

THE DAILY DOPE

BY THE CUB-EDITOR

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN.
Define me, someone, if you can.
The elusive term of gentleman.

Says Vere de Vere, "A man is he.
Of pure blue-blooded ancestry."
Says Newman Prig, "He's best defined
As one who has a cultured mind."
Says Midas, "Culture? Blood? Pooh!
Dash
The true criterion is cash."

Says Priest: "He is in thought, deed,
word,
A Christ-like person—Church pre-
ferred."

Say Books, "Whoever in he lets,
He never fails to pay his bets."

"Tis clear enough he's one," says
Shirk,
Who for his living doesn't work."

"A pal," cries Bella Plapp, "who's
prime
At giving girls a top-hole time."

"A real gent," says Ikey Chink,
Doesn't know the price of any-thing."

Between these various views they
voice,
Come, pay your cash and take your
choice.

SURE—THAT'S LOGIC.

A Negro one day bought a horse,
which he afterward found would not
go.

He took it to a veterinary surgeon,
who injected morphine into the animal.
The horse bolted down the street while
the astonished negro turned to the
surgeon and asked him what the
charge was.

"Ten cents," said he.

"Then," said Rastus, "I want you
to put 50 cents' worth of that stuff in
my arm."

"Why?" asked the doctor.

"Cause I've got to ketch dat hoss!"

NO BABY DAYS.

The moment that a young crocodile
breaks its shell, it is, to all intents
and purposes as active as it is at any
time during its life. It will make
straight for the water, even if it be
out of sight and a good distance off,
and it will pursue its prey with eager-
ness and agility during the first
week of its free existence.

It were better to be of no church
than to be bitter for any.—William
Penn.

Iceland has only one policeman,
and his beat is in the capital, Rey-
kjavik. The residents are so order-
ly that he has little to do.

ANOTHER MARK TWAIN STORY

When Mark Twain was a reporter
on the San Francisco Call he
undertook to learn French in a
course of home study. After pro-
gressing to a certain degree, he de-
cided to try his French on some-
body. One day as he and his room-
mate were walking out of a cafe
they found a Frenchman on the side-
walk, who was asking first one
passerby and then another the way
to a certain street, but nobody under-
stood him. Mark tackled him and
after repetitions got the first part of
his question. Mark then undertook

to answer in French, when the
Frenchman immediately dropped in a
dead faint, caused by hunger as it
afterward appeared. Of course a
different interpretation was put upon
his sudden swoon by those who knew
of Twain's French. When the fun
had gone far enough Mark set his
jaw and with unlimited determina-
tion written on his features, an-
nounced: "I'll learn French if it kills
every Frenchman in the country."

SIX MONTHS, HARD.

Inspector: "You are a coal man?"
Prisoner: "Yes yer honor."

Inspector: "And you give a coal
cart?"

Prisoner: "No, yer honor."

Inspector: "Then what do you
drive?"

Prisoner: "A hoss, yer honor."

EXPERT OPINION.

Young Wife: "Oh, Adolphus, I can
hear burglars downstairs."

Young Husband (hoarsely from
under the bed): "Then now we shall
know if those spoons I bought are
really silver. If they're silver they'll
take them, and if they're not they
won't."

HER REASON.

He: "Why don't you put your head
on my shoulder?"

She: "I'm afraid you won't know
what to do afterwards."

No, Herman, there is no insurance
against the flames kindled by a wo-
man's eyes.

A BIRD'S LONE DANCE.

In tropical South America and on
some of the islands of the Pacific
there is to be found the beautiful bird
known as the jacana. It is famous
for its so-called love dance, which is
executed by the males to excite the
admiration of the female birds. When
the mating season approaches the
jacana will single out its favorite and

try to win her admiration with all
its bewitching manoeuvres. In the
dance the wings are spread and work-
ed in such a manner that the beau-
tifully-colored feathers produce a
brilliant effect.

A LONG STREET.

"Yer boots, sir, just come," said
Smithy.

"Thanks," said Lieutenant Snigby.

"Oh, Smithy, d'you know, I loathe
new boots!"

