

To-day's Messages

FOR WOLFE'S MONUMENT.

LONDON, Sept. 11. Wolfe's Monument, in Westminster Abbey, which until a few months ago was fairly hidden by Canadian colors has now only two such emblems left, the remainder having been claimed by the battalions and taken back to Canada. (Dean Ryle, of the Abbey, has received, with considerable favor, the suggestion that the Dominion might present a permanent color to be laid on the Monument, in remembrance of how all the Canadian Regimental colors had sought a resting place there while the battalions were fighting. This Monument was recently described by a London paper as "an ugly thing with a vengeance, and not too large, too broad, too high and too hideous in every way." A silk flag will be deposited on Wolfe's Tomb in Greenwich on Saturday.

HOW MUCH DOES WELD GET?

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, Sept. 11. It is stated that Premier Hughes informed a meeting of the Ministerial Party that the indemnity, to be paid to Australia, would be rather less than sixty million pounds sterling.

A FAIR PRICE.

SYDNEY, New South Wales, Sept. 11. The Government has guaranteed farmers five shillings per bushel for the 1920-1921 wheat crop.

JAPO-CHINESE SECRET CONVENTION.

PEKING, Sept. 10. The China-Japanese military convention, signed last year with a view to co-ordinating the efforts of China and Japan in Siberia, has been under discussion between Tokio and Peking. The present understanding is that the agreement will be abrogated, but that secret arrangements in the same sense will be concluded.

THE HONDURAN TROUBLE.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11. The departure of President Bertrand, of Honduras, from the