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## Oregon Indians and Their Gods.

The Indians of Oregon still have a legend about the ancestors of the red men, and which, in a quaint manner, accounts for the presence of the rapids in the Columbia River.

According to this ancient tale, their home was originally in the Cascade Mountains, near the Columbia River. The Indians believe that their earliest ancestors chose for them this hunting-ground.

The region was then all grandeur. In those days of long, long ago, Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helens were real volcanoes, towering high above the green of the primeval forest; and between them flowed the beautiful Columbia, spanned by a great natural bridge where the broad river cut its channel through the mountain range. But, alas! the bridge of the olden time disappeared long ago; and nothing of it remains to mark the place where it once stood. Nor is there anything but the enchanting rapids, glistening in the sunlight, to recall its former existence. In fact the entire region has lost much of its former grandeur.

Two gods—so the Indians say—lived on the two giant mountains. These gods, who were man and wife, spent long years contentedly on their heights, crossing back and forth over the bridge to visit one another. And in fair weather they take great delight in looking down into the valley far below.

For they beheld there the beautiful winding river and they watched with pride their children, the red men, who fished and hunted all day along the banks of the river and called to each other, so that the valley was filled with great cheer. It was, indeed, a care-free existence for everyone in the entire region. All enjoyed their home.

### When the Gods Quarrelled.

Then a day came when the gods quarrelled. Concealed on their mountains, up among the clouds, they now hurled huge boulders over the bridge at each other—boulders whose crashing fall resounded among the far-off mountains. And in the midst of the frightful din the gods made the volcanoes belch fire against the overcast sky—fire which then flowed far down into the troubled valley. Otherwise everything lay quiet under the cover of darkness caused by the wrath of the gods.

The region suffered great changes during the awful conflict. Struck by the huge boulders, the bridge, of course, fell under their weight—fell into the stream where it lies to this very day, forming the rapids. And besides, entire forests from the mountains' sides plunged down into the troubled water, where the surviving trunks are called nowadays "the submerged forests of the Columbia."

Moreover the fires of the volcanoes burned out, so that the lofty peaks

now tower up, silent and covered with shrouds of driven snow. Such was the ruin.

And the gods, seeing their ruin, soon vanished. So great was their grief over the ruin which their wrath brought upon the Indians' hunting-ground, that the gods vanished and never returned to their old home, and since they have gone, their sons and their daughters call to each other no more along the beautiful river. Only the faint echo of the past sounds now and then in the distance.

Alas! the gods, with most of their children, have vanished from their old home!

## Where Cattle Are Held Sacred.

In a letter which has just reached London, John Roscoe, leader of the Mackle ethnographical expedition to Uganda, Central Africa, shows that "the trivial round, the common task" of a Central African potentate who is priest and king and father of his people furnishes all that a monarch, however avid of work, ought to ask. Mr. Roscoe says:

The king at Bunyora has for years been surrounded with elaborate milk ceremonial, and his life seems to have been daily spent as the great priest of the tribe. From early morning to the last thing at night he was exercised in the priestly office. In the early hours he began by having his great toes anointed to cleanse his path from danger; he then went to cleanse his land from magic and evil and to obtain blessing upon country and people; next came the ceremony of sanctifying the milk, and when that was over he had to set his magistrates the example of settling legal matters with justice. Having done this he had to go to herd some special cattle and thus bring blessing upon the cattle. Each afternoon he had to partake of



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some sacred meat and thus give his blessing to the food of the country, and he ends his day by guarding the place from danger until the late hours of the night.

**Milks the Sacred Cows.**  
Let me give some details in explanation of these ceremonies by briefly recounting some of them. First, the early morning ceremony when he goes to his bathroom; two yearling bulls, one black, the other red and black, are brought to him. He takes the black bull by the horns, and placing his forehead on the white patch on the bull's forehead he asks the Creator to remove all the evil of the night from him and his people, then taking the red and black bull he asks for the blessing, by placing his head against that of the bull as before.

Later comes the ceremony of milking the sacred cows. When these are milked the ceremony of drinking the milk comes, when every person in the royal enclosure must remain still and quiet, not even coughing, on the pain of death. I pass over the trial of cases to the time when he has to go to herd some cows and thus insure blessing upon the herds of the land. Cook's Job Not Envious.

In the afternoon, at about 4 o'clock, he has to partake of some sacred beef. Before doing so he beats one beat on each of the nine sacred drums, which, informs the people that he is about to eat, and enjoins silence; all the people cower and cover their faces wherever they may be. The special cook comes purified, carrying a special fork, and his servant a bowl of meat. The cook kneels in front of the king, who sits on his throne while the cook puts four pieces of meat into his mouth, and has to be careful lest the fork should touch his teeth, because that would mean death to him. After the meat is eaten the sacred herd of cows again comes and after they are milked the King drinks milk as in the morning.