"I used to be that way, sir, 'fore I
joined the Army," said Smithy. "Had
to," he added sadly.

"Ya-as. Well, look here, my man,
your feet are, if anything, a trifle lar-
ger than mine, and I should be glad
if you would wear them for a day or
two to stretch them."

"Yes, sir," said Smithy.

About a fortnight later those boots
suddenly flashed through Lieutenant
Snigby's mind.

"By the war, Smithy," he said, "I
s'pose you've stretched those boots?"

"Let me have them, please."

"Yessir," said Smithy.

And, to the officer's surprise, he
unlaced the footgear he was wear-
ing.

"I expect they'll want sojering and
heeling," he said, as he handed them
over to the astonished officer.

What is defeat? Nothing but edu-
cation, nothing but the first step to
something greater.—Wendell Phillips.

NO BRIBE'S TAKEN.

Scottish constable: "What, sir!
Dae ye suggest that I would tak' a
bribe? Dae ye insult me, sir?" The
erring one: "Oh, excuse me, I—"

Constable: "Bli now supposin' I wis
that kind o' man, how much will you
be inclined to gie?"

ANXIOUS TO PLEASE.

The mistress of the house engaged
a new servant, and gave her in-
structions how to behave when an-
swering her bell. One evening she
rang for a glass of milk, and was
surprised to see Martha appear with
the glass grasped in her hand.

"Oh, Martha!" she said, "always
bring the milk to me on a tray."

Martha apologized, and promised
to remember in future.

A week later the bell rang, and the
same request was made. This time
Martha appeared with the tray and
the milk emptied into it.

Anxious to please, she curtisied, and
inquired: "Shall I bring a spoon,
ma'am, or will you lap it up?"

HIS DIFFICULTY.

Bair Bostonian (instructing her
young cousin)—Always slip the soup
from the side of the spoon.

Kansas Cousin (desperately)—Yes,
but I can't get it in sideways.

WAS IT A COINCIDENCE?

Maudie: "Mr. Willing asked me to
accompany him to the opera to-mor-
row evening."

Clara: "And you accepted the in-
vitation?"

"Certainly."

"Strange! He asked me, also."

"There's nothing strange about it at
all. I told him I wouldn't go unless
he provided a chaperon."

—The Cub Editor.

The Week's Calendar.

NOVEMBER—11th Month—30 Days.

3.—MONDAY. Yarmouth bombarded,
1814.

4.—TUESDAY. Admiral Benbow
died, 1702.

5.—WEDNESDAY. Gunpowder Plot,
1605. William III. landed at
Torbay, 1688. Battle of Inker-
man, 1854.

6.—THURSDAY. St. Leonard. Brit-
ish Expeditionary Force landed
at Mesopotamia, 1914.

7.—FRIDAY. Sir Martin Frobisher
(navigator), died, 1594.

8.—SATURDAY. Full Moon 0.06 a.m.
John Milton died, 1674. Madame
Roland died, 1793.

9.—SUNDAY. 21st after Trinity.
H.M. Australian cruiser Sydney,
sank the German cruiser Emden,
1914.

TUG INGRAHAM RETURNS.—The
S.S. Ingraham reached port Saturday
at 6 p.m., having in tow a schr. which
was picked up off the cape.

Ship Navigator

Relates Facts

About Trouble

Was So Run-Down He Had to

Lay Off—Tanlac Builds Him

Up.

John Willis, a young navigator,
living at 83 McParlane Street, St.
John's, Newfoundland, is still an-
other who has cause to be glad he
was induced by his friends to give
Tanlac an honest trial.

"Tanlac has certainly fixed me up
in fine shape," said Mr. Willis, while
discussing the medicine at Connors'
drug store in St. John's, recently,
"and I believe it will do the same
thing for anyone who gives it a fair
trial."

Mr. Willis was for four years in
over seas service with the Royal Re-
serve of the British Navy.

