

Before you shave; strop

A few strokes to and fro and you have a new keen edge for each shave. Saves constant blade expense.

Valet Auto-Strop Razor

\$5. up to \$25, other models at lower prices

"This Loveable and Not Unlovely Land" By Late Rev. Dr. R. Howley.

Newfoundland's Sons in Other Lands, by Rev. Frederick Woods, D.D., With Opinions of Other Visitors, on Nfld.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir—Would you kindly permit me space through the columns of The People's Paper, the Evening Telegram, for the introduction of the following compiled opinions on the beauties of Terra Nova, written by some of her most gifted sons, and spoken of by the ladies and gentlemen of foreign climes. The late Rev. Dr. Richard Howley, brother of His Grace the late Archbishop Howley, was a pleasing and clever writer, and at one time was a correspondent to the Pall Mall Gazette. Some of the old time readers of your paper remember the beautiful and instructive Christmas Numbers of the Evening Telegram in its infant years. Men well known for their ability contributed to their pages, among them Rev. Dr. Murphy. In the early eighties there appeared the following clever contribution from his pen:

"Newfoundland! The name seems to have been invented on purpose to confound the historian and drive the poet to despair. There is nothing in its sense or sound that suggests a shadow of the venerable or ray of the romantic. Yet the land itself—with its deep firds, its gloomy sea-caves, its towering cliffs and majestic headlands—teems with all the elements of the weird and wistful poetry of the North. It presents a thousand scenes grand as those painted with wizard touch, by Scott in that most exquisite of his creations, 'The Pirate.' There are mystic souls that see—in those, the lands of storm and gloom—the true region of poetry. In the South, things of beauty appear in softly-chiselled outline, and all aglow with colour. They ravish the senses, but rob the fancy of its delicious dreamings. In the North, things awful and mysterious appear to the eyes in dim, unfashioned form, but are moulded by the spirit into perfect being. They are creatures of that 'inner' sense that refines and idealizes the material world, and gives it life, and light, and truth. In the North the sources of poetry lie within; in the South they abide without the soul. Here the Muse reposes in pleasant valleys, revels in soft delights, and basks in perpetual sunshine. There she sits enthroned in mists, and rides upon the tameless winds. The South is, therefore, the home of imitation and of art. The North is the haunt of inspiration, poetry and dreams. Hence the marked idealism of the Northern Muse, as compared with her gay and brilliant rival. How spiritual, even when dealing with Nature and Nature's forms, is the muse of Milton, Scott, Wordsworth, and the impetuous Byron! Whereas, the thought of Tasso, of Ariosto, of Calderon and De Vega is ever occupied with the outward and visible features of things—decked, it is true, with the brightest colors, and personified in heroes of amazing faculties, fortunes and resources, who are forever changing into grotesque figures, and engaged in impossible adventures.

The lofty and meditative genius of the Northern Muse is also the cause, and the result of that deep abiding vision that haunts the child of the North, and makes his hand beautiful to him. He loves it, not so much for what it is itself, but for what it is in his sight. His spirit is never in exile, and he created for himself an ideal country, he carries its image with him forever. But the Southern is a creature of enjoyment. His country to him is a thing of light—to trifle with, to gloat over—but its beauty is not of him. In exile he suffers pain of sense, but knows nothing of that pain of loss that gnaws at the heart of the steadfast son of the North.

I feel I have imperfectly conveyed an impression that is strong and clear in my own fancy, and is somehow inseparably connected with my mental and material vision of Newfoundland. But a charming author here comes to mine and my reader's rescue, and, in a few bold pen-strokes, paints the perfect picture I have but bodadbed: 'I like the South,' says Lady Julia Kavanagh, in Nathalie, 'but not to reside in. That endless revel of Nature, with skies ever blue and air ever

balm, enervates the soul. Man is not himself when he has nothing against which to strive. Have you never, in imagination, contrasted a soft Southern climate with the desolate North; with icy seas blending at the horizon with skies scarcely more black? Have you not thought of those solitary and rock-bound shores—of those wild, barren regions? They have a solemn and melancholy charm that lives in the memory when the verdant earth, the serene sky and the azure seas of the South are forgotten.

It must be some such nameless charm that renders Newfoundland—to all who ever resided there—a memory not to be conjured away by the magic wand of time; a vision not to be banished by the beauties of earth's most favored regions. This feeling is not confined to the son of the soil. The stranger confesses to it. The fact is this: All that mere beauty can offer, or that art can build or gild, is powerless to seize upon that instinct that is wild and free—savage, if you will—in every genuine man. Deep down within him there is something that is akin to the rude, uncontrolled forms and forces of Nature. The very temples man builds for his worship are modelled upon the giant rocks upheaved by Nature's throes before art had belittled, or chisel deformed, her handiwork. Man's cities are but the dens he dugged to house his miseries and his vices after wandering from his happy lair amid mountain gorge and leafy forest—the homes of neither lord nor serf. His trim parks and twittering fountains are but the mimicry of the heath-mantled moor and the thunderous cataract. Leave man to himself! He will return to his beloved wilds. Loose him from the tags and tatters and tinsel of a degraded civilization! The animal within him—uncaged—will rush back to freedom and to Nature. He will once more become the lord of creation. As he now is, Nature will neither recognize him as her subject, nor serve him as her master.

