

MEN'S BOX CALF BLUCHER BOOTS.

At 1914 Prices.



ONLY \$7.00 PER PAIR.

A genuine bargain awaits any man who purchases his boots from us. This boot is made of the finest Box-Calf and is Goodyear welted.

PRICE \$7.00.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

F. SMALLWOOD,
The Home of Good Shoes,
218 and 220 Water Street.

The Week's Calendar.

- OCTOBER—10th Month—31 Days.
- 1.—MONDAY. Jewish New Year (5682) begins. Treaty of Limerick, 1691. Marshal Foch born, 1851.
 - 2.—TUESDAY. Independence of Belgium, 1830. Germany proposed Armistice, 1918.
 - 3.—WEDNESDAY. S.S. Great Eastern launched, 1867. First snow for season fell, 1881. Allied troops landed at Salonika, 1915.
 - 4.—THURSDAY. St. Faith. Chas. Stewart Parnell died, 1881. Second Battle of Le Cateau, 1915. Austro-German troops invaded Serbia, 1915.
 - 5.—FRIDAY. Battle of Lepanto, 1571. Edgar Allan Poe died, 1849. Antwerp evacuated, 1914.
 - 6.—SATURDAY. Moon in first quarter. Henry Fielding died, 1754. Great Fire, Chicago, 1871. Germans repulsed at Loos, 1915.
 - 7.—SUNDAY. 30th after Trinity. St. Denis, Belgrade occupied, 1915. Cambrai retaken by British, 1918.

modern ships that are less expensive in construction and operation. Hand in hand with the building of new ships is the hiring and purchasing of vessels from other countries, mainly Denmark. Germany is doing everything in her power to regain the number of vessels she was compelled to surrender to the Allies, by the terms of the peace treaty. Her shipyards are also carrying out much repair work for foreign countries.



GRANDFATHER'S MUSTACHE.
Fashions pass like a flash.
We don't see any more
The surprising mustache
Which my Grandfather wore.

It was bushy and long
And dropped over his lip,
And was wiry and strong
For a youngster to grip.

When drinking his tea
It made a queer noise,
Like the buzz of a bee
Which delighted us boys.

It had long curly ends
Which would often protrude,
And, when talking with friends,
These my Grandfather chided.

It was frazzled and frayed,
But in days long ago
With it often we played,
For it tickled us so.

When I've piled up my cash
And need work no more,
I may grow a mustache
Like my Grandfather wore.

Rod and Gun.
The October issue of Rod and Gun in Canada will be perused with great pleasure by all those to whom the great outdoors is calling. "Nova Scotia Fishing As It Is" appears in this splendid number written in a fascinating, original way by Percy E. Nobbs. H. Mortimer Batten's story entitled "Banks, The Terrible," is of a compelling nature and will prove of intense interest to both young and old. "The Industrious One" by F. V. Williams will doubtless attract the interest of every reader. This together with stories and articles by the usual clever nature writers, Robert Page Lincoln, A. Bryan Williams, J. W. Wilson, all the instructive columns of the various departments, add greatly to the value of the magazine, and in their own mysterious way impart to it the spirit of autumn. Rod and Gun in Canada is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock.

MOTOR CAR OWNERS—A few tires left, selling very cheap to get clear of them, 32 x 4, 33 x 4, 34 x 4. E. D. SPUR-RELL, 365 Water Street.

KILL THE FLY!

The most practical and useful instrument and liquid SAN-O-SPRAY now on the market.

ELLIS & CO.
LIMITED
203 WATER STREET.

SAN-O-SPRAY will knock flies off the wall, and not harm paint or paper. Will keep the Kitchen, Bedroom or Verandah clear of Flies, Mosquitos, etc., for several hours after a few sprays.

NO INSECT CAN LIVE

where SAN-O-SPRAY is used. Yet SAN-O-SPRAY is non-poisonous to human beings and can be used with perfect safety in Pantry, Kitchen, Dining Room and Cellar.

In addition, SAN-O-SPRAY is a disinfectant and germicide.

Keeps the home sanitary and free from infectious diseases. SAN-O-SPRAY.

Ellis & Co.

