

In the Realms of Sport.

Interesting football match took place at Bell Island on Tuesday evening when the young Britons and the local team were equal, but on crossing over the water were scored, and the Cadets were long before they equalized. The game then became fast, and just as the final solo the Cadets again found the net, but the referee otherwise and the game finished. L. Orange Young Britons, 1. P. C. Brien, Treasurer of the Newfoundland Football League, was re-

and several of the District crews. There will be four crews in the Fishermen's Race, via Portugal Cove, Outer Cove, Flatrock and Logy Bay, which will be amongst the best events of the day. There is big interest in the District race, and the city's best oarsman will be competing in this event. The crews will enter at St. Joseph's Hall on Monday night when the boats will be drawn and arrangements finalized.

The grand drawing in the Mount Cashel lottery will take place in the recreation hall at the Orphanage at 7:30 p.m. Monday, when the public are cordially invited to be present. There are five prizes amounting to \$375.00 to be drawn for, and during the evening the Orphanage brass band will be in attendance and will render a full concert programme during the proceedings.

Police Court.

STEEP RATE FOR RUM.
The drunkards appearing before Judge Kirby this morning. They were fined their liberty on payment of cash and other expenses.

Two young men who were arrested Constable Whelan for having a quantity of rum in their possession were sent out on suspended sentence pending further action by the police. According to the Analyst the rum had less kick in it than that obtained from the controllers. The accused had purchased it on Patrick's at \$3.50 per bottle.

Lloyd George's First Bid for Fame.

The manner in which the name of Lloyd George first came prominently to the public furnishes a striking illustration of the fighting qualities which have made the Prime Minister famous. Nearly forty years ago he was practising as a solicitor in Wales. A clergyman of a certain parish requested to bury a quarryman in the graveyard beside his daughter whom he had greatly loved, because the man had been a Dissenter. Instead he had a burial place for the poor quarryman at a spot where the bodies of the unknown drowned and suicides were buried. The people went to Mr. Lloyd George, who advised that the man should be forced in order that the quarryman's dying wishes might be carried out. There were fines for mass and long litigation, and by the time the litigation was over the name of Lloyd George was known throughout the Principality.

A Costly Courtship.

Smith was met one evening with a box of chocolates under one arm and a parcel of beefsteak under the other. "Hello, Smith!" said Brown, "going in for house-keeping? I didn't know you were married." "I am not, yet." "What are you doing with that chocolate and meat?" "Going to see my girl." "Do you furnish the house with chocolate?" "No, the chocolate is a present the girl, and the meat is for her. I have to square myself with her."

GIBSOL removes blackheads and old pimples.—jly31,31m,th,s

A REMARKABLE WATCH AT A REMARKABLE PRICE.

Here is a watch that makes a distinct forward step in producing a practical timepiece at a popular price. Full 16 size Bridge Model, 7 Jewels, closely timed and adjusted, screw back and bezel, solid nickel case. A watch of absolutely new design. Oval pendant. **PRICE \$12.00**

Neat, Strong, Durable—and the most remarkable value we have ever offered.

T. J. DULEY & Co., Ltd.,
The Reliable Jewellers and Opticians.

Next Wednesday Afternoon.

ST. JOSEPH'S GARDEN PARTY.
Next Wednesday afternoon, my dear, next Wednesday afternoon—When we will be as happy as the man up in the moon; We'll bend our way, dear Mary, down to Mr. Woodley's farm; Where everything I'm certain will go off just like a charm. Much joy 'twill bring, we'll dance and sing, unto each joyous time; At St. Joseph's Garden Party on next Wednesday afternoon.

Oh, won't it be a dandy time, I guess that's what 'twill be, So Mary get yourself to rights to come along with me; I'll "ring you up" or call you on the day I'm goin' to take you down to have some pleasure near old Quidi Vidi Lake. So dress yourself all in your best there will be something doin' At St. Joseph's Garden Party on next Wednesday afternoon.

We'll have some fun, dear Mary, running in the merry rings, And then we'll have a jolly time a swinging in the swings; For everyone there's lots of fun provided on that day. So when for you I'll call, my dear, oh, do not say me nay. Don't say you won't or else I'm sure there will be trouble brewin' Get ready for the party on next Wednesday afternoon.

