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Boat is fitted with a 27 h.p. Fraser Engine, which has given splendid satisfaction. The boat is 40 feet long and 9 feet wide, and would make an ideal mission boat.

She contains sleeping accommodation for four, and tanks for 250 gallons of fuel. Nineteenth of the fuel consumed by the engine is Kero oil.

The reason for selling is, the boat is not large enough for the purpose she is now used for.

The boat cost about \$1800, and is well fitted in every respect. She is provided with sails. She would make a fine boat for collecting bait or for fishery uses.

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KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM, MINISTER OF WAR

THOUGH IT IS SELDOM that the true proportions of a man's greatness are appreciable by his own countrymen and contemporaries, it is often possible to anticipate the verdict of history by that of more detached foreign observers. In the case of Earl Kitchener the opinion of Westerners and Orientals alike has very definitely pointed to him as the greatest Englishman of his era.

A Man Not Open to Impression

When Kitchener visited Manchuria and Japan upon the expiration of his command in India, the Japanese laid themselves out to impress him with various exhibitions of their military power, of which they were very reasonably proud. But the most imposing pageant in the world, its pomp and vanities, are as nothing in Kitchener's eyes. His hosts viewed his silence, his expressionless immobility, if with disappointment, at least with profound respect. It was, in fact, like their own ideal of impenetrable reserve, and, as a Far Eastern friend who was in Kitchener's entourage, informed me, Kitchener is regarded by the Japanese to-day as the greatest European they have ever seen.

Incidentally, my object here is to suggest a newer and more accurate estimate of Lord Kitchener's personality. None could be more interesting, if only for the fact that there has been no other modern soldier or statesman whose preparation for the work awaiting him has provided such an example of reversion to the ancient methods of Providence in the fashioning of its heroes—from the days of Moses onwards—amidst the wastes and solitudes of Nature.

The Evidence of "Reserve Force"

There is a common factor in the character of great men which an old writer has described as "reserve force acting directly by presence with old means." "It is a sort of familiar genius," he says, "by whose impulses its possessors are swayed, but whose command they cannot impart. Such men are often solitary, or, if they chance to be social, do not need society, but can entertain themselves very well alone. What others effect by talent or by eloquence, such men accomplish by some magnetism."

When the history of Lord Kitchener comes to be written, surely no more fitting words could be found to describe him. It was said of Lord Chatham that there was something finer in the man than anything he said. So with Lord Kitchener there is a strange innate power which has always found expression, not in words, but in achievement, and in the production of achievement in others.

From "Silly Suffolk"

Irishmen like to claim Lord Kitchener as a countryman of theirs on the ground that he was born at Gunsborough Villa, County Kerry, on June 24th, 1850. But although his father, Colonel Henry Horatio Kitchener, had migrated to Ireland from Leicestershire two years before the birth of his son Herbert, the family is East Anglian, and in the little Suffolk village of Lakenheath there are records of the Kitcheners going back to two hundred years ago, when Thomas Kitchener and his wife Abigail came thither from Hampshire in the reign of the third William.

His mother's family, the Chevaliers of Aspell, in the same old eastern county, have possessed Aspell Hall for over two centuries, and it was in recognition of his mother's family home that Kitchener associated in his title the name of the little East Anglian village with that of Khartoum.

Ireland has given many great soldiers to the Empire—notably Lord Roberts—but "silly" Suffolk produced the stock from which sprang Earl Kitchener of Khartoum and Aspell.

"A Shy, Self-Contained Boy"

As a boy he seems to have impressed observers in different ways. An old friend of the family describes him as a "manly, active and spirited little fellow who could not keep quiet, and consequently, like all boys of his kind, used to get into scrapes, but had great luck in getting out of them." Another says "he was a smart, intelligent, growing-up lad, promising to be a smart young fellow," while a third remembers him as "quiet and taciturn, good at books, but taking a bad place in outdoor games and gymnastics." To a fourth he was "a shy, self-contained boy, who early showed a talent for figures."

K's friends of his famous days will readily recognise these early sprouts of his later qualities.

His First Scent of Powder

They soon bore fruit in an eagerness for useful experience which crossed his path. Thus even before he entered the Army in 1871 he had had a taste of actual war. While still a Woolwich cadet he was staying during a vacation with his father in

Brittany, for the Irish estates had been sold. France's last desperate struggle against the German hosts was being fought out by brave but ill-organised armies of hastily-raised levies. Young Kitchener offered his services to the French, was accepted, and fought under General Chanzy in the operations around Le Mans. It was to be remembered afterwards when he and Captain Marchand gallantly drank to one another on the Nile at Fashoda.

A Son of the Wilderness

But we need not go out of our way to seek for early germs of K's after greatness. He would be the first to deny that there was any finer quality in his nature than is to be found in the generality of young Anglo-Saxon soldiers.

But he was subjected to a novitiate which has produced many of the world's finest souls. He was led forth into the wilderness. He did not adopt a raiment of camel's hair or a menu of locusts and wild honey, but the strong reflective elements in his nature, the self-sufficing, self-reliant were developed and hardened into wondrous temper in the free atmosphere and vast lonely spaces of the deserts.

The Tale of a Telegram

It was characteristic of so unconventional a nature that his first step to fortune and greatness was a piece of indiscipline. He was on leave in Alexandria on the eve of the famous bombardment, and knowing that a telegram recalling him to Cyprus was imminent he arranged with a friendly pressman to delay its reaching his hands until the weekly boat to Cyprus had gone. Lieutenant Kitchener with him, at that time, unrivalled knowledge of the natives and their language, was, of course, a welcome find for any commander like Lord Wolseley, committed to operations in a comparatively unknown country. Accordingly his services were retained, and from that moment his future was assured.

