

# Harbottle Bottled.

Richard of Dulham Gets Rid of His Superfluity of Area.

"There's only one way of winning prizes," Jimson said, when I mentioned the forthcoming Dulham Sports. "You must train properly. Now, if you'd like me to get you into condition, Harbottle, say the word, and we'll simply sweep the board. All you have to do is to put yourself into my hands."

I was not averse to this. Jimson's hands are not beautiful, but if well washed they are no worse than other people's. And I do hanker after a few of these silver cups and goblets. Now, last season, I very nearly carried off a set of salt spoons. If only an earthquake, or some pestilence had wiped out the six men in front of me, I should have romped home an easy winner. So I said the word straight away.

"First thing then," said Jimson, "get rid of that fat off your carcass. You're nothing but a quivering mass of flesh! But I'll soon alter that."

This struck me as being a trifle exaggerated, seeing that I turn the scale at eight stone, and cast a shadow like a bean stick. But I suppose the trainer knows. At any rate, Jimson put me on toast and water at once, and told Miriam to clear the sideboard ready for their prizes.

Training is rather tough work. And in this respect Jimson is the last thing in diabolical severity.

He was round the next morning, and had me out of bed and into a cold bath with the maximum of savage joy. While I was robbing my shivering form he made himself a pot of hot coffee and two rounds of buttered toast.

"Don't touch this stuff yourself, old man!" he said. "But you can have a cup of warm water before we get off for that five mile walk."

I raised a feeble query as to whether it was proper training to go out on an empty stomach. He said I wasn't going on my stomach, but on my feet, and it was his method of training. Most other trainers were fools.

He only wished he was going to get the glory and prizes that would fall to my share.

At that moment I wished he was myself. Glory is all very well, but at six o'clock in the morning give me buttered toast for preference.

We did a bit of dumb-bell exercise when we got back. That is to say, I did it while Jimson sat in the armchair and smoked my cigars.

The great thing in training is to get rid of all superfluous flesh. I looked like doing this easily. When the main deck or central platform of your breakfast is one bloater's roe, you aren't going to pile up fatty tissue in any great hurry. Jimson said that before he had finished he would have me in the pink of condition, with muscles like whiplcord. My own opinion was that long before then I'd have me in the pale blue of emaciation, and the local hospital.

But I bore up. Doubtless the glitter of all the prizes in our front room would win me back to a robust future.

After a hearty breakfast, just big enough for a child of four, I crept upstairs, intending to take a snooze, and dream of gargantuan banquets. But he had me out of it. There was a lot of rowing to be done, he said. Nothing like rowing for toughening

the muscles. We should only do a sharp spurt of a couple of miles or so at a time.

This turned out to be quite correct, as the riverside hotels Dulham way are just about two miles apart. I did the sharp spurt, Jimson reclining on the cushions, and waking up just in time to prevent our being run down by various craft. At each stop a nip of soda and a water biscuit would find its way into my hands, while my friend partook of a foaming flagon and miscellaneous wads of meat pie and sandwich.

"I'm not a hearty eater, as a rule, Harbottle," he would say, as he polished off a pie in two bites. "By nature I'm abstemious. But I must keep up my strength if I'm to see you through. And I mean to do it, too. It's you I'm thinking of, not myself."

I begged him to go home early that evening and get a good night's rest, so that he didn't fall in for brain fever on my account. He said he couldn't do that as he'd arranged with the Mugford middle-weight champion to come over and box me a few rounds.

"Three rounds with a man who knows where to 'hit you,'" he said. "will do more good than all the rest of the training put together."

He didn't say whom it was going to do good to. It certainly wasn't to myself. But the Mugford "m.w." knew where to hit all right. I was there every time. I think I tapped him once. But you don't get the same impetus from the shoulder with toast and water as you do with beef-steak. If I'd been in my usual vigorous condition, I'd have sent him home in a shock. Instead of which he left me a quivering heap of contusion on the hearthrug.

Jimson said he was quite satisfied. If ever he goes in training for sports himself, he says the first thing he'll do will be to get the Mugford "m.w." over for a few rounds. All I hope is that I'm present at the time, so that I can put a horse-shoe in his opponent's glove for luck!

He brought another friend over on the next day to give me a little exercise in wrestling. "This person was about my own weight, and I privately decided to twist his vertebrae into a few knots, and let him sue Jimson for damages. It happened, however, that the fellow had an Eastern strain in his blood, and after he'd tied me up like a Chinese puzzle, and forgotten the answer for half an hour, I began to have more respect for him. This increased as he went on. He was helping Jimson to get me in training all right. So earnest he was about it, too, that I hadn't the heart to put a three-quarter Chubb lock on him and break his back. Only he wasn't so considerate, himself. It was as plain as a currant bun to me that he was trying to bring about my Waterloo. So after a couple more half-pelions I determined to get Trafalgar square with him, and I hopped over to that bazaar of mine, and yanked out a little bulldog barker I kept there, I gave him two minutes to get out of the front gate.

