

The Horseless Carriage.

(A weekly column conducted in the interests of the Motoring Public.)

Mr. Dunlop avails of this, the first opportunity, to tender his heartiest congratulations to our athletes in Halifax on the excellent manner in which they have kept up the Newfoundland reputation "better than the best."

Notwithstanding our remarks last week on the plan of campaign we had laid down for this column, we are sorry, Dave, the "powers that be" have issued an ultimatum that we must cut out the "raw stuff." Two or three members of the Motor Association Executive claim that we have been corrupting the younger generation with one or two of the items that have appeared. Personally, we have never met a twentieth century juvenile who couldn't cap yarn we have told in this column with "a better one," but we are always prepared to bow to superior judgment, and now believe that there are some youngsters who have got "pop" bluffed to a standstill that they don't know anything that isn't taught in Sunday School!

When our silly contemporaries want to be funny here's the way they go at it. First, we will give you an extract from "London Punch":

"By the way, Mr. Henry Ford, says a New York message, is rapidly becoming the richest man in the world. We have felt for some time that he had some motive for making those cars and that he was not doing it for love."

And, now a selection from New York "Life":

EVER HEAR ANYBODY SAY THIS!
(1) "I was to blame entirely, Officer. I was driving thirty-five miles an hour and that car couldn't possibly have avoided me."

(2) "My car isn't worth nine hundred dollars, but I'd like to have you hit it at that figure because, otherwise, I won't be able to finance my wife's trip to the seashore."

And thirdly and lastly we will give you a bright little poem cut from last week's "Comic Weekly":

ACCELERATE OR—
When first I bought a motor car,
My mental status stood at par.
I had a sane, unquenching thirst
For actions of Safety First;
No mad impulse arose to plead
That I indulge in bursts of speed
But leisurely I journeyed then
Exhaling peace, good will to men.

And when, behind me, airen shrieks
Announced accelerating freaks,
I immediately gave way until
They passed and vanished o'er the hill.
Sardonic grins, their gibes and jeers
Met shielded eyes and cottoned ears.
The while I slowly shook my head
And ruminated on the dead.

But scarce a month had spent its range
Ere I had undergone a change.
My reason faded, phantomlike
And I was burning up the pike.
No placid gait consoled me now,
No docile rate the lava allow.
And when some driver tries to pass
I open up and give her gas!

A deep respect for Safety First
Attends the miles in haste traversed.
But while my folly I deplore
I know slow jaunts will serve no more.
So every motorist betrays
The sanity of early days.
The speed hog bites him on the pate
And he must needs accelerate.

We have culled the two following "hints" from The "Motor" and hope they will be of practical interest to our readers:—

TO FACILITATE TIRE REMOVAL.

Although tire removal is one of the most common occurrences of motoring life, comparatively few owners know of a little trick which not only saves time and motions, but actually facilitates the job of taking the rim off the felloe. This consists in loosening without removing the two lugs nearest the valve stem. After shaking the tire to and fro slightly it will lift off very easily. When putting on the spare tire, the valve stem is rotated around to the bottom, the weight of the car is allowed to rest on the tire, and it will be found that the rim is in the best position with respect to the felloe for inserting and tightening the other lugs. The rim being held free from the felloe at the upper end of the wheel due to the weight at the bottom, the lugs can be inserted and screwed up with the minimum of effort.

A TIRE TUBE TOOL KIT.

A tube that has outlived its usefulness as an air container can be reincarnated as a tool case in which to carry all small tool equipment such as wrenches, screwdrivers, pliers, files, etc. From an old tube a piece is cut of sufficient length to serve the purpose, and after being split lengthwise, is split along the center to make loops for holding the tools. The sides of the rubber case will curl up over the tools and the whole can be rolled into a neat bundle, which can be held securely by wide rubber bands cut from sections of the tube.

The Naval gentleman who navigated the "Hornet" on the Prince of Wales' wonderful trip around the world, has been summing in St. John's and has been amusing himself with a small "Buick" car. The only fault he has to find with the Newfoundland roads is

that "they are not as wide as the Atlantic ocean for passing things on!"

Thanks to carefulness on the part of the compositor this column has been singularly free of misprints during the past few weeks. However, last week, he did make us say that the motor dinner was going to be an awfully good "effort" when the word we used was "affair." Puts us in mind of a good many years ago when some of us used to take swimming lessons from an elderly gentleman who has been for some years now on the East End Cab stand but who, at that time, was caretaker of the City Boat Club. The modus operandi of the swimming lesson was that a rope was tied round one's middle and one was pitched overboard where one either sunk or swam—it didn't matter much which to the old fellow who sat in the boat with the other end of the rope in his hand, and who shouted encouragingly as one floundered in the water: "That's a good effort—that's a good effort" meaning otherwise "That's a good effort!"

However, reverting to the dinner, everyone of the Executive of the Motor Association is certainly making a good effort to make the dinner a real good affair. Mr. Gordon Christman will be in charge of the piano, and the musical programme is in the hands of Mr. J. A. MacKenzie, who is being ably assisted by Mr. Ern Fox so that end of it will be alright. All speeches are to be limited to ten minutes, and the Secretary has received warning that any remarks from him are to be strictly censored and before the toast list commences, everybody present will be presented with a bottle of two per cent. beer.

