

The Funeral at Night

(I.C.M. in Telegram)

The street was busy all along the waterfront, and the glare of the electric lights seemed to impart animation to the scene. It was in business hours, and the tumult was at its height, and all men seemed in a hurry, and like them we pushed on in our course, for it was not the time, nor yet the place, for undue serious thought. It was business hours, although it was night.

But our speed was checked and soon our car was halted, for in the distance we noticed, coming towards us, with reverent pace, a body of men. The time and place were unusual for such an occurrence; hence our deepening interest in the procession. What could it be at such an hour? and why in the midst of the city's thoroughfare? It was a funeral. It was brotherly men paying their last tribute of respect to one of their associates, who at duty's post met his death—hence paid the price.

The funeral at night, and in the busy thoroughfare of the city, came unexpectedly to the average passer-by. It was deeply impressive. It was solemn. Just there and then, it was as unexpected as was the accident which caused the death of the young man, but it is the unexpected which often happens—it is the unexpected that checks us in our forgetfulness, and sometimes brings us, like the prodigal of old, to ourselves. Halted was our car and silent was our company. The procession was up to us. The members of the Society of which the deceased had been a member, led the way, and in the elaborate regalia of their order, they respected themselves as well as their fallen brother Flowers—ever the emblem of purity, hope and immortality—were laid in rich profusion upon the casket. The flowers suggested a host of memories—memories better understood than expressed.

They told of gentle hands which twined the wreaths, of tender love which prompted the token, of distant friends who could not be present, of youthful bloom so soon cut down, and of the fragrance of abiding friendship. These sentiments are all beautiful in their place, but there was more than these; there was the sanctity of a woman's love. The flowers were not altogether unexpected; it was the occasion which was unexpected, for it was a funeral instead of a wedding.

Slowly the procession passed on in the direction of the railway station, from which place the young engineer had driven his engine yesterday morning, as he stood at the throttle, master of the situation. By halting our party paid their humble tribute of respect to him. It was not much, but it was our all, it was what the passing moment, in the busy street, permitted. It was a halt in the presence of death. It was our respects to the good men who comprised the procession. It was an acknowledgment that we ourselves must finally halt and go the way of all flesh.

NOTE—The above thoughts were penned by a business man of St. John's after watching the funeral procession of the late Engineer Frederick Tipple on the way to the station, from which the remains were brought by train to this town where interment took place on Wednesday, Nov. 26th.—Editor.

THE GUARDIAN.

C. E. Russell Proprietor

Issued every Saturday from the office of publication, Water St., Bay Roberts, Nfld. Subscriptions (post free) to any part of Nfld. \$1.00 per year. To Canada, United States, Great Britain, etc., \$1.50 per year, postpaid. All subscriptions payable in advance.

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All advertisements subject to the approval of the management. Birth, Marriage and Death Notices 50 cents per insertion. Notes of Thanks and Lists of Presents, 50c to \$1.00.

We cannot guarantee to insert items of news or advertisements received later than Thursday morning. All small and transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion. The number of insertions must be specified.

Bay Roberts, Friday, Nov. 28, 1924.

A Plea for Caution

This past week seems to have been one of tragedy and people have paused in the busy rush of life for retrospection. From the untimely passing of the young engineer, death by drowning of a man at St. John's, the death by burning of a child at Norris' Arm and the closing of the Reid case which entailed the deaths of six men.

Never in all the history of the world, has there been so many inventions for the protection of life and it seems there are more people meet death today in a tragic manner than ever before. What is the solution? True, where there is one invention for the preservation of life there are ten lurking perils by which life can be snapped instantly. But men and women today are more careless and take more chances than they did in past years. Car drivers run more risks and pedestrians seem utterly indifferent to danger. This fact is more pronounced in cities than in towns or villages.

The admonition of Mr. Justice Kent as he delivered the Court sentence to Leonard Reid last Friday can be applied to many, "the killing I am convinced was unintentional but was the result of carelessness; but carelessness in charge of a car and driving at excessive speed. The safety of the public must be assured."

When people use more caution in performing their duties, there will be less accidents and, naturally, less sorrow.

Thanksgiving Day

Thursday, November 27th, was the National Thanksgiving Day all over Canada and in the United States. Excellent Thanksgiving programmes were heard by those having Radio sets. This week, the broadcasting stations have sent and received from European countries. Some of our local "fans" heard programmes from France.

Reid Case Closes

After being heard by Special Jury for four and a half days, the case of the Crown vs. Leonard Gillispie Reid ended on Friday, Nov. 21st. Mr. C. E. Hunt was Crown Counsel and Mr. W. R. Howley, K.C., for the defence.