We have many testimonials from Wholesalers stating that **VICTORY BRAND CLOTHING** is the most saleable line they handle. **THE WHITE CLOTHING MFG. CO. LTD.**—Inest.M



"Laugh and grow fat" is an old axiom. We advise the use of a good tonic.

"BRICK'S TASTELESS" is a wonderful tonic and will certainly improve your health. The selection of a tonic is a matter of great importance, as your health depends upon it. To fight disease successfully during the changeable autumn months the system should receive a tonic up. The facts we state about Brick's Tasteless silence all criticism.

Weigh yourself the day you commence to take Brick's Tasteless, then weigh yourself two (2) weeks later and note the increase.

DE. F. STAFFORD & SON, Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Society of United Fishermen.

ARTICLE III.
St. John's, Nfld., Sept. 22.—(Special Correspondence North Sydney Herald).—Though nearly half a century in existence, the Society of United Fishermen has not grown so rapidly as its members would have liked. The cause of this has been its insularity, for men did not have any ambition to associate themselves with an order whose ramifications did not extend beyond the bounds of the country in which it had its origin. They preferred naturally to become connected with a Society that was more general, and spread its influence farther than did the S.U.F. And so it is that the number of lodges in Newfoundland have but reached the fifty mark in active existence, although the consecutive numbers of once chartered lodges are in advance of the half hundred. Many lodges were early instituted only to die because of the unwillingness of the old Grand Lodge to consent to the establishment of the order outside Newfoundland.

It thus happened that when members emigrated to Canada, they lost touch with their home Lodge, and by degrees dropped out of live connection with their brethren, affiliating themselves with fraternal associations of wider scope in the geographical sense.

To-day all this is changed, and a new era in Fishermen craft has been—or is about to be— ushered in. The institution of a lodge at Sydney will have the effect of bringing all the scattered members together and re-uniting them once again, under the Triangle and Maltese Cross banner of their old order. Thus fraternal intercourse will be made possible and when brethren from this side cross to Sydney, they will find the right hand of fellowship extended them in warm and brotherly greeting.

There are many members of the Fishermen's Order at North Sydney, who perhaps may be wishing of emulating the example of the Sydney brethren in opening a lodge. Should they desire to do so the time will be opportune for the members of the Grand Lodge delegation, who expect to arrive in North Sydney by the S.S. Kyle on Tuesday, October 4th, unless unforeseen circumstances prevent, and if not then as soon thereafter as conditions will permit. The officers comprising the delegation are:—R. W. Grand Master, Bro. J. Curnew; Deputy Grand Master, Bro. C. T. James; Grand Chief Officer, Bro. James Riddell; Grand Secretary, Bro. A. E. Withycombe.

If convenient the institution of "Maple Leaf" Lodge will take place on the evening of the Grand Lodge arrival at Sydney, in order to enable the newly installed officers to work all degrees under the supervision and instruction of the Grand Master, who will then declare the Lodge constituted in due form and in accordance with the laws and regulations of the Order of United Fishermen of Newfoundland and of the Supreme Grand Lodge.

The Humber Project.

The visit of President H. D. Reid and party, who passed through here last week, to England, is not in connection with railway matters, but in connection with the promotion of the Newfoundland Products Company. From correspondence received by Mr. Reid recently from interested persons in the old country, it would seem that the launching of the Humber project will be the biggest thing of its kind in the history of the country. It is practically assured, and there is only need of the presence of President Reid in England to finalize matters. Mr. Powell has for some time been giving all the necessary data which may be required. Mr. Reid has expressed the opinion that on his return the Humber project will in all probability be launched.—North Sydney Herald.

Army Boots for men only Seven Dollars the pair at PARKER & MONROE'S.—sep27,11

Announcing

The arrival of another shipment of

Corticelli Knitting Wools

In a Full Range of Shades.

These we place on Sale To-day, and we realize from the Numerous Enquiries made that this shipment will vanish quickly.

COME AND SECURE THE SHADES YOU NEED.



The First Reign of Terror

Sulla -- The Roman Prototype of Robespierre.

(By H. GREENHOUGH SMITH, IN John o' London's Weekly.)

The French Revolution, with its eternal interest, has lately, owing to the Centenary of Napoleon, drawn the eyes of men once more to its stupendous drama. About no one seems to have recalled its prototype, the Roman Reign of Terror, nor to have compared their respective leaders with one another. Plutarch traced a parallel between Sulla and Lyander. A comparison of Robespierre with Sulla would be more striking still.

