

Boys' Suits & Pants

We are
Headquarters for
Boys'
School Suits and
Single Pants,
Lined and
Unlined.

W. H. JACKMAN,
39 Water St., West.

sept9.eod.ey

The Horseless Carriage.

(A weekly column devoted to the interests of the Motoring Public.)

We didn't know that there were so many dogs in town of the class that we described last week as being "a cross between a lady's miff and a squirrel." We apologize to the numerous ladies who, we hear, are going to have our blood for referring to their pets in that flippant manner. We assure each of these ladies that it wasn't her dog we were talking about.

And, again referring to last week's notes, we acknowledge the courtesy of the Editor's remarks in Saturday's issue re the typographical errors which slipped into this column. We didn't mind a bit about the misnaming of the biblical speed artist, but what did rather get our goat was being made say that the Act that came into force late in the 1920 season was not retroactive when that's just what it was, i.e., the increase dating back to the beginning of the season. However, mistakes will happen in the best regulated motor columns.

Years ago when we were young we happened to go, one Sunday night, in New York City, to what was described in the announcement as a "Sacred Concert." It certainly was some Sacred Concert. We remember that it started out with a lively vaudeville sketch, the scene of which was laid in a hotel bedroom, which had been apportioned in error to a lady guest and a gentleman guest, each stranger to the other. (Alright, Mr. Editor, we will tell it just as it ought to be told in a drawing room.) Neither guest would give up the claim to the room, and the two eventually decided to occupy the room, and to divide in half, for sharing purposes, every bit of furniture and crockeryware in the apartment. (An important piece of the crockeryware was at this juncture, of course, found to be missing at which the "Sacred Concert" audience was overcome with mirth. It is not necessary to finish the story except to say that by the time the end of the sketch had arrived, he pair had become good friends and had decided to get married, whereupon the lady sang in a sweet soprano, "When we are married what will you do?" and, while the curtain fell, the gentleman obliterated the chalk mark on the principal piece of furniture that the room contained.

Now the above story has nothing to

do with motoring, but it suggests to us an expedient that is fast becoming necessary. That of dividing the country roads—by a chalk mark or otherwise—to point out to certain "road hogs" exactly how much of the road they are entitled to occupy, when passing a car coming in the opposite direction. Those offenders are not only motorists. The average country cart, carriage and cab in nine cases out of ten, hugs the wrong side of the road at all times at considerable risk to themselves and everything else that may come along. Surely to goodness, it is an easy to drive on the right side of the road as the wrong.

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite. For if you go 'right' you go wrong. And if you go 'left' you go right."

The Motor Association tends its thanks to Mr. Albert Perlin of the Evening Telegram staff, for the excellent account of their last meeting as published in the Evening Telegram. The Secretary asks me to say that he is particularly grateful, as a copy of the Telegram's report will make the most excellent "minutes."

The sad tale of the motorist who, running short of gasoline around the Bay, applied to a friend to help him out and was given a "fill" from his friend's private supply which later, turned out to be kerosene and played the deuce with the engine, reminds us of the advice that we used to be given prior to 1917, that "it was never wise to mix your drinks." As rumor has it that the "kerosene" was pink in color, a friend enquires if possibly the two bottles of "St. Pierre" which he mislaid "round the bay" the previous summer have not been accounted for.

We cull the following from an English exchange: "Diverting the exhaust through organ pipes by means of ten switches forming a keyboard on the dash of his car, Mr. Rowland Winn, the head representative of Fords, has provided himself with music wherever he goes. Practice on this keyboard has enabled him to play a variety of popular tunes on the exhaust from 'The Lost Chord' to 'The Rosary.' Personally we have seen many Fords that play music all their own, and we have heard Ford owners speaking in a very musical way about their cars—especially on a cold night when the

thing wouldn't start—but it never sounded anything like 'The Rosary'!"

The Police officers on duty at Rawlin's Cross deserve a word of thanks for their unflinching courtesy to motor drivers. Their position is one by no means to be envied, and we understand no Insurance Company in town will accept a risk on their lives. The rule says a motorist must drive around them, and some motorists are apt to misunderstand this and attempt to drive over these men rather than around them. Nevertheless, the Rawlin's Cross traffic cop comes up smiling (and doing calisthenic exercises) every time, and he has our best wishes that if his life is short it will be a merry one.