This is going, perhaps, too deep down for reasons to account for the undoubted fact that the heart clings most closely to scenes where Nature abounds and artifice is conspicuously absent. It is going rather far away from the prosaic facts with which my work shall have to deal. Yet this is no artful introduction. It will strike, I deem, a clear-sounding chord in many a heart that has felt—though not unravelled—the ties that bind it to this loveable and not unlovely land."

For Matchless Skin ~Keep the System Regular

Take **Beecham's Pills**
THE NATION'S LAXATIVE

MUTT AND JEFF



Rev. Frederick Woods, D.D., was also a contributor to the columns of the Evening Telegram Christmas Number. The Rev. gentleman was born at St. John's. The following contribution was written by him from the United States of America some thirty-four or five years ago. Speaking on love of home he said:—"The mention in a strange land of one of the familiar localities of home, is magical. It is an Open Sesame to the storehouse of the past; for we, expatriated natives, carry Signal Hill and Chain Rock, Riverhead and Kitty Viddy, in our hearts. Pronounce one of these cabalistic words, and lo, the ideal treasures with which associated memories so enrich scenes of the olden time! But the poetic haze of distance aside, it is literally true that the St. John's boy has small conceptions of the real majesty of the scenery which is the commonplace of his every day life. He does not realize this until he finds himself wondering why the famous and fashionable coast scenery of other places seems so tame to him. Then it flashes upon him. 'Ah,' he says, 'you should see Topsail, or Petty Harbor, or Portugal Cove.' The Narrows alone is a piece of colossal picturesque which the artist Nature herself must admire. Not only do we, who have had an opportunity of comparison, know the old places to be intrinsically grand, but, as landmarks of our boyhood, they are to us wreathed with the sunlight and verdure of that tropical season."

OPINIONS OF PERSONS FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

This country has been visited by many distinguished persons from across the sea, who have praised the people and scenery of our sea-girt Isle. We have culled from among the many favourable opinions the following: Miss E. Pauline Johnson, who visited us some nineteen years ago, said:—"Newfoundland is the veriest sportsman's paradise. The royal catches of salmon, the caribou, the ptarmigan are attractions for many a gun from overseas. When you have been privileged to see her glorious sea-board, her ships, her merchandise, her rich forests you cease to marvel at her pluck, for she has mothered men who turn these things to good account, and whose loyalty to her never lessened throughout her dark days."

The Rt. Rev. John Inglis, D.D., Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, who visited us in 1827, said:—"The entrance to St. John's is highly picturesque, the town is well situated and in the centre of beautiful scenery. Speaking of having sailed up the Exploits River, His Lordship said: "This is the first day since I left Halifax that was devoted to personal gratification. While the ship was being provided with wood, we went in the boats about thirteen miles (the ship was anchored twenty-five miles up the river) to a rapid where we landed and walked about two miles to a splendid waterfall. The scenery was exceedingly beautiful and the country heavily timbered."

Mrs. and Miss Lamb, wealthy ladies of America, visited our country some twenty years ago. They had travelled a great deal of the world, having been in Switzerland, Germany, England, France and Spain, and when they visited the West Coast they said: "All they had seen was incomparable to the scenery of Newfoundland."

Mr. Schwamb, a retired lumber merchant of Chicago, said that "Newfoundland was the finest country in the world for sportsmen."

Mr. George Eade, manager of the famous Thomas Cook & Sons, Tourist Excursion Company, of New York, visited us and said that he was charmed with the scenery.

Colonel Sir John Godfrey Rogers, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., who had travelled

BEAUTIFY IT WITH**"DIAMOND DYES"**

Just Dip to Tint or Boil to Dye



Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can tint soft, delicate shades or dye rich, permanent colors in lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings—everything!

Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

extensively in foreign lands, spent a month in the interior. He said that "Newfoundland compared favourably with Norway and Scotland."

Now, Mr. Editor, the opinions of the above persons are in the main borne out by the greatest number of visitors who have come for pleasure to our shores, either hunting caribou, fishing in our lakes, or in basking in the pleasure derivable from our unrivaled scenery. A few words more, Mr. Editor, with your permission, and then I shall have finished my compilation. I wish to extend a mead of praise to Messrs. Blandford and Stafford and all the other gentlemen who have been instrumental in undertaking to erect for the welfare of Terra Nova such a magnificent hotel in our midst. That it may prove a success is not only the wish of the compiler of this article, but of all true lovers of their sea-girt Isle as well. Before concluding, Mr. Editor, I wish to thank you for the kindness you have tendered me in the publication of my rather lengthy communication. I remain,

Yours sincerely,
TERRA NOVA.

Oct. 20, 1925.

**Traffic Segregation**

SIR H. MATTHEW ON LESSONS ON HIS U.S. TOUR.

Landing at Southampton from the White Star liner Olympic on his return from his inspection of American roads, Sir Henry Matthew, Director-General of Roads, gave a Daily Mail reporter some of his impressions with regard to traffic control in the United States.