A Striking Figure.
In appearance, the two men were opposites. Robespierre we know well enough—that acidulated mawworm with the visage of sea-green. And of Sulla we can form as clear a picture—born but hard up, with his eagle face, red-and-white complexion, his steel-blue eyes, and fiery mane, who, like Napoleon, fought his way from victory to victory, until he made himself, in everything but name the king of Rome. It is strange that, with all his wild adventures, no writer of romance has set him in the lime-light—for, if not the greatest, he was assuredly one of the most striking figures of which the world holds record.

Never Lost a Battle.
His character was strangely mixed. A trifler, yet a scholar, a virtuoso, fond of manuscripts and statues, fond of such genius that he never lost a battle—as one sees him flitting in the palace of ladies, roasting drinkingsongs among his soldiers, hobnobbing with buffoons and actors, even writing farces of his own, he seems a fantastic kind of mixture of Napoleon, Horace Walpole, and Don Juan. Like Napoleon, he was a firm believer in his star. The Goddess of Love was his protector. He carried about him, as a mascot, a golden image of Opolio. He was himself "half-lion and half-fox," and even as the fox than as the lion." His victories, his adventures, were too wild for fiction. He left the fierce Jugurtha to his camp in chains—he quelled the fierce pride of Mithridates—he beat the mighty Marius out of Rome—he made himself the master of the city.

And then began his Reign of Terror. He had no guillotine—but his method was as deadly. For the first time in history, a daily list of victims was posted up in public. Any man who murdered one of the proscribed received a pocketful of gold. A slave who thrust a dagger into the body of his master—a discarded mistress who dropped a pinch of poison into her betrayer's wine—obtained, not revenge alone, but fortune. No wonder that the Dictator's enemies vanished like the snows in springtime. No wonder that the kennels of the streets ran red with blood. And then, at last, having settled law, and order to his liking, having raised the city from a den of

anarchists and rebels to a supremacy of glory without rival, he walked one day into the market-place and there among his enemies, without a single guard, told the people that he had done enough for one man and that he was going home. There was something in the act so strange and splendid that the very men who, while he was away in Asia, had burned his mansion to the ground and cast his family adrift, now cheered him to the echo.

A Man of Gallantry.
Home he went—to his Cuman villa—there to pass the days among his books and pictures, choice wines and lovely women, to angle in his lake, to write his memoirs under the shadow of his cherry trees. A year afterwards he broke a blood-vessel, and died.

Robespierre and Sulla are alike among the world's great murderers. Each was a Prince of Darkness whom all the whitewash in the universe will not avail to wash. Yet even here there is a difference. The fate of women under the French Terror—the mothers shot with babies at their breasts—the tumblers moving to the guillotine, pecked with beaks of youg girls, looking like bunches of white lilies—the selling of their hair for periwigs—the tanning of their skins for breeches—such things would have turned the Roman sick. The aristocrat, the man of gallantry, would have regarded Robespierre with loathing, not as a criminal, but as a cad.

A Great Funeral.
Even after death their fates were different. When the knife fell upon the neck of Robespierre, there rang from every heart in France a cry of exultation. When Sulla died, his body, robed in a king's apparel and heaped with golden chaplets, his soldiers, whom he had never led except to victory, bearing his war-worn battle-flags before him, followed by white throngs of priests and youths in golden armour, and then by tens of thousands of the people, was carried through the city to the funeral pile; his urn was set, as by an equal right, among the monuments of ancient kings; and, what he would have valued more, as if each had lost a lover, the women went in mourning for a year.

Insure with the QUEEN,

the Company having the largest number of Policy Holders in Newfoundland.
Every satisfaction given in settling losses.
Office: 167 Water Street.
Adrain Bldg. P. O. Box 782.
Telephone 658.
QUEEN INS. CO.

GEORGE H. HALLEY,
Agent.

WITT AND JEFF



DOC JEFF IS BUILDING UP A LUCRATIVE PRACTICE.



HE'S AS LOOSE AS ASHES WITH HIS PRESCRIPTIONS. FEELT YOUR LAMPS ON THAT, OLD DEAR!



By Bud Fisher

