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## SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.



And then he added: "That's what a man said to me once when he did something for me and I've been saying it ever since to other people."

We often say we do not know how we can ever thank some kind friend for a kind deed.

Of course the instinct is to do something for a friend in return, but sometimes he does not want it, and sometimes we are not in a position to do for him. What the obligation be left unpaid? Surely not. Just help someone else.

Or again, if we are the doer of the kind deed we find ourselves embarrassed by the recipient's anxiety to show his gratitude. Maybe we really do not like to be thanked. Some people don't. Then here is a shield and buckler for us. We can just say: "Don't thank me. Help someone else."

The Two Cruellest Words in the Language.

And here is another application of the same thought. Most all of us have had the terribly bitter experience of remorse. I think there is no emotion, except perhaps jealousy, that is as terrible as remorse. To look back when it is too late and to say: "I ought to have been kinder, I ought to have done more. How could I be so ir-

table and impatient? Why didn't I try and give her those little things she wanted so much? How little pleasure he had and how much he did for me." Truly, I do not believe he could hold any bitter moments than these. One's utter inability to do anything is one's heart over and over again. It is too late—the two cruellest words in the English language.

An Outlet For A Corrosive Emotion.

But it isn't too late. You cannot make it up to the one whom you feel that you failed. But you can make it up to someone else, and in so doing find an outlet in action and in feeling for some of your corroding emotion.

A friend of mine has a sister-in-law who during her husband's life was none too kind to his invalid mother. After his sudden death she became very kind and tender and generous to the old lady. "I'm trying to take John's place to her," she cried. "I know I didn't half appreciate John while he was alive and I wasn't at all nice about it when he wanted to do things for his mother. I'm trying to make it up to him through her."

There is no question but the emotional outlet helped save her from a melancholia into which the shock of her husband's sudden death seemed to have thrown her.

So pass it along. If you cannot give the gratitude or the appreciation or the tenderness to those to whom you would naturally give it, give to someone else. And both you and those who receive will benefit. For mercy is not the only gift that is twice blessed.

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## An Ape Man in Vancouver Island

VICTORIA, B.C. July 25—(A.P.)—

The reported discovery of huge man-like apes in the mountains of Washington state, which are said by Indians to be members of a strange, hitherto unknown tribe of natives called the Neathika, brings to mind the fact that Mr. Michael King, British Columbia timber cruiser, amazed the people of this province twenty years ago by returning from the woods of Vancouver Island with an astonishing tale of an uncouth creature, met in the woods, that was not man, although it wore man's shape.

Mr. King's story was scoffed at by the public, who variously christened his wilderness stranger as the Mowgli or Wolf Man, the latter appellation being applied for no apparent reason and in defiance of the fact that Mr. King described it as distinctly ape-like, not wolf-like.

Yet now across the border strange creatures bearing stranger resemblance to Mr. King's discovery, have been seen, so it is said and Jorge Tossigi, noted Indian scholar, says it is well known among his people that these weird beings are believed to hail from the wilds of Vancouver Island.

It seems to have been in the winter of 1904-5 that Mr. King met with the experience. Later the creature was reported to have been sighted by other workers in the wilds, and on January 1, 1906, the Colonist quoted the original discoverer thus:

"The theory seems to me to be the only way to account for the origin of the strange being I saw a little more than a year ago," said Mr. King (referring to a report that the creature of the woods was the descendant of a gorilla cast ashore on Vancouver Island by shipwreck). "For even if a man lived in a wild state from birth he could not have assumed the ape-like attributes possessed by this creature which I saw. I came up by accident and was only about 25 feet away when it caught sight of me. The Mowgli or whatever you like to call it, was crouched down like a monkey beside a little stream. It was washing a kind of wild onion that we prospectors sometimes eat when we run short of provisions. I thought it was a bear, but when it heard me and straightened up I brought my rifle to my shoulder, for it was the strangest sight I ever expected to set eyes on."

"Imagine being in the depths of a lonely forest and meeting an animal in the shape of a man, standing over six feet high and covered all over with long coarse black hair which, on some portions of the body was a foot long. The forehead was low and retreating, and its small eye glared at me in surprise for an instant. Just below the eyes the hair on the face of the creature was short, but everywhere else it was long and shiny, and on the hand the hair hung down below the finger ends. The being stood quite straight for a moment in surprise and seemed to me to weigh about 240 pounds."

"If it had taken one step towards me I would have put a bullet through it, for I had it covered with my rifle. But after glaring at me for a moment it uttered a cry—a half human kind of grunt—and grasping a branch nearby, hoisted itself up the bank of the creek and ran away through the underbrush, slightly bending as it did so, with the speed of a startled deer."