All the evidence possible to obtain was given. The case of six men, Capt. Gerald Whitty, Lieut. W. S. King, Clinton Duder, George Harrison, Lt. Com. O'Callaghan and Lt. Burrows, losing their lives at Donovan's, in September last, was a very serious one.

After an absence of two hours the jury returned and announced the verdict of "Guilty." The prisoner, Leonard Reid, was thereupon sentenced by Mr. Justice Kent to imprisonment for one year.

Miss Hilda Oldford, of Musgrave-town, B.B., who has spent the last four years in Toronto, Canada, after visiting relatives in Watertown, Mass., arrived here recently on a visit to Mrs. (Dr.) Atkinson. Miss Oldford will spend the winter with her parents at Musgrave-town.

Fatal Accident at Manuel's Bridge

On Monday, Nov. 24th, it was learned that in a train accident which occurred near Manuel's Bridge shortly after 4 o'clock that morning, Engineer Frederick Tipple, aged 26 years, was killed instantly and the fireman and conductor barely escaped with their lives.

The train, engine No. 11, with five box cars attached, left St. John's early Monday morning to proceed to Woodford to join the steam shovel working on that section of the line. The train was making fair progress and upon approaching the side of Manuel's Bridge, the engine suddenly left the rails, taking the cars over a twenty foot embankment to the river bed below.

As soon as the news of the accident was received by Manager H. J. Russell he got in touch with Dr. Paterson and Supt. White, the three proceeding to the scene. Upon examination it was found that life was extinct in the body of Engineer Tipple. A relief train was dispatched to bring the dead and injured and an ambulance was waiting at the station to convey the injured to the Hospital.

The remains of the late Mr. Tipple was taken to Carnell's undertaking rooms where preparation for burial was made. Enclosed in a beautiful casket, the body was brought to the residence of his brother, Thomas. After a service at the house held by Rev. A. B. S. Sterling, the funeral took place to the Railway Station and was largely attended by the officials of the Railway and trainmen, Independent Order Oddfellows, of which deceased was a member, and many citizens.

The body was brought here on Tuesday night to the home of his brother, Harry, from which funeral took place on Wednesday.

Rev. E. M. Bishop conducted the funeral service at St. Matthew's, taking for his text, James 4, part of verse 14, "What is your life?"

The tragic death of such a splendid young man woke sorrow and sympathy in the hearts of all who knew the sad case.

Left to mourn are a father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tipple, four brothers, George, Thomas, Harry and Austin; one sister, Mrs. J. O'Neill, beside a large number of relatives and friends, to whom sincere sympathy is extended.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Mrs. Geo. Hierlby arrived from St. John's on Thursday.

Mrs. Joseph Norman arrived from Boston, Mass., on Thursday and will spend the winter with her mother, Mrs. Samuel Norman.

Mr. William Mercer arrived from St. John's by Wednesday night's train.

Mr. Augustus Parsons paid a brief visit to his old home town on Wednesday.

Mrs. Diana Russell, of Crane's Brook, arrived from Boston, Mass., on Thursday.

Mr. Josiah Marshall went to St. John's by Thursday evening's train on a business visit.

C. & A. Dawe

Winsor Patent Flour in Barrels and 14 lb. Sacks.

Ham Butt Pork.
Fat Back Pork.
Spare Ribs.
Family Beef.
Choice Navel Beef.
B.J. Flank Beef.
Simpsons Boneless Beef.
Fray Bentos Tinned Beef.
Libbys Sliced Bacon.
Tinned Corn on Co's.
Lipton's Marmalade and Jams.
Lipton's Pickles.
Lipton's Coffee and Coffee Essence.
Lipton's Cocoa.
Lipton's (chocolate, Milk Chocolate and Nut Milk Chocolate, and Candies in small bottles.
Neilson's Chocolates in 8 oz., 16 oz. and 20 oz. boxes, in many varieties.
Tea in Chests and 1 pound packages.
Lemon, Citron and Orange Peels loose and in 1lb. and 1/2 lb. cartons.
Fresh stock of Nuts, Icing Sugar, dried fruits, flavourings, etc., for your Xmas needs.

C. & A. DAWE.

OBITUARY

There passed peacefully away on October 25th, after a lingering illness, Lemuel Winsor, aged 67 years. Deceased had a wide and varied career. He began work in the mines at Tilt Cove when but nine years of age. At the time of the Indian outbreak he was in Colorado, after which he returned to Michigan, where he engaged in the mining and photograph business. Later he, with his family, returned to Newfoundland and on different occasions ran successful photograph businesses at Green Bay, St. John's, Tilt Cove and finally making his home in this town, where he continued his business.

