

ROYAL BAKING-POWDER

Absolutely Pure

MAKES HOME BAKING EASY

Light Biscuit
Delicious Cake
Dainty Pastries
Fine Puddings
Flaky Crusts

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Uncle Walt THE POET PHILOSOPHER.

Throw away the cheap cosmetics and the powder and the dye; cut out all the freak athletics and the circus stunts you try. Pass up Lillian, also Laura (though those girls are truly nice) for they'll bring you only sorrow if you follow their advice. They will teach you that your duty is to spend your passing days trying to increase your beauty in a hundred foolish ways. Powders, lotions, paints and greases are the washed-out spinsters' hope, and young girls are simply geese who will use that sort of dope. If a damsel's cross and sulky, every thought will leave its trace, and no bottle however bulky, tell-tale wrinkles will efface. If a maiden's bold and loud, then a modest maid should be, for y tons of paint and powder will not make her fair to see. If her thoughts are mean and sordid, if she fills her home with strife, beauty's palm won't be accorded to that girl, you bet your life. Here's the truth, or pretty near it—paste it—maiden, in your soul—beauty of the mind and spirit is the kind of stuff that knocks.

Copyright, 1911, by George Nathan Adams. Quack Mason

Queer Driving Power. Bomb Thrower Caught

There appear to be possibilities in the idea of M. Constantin, a French inventor, who seriously suggests that the use of an adoption of the windmill on the head of fast vehicles would reduce the air resistance and increase the speed. At first sight the idea seems fanciful and quite impracticable, but M. Constantin has given considerable weight to this theory by constructing a model aluminum wagon which, according to a newspaper cutting, was driven forward with surprising energy by a windmill turned by a headwind. The windmill is apparently a form of conical screw, with the blades inclined forward. It is placed at the front of the wagon and its axis is so geared to the wheels that they are turned forward when the screw is turned by the breeze it encounters. Tested against the mild air current of an ordinary electric fan the model wagon promptly started ahead, soon developing considerable speed, and was found capable of climbing gradients of six per cent. and over. When tried with a stronger fan it easily carried a load of over twenty pounds. -T. P.'s Weekly, London.

New York, Sept. 15.—Another young Italian was caught to-day with a bomb in his possession, but in this case the police say the prisoner had a lighted match in his hand, which he'd just applied to the spluttering fuse. Detectives from the Italian squad who made the discovery quickly extinguished the fuse and captured the lighter after chasing him to the roof of an East Side tenement house, and exchanging several shots. None of the bullets took effect.

The prisoner, Giovanni Rizzo, aged 19, refused to talk and proved as baffling as Giuseppe Costabile, who was recently arrested with a bomb under his coat. Just before Rizzo was arrested a bomb was exploded in a tenement in East 12th street. It shook the plaster off the walls and blew down several doors, but did no other damage.

Saturday afternoon a little boy, aged 4 years, was removed from his home at 28 Joy Place to the Hospital to be placed under observation for typhoid. Another of the family is in Hospital now suffering from the disease.

COLLINS' BULLETIN.

The Weather Man says "Colder Weather Coming."

AND BUY YOUR

Fall Underwear at Collins'.

Women's Fleece Lined Vests and Knickers.

Cream—worth 40 cents — Collins' price 30 cents
White—worth 45 cents — Collins' price 35 cents
White—worth 60 cents — Collins' price 50 cents
White—worth 80 cents — Collins' price 70 cents
Men's Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers. 47 cents
Boys' Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers, size 24, 30c up

Parcels sent home promptly by express.

P. F. Collins.

340, 342, 344 Water Street.

Shooting Game Birds in Newfoundland.

BY JOHN DUFF, IN "ROD AND GUN."

Having not only derived much pleasure but also a vast amount of information from reading the many excellent stories of fishing and hunting appearing in Rod and Gun I thought many Canadian sportsmen might like to know something of our experiences in shooting game birds in Newfoundland.

I was much interested in the stories "A Day with the Chickens in Nantona" and "Pheasant Shooting in the Niagara Peninsula" being deeply struck on reading the latter with the notices put up forbidding trespassing and shooting. In Newfoundland we have not to contend with any such drawback. When the shooting season opens the sportsmen can roam at will from daylight till dark without fear of interruption. He may search in vain for any prohibitory notice on the shooting grounds.