Talking of "near beer," we must say that we have been decidedly taken with the advertisement in late English papers of a thing—we don't know quite what to call it—which goes by the name of "Ner-a-Car." It claims to be a cross between a motor cycle and a small car possessing all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of both. Runs seventy miles to the gallon, and costs in our money, at the present rate of exchange, something under \$300. With the new fancy duties (when the deuce, by the way, is the Government going to start a school to give instructions in the correct way of making out a "Tor Day" entry under the new fangled regulations?) this outfit would cost landed somewhere around \$500, and for the man who cannot afford a "Rolls Royce" or a "Tin Elizabeth," this "mongrel" vehicle looks like something he might have a lot of fun out of during the summer months. (No, we are not agent for this outfit. Our only reason for giving it a boost is our fellow feeling for the man who would be a motorist if his pocket would allow him!)

We welcome to the noble army of motorists Mr. John Fenslon, who we hear, has recently purchased an "Overland." Mr. Fenslon was an ardent motor cyclist in the palm days of the Motor Cycle Club, and we are always glad to see the boys grow up and graduate from the motor cycle class into the motor car class, even if it should be only a "tin Lizzie," which in this instance, it is not.

A mighty good yarn comes from the recent opening of a new Masonic Lodge at Heart's Content. The number of the new Lodge we will say for the sake of the story was 1282. (Twelve fifty-two was not the actual number, but the number of the Lodge was somewhere in the one thousands.) A worthy brother, in proposing a toast to the new Lodge, remarked that he was not likely to forget its number as it was the same number as was on the license plate of his car. This evoked much applause and everyone was struck with the coincidence until a member of the Road Commission who happened to be present, remarked: "But it looks to me, brother, as if you have not paid your license for 1921!" (As everybody knows the numbers of the current year's licenses begin at 2000.)

The wise people say that there is a reason for everything. The Almighty creates. We have at last found the use of the small dogs that we got into hot water over a few weeks ago with some of the ladies, for describing as "a cross between a squirrel and a lady's muff." In a motor smash last week a lady was sitting in the front of the car holding one of those "little pets" in her lap. When the crash came the dog and the lady's head were thrown against the windshield. The dog went first, however, and as the lady's head brought up against the dog she was saved a very nasty bump. After this, we shall buy one of these dogs for our wife.

We took a run over the road Tuesday evening as far as Manuels. After Monday night's rain, the fact that the Road Commission were called to stop work half way through the season, was strongly emphasized. The road in many places was full of holes, and it looks as if the present road repairing done by the Commission on Topsail Hill will, for aught, unless sufficient funds can be raised by the Government, be the road repairers continue their good work till the end of the season. And, talking of Manuels, we think we have mentioned previously that it would be desirable if the Board of Works would give some immediate attention to Manuel's Bridge. If we haven't referred to this matter before, we certainly intend to.

MR. DUNLOP.

We have many testimonials from Wholesalers stating that VICTORY BRAND CLOTHING is the most saleable line they handle. THE WHITE CLOTHING MFG. CO. LTD.—jest.

Figs chopped and moistened with lemon juice make a delicious sandwich filling.

Hawaiian Aeroplanes.

Before aviation was in vogue, the skills of flying were only known to the Hawaiians, according to the natives of to-day. These natives got their excitement by jumping off cliffs into the ocean in primitive planes. They made a variety of it, known as "lele" or "jumping from the cliff." It was played up to a hundred years or so ago by natives who lived near groves of loulou palms near high cliffs overlooking the ocean. The same was played with huge contrivances built of light but stout sticks and covered with loulou palm leaves. Several of these affairs were made ready, the Hawaiian "aviators" took their seats and were pushed over towering cliffs at the same time. The adventurer who remained longest in the air was the winner. Often through carelessness or excitement a "plane" would execute a nose dive similar to those of twentieth century aeroplanes. The only damage was the loss of the game. Old Hawaiians say that their flying men were exceptionally skillful. The only means they had of guiding their crude appliances was to shift their weight to

maintain balance as they zig-zagged down toward the sea. Exceptionally daring Hawaiians often hopped on thousand-foot cliffs on the mainland. It is said.

With the Gun.

(Western Star.)
Hunters returning from the Gas Topsail country report partridge and other small game numerous. Allan Bartlett, who recently returned from a trip up country, informed us that he saw signs of moose in the vicinity of Kitty's brook. C. A. White, of Rotheray, Bay St. George, returned Monday from a hunting trip up country. He had some good sport at small game. M. E. Boland and T. Power went up country on Sunday evening on a hunting trip. They will hunt caribou in the vicinity of Sandy Lake. Dr. Smith, of Ohio, is hunting caribou up Robinson's River, and has secured one good head to date. Caribou are plentiful in that section of the country but mostly young and males.
Army Boots for men only Seven Dollars the pair at PARKER & MONROE'S—sep27.11

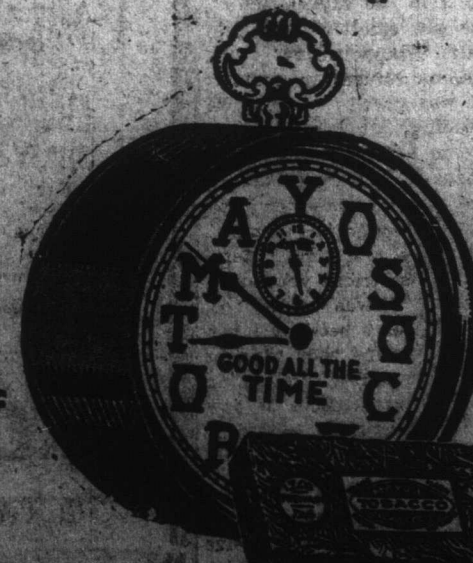


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