorous, and the lower air, of course, in itself is not enough; the fine weather is still quite safe so long as the lower air keeps reasonably dry. Let a mass of it get saturated, and up it will go like a rocket, and rain, hail, thunder, and lightning are automatic consequences.

People sometimes talk of operating the weather artificially. Let us suggest a small thunderstorm as an experiment. It wants suitable air above that has to be changed, as we do not know about it before hand. It wants also saturated air below, and that can be supplied at will from a steam boiler. With a tall factory chimney the experiment might be a conspicuous success.

Gutenberg Bible

TWO COPIES NOW IN LONDON.

Mr. E. Goldston, a bookseller, of Museum-street, W.C., arrived in London recently from Vienna, bringing with him a copy of the famous Gutenberg Bible.

This work is 470 years old and has been in the possession of the Melk Benedictine Monastery, 47 miles from Vienna, for 300 years. Despite its age, it is in excellent condition. There are only 12 other complete copies in the world. The illuminated initial letters have a perfect colouring, and each leaf has a very distinct watermark.

Mr. Goldston told a Daily Mail representative that the superstitious would be interested to know that to obtain this copy, which is one of 13, he travelled backwards and forwards four times and each time he occupied No. 13 sleeping berth, the last time he was in London being Monday, July 13.

Mr. Goldston says his Gutenberg is in far better condition than the one in the British Museum.

Shipping

S.S. Newfoundland left Halifax for Boston at 6 p.m. on Saturday.
S.S. Sachem leaves Liverpool for this port on the 14th inst.

S.S. Dighy is now at Liverpool having been taken off this service for the present.

S.S. Canadian Sapper leaves Montreal on Friday for here, via Charlotte-town.

S.S. Munster arrived at 10 o'clock last night and sailed this morning for Halifax and Boston.

Schr. Marie de Cen, 27 days from Oporto, with a cargo of salt, arrived here yesterday, consigned to order.

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