

SIDETALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

The more I see of the Boy Scout movement, the more I marvel at the good fortune of the modern mother who has so potent an ally to help her in rounding out the character of her boy.

And the more I wonder at the blindness of the mothers who refuse to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity. For, alas, there are mothers who will not let their boys become Scouts.

I met one the other day.

We were talking of the Boy Scout camp where our neighbour's boy is spending a month and she was reading us part of his enthusiastic letter which she had just received. It was all of camp fires, and stunts in the "copy house" (an old barn), of swimming races and overnight hikes, of useful work and beautiful play with other "rookies and veterans."

Poor John.

As she tucked the letter back in the envelope for safe keeping, she turned to the other woman. "Is John old enough to join the Scouts yet?" she asked.

"He's old enough, but I never intend that he shall be a Scout," and from the hint of defiance in her tone I could picture to myself the times when she had taken this stand against John's vain pleadings.

"But why?" queried the Scout mother in bewilderment.

"Because I don't believe in having them tramping out till half past nine

and ten o'clock at night. Home is the place for boys after dark."

When Apron Strings Break.

Ah, blind mother! It will not do to tighten the apron strings at this age. For with the coming of adolescence there are stirrings and awakenings in a boy's heart that cannot be suppressed by locking the doors.

Forbidden fruit was ever the sweetest and in a year or two "the glamour of night" will lure them out, however much you may try to keep them at home. It is the call of adventure to youth and will not be denied.

How infinitely wiser is the Scout mother who loosens these apron strings safe in the knowledge that although her boy is indeed "out at night," it is in the companionship of youths of his own age and under the supervision of that splendid body of men who constitute the Scout Masters of the Boy Scouts of America—men who give so generously of their time and ability for love of boyhood, asking and receiving no other recompense than the joy of constructive work with the boys who will be the men of to-morrow.

Stronger Than Iron.

The way for a mother to keep her boy close to her is not by bonds which chafe and become irksome, but by creating a bond of love whose strength lies in a sympathetic understanding of the needs of a boy's life. Such a bond exists, I am sure, between my neighbor and her son. Like the mother bird, she has pushed him over the edge of the home nest and is helping him to try his wings. And the two are yet

"more closely bound, by love than if by iron girded round."

A mother's position is a delicate one at this stage of a boy's life. She must be interested in all that concerns him without being intrusive; she must guide him without seeming to; she must keep his confidence without making him a mollycoddle. She must remember the song with which she lulled his baby slumbers: "Gull, baby, gull out across the sea. Only don't forget to sail back again to me."

And let her not be afraid lest he forget to sail back again, for if she keeps very close to him in spirit on that maiden voyage, she need never fear that the tide will carry him far from the safe haven of her protecting love.

Of Interest to Tourists.

CASH'S TOBACCO STORE IS NOW READY FOR THE TOURIST TRADE.

The man from England or the United States or any other country when visiting our City, will find his favorite brand of Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobacco and other Requisites at Our Store.

We also carry a full line of Picture Postcards and Books of views of Newfoundland.

Our Soda Water Fountain is now in full swing. Our Ice Cold Coca Cola and other syrups are pronounced by all to be the very best in the City.

A good smoke—a cool drink and a visit to our beautiful Bowring Park will linger in your memory for many years.

Cash's Tobacco Store, Adventures in Africa.

TALES OF A WOMAN BIG-GAME HUNTER.

In the wilds of Africa it is always safer not to take a swim in a river, unless you know for certain that it is free from crocodiles. A human swimmer is considered a dainty morsel by these animals.

A game warden in British East Africa tells of the experience of one swimmer, who was caught and pulled down and kept under water until the crocodile thought he was drowned.

He came to some time later in a black, wet cave in the bank of the river. He felt all right, but dare not leave by the river, so he clawed at the earth above him and escaped in this way.

Hunting gorillas is probably the most interesting of all sports, as this is an animal as like a human as is possible.

So at any rate, says Mrs. Bradley in her book, "On the Gorilla Trail," where she describes how her party first came on a gorilla.