In 1918 the late Mr. Winsor went to the West Coast on a prospecting tour for private parties and in a train accident just west of Mount Moriah, received serious injuries from which he never recovered.

Left to mourn the loss of a loving husband and kind father are a widow (nee Elizabeth J. Butler, of Clarke's Beach) seven sons, Frederick J., Electrician with the United Towns Electrical Co., this town, Lemuel, Arthur, Herman, Walter, Clifford and Bert, residing in Sydney, N. S., one as you roll around the corner to save collapse and tie-up.—Mutual Magazine.

The death of David King, of Southside, St. John's, by drowning, occurred on Tuesday night, Nov. 25. It seems that he fell over his boat which was moored at W. & G. Rendell's wharf as his body was found on the bottom in the vicinity of the place.

The Sales of Work at Coley's Pt. and Shearstown, which have been held during the week, were highly patronized. The Scout Band was in attendance at Coley's Point and rendered appropriate music. At Shearstown the amount realized was in the vicinity of \$18.00.

A Concert under the auspices of the Girl Guides will be held in Cable Hall on THURSDAY NIGHT, Dec. 18th. Wanted!

At once, a GOOD CAPABLE GIRL Good wages. Apply to MRS. W. T. BELLAMY, Cable Ave.

For Sale

Business premises and Dwelling now occupied by Mrs. Jas. O'Neill. Situated at the corner of Cross Road and Water (St. opposite Public Wharf). Splendid business stand. Apply to Mrs. Jas. O'Neill, Bay Roberts, nov.15,tf.

DIED.

On Tuesday, Nov. 25th, Mary Ann, widow of the late Daniel Norman, aged 66 years. Left to mourn are one son, Mark, with whom she resided, and two daughters living in United States. Funeral took place on Thursday, Nov. 27th, to the C. E. Cemetery, Rev. E. M. Bishop, officiating.

TOOTLE HORN AND CRY "HI, HI!"

The following "rules of the road" copied literally as they appeared in English at Police Headquarters at Tokyo, were brought from Japan by the Rev. Dr. Karl Reiland:

No 1.—At the rise of the hand of policeman stop rapidly.

No 2.—Do not pass him or otherwise disrespect him.

No 3.—When a passenger of the foot hove in sight tootle horn, trumpet at him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage tootle him with vigor, and express by word of mouth the warning, "Hi, Hi!"

No 4.—Beware the wandering horse, that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode an exhaust blow at him. Go soothingly by.

No 5.—Give big space to the festive dogs that shall sport in the roadway.

No 6.—Avoid entanglements of dogs with the wheel spokes.

No 7.—Go soothingly on the greasy mud, and avert the skid demon.

No 8.—Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corner to save collapse and tie-up.—Mutual Magazine.

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GET YOUR HOUSE WIRED NOW!

For particulars apply to Mr. F. J. Winsor, Bay Roberts, agent UNITED TOWNS ELECTRIC CO. Limited.

THE LAUGH LINE

THE LAST STRAW

Gwendolyn was saying good-night to her fiancée. As usual, a long drawn-out agony was in progress on the steps of the porch. The family usually knew better than to interfere, but on this occasion one of the upstairs windows was suddenly opened and a weary voice announced: "My dear sir, I have no objection to your coming here and sitting up half the night with my daughter, nor even to your standing on the door-step for upwards of two hours saying good night. But out of consideration for the rest of the household, who wish to go to sleep, will you kindly take your elbow off the electric bell?"

SOME RACE HORSE

A frigid-faced wife met a tired business man at the door one evening and silently proffered a bit of paper, and on it was written: "All set for three, Lillian M."

Hubby paled and laughed nervously: "Oh, yes, the boys at the office wanted me to put a little bet down on the third race, and Lillian M. was my horse."

Next evening wifey had an even stonier face.

"What's wrong now?" asked hubby.

Wifey snapped: "Your horse called you up."

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Ladies' Blouses at \$1.40 & 1.95.
Ladies' Wool Gloves and Gauntlets at 75c, 95 to 1.45.
Plaid Pleated Skirts \$5.00 each.
Fancy Bureau Cloths and Centre Pieces in Ecru and white at 90, 1.00 1.40 & 1.85.
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Nelly Kelley Hats at \$2.00 each.
Sweater Wool in all leading shades.
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Mens Sweater Coats and Navy Guernseys at following prices: \$2.40 3.15 4.00 4.20.
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Mens Tweed and Serge Suits \$10.00 12.50 15.99 18.50 16.00 to 25.00.
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