A correspondent has asked us to say a few words on the iniquity of passing on corners, and we feel we cannot do better than quote a piece of an article touching on this subject from the English magazine "The Motorist":—"Another fault to be avoided is the passing of cars on corners. Neither party is safe if this be done. There may be only room for two cars on the road, so that, if any hidden obstruction be round the corner, there must be a smash. Some day we shall get two cars each coming round a corner, with one of each pair trying to pass, and then we shall hear of the most unholy disaster in which at least three out of the four will be involved, and two of them will be quite unfeeling drivers. Such driving is sheer lunacy, and men who indulge in it ought to be deprived of their licences, for they are a danger to the community and none the less to themselves."

Them's our sentiments on that subject precisely!

While we're about it we are going to give you a mighty good paragraph from the same article headed "Gentlemen of the Road."

"We have both cads and gentlemen in all classes, and the old and experienced paid chauffeur is usually, in the fullest sense of the term, a 'gentleman of the road'—there are others, of course—and, unfortunately, there are many car owners who, by their social position or means, ought to be gentlemen, but are not, in so far as their behaviour on the road is concerned. This, in some instances, is due to pure hogishness or overbearing arrogance, but in others it is very largely accounted for by lack of road sense. They have not, before they become possessed of a motor, been either cyclists or horse drivers, and they have not enough discretion and common sense to acquire road sense quickly, with the consequence that they become a nuisance or a terror to all other road users. Whilst there may be some excuse for the young and inexperienced, as there was last year for young men home from the war, and new to peace-time motoring, there is none for older men, and for young and old the road to successful motoring may be summed up as: 'Be a gentleman,' which may be translated: 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you,' which, indeed, epitomizes the whole duty of man to man, and to this may be added: 'When in doubt—safety first.' How many highspeed escapes there have been lately I do not know, but from my own observations, and those of others there were many. Too many men are prone when on a clear stretch of good road, to 'let her go,' regardless of crossroads. Such driving is most reprehensible, particularly when there are trees, and other obstructions to vision, making crossroads. When men drive like this, they are not only a danger to themselves and their managers. If they have any, but to all other people on the highway: for, however carefully a motorist may be driving, and however slowly and cautiously he enters on another road crossing his path, he is practically helpless to avoid disaster if a car doing forty or fifty is right on the top of him as soon as he appears."

That's the "dope" to give the troops. There's truth in every word of it, Mr. Driver.

Good-bye—e, now till next Friday.

MR. DUNLOP.

N. F. Herring and Russia

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir:—In your issue of 28th inst I noticed a letter referring to the possible outlet in Russia for our surplus herring. It is questionable if we have a worth-while remanufacturing plant in Russia, when conditions in Russia again become normal, that an extensive herring business with Russia may be developed, but for a variety of reasons this will take some time to effect.

About eighteen years since a fairly comprehensive "Memorandum" of the possibilities for our herring in the Russian market was submitted to the Government of the time, and some little attention was given to it but nothing resulted. It is questionable if we have an appreciable stock of herring at present on hand to make up a shipment—and in shipping from Nfld. to Russia a great deal more is involved than the mere descriptive phrase indicated.

Present conditions may make it possible for us to sell "round" or "split" herring in Russia, but this would not ensure the establishment of a permanent business. In pre-war days the Russian, who is a large consumer of herring and requires the fish cured to suit his particular requirements, got his supplies from Holland and Scotland, and no doubt these countries will be as ready as ourselves to supply him now if the necessary guarantees of payment are in evidence. Before we build any extensive hopes upon a Russian market it will be wise to ascertain the requirements of such and the chances of our being able to fill them, and at the same time meet the competition of Norway, Scotland and Holland whose country will give them an immense advantage in the matter of freights and cost thereof.

It is not generally known that during the war years—in 1917—a small shipment of our Scotch cure was made to Archangel. The writer will ascertain if he is at liberty to discuss the results of this venture and if so will write it for the benefit of your readers. I should say that the Fisheries Department will be alive to the possibilities in such a business and will take steps to ascertain if such be now practicable.

Yours truly,

MATTIE FULL.

Sept. 8, 1921.

Just Folks
Edgar Guest

THOUGHTS OF A RETURNING SCHOOL BOY.

I used to think my Pa was wrong when he would say the years fly by: I thought the weeks and months were long.

An' when I wait for Christmas, I am sure the days will never go, 'cause weeks seem just like years right then.

But now time does go fast I know. I've got to go to school again.

It seems a dreadful time between my birthdays, but my Pa says: "Wait."

When several more of them you've seen. They'll come around at rapid rate. I don't believe that can be so.

And yet I've got a new suit on. And back to school I've got to go. Vacation time has come an' gone.