Jimson was hurt. Not bodily, but morally. "I'm sorry you take it like that, old man," he said coldly. "I thought you were a sportsman." "Delighted to hear it, old friend."

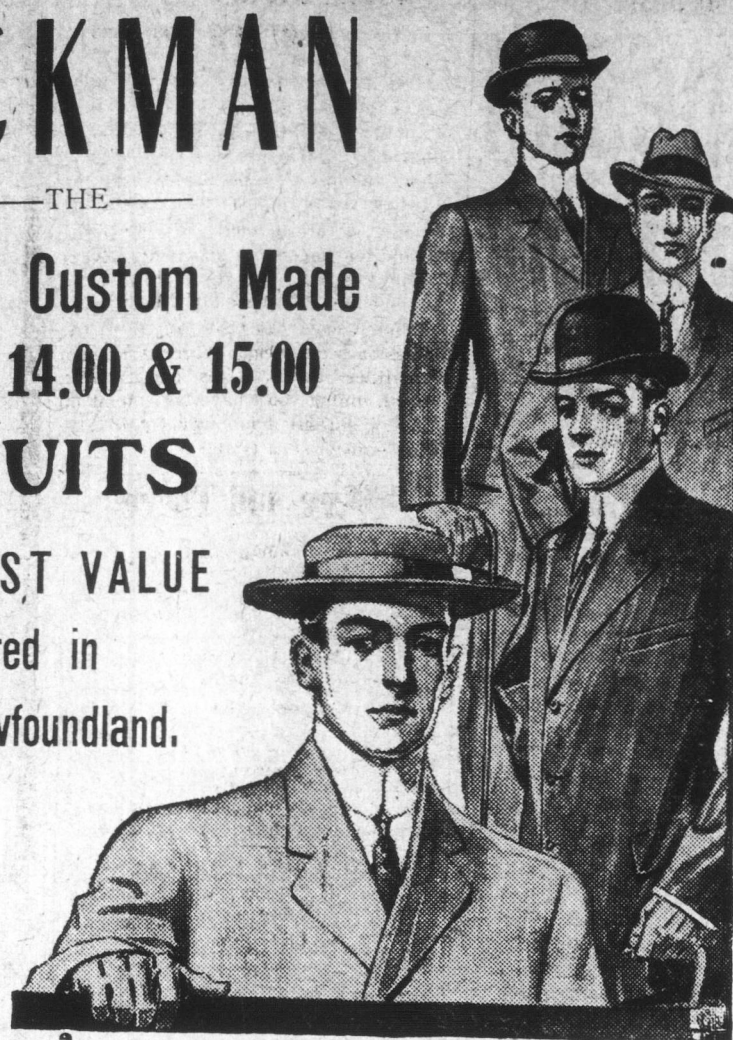
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## BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.

INCORPORATED, 1832.

### Information for Depositors.

The following certificate is attached to the 79th Annual Statement, published January 16th, 1911:

We have examined the books and accounts of the Bank of Nova Scotia at its Head Office, Halifax, at the General Manager's Office, Toronto, and at seven of the principal branches, and we have been duly furnished with certified returns from the remaining branches and with all information and explanations required by us. The Bank's investments and the other securities and cash on hand at the branches visited have been verified by us and they are in accordance with the books, and we certify that we have examined the foregoing general statement and that in our opinion it is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the Bank's affairs as at 31st December, 1910.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.  
Chartered Accountants.

Toronto, January 12th, 1911.  
The Books and Annual Statements of the Bank have been submitted to independent audit annually, beginning 1906.

band's brother-in-law happens to be in the jewellery line, and he discovered that the sports prizes were not solid silver, but plated. What an escape for me! After all, one may recover from an illness; but can one never live down the humiliation of decking one's inlaid sideboard with second-rate prizes?—Answers.

### Surgery Discloses Diamond Theft.

Convict, Who Had Swallowed a Diamond, is Operated Upon and Jewel is Found.

Galveston, Texas, Feb. 4.—Albert Barlow, a Brazoria county convict, who is working out a six months' sentence, was taken ill yesterday and sent to the hospital, where it was necessary to perform a surgical operation to locate the trouble. A diamond valued at \$300, and weighing more than a carat, was taken from his stomach.

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### Rescued Men Buried 13 Days in Pit.

The two men, Groult and Bellenger, who have been buried in a marble pit near Rouen for nearly thirteen days, have been rescued. The squad of engineer soldiers who had been working night and day, driving a shaft parallel to the one which collapsed, reached the imprisoned men at one o'clock in the morning.