On the trail one day the native porters pointed to some bushes not very far away. The bushes were waving about, and the hunters could see something which looked like a black bear. They hurried on, and suddenly saw a male gorilla on a slope opposite.

"My first impression," says Mrs. Bradley, "was of shoulders—immense shoulders—huge, uncouth, slouching shoulders. His side was towards us and his back was silver grey."

One of the men fired, and the gorilla crashed to the ground in some undergrowth. They dashed towards him, only to find that he was gone.

They again saw him, and as he looked towards them he was finished with another shot.

He was measured and found to be five feet seven inches in height; the reach from hand to hand, outspread, was seven feet eight and a half inches, and his chest measurement was between sixty-two and sixty-three inches.

One day the party was trailing a big lion, and suddenly through a thicket the author saw its mane and ears. She fired at it once, and so did one of the men. Then they waited and heard a growl. Another shot was fired.

They followed up and found the lion lying motionless, with a bullet through the neck and another between the eyes.

Mrs. Bradley propped the lion's head on her lap and a photograph was taken; another was taken with her kneeling by its side.

She then posed for a final one, propping up its head in her hands. "Is that the death rattle?" she asked. "Before anyone could answer, the lion roared. Up jumped Mrs. Bradley, while the lion was killed outright with another shot."

It had been alive all the time, but had been temporarily paralyzed by the two first shots.

McMurdo's Store News.

BIOZONE.

A scientific discovery of the combined contributions of Nature's dominant chemists—the Sun and the Sea—as compounded in Nature's Laboratory.

Whilst it is not by any means claimed that Biozone is an infallible cure for all the ills that the human body is subject to, the achievements so far manifested are particularly comprehensive and encourage even greater expectations.

Among the various disorders that Biozone has apparently either entirely cured, or after a short course, considerably alleviated, and which are in the main traceable to impure or impoverished blood, or impaired nerves, are Rheumatoid, Arthritis, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Eczema, Psoriasis, Malaria, Influenza, Catarrh, Insomnia, Neurasthenia, Anaemia.

We have a small supply of Biozone Natural Salts at \$1.85 a Bottle.

Foreign Ports Cold to Stranded Sailors.

Havre, France, July 27.—Unwary American seamen in large numbers, who carelessly or ignorantly sign faulty articles of employment on foreign vessels, are finding themselves stranded here without any hope of getting back home. In many cases jobless and penniless sailors have been arrested as vagabonds and thrown into French jails and, according to their stories, the same danger threatens them in a number of other foreign ports.

There has lately been a disposition, the sailors say, among foreign steamship lines operating between Europe and America to bring American seamen to Europe and drop them, either through false representation or misunderstanding on the part of the men when signing the articles. In some instances the men are careless and sign in a casual way, hardly knowing or caring what to do. Some sign for a port thinking it means a round trip, and they find themselves stranded on foreign soil.

Finding they have no means to return to America, many of them appeal to the American consulates. But nothing can be done for them except in cases of men holding seamen's cards in the American Merchant Marine.

The Y. M. C. A. at Havre has helped out a number of men, but the appeals have become so numerous recently that the Association has reached the limit of its funds for such purposes.

STAR MOVIE TO-DAY

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"The Dangerous Little Demon"

A UNIVERSAL SPECIAL IN SIX PARTS.