"I had been in a badly run-down
condition for several months," he ex-
plained. "My appetite left me. I
could not eat much and lost weight
continually. Sleep was almost im-
possible for me. I would lie awake
for hours and get up morning feel-
ing as bad as when I went to bed, or
worse. My nerves became all upset
and I got so weak the least exertion
would leave me all out of breath. Then
my stomach got out of fix so that
what little I did eat disagreed
with me. I suffered from indiges-
tion and I couldn't walk a block at
an ordinary pace without feeling 'all
in.'"

"I dropped down fifteen pounds in
weight in just a few weeks and all
my energy left me. I simply got to
where I couldn't work and nothing
seemed to do me any good. I had
read a good deal about Tanlac, sev-
eral of my friends had also told me
about it, so I got a bottle and before
it was half gone I was eating like a
wolf. I am eating just anything set
before me now and while I have just
finished my second bottle of Tanlac
I have already gotten back several
pounds of my lost weight and am still
gaining. All that tired, worn-out
feeling has left me and I am just
brimful of new life and energy. My
nerves have quieted down so that I
am now getting plenty of good,
sound sleep and I am feeling so much
stronger and better in every way that
I am going back on the job in just a
day or so. Tanlac has certainly put
me on my feet and I am glad to give
this statement to be used in letting
others know about it."

There are thousands of people who
complain of being nervous, run-
down. They are not sick exactly,
but feel tired out and good for no-
thing most of the time. They need
something to build them up and
throw off the symptoms of this weak-
ened debilitated condition.

The system, besides being purified
by Tanlac, is toned up and invigor-
ated as the medicine, aside from as-
sisting the blood, reinvigorates the
constitution, overcoming as it seems
to quickly do, nervousness, inac-
tion, non-assimilation of the food,
headache, backache, kidney com-
plaints, general debility and many
other ailments that are so common
to the thousands of half-sick, de-
pressed men and women.

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

Cooking Rocks for Oil.

Oil comes chiefly from two sources,
one from huge underground oil
lakes, like those found in America
and Russia, and the other from a kind
of rock known as shale, which is
saturated with oil, just as a sponge
can be saturated with water.

It is from the latter source that
British oil will be obtained. In fact,
in Scotland several million gallons
of oil have been obtained annually in
this way for many years past.

The oil shale is mined for in a
very similar way to coal mining, and
the shale, which is soft and sandy, is
put into special big retorts. These
retorts are a kind of big cooking
vessel, in which the shale is cooked
till it gives off the oil in the form of a
vapour. This vapour is collected,
condensed and purified and becomes
the ordinary paraffin oil with which
we fill our lamps.

The other kind of oil, from the
great underground oil lakes, is just
tapped and run through pipes to big
oil reservoirs, ready for refining
under the name of petrol.

At THE BEE-HIVE STORE,
27 Charlton Street: Cooking
Butter, 43c. lb.; Choice Cream-
ery Butter, 45c. lb.; Blue Nose
Table Butter (quality brand),
75c. lb.—f.s.m.t.

Cashin Will Come Back.

By Gene Byrnes

(Copyright 1919 by George Matthew Adams.—Trade Mark Registered U. S. Patent Office)

Wait, Mother!

Don't Forget This

Johnny has decided opinions on what he
wants for dinner—especially for dessert.
But mother is certain of one thing—he
just *loves* Pure Gold Quick Puddings.
And she always makes sure that there is
a plentiful supply in the pantry.

There are a great many "Johnnys"—and grown
folks, too—whose favourite dessert is a Pure Gold
Quick Pudding. They're so wholesome and tasty—
and so easy to prepare.

Order a selection from your grocer. Tapioca,
custard and chocolate, etc.

Pure Gold Desserts

QUICK PUDDINGS

Pure Gold Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Toronto

P. E. OUTERBRIDGE,

Sole Agent for Nfld.

King's Road, corner of Gower Street, Telephone 567.

Gordon Company's Wines

We are expecting next week a shipment of the famous Gordon Wines
which were so popular last year that we sold two carloads.

The assortment comprises the following kinds and will be found very
suitable for the coming Christmas trade:—

Grape Wine, Ginger Wine,

Ginger Brandy, Red Cherry Wine,

Black Cherry Wine,

"Hotscotch," Port Wine.

Orders now being booked by the barrel or dozen, assorted or other-
wise. This will be the only shipment of this line we will have in before
Christmas.