The skill of famous rowers from the city, so they say, Many who have racing laurels, will be rowing on that day; Boat races Father Ziggy has added with other joys, From Outer Cove are coming in the gallant rowing boys. So, Mary wear your sweetest smile and don't look out of tune. For St. Joseph's Garden Party on next Wednesday afternoon.

NELLIE R. August 5, 1922.

The Records of 1901.

WHEN OUTER COVE MADE THE TIME OF THE CENTURY.
Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir:—When Regatta comes around each year the minds of most enthusiasts revert to the famous Championship Race of 1901 when all who were privileged to see that Homeric contest watched the Outer Cove fishermen drive the "Blue Peter" across the stakes after rowing the course in 9:13-4, a feat which had never been performed up to that time and which it is safe to say will never be repeated again upon Quidi Vidi Lake. Everyone remembers the time, but how many know the oarsmen whose feat has made them immortal? Very few, I imagine. Yet all six of them are alive, and their coxswain as well. It is interesting to recall that this same coxswain fifty years ago was a member of the Outer Cove Fishermen's crew who won the first silver cup ever presented at a local Regatta. The names of the six men and the coxswain who steered them to victory and fame are:—Daniel McCarthy, Denis McCarthy, Denis Croke, John Whalen, Martin Boland, John Nugent, Walter Power, (coxswain). I note by a recent item that the "Blue Peter" in which these men rowed their great race will shortly be taken off the water and I would therefore suggest to the Regatta Committee that an effort be made to obtain a photograph of the crew in the boat before they and she pass into oblivion. A friend has told me that one member of the six, one of the McCarthy's, is at present in Boston, but it should be an easy matter to obtain a photograph of him and include it in the group. Future generations will want to know the type and calibre of man ("for there were giants in these days") who were capable of such a feat. Such a group should be in the permanent possession of the Regatta Committee, to whom I make the suggestion in the belief that it would be an act which would appeal to everyone who remembers with pride an achievement which is not likely to be duplicated in our local annals.

Yours truly, BLUE PETER.

August 5, 1922.

Wedding Bells.

ROCKETT—DUNPHY.
A quiet but very pretty wedding took place at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Curling, on Sunday morning, when Mary, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Rockett of Petries, and Ex-Lieut. Thos. J. Dunphy, D.C.M., C. de G., were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, by the Rev. Fr. Kerwan. The bride looked charming in a dress of Princess blue Roma Crepe with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of Syringa and white roses, and was assisted by her sister, Miss Monica Rockett as bridesmaid, while Mr. A. M. Dunphy, brother of the groom performed the duties of groomsmen. Following the ceremony the wedding party drove to the home of the bride's parents, when the immediate friends of the contracting parties had assembled to breakfast, which concluded with the usual toasts. The presents received were many and valuable including several gold pieces, silverware, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Dunphy joined the east bound express in the afternoon for St. John's where the honeymoon will be spent. The Telegram joins with the numerous friends in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Dunphy many years of wedded happiness.

Yours truly, BLUE PETER.

August 5, 1922.

Why Everyone Can't Swim.

A well-known medical man brings forward quite a plausible explanation of the fact that while most of the animal creations appear to swim by intuition, man is almost alone, in requiring previous training to keep his head above the water.

He says it is merely a matter of heredity, and due to our descent from races who were cave and rock dwellers and tree climbers. The theory does not necessarily imply Darwinism or go so far as to demand the belief that man is but a highly revised edition of some antropoloid ape.

He suggests that almost all mammiferous animals, when conscious of danger, use instinctively the means given them for flight and escape, which involve precisely the motions best calculated to keep them afloat in water.

The hereditary instinct of man, however, is, unfortunately, he says, to climb out of the danger.

Hence, unless he has a natoratory education, he throws his arms at once above his head, thus increasing the weight upon the latter, which, of course, then goes under water. The struggles of the untaught human being tend to his own destruction, as is well-known to be the case.

Yours truly, BLUE PETER.

August 5, 1922.

A STYLISH AID TO BEAUTY.

Have you seen the new Three Flowers compact, in that delightful gold-plated Vanity Case? It's a gem, a treasure and a delight. Nothing so cute has ever appeared. New York has given the seal of approval to this latest Hudnut creation. Thousands are being sold daily.

The correct proportions of Face Powder and Rouge are found in this new toilet delight and the magnificent Three Flowers odor lends its beauty and charm.

You will be proud to carry this beautiful Vanity Case. Let us show you.