Bellenger was taken out first and hurried on a stretcher to the mainie. Groult was then brought to the surface. They were both in fairly good health and spirits. Of the food let down to them they had still two ten-pound loaves of bread. Four candles remained, and they had never been in darkness. They had suffered chiefly from thirst and cold as the cider lowered down to them had given out some days ago. They had to quench their thirst with the few drops of water which trickled through the mainie.

In order to keep themselves warm they had started to dig their way through the marble and had taken out thirty cubic metres. Unfortunately they had dug in the opposite direction to that from which assistance was coming, so that their efforts did not aid their rescuers. They had completely lost count of time. They were of opinion they had only been a week under ground while in reality it was nearly thirteen. — Temps, Paris.

### How the Mormons Get Converts.

At the present time Liverpool is very much exercised at the activity of the Mormons in that city. They have made many converts, especially among women, but these ladies should be warned that the officials of the United States often refuse to admit Mormon converts.

It may not be generally known that the Mormons have been established in England for the past eighty years or so, and that they maintain a regular staff of missionaries over here. During that time they are said to have converted some 125,000 Britons to the faith.

Their headquarters in London are at Tottenham, where they acquired the Markfield Hotel some three years ago. There are pretty well a thousand of the sect in London alone.

There are about forty missionaries in London, working by house-to-house visitation, and as many as fifty converts have been baptised at one time. These baptisms have taken place in different towns, the public baths usually being called into use.

House to house visits are made, tracts being left at first, and afterwards interviews are solicited. A year or two ago it was announced that 27,856 of these calls were made in six months.

The gentleman who gave these figures also stated that there were 299 tract distributors in the United Kingdom, who disposed of 2,000,000 leaflets in the twelve months, and that one steamboat company received £12,000 in fares every year, thanks to the journeys of Mormon missionaries and converts.

The Elders at Utah and other places call for volunteers to work in God's Vineyard, and young men respond to the "call," maintaining themselves during their travels on their own private means.

### Just Due.

The town of Waterloo and Berlin, Ont., are in much the same relative position as are the twin cities of North Alberta, Edmonton and Strathcona, or the twin ports at the head of Lake Superior, Port Arthur and Port William.

There's some talk of Waterloo and Berlin amalgamating, and Charlie Mills, the well-known merchant and politician of Berlin, says that Waterloo's attitude concerning the proposed union is like that of a Scotch girl of whom he heard. A man whom she had known only a short time asked the Scotch girl to marry him, and she said: "I'll marry you, but I'll take a bit o' wooing first."

### What Carlyle Wrote of Tennyson

Tennyson in his prime was thus described by Thomas Carlyle to Ralph Waldo Emerson on Aug. 5, 1844: "One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face—most massive, yet most delicate, of gallow brown complexion almost Indian looking; clothes cynically loose, free and easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musically metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plentiful; I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe."

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

8847 — GRACE, SIMPLICITY AND COMFORT COMBINED.



Ladies' Dressing Sack.

Bordered elderdown was used to make this model, which is also suited to flannel, silk or wash fabrics. The back is semi-fitted. The fronts are loose and laid-in broad plaits that are stitched to yoke depth. At the waistline the fulness is held to position by a belt. The sleeves are of the bishop style and finished with a band buff. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes—32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

8856 — GIRLS' DRESS WITH ETON OR STANDING COLLAR.



Plaited or Gathered Skirt and Two Styles of Sleeves.

This design offers some variety in development; the waist though simple is attractive with the Gibson plaits and flat collar; either style of sleeve, the one piece "leg o' mutton," or the sleeve with cuff will be desirable. Cashmere, plaid, henrietta, serge or wash fabrics may be used. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes—6, 8, 10, 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the 8 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

### PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No. ....  
Size ....  
Name ....  
Address in full: .....

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 15 days. Price, 10c. each, in cash, postal note or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

## FRESH HALIBUT! FRESH HERRING! SMOKED BLOATERS!

**Cigarettes & Tobaccos,**  
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Boneless Codfish,  
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as used in their celebrated Sanatorium—5c. per cup.  
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55c.

ELLES  
R.



fourteen  
from Stomach.

operation and patient is well again.

4.—A surgical operation 2 1/2 pounds of metal from the patient, was removed by the Franz Joseph Professor Lotherman up to 10, named Tacha. He suffered in a public luncheon, about three months, abstracted about spoons and swallowed strange nourishment at him no annoyance. The blessed, but nobody, somewhereabouts.

Tacha had sound lungs, being blood, and jaws, until at last he had swallowed the was taken to hospital, application of the Rontgen showed the truth of his operation was up the three surgeons through were conscious. A small opening the stomach, where the laid here for the purpose by one the large extracted. They weighed 2 1/2 pounds. The patient is satisfactory, and is able to be discharged.

upoo of cornmeal is very properly done. The meal allowed to get too close and should be brushed, lifting stroke.

ed, cut into thin slices with strawberry jam or made, and covered with a thin cheese, makes novel luncheon sandwiches.

ment Cures Colds, Etc.