"I examined the creature's footprints afterward. Its feet were short and very broad. I noticed the heel came back almost to a point like that of a gorilla. The armful of wild onions that it had been cleaning at the little stream was as nicely done up as if a human being had prepared them."

The theory mentioned by Mr. King was that the wild thing was of shipwreck origin. The explanation had been advanced that about 28 years before a gorilla, part of the cargo of a vessel wrecked on the coast, was the only survivor of the disaster. It, cage had been washed off the deck by the waves and been broken up in the surf. The ape managed to climb ashore.

Such of the crew of the vessel as reached the beach were said to have been slaughtered by the Indians. Subsequently, so the tale runs, a warship was sent up from Victoria to avenge the massacre.

This apparently refers to the wreck

of the British barque John Bright, lost in 1869 at Hesquet, when the survivors were butchered by natives. Whether she carried a gorilla or not is not generally known. She was bound from Callao to Puget Sound with a cargo of lumber.



## Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST

### THE PASTURE BARS.

It's time to take the dusty road and watch the farmers toil. To hear them talk of crops and things, and rich and barren soil. To meet the boy who cannot see beyond the field he ploughs. Who thinks the fences shut him in, a prisoner with the cows.

"I'll well I know that look of pain which lights the youngsters' eyes As city men gaudy cars go swiftly driving by. They've seen the things he wants to see; they've won what he would buy. But they were free to roam afar and fences shut him in."

So I shall take the dusty road and when I find a lad Who wears the dreamy look of pain which once I also had, I'll stop awhile and talk with him and tell him all I've seen. And show him how to vault the fence and go where I have been.

I will not tempt him to desert—I'll tempt him to be true: I'll reach that fence there lies the world which waits for you.

And you may come to glory too and reach the distant goal. Because no pasture bars can make a prisoner of the soul."

Richard Hudnut Three Flowers Vanishing Cream. The Base Ideal before applying Face Powder. Scented with Three Flowers Perfume.



## Power From the Heat of the Earth

(By T. C. BRIDGES.)

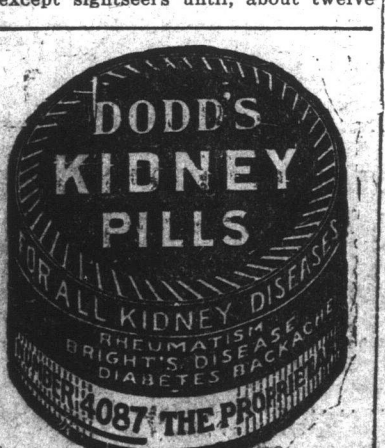
There is nothing new in the suggestion made by a correspondent in The Daily Mail the other day as to the possibility of using the earth's heat to produce power. More than twenty years ago the official geologist for the State of Pennsylvania put forward a serious engineering scheme for utilizing the internal heat of the earth.

He proposed to make boreholes deep enough to reach the layer of high temperature, about five miles down, to admit cold water to these and to utilize for motive power the hot water and high-pressure steam which would be produced. Such a bore would have to be a double one, and at present the mechanical difficulties of boring to such a depth

stand in the way of this suggestion. In any case the expense would be enormous.

There are, however, many places where the underground fires can be tapped without the use of any drilling machinery, and there is one where this has actually been done, and where power is to-day being obtained in this manner at a very cheap rate.

The site of this experiment is Larderello, in Italy, about 40 miles southwest of Florence. At Larderello is an area of more than two square miles where jets of steam and boiling springs burst up in scores, and have been doing so time out of mind. The place had formerly an evil reputation among the peasants and had been avoided by all except sightseers until, about twelve



years ago, it occurred to a certain Italian nobleman that here was power going to waste.

He was Prince Colni, and he set to work to erect an electric generator to be driven by steam from one of the natural jets. The experiment proved a success, new machinery has been added, and to-day a heavy head of electric power runs several factories near the spot, while the surplus current is used for lighting Florence as well as Siena and other towns.

There are numerous places where power of this kind is running to waste. Iceland, for instance, New Zealand, and the Yellowstone Park in America; and while it would not be feasible to make use of volcanoes which are subject to intermittent outbursts of great fury, no such objection applies to districts such as that at Larderello, here eruptions and violent earthquakes are unknown. —Daily Mail.

### Fads and Fashions.

Deayer fur trims fall suits of black velvet.

Badger fur is a trimming note for fall hats.

Black and beige are the leading shades in felt hats.

The tunic appears in many varied styles for fall wear.

Some tunic frocks show fullness in front, at the hip-line.

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## SNOODLES



## Waiting For His Ship To Come In.



## By CY HUNGERFORD