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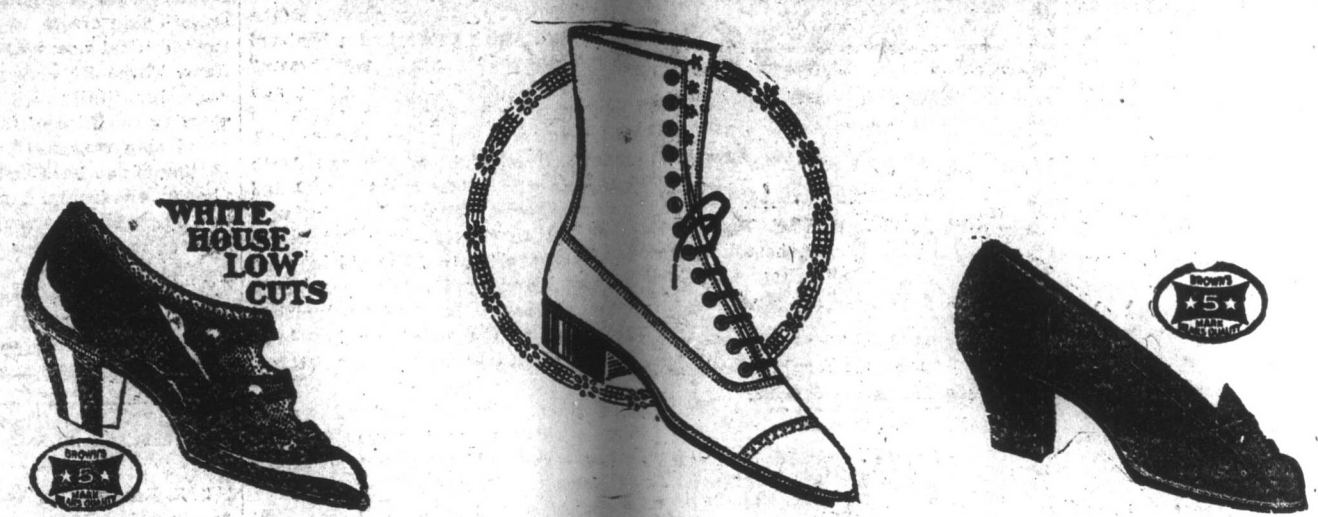
Mr. Lawrence Sings

Morning Will Come

EVERYONE LIKED THIS LAST EVENING. HEAR IT TO-NIGHT COMING! COMING!—SH-H-H-H-H BAVU. THE SUPER SENSATION with Estelle Taylor, Forrest Stanley, Wallace Beery, Sylvia Branson and Josef Swickard. Some cast. And sure some picture—eventually exciting.

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- Men's Dark Tan Laced Boots Only \$4.50 the Pair
- Men's Fine Black Kid Laced Boots Only \$5.00 the Pair

Secure your size to-day.

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THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES.

Topics in Brief.

(Literary Digest.)

By stopping all the little leaks and having pleasures few, one saves enough in fifty weeks to have a jolly two.—Boston Transcript.

It will be funny when the negroes all get North and the South begins to tell Yankees how to handle the race question.—Stamford Advocate.

The labor shortage has become so acute that you seldom see more than a dozen idle men watching a sign painter.—Trinidad Picketwire.

France Ruhral conduct is becoming less and less urbane.—Washington Post.

Ford may not be too rich to be President, but isn't he too useful?—New Britain Herald.

The fault in aliens is that those easiest to exploit are hardest to assimilate.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

This is a free country in which you may chortle, but not gurgle.—Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Disarmament's strongest point is that nations that arm to the teeth always show them.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Now if all the mortar boards were put to their rightful employment they would solve the housing problem.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Of course insects have brains. How else could they figure out just where you are going to have your picnic?—Greeley Tribune-Republican.

President Harding says that the United States should help help with the Golden Rule. Europe ever seems willing to rule the world we can supply the gold.—Southern Lumberman.

All bathing suits designers get from Missouri.—St. Joseph Gazette.

Take it from the Literary Digest, McAdoo'll do!—Jackson Journal.

When you see a trickle of beer on the sidewalk it's a safe guess that stuff has eaten its way through bottom of a bottle.—Tacoma Leader.

Naturally when Henry Ford started a railroad he began to look for a ticket.—Philadelphia American.

The nation will agree with President that public expenses have reached the braking point.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

An economist says music helps getting the work done. This is not, however, refer to chin music.—Associated Editors (Chicago).

Fruit trees may be improved by grafting, but it doesn't seem to be in the case of political grafting.—Bridgeport Star.

Opportunities always look going than coming.—Kalamazoo Gazette.

Indications are that England will approach ardity as Americans get seats in the Commons.—Birmingham News.

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SPECIAL—JAM-JAM
Two crisp Vanilla flavored Biscuits with Strawberry Jam filling.

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—By Bud Fisher.



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