He Wanders Garbed as an Arab

There followed twelve months' unremitting labour, broken only by a journey to Sinai, and then, as an Intelligence Officer he disappeared into the desert to the south. His nature had become fully responsive and attuned to the voice of the wilderness, and it was a call he could not resist. For two years he wandered from Cairo to Abu Hamed, from Berber to the Red Sea.

The Arab whose language he spoke and whose garb he wore met him sometimes in far-away villages, in crowded bazaars, or in desert oases. Living the life of the native, he talked trade and commerce with cross-legged Arab merchants between puffs of his chibouk, or Soudanese politics with Bisbarben Sheikhs by palm-shaded wells in the Libyan deserts. And all the time he was absorbing that vast store of information and knowledge which in due season, after fifteen long years, was to materialise in the regeneration of the Soudan.

Kitchener's Way

Genial, affable, kindly, and fond of a joke at ordinary times, when hard work or fighting is afoot he freezes into an uncompromising severity. Hence the constant triumph of his subordinates over apparently insuperable difficulties.

Once, in a blazing Soudan summer, a young officer on a desert post, to whom an order had been sent, was down with a touch of sunstroke. It was a direct contravention of K's regulations, for every one of his officers had to be fit and ready to march in K's invariable half-an-hour in any direction. One of K's staff thoughtlessly pleaded the young officer's physical incapacity. "Sunstroke!" replied K. "What the devil does he mean by having sunstroke? Send him down to Cairo at once."

As this was K's invariable sentence of professional death, the staff-officer hurriedly wired to his friend a warning that he was under a delusion and was quite well. The order was somehow carried out, and nothing more was heard of the matter.

Only Man Who Ever "Talked Back"

Only one man is ever known to have given back-talk to Kitchener in the matter of an order. When at the most critical stage of the long advance towards Khartoum the all-important desert railway was being pushed into the gleaming wastes of rock and sand beyond Wady Halfa. K. one day made a sudden descent upon the officer in charge of the work and strongly objected to some method of construction.

It might well have silenced some men. But the young, and at that time unknown, soldier of French-Canadian extraction, Percy Clonard, looked calmly into the eyes of the dreaded chief and replied deliberately: "Look here, sir, am I working this job or are you?" Kitchener laughed. "Go on," he said. "Do it your own way." He knew his man

and the qualities which gave him such fate in himself.

K's "Must"

The following story affords an interesting comparison, between K's way and that of other commanders. It occurred in South Africa.

Lord Roberts, requiring some important work to be carried out, sent for a senior officer and gave him his instructions. "How soon do you think you can put it through?" inquired the kindly old chief, adding, "I'll try to do it in a fortnight, sir." "I know you'll do the best you can," abruptly. "Well, I know you'll do your best," smiled Lord Roberts, as he bade the other good-bye.

The visitor had no sooner got outside than he ran up against Lord Kitchener. "Well?" rapped out K. "Oh, I've just seen the chief, referring to the business in hand. 'How soon will you get it done?' was the quick response. 'Well, I told him I would try and do it in a fortnight.'" "Now look here, Colonel," replied K. "unless this is put through within a week we shall have to consider your return home." The work was done.

Independent

No man was ever so independent of his entourage. His office stationery consisted of a bundle of telegraph forms in his helmet and a pencil in his pocket. It was said of him that his chief of the staff in South Africa had nothing to do but to smoke his pipe, and that if an earthquake had swallowed up the whole of his staff he probably would not have noticed it.

Yet none knew better than he how much of his success was due to his wise choice of the tools he used and in their choice he was adamant to all suggestions from without.

Upon this implacable son of the deserts the jockey and backstair influences of civilised communities never made a moment's impression. But woman will often rush in where man ears to tread.

"That Awful Woman!"

It happened in the days of his Sir-larship at Cairo that a lady of considerable social influence but little discretion resolved in the interests of a young soldier to make a direct appeal to K. himself. She besought a personal interview. The Sirdar expressed himself. Nothing daunted, the lady presented herself at K's official quarters at a time which usually claimed his attendance in the daily routine of business. K. posted an officer on guard with strict injunctions.

Twice she would-be intruder was induced by this look-out man to believe the Sirdar had escaped her. Accordingly she timed her next visit for a more promising hour. The watchman again stood in the breach. "How dare you tell me he is not here!" she rasped. "You shall not stop me." And before the surprised officer could muster sufficient resolution to bar the way the enemy had rushed his position with a wild rustle of silk petticoats and parasol at the charge.

Found Kitchener

Down the passage went the attack, and with unerring instinct into a room at the end. Here, lo and behold, was a tall man engaged in some ablutions and garbed in a deshabille of shirt and neither garments who, with the genius of the great general that he was, at once took cover behind a table and a couple of chairs. The avenger of Gordon afterwards acknowledged that but for the furniture of the xareba he must have been lost.

But help was at hand, and by a series of masterly operations the siege was raised. It was, perhaps, his closet shave the great chief has ever had, and long after, when reference was made to this terrible adventure, K. would observe with uplifted hands and eyes, "That awful woman!"

The most splendid monument to Kitchener's exceptional greatness both as statesman and soldier, will all ways be his present labors for the peoples of Egypt and the Soudan.

Spoken of reverently as "El Lord" or "Kooch-Nohr," he is regarded by the masses of the people almost as a semi-divinity, such as were Seti and Rameses by the Egyptians of old. For the races of the Soudan he is a far greater one than the old Mahdi. The immense driving power of his strength of character and tireless industry is forcing a succession of far-reaching reforms through hitherto insuperable obstacles, conquering the deserts and bringing well-being and happiness to vast and increasing populations.

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