P. E. OUTERBRIDGE,

King's Road, corner Gower Street.

TELEPHONE 567.

We have just received a very small shipment of De Reszke "Tenor"

Cigarettes.

oct27.m.t.

Pres. Wilson's Collapse.

"The bulletin issued by the Pres-
ident's physicians, including Dr. Der-
cum, the Philadelphia consultant and
an authority on nervous diseases, that
his condition is such as to necessitate
his remaining in bed for an extended
period, and for the first time since
disquietude, and for the first time since
home, now twelve days ago, has brought
to the public the serious nature
of the President's illness, and confirms
my despatches as to the uncertainty
of the outcome," says the Washington
correspondent of the Morning Post.

"What that vague phrase 'extended
period' means has not been explained,
and the public is left to speculate
whether the President must remain
in his sick room a week or two or for
months, and the reasons for this re-
tardance on the part of the physicians
can be easily understood. They are
not wilfully misleading the country,
but high reasons of State and the serious
political issues involved impose
upon them the obligation of not tak-
ing the public fully into their confi-
dence. Should the doctors officially de-

clare that President Wilson is mortal-
ly ill or in such a condition that he
is unable to perform the duties of his
office they would have certified to his
constitutional 'inability.'

"Naturally Admiral Grayson, who
is not only the President's physician
but also his devoted friend, and every
other friend of the President shrinks
from having to deliver a blow that
will bring to an end Mr. Wilson's pub-
lic career, and Admiral Grayson, as
well as the members of the Cabinet
and other men who are united to the
President by political or personal ties,
cling to the hope that what they fear
will be waived off and that, despite the
admitted seriousness of his condition,
he may recover. Whether he can recover
is now doubtful, but of course that
possibility will not be admitted until
the last.

"The danger is not that President
Wilson is in imminent danger of death,
although that danger must be contin-
ually reckoned with, but the real dan-
ger is that after he has remained in
bed for the extended period to which
the doctors refer he may have suffi-
ciently regained his strength to create
in his own mind the belief that he has
fully recovered and can resume his

duties, and then in all probability he
would collapse."

Fish and Chips.

Half a million sterling is spent
every week by the people of Great
Britain on fried fish and chips, re-
presenting an average weekly provision
of 30,000,000 meals.

That fried fish shops are a nation-
al necessity is proved by these fig-
ures. Altogether there are 25,000
fried fish shops in the country, which
prepare, cook, and distribute 4,000
tons of fish and 10,000 tons of pota-
toes every week.

It is not generally realized, per-
haps, that the fishing industry de-
pends to a large extent on the fried
fish shops.

Of the 800,000 tons of fish annually
consumed in Great Britain, a quarter
of that amount is distributed through
the fried fish shops in the country.
Most of the fish dealt with by the fish
friers are too small for the ordinary
fishmonger's slab. Many—but for
the fish frier—would on account of
their size have been wasted or at best
turned into manure.

We are surrounded by the seas, and
those seas produce an abundant har-
vest of food which needs only to be
reaped. But we are not yet a nation
of fish eaters. Except what they
buy and eat through the fried fish
shops, the average person generally
eats very little fish. The few vari-
eties of fish people do cook for them-
selves were first made popular by the
fried fish trade.

To give but one instance, hake is
now a very popular fish all over the
country; twenty years ago it was
looked at askance by most people.
Then the friers took it up, created a
taste for it, and in 1913 32,000 tons of
hake were caught. Even then the
supply was not nearly equal to the
demand. Skate, fresh haddock, dog
fish, "monks," etc., have been sim-
ilarly popularized.

TINNED FRUITS at THE
BEE-HIVE STORE, 27 Charl-
ton St.: Strawberries, Grapes,
Cherries, Peaches, Apricots, Ap-
ples, Plums, Pineapple, Bake-
apples.—f.s.m.t.

SCHOONER LOST.—The schooner
Polly, belonging to Carbonara, is re-
ported among the schooners lost in
the recent storm. So far no loss of life
has been reported.

Marine's Llama Cures Diphtheria.

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