Bishop Sons & Co., Limited.
SHOW ROOM.
jy31-aug5

The Reason For It.

Mr. and Mrs. Wings were reading the evening paper. "Peculiar ways the Japanese have," said Mrs. Wings, casually; "they read up instead of down, and from right to left. What do you suppose they do that for, Mr. Wings?" "How should I know, Mrs. Wings? What questions you women do ask." Then there was silence, until suddenly Wings threw down the paper with a remark of an electric blue colour and a brimstone smell, and began poking the fire viciously. "What is the matter, Mr. Wings?" eagerly asked his wife. "Matter? Oh, nothing—nothing at all. I only read a half-column of thrilling narrative before I found that it wound up with a patent medicine advertisement."

Again there was silence. Then Mrs. Wings, who had been pondering something deeply, said: "I know now why Japanese read up instead of down." "Oh, you do, eh? Well, why?" "So as to see the patent medicine advertisement before reading the article."

Both Agreed.

The passengers on the pleasure steamer having just finished a really good dinner, were enjoying the beauties of the wonderful Highland scenery. A majestic ravine came into view—all tender greys and shimmering browns, and blues. The girl in the pink frock held her breath till the spot was out of sight. "Oh, Cecil," she said, "what a lovely gorge that was!" "Yes," said her brother, "quite the best feed we've had since we left London."

Don't Forget.

That you label your own work. That few men succeed until they try. That work is only the means; character is the end. That sincerity is the foundation of all honest work. That every man is destined to do something worth while. That it is easier to do good work than poor, if you once learn how. That the only way to keep your credit good is by paying your debts. That no one can hold you down if you are determined to succeed. That a sensible employer is more anxious to push you ahead than to hold you down.

When He Smiled.

Jobkison's mother-in-law had been paying him an extended visit, and the helpless man was recently pressed into taking Mrs. J. and her mother on a visit to the Zoo. Thoughts of the cricket match he had been forced to give up caused a perpetual frown on his face, and animals and reptiles alike failed to please him. When he reached the parrot-house, however, the first smile of the day appeared. "Oh, do come away from this dreadful house, Henry," pleaded Mrs. J. "Why can't you hear oneself speak in here?" "That's why I like it, dear," returned Henry. "Seems so homelike to me."

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The Rights of Others.

Let us teach the rights of others. To our sisters and our brothers in the school and in the home each day. Everybody has a duty. To protect all nature's beauty. Let us then begin and make it common lay.

Let us leave the lovely flowers. Trees and shrubs that are not ours in their places each were meant to stay. To delight the eye and senses God has given them, they were sent us. Don't uproot them, don't destroy them; don't, I pray.

For they are the object lessons of God's love and richest blessings. Let us look and think as we pass by Signs and symbols. He has given us in the birds and bees and plant life—reason why.

Let us take the trees and flowers. As a pattern safe for ours. Human life can be as beautiful as they. We're all put here for a purpose. There is thought can ever hurt us. If we function as God meant us, every way.

Let us give each one a living. Unto each the other giving. Live and let live is the better way. That is Christian. Each one's mission. It matters naught how long or where we pray.

E. D. C.

A Peculiar Fish.

The Dutch fishing drifter Adrian (Schweningen)—skipper Jan Gelderent—recently reported a very singular occurrence. While engaged in fishing in 33 east 57.50 north—off the south coast of Norway—the crew were awakened by a strange noise, apparently alongside the ship. The noise resembled a moan and ended in a shrill whistle.

Somewhat alarmed, the whole crew "turned out," but the night was dark and nothing could be seen. The noise continued, however, and when daylight made it possible, the crew were astonished to see a large fish—some 8 feet long with a girth of about three feet and a half—about a yard from the vessel.

The fish had a ball-shaped protuberance at the back of its head, but none of the crew were able to discover any trace of eyes. It was bright yellow in color, and had a tall shag like that of a halibut. Herrings were thrown to it, but it paid no attention, but it devoured the waste oil which he engines gave off when they were started.

The fish remained with the vessel—always about a yard distant, moving when the vessel moved, and remaining stationary, when the vessel hove too—for nine nights and days; but on Thursday, before reaching Lerwick harbor, a thick fog came down, and the fish and the vessel parted company somewhere, near Mousa (a few miles from Lerwick harbor), the fish having thus followed the drifter all the way across the North Sea.

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Come early and see for yourself what a wonderful opportunity this is to get real quality and save money.

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