"The Americans gain a big advantage by segregating traffic" (the separation, on different routes, of various kinds of vehicles, fast and slow), he said, "and they have gone much farther than we have in their signalling arrangements, which lead to a more expeditious and better handling of traffic."

"We have not made so many experiments as New York. We have no controlling authority in London and no one responsible for these things, and it means money to provide signalling arrangements or anything else."

"What impressed me most was the enormous expenditure being incurred everywhere in the United States in connection with road improvements and anticipated developments. Outside Detroit they are building a new street 294 ft. wide which will have a train track in the middle, bordered by a section on each side for motor traffic and another section for slow-moving vehicles."

"Motor-cars are being turned out by thousands a day to add to the 18,000,000 already on the roads, and to make room for the increasing traffic city authorities are pulling down buildings

THE CLOCK WAS THERE AND SO WAS MRS. MUTT.

NEWEST SHAPES**AND STYLES.****LOWEST PRICES****AND A BETTER FIT.****RUBBERS****FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.**

Be prepared for the bad weather by having a pair of our Comfortable RUBBERS at hand.

Lowest Prices in Town**CHILD'S and MISSES' RUBBERS**

Child's Black Rubbers, Storm, good quality.
Sizes 6 to 10, 80c. 11 to 2, 95c.

CHILDREN'S ROLLED EDGE RUBBERS

The real rubber for hard wear.
Sizes 6 to 10, 1.00; red sole, 1.05
Sizes 11 to 2, 1.14; red sole, 1.20

BOYS' and YOUTHS' RUBBERS

Youths' Rubbers, Storm and Low Cut 1.00
Boys' Rubbers, Storm, 1.20, 1.40
Boys' Low Cut 1.20

BOYS' ROLLED EDGE RUBBERS

Red Sole, Dominion Brand.
Sizes 9 to 13, 1.30; 1 to 5, 1.50

CHILD'S TAN RUBBERS

First Quality.
Sizes 6 to 10, low cut 85c.
Sizes 6 to 10, storm 89c.
Sizes 11 to 2, storm 1.00
Sizes 11 to 2, low 1.00

MEN'S RUBBERS**of HIGHEST GRADES.**

Men's Storm Rubbers, wide fitting 1.50, 1.65

MEN'S ROLLED EDGE

All Black 1.65

MEN'S DOMINION BRAND

The real Rubber to wear.
Special Price 1.85
Rolled edge, red sole and heel.

MEN'S HEAVY DULL RUBBERS

Red Sole 2.30
Double sole and heel.

MEN'S LOW CUT RUBBERS

In Black and Tan, medium and pointed toe, shapes to fit any shoe. Special Price 1.65

MEN'S MUD RUBBERS

Just the thing for now 1.65

LADIES' LONG RUBBERS

Sizes 3 to 7. Special Price, 3.50
Same style in Hip Rubbers, 4.75

LADIES' RUBBERS

In Black and Tan shades.

LADIES' STORM RUBBERS

Special Price 1.10
Same style in Low Cut 1.10

LADIES' DOMINION BRAND

In different styles and models, to fit any style shoe. Black and Tan 1.20

LADIES' ROLLED EDGE RUBBERS

In Black 1.10
With red sole. Black 1.35

SPECIAL! LADIES' TAN RUBBERS

Pointed toe, medium and low heels. Special Prices 90c. 1.05

LADIES' MUD RUBBERS

for high heels. Snug fitting and serviceable; all sizes. Special Price 85c.

CHILD'S LONG RUBBERS

Good quality
Sizes 6 to 10 2.65
Sizes 11 to 2 3.00

PARKER & MONROE, LIMITED.

constructed only ten or eleven years ago."

Questioned about arrangements for London, Sir Henry said: "There will be segregation. You will see an endeavour to improve matters in that way very soon."

Clockspring Nest

It is characteristic of misers to hoard up any old thing, and a certain sparrow seems to have developed this habit.

Among the contents of a sparrow's nest recently pulled out of an out-house in Yorkshire was a pen-wiper, a piece of boric lint, a finger of an old glove, a safety-pin, six pieces of string, two strips of cloth, a piece of blotting paper, a bone button, and a 15-inch length of bandage.

In the Museum of Natural History at Soisire, in Switzerland, there is a bird's nest made entirely of steel.

In the town there are a number of clock-making shops, in the yards of which are piles of disused and broken

springs. One day a clockmaker noticed a nest in a tree in his yard, and found that it was built entirely of clock springs. The nest was 4in. across and perfectly comfortable for the birds.

Woman's £370 Hoard

Gold and Notes Found in House of Relief Recipient.

Made up of gold and silver, notes and coppers, £370 was found concealed in the house of a woman who

has been granted relief by Titian Guardians. The remarkable find was reported to the board and it was decided to devote the money to the past and future maintenance of the woman.

FURLONG MY VALET for Cleaning, Repairing, Altering, Pressing, Dyeing and Turning; Ring 697.—sept29.1mo

CONFEDERATION LIFE.—aug17.3mos

—By Bud Fisher