During the last few months I have been engaged in investigating these cow customs, and find the people have the most wonderful knowledge of cows. Without any aid or science they have gained extraordinary insight into disease and the care of cattle. With a little training they would become expert cowmen and supply European markets with meat as well as sending butter and cheese."

## The Bomb First Used in Chicago.

The bomb, as an expression of social discontent and class hatred was born in the United States of foreign parentage.

Thrown by an unseen hand, it first blazed out in destructive malignity at the Haymarket Square riot in Chicago, May 4, 1886, killing seven policemen and wounding sixty persons. It was an innovation in anonymous murder on a wholesale plan.

Cowardly and destructive minds in all countries hailed it as the safest known means of slaughtering unprepared people without being detected. The French anarchist, Ravachol, tried it in 1892, but was caught and imprisoned.

Vaillant, whose right name was Kouligstein, threw a bomb into the crowded pit of a Barcelona theatre two years later and killed thirty persons and wounded eighty. But while he was hugging himself on his splendid exploit he was arrested, identified as the thrower of the bomb, convicted and put to death.

Assassins by bomb in the United States have been more cautious in covering up their tracks. Years ago they invented the time clock bomb with which to spread sudden death at a safe distance. But it was betrayed so often by the ticking of its clock that murderous minds pined for a silent missile of destruction—silent, that is, up to the moment of its deadly action.

This burning want was supplied by the war by a German spy, Scheele, a chemist and ship bomber, who invented a bomb that could be timed accurately to explode when a quantity of acid had eaten through a metal partition.

## Nova Scotia's Welcome.

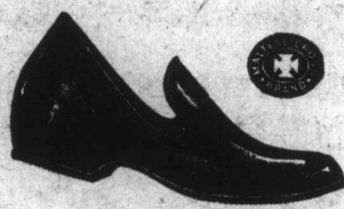
All Nova Scotians, we are sure, will be glad to associate themselves with the hearty welcome which is being extended in Halifax to the captain and crew of the Esperanto and the gentlemen who accompany them on their sportsmanlike mission. There are many historic associations between this Province and Massachusetts which the present venture will recall. The course of our early history was closely related to theirs. We cherish common traditions and sources of law. Our institutions and our political ideals have been fashioned and developed along kindred lines. We have enjoyed extensive trade connections and many intimate social relations. The life of our Province was enriched in its earliest days by a stream of sterling New England stock—and in later years we have given to Massachusetts many of our sons and daughters who have become worthy citizens of the land of their adoption. We owe a great deal to Massachusetts, and she, in turn, is indebted not a little to Nova Scotia. And so we welcome our guests on this occasion, not only as

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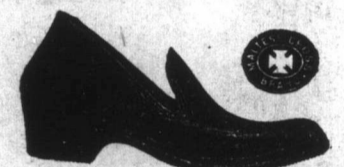
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neighbors, but as friends.

Lunenburg and Gloucester are the two chief deep-sea fishing ports on the Atlantic coast, and it is peculiarly fitting that the first international ocean contest between fishing schooners should be between vessels representing those typical fishing centres of the two countries. The men who go down to the Banks from these two ports to reap the harvest of the sea, are of the same breed of hardy seafaring men—the Gloucester fleet has drawn many recruits

from Nova Scotia, and it is not without significance that the skipper to whom the prestige of the United States has been entrusted is a native son of Nova Scotia. They meet in the pursuit of their daily calling on the sea in the friendly rivalry of commerce. To-morrow they will match their seamanship and their sea-daring skill in the first of the series of races for the blue ribbon of the banking fleets which, it is hoped, will become a perpetual international event.

There are differences of opinion

in Nova Scotia, as we are informed, there are in Gloucester, as to whether the competing boats are the speediest of their respective fleets, but that is now beside the question. The issue is between the Delawans and the Esperanto, and, while Nova Scotians naturally hope that the Lunenburg vessel will carry off the palm of victory, they will be as ready to congratulate the winner, when the better boat wins, no matter what flag she flies. In the meantime, they are proud of the opportunity and the privilege of bidding their kinsmen a hearty wel-

come. May the outcome of the coming "battle royal" on the sea serve to strengthen the ties of friendship and establish a new bond of good-will between the two countries!—Morning Chronicle.

The Jazzola Orchestra will render the music at the Masquerade Ball in the C. C. C. Hall on Thursday night, Nov. 4th. nov.4

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