I used to count the weeks, and say I could spend all by myself in play. And now the last of them's gone by. It doesn't seem 10 weeks ago.

Since school let out, they've gone so fast. But Pa just grins and says: "Oh, You've learned that time does fly, at last."

Ten weeks to Christmas! That seems long.

Ten weeks to school days an' the fall. An' teachers an' the study gone! That isn't any time at all.

The fun you want seems far away. The fun you've got goes whizzing by, the time.

An' my vacation's done to-day. I'll bet the school days, thought I'd bet.

SWEET, PURE MILK—always on hand when you want it!

If you have never used Libby's Evaporated Milk, you will be amazed to find how good, how convenient and economical it is. Many women who first tried it in some emergency now use it always—they find it gives such satisfactory results.

There's no waiting for the milkman—you can always keep several cans on the shelf and in summer there's no bothering with ice, and in winter the milk wagon can get stuck in a heavy drift of snow as often as it wants to!

And there's less waste—a can of Libby's Evaporated Milk will keep indefinitely before being opened—and after you have opened a can you can use just what you need; the rest, put in a cool place, will keep several days.

Libby's Milk comes from the finest dairying section of America and is processed in our own sanitary condensaries—it is not the "distributed" product of an unknown and nameless plant.

Order a tin from your grocer to-day.

Libby, McNeill & Libby

sep2.f.t.u.

NEW STOCK!

Sheet Zinc, Sheet Lead, Ingot Tin,
Bar Lead, Bar Iron—
Flat, Square and Round.

Black and Galvanized Sheet Iron,
Rigging Wire, Rigging Turnbuckles,
Mast Hoops, all sizes.

JOB'S STORES, Ltd.

Household Notes.

Add a dash of nutmeg and a little onion juice to the white sauce of creamed carrots.

Meat will keep sweet if wrapped in waxed paper, kept on ice, and turned every day.

Flannels are not so likely to shrink if rung out slightly before hanging on the line.

A teaspoonful of ammonia mixed with half a cupful of cold tea will clean

black felt hats.

To store beets, parsnips or carrots for Winter use put them in boxes and cover with sand.

Do not pour boiling water over fish in the kettle, it breaks the skin; lower fish into water.

A tablespoonful of vinegar added to the water in which meat is boiled makes it very tender.

A good cocktail is made with diced pineapple and watermelon combined with lemon juice.

Whip stiff cream and strawberry jam

together. Spread between sponge cakes split open.

Salt fish needs more freshening than for any form of cooking which includes milk.

Put a teaspoonful of lye into a cold vinegar cruet; let stand a few days and then wash out.

Part of a head of cabbage will keep fresh if wrapped in oiled paper and put away in a paper bag.

A handy thing to have on hand in the emergency luncheon is bottled cubes of squares of beef paste.

MUTT AND JEFF

SURE, THE OLD DEARS HAVE TAKEN UP CHEMISTRY.

—By Bud Fisher



278
YOUR

Men's
Se

Plain and fancy
small patterns
of these in use
would be to you
as possible. 10
and Monday

2

- FR

Breakfast C

Table

BREAKFAST CLO

ask Cloth, rice

barrel, pattern

Reg. \$2.30. Fr

Monday

Reg. \$2.00. Fr

Monday

COLORED TARI

Table Covers, 12

respectable, 12

PRICES, 12

Saturday and

WHITE TABLE

pure White Dam

size 68 x 66; 12

Saturday and

TABLE NAPKINS

English, Danish

for use, 12

and Monday

LARGE GLASS

Glass Cloths, 12

need, Reg. \$5.00

Monday, each

WHITE TOWEL

Turkish Towels

dual use, 12

Monday, each

Reg. \$1.00. Fri

Reg. \$1.20. Fri

Reg. \$1.40. Fri

Reg. \$1.60. Fri

TOWELLING

Crimson, 12

make, 12

Saturday and

FAMILY LINEN

superior quality

els, 12

available, 12

day and Mon

BOYS' WATERPRO

Fawn, Waterpro

He will need one

wet days, now

collar, strap out

at 10. 12. 36. 48

Frl. Sat. & \$2.5

Monday

BOYS' TOP SHIRTS

Striped Blue & W

that will give you

for service as 12

Shirts, Regular \$1.4

Friday, Sat. 98

& Monday

Leather

Real Leather Scho

about and able to

prices

79c

Wind

36 inch pla

plete with 12

day, 12

STRIPED FLANNEL

Striped Flannel

12, 12

Saturday and