Our game bird season opens on September twentieth and readers (particularly those who are game bird hunters themselves) can imagine how anxiously we await the dawn of day. We all know something of the enjoyment to be derived from the tramp through the country, the bracing air of the open, the watching of the dogs as they take the scent and bring us up to the first covey for the first shot and the delightful satisfaction of the full bag.

In my own case the nearest shooting ground is about a mile and a half from my house. Generally I walk to this particular ground leaving home about four o'clock and arriving on the ground just before dawn, in time to hear the old cock give his morning call. How the blood tingles in a true sportsman's veins as he hears the different calls go backward and forward over the grounds. My good dog Ping shivers with excitement, waiting for the dawn and the command to go. If it is the early bird that catches the worm so also it is the early sportsman that obtains the first chance at the covey.

Following the calls good old Ping soon obtains the scent and looking back to see if I am within shooting distance, waits until I come up. A few creeping steps and then bang! bang! that delight of a sportsman's heart—a right and a left—being secured as an opener of the day's sport. The bird's are fairly plentiful and I haven't to wait long before my other dog "Dash" is also on the point. While watching the dogs and admiring their work we wish for a camera in order that we may picture them. One of the finest sporting pictures possible is that of a dog standing on "point" with one paw lifted, body rigid and tail straight, waiting for the birds to rise.

Crossing the ground we find other coveys and singles and it isn't long before the birds are scattered. Many others shooters are present on the first morning of open season and I never expect to do much on that morning.

At the end of three hours' tramping we stop for a rest and a light lunch and make plans for remaining two hours, the carriage having been ordered for ten o'clock. After lunch we carry out our arrangements and arrive at the road about the time stated with fairly satisfactory bags.

Our grounds are magnificent for game bird shooting—bare hills, low brush, grass covered hollows dotted with trees, not too tall to hide the birds when they rise and the brush not too thick to prevent the dogs from going in. We can drive right on the grounds and keep the carriage there should we desire to do so.

While driving on these grounds we have seen the dogs jump from the rig and "point," not ten yds. from us. One of the accompaniments of illustrations is a "man, the boy whom I always take with me to carry the bag, as well as myself and give readers a little idea of the shooting ground and of the nature of the sport. Norman takes a keen delight in the shooting and always has a good excuse ready whenever I make a miss—a very encouraging characteristic in one's assistant. The bag on this occasion contained fifteen birds—not too bad for a four hours' tramp.

The second one, showing my little girl Dorothy holding the bag, was taken about three miles from my home. On that occasion the bag contained seventeen partridge, the reward of a four hours' tramp. On one occasion when making our way down to meet the carriage with a bag of nine birds both dogs came to "point." The birds saw us as the ground was bare but for all that I managed to get a right and left to add to the number.

Within twenty yards they came to point again and before I could get a shot off went about thirty birds. Little did I think I should have the pleasure of carrying some of them home as they appeared to get clear away. We mounted a hill and look-

ing round for the likeliest spot on which they would settle we started on to a piece of low brush. In about ten minutes and when I thought we had misjudged the flight, Dash was missing as we passed a clump. I called Ping, showing her the direction to take and was interested in seeing how keenly and quickly she took up the matter, when Norman saw Dash just inside the edge patiently waiting for us. We knew then it was not a false alarm. Getting between the two dogs I just said "Go on!" when they went forward for a couple of feet and refused to move further. The first step I made up went the birds, four first, then two singles, eastern. Only a portion of the covey had landed there but I added seven to the bag.

I believe my dogs to be two of the prettiest and best dogs that ever tramped a moor and they have aided me to many a fine piece of sport. It requires a sportsman to experience the thrills following a position right in a covey when a man is naturally anxious to do his best to fill his bag and has the further knowledge of the presence of a friend who sits patiently on a hillside watching every movement and quite prepared to criticize every mis-shot a man under such circumstances is liable to make.

On the occasion referred to I got short of ammunition and had to borrow some from my friend Moore. He readily agreed to the loan and further offered to take the birds to town for me as he was going home. This offer I declined with thanks as in Newfoundland it is always necessary to have the birds to show. Sportsmen in this country do not exaggerate worse than those elsewhere, but we have an understood rule which causes a sportsman to carry his own birds. When we reached the road my wife, Dorothy and the pony were awaiting us.

Last season birds were very plentiful on the island, particularly at a place called Salmon Cove, a name given owing to the magnificent salmon filling the nearby streams.

One morning we decided upon shooting at Salmon Cove, and after an hour's drive arrived on the grounds. The latter are not ideal as the cover is very scarce, but it wasn't long before the dogs found a good scent. To our surprise the birds were watching us and for some time managed to leave us with an empty bag. The hills are high, rocky and rugged, with very little covering for the birds. I never saw them so numerous as on that particular morning, every hill being covered with coveys, but they were too wild to allow us near them.

We saw birds by the hundred but the place was too bare for dogs to work with advantage. To give readers some idea of the state of the case we saw one flock of fully two hundred birds passing two gun shots away, and two well known sportsmen who saw the same flock can corroborate this statement.

However, after getting further up the country we had better luck and arrived home with thirteen birds as the result of the morning's shoot.

Two days later we were back at Salmon Cove with an idea new to us but which we are informed is an old one in England. We ordered a kit and my wife painted upon it the representation of a large black hawk. Norman took the lure and mounting a good stand started hunting. To our delight the kite soared high and made an excellent imitation of one of the partridge's numerous and most dreaded enemies.

We didn't have far to go when the dogs pointed and the kite did the trick. We managed to get within easy gunshot of the birds every time—in fact at times had to wait till they got some distance from us.

August 31st, 1911.

M. J. WALSH, Duckworth St.

APPLE PIES,

6c. & 12c. each.

BLUE BERRY PIES,

6c. & 12c. each.

SPONGE CAKES,

15c. dozen.

CUP CAKES, 10c.

All Fresh To-Day.

M. J. WALSH,

Duckworth Street.

BIG DISPLAY Fall MILLINERY

We have just opened our selection of FALL MILLINERY, consisting of some of the NEWEST and DAINTIEST CREATIONS from London and Paris markets. The Moderate Prices will astonish you.

It is impossible to describe the beauties of our Ladies' TRIMMED HATS. You want to see them.

Ladies and Children's Felt Ready-to-Wear Hats are gems.

A. & S. RODGER.



ONE-FOURTH OFF!

Here's an out and out straight business proposition that will certainly interest everybody who wears shoes. In order that we may make room for our Fall stock in short order, we will now offer our trade a uniform discount of

One Fourth Off of Our Regular Prices.

All our Footwear for Men, Women, Boys, Misses and Children of all sorts must go. Reductions here are always genuine, plain, fair and square.

\$4.00 Shoes Selling at \$3.50
\$3.50 Shoes Selling at \$2.50
\$2.50 Shoes Selling at \$2.00

And so on throughout the stock.

NOTHING PLAINER, CLEANER OR STRAIGHTER.

Hardly see how you can afford to miss this sale, for it would be like throwing away money.

The White Shoe Store, 304 & 306 Water-st.

sep16,t

S. B. KESNER, Proprietor.



If You Had a Fire in Your Office

What would become of your vital books, papers, card records, etc.?

File them in THE SAFE-CABINET

Then they will be amply protected. Steel and fire-proof material throughout. Immense capacity. Easy to move around. Costs little more than wood. Saves for all purposes, and all adjustable to accommodate any filing system.

We have it in stock

Fred V. Chesman, Agent.

Wants Theatricals.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir—I notice by advertisements in the papers the theatre of the Total Abstinence Society is to let, and as there is a feeling in the city that this community should not be limited to picture shows for amusement, the opportunity now presents itself for some local gentlemen to invest a few dollars, hire the hall and secure a good company to play here for the winter season.

The theatre, I understand, can be secured for a very reasonable yearly rental, and as it is the only hall in the city properly fitted for theatres and operas, it may be a good paying investment for a number of citizens who would form a company.

Every one will admit, I am sure, that our people are keen on a good theatrical or operatic show, and it is quite a while since we had anything in this way, there is no doubt that crowded houses would greet a good performance every night this winter. Who will start the ball a-rolling? Surely we have gentlemen in this city ready to risk a few dollars in this undertaking. It will be too late to talk when the hall is gone once more for moving picture shows, and now is the time to act.

Yours sincerely,

CITIZEN.

St. John's, Sept. 25, 1911.

Linard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

The Choicest Product of the Highlands.

If you have a love for the genuinely good thing buy such WHISKYS as

"THISTLE" or "Spey Royal."

They are Scotland's best Mellow and Matured.

JAMES C. BAIRD, WATER STREET.

ANOTHER PROWLER ABOUT. — Friday night late a man could be seen prowling around the rear of houses on Water Street West, near Patrick Street, and evidently with evil intent. When he saw that he was observed he quickly vanished, but if he re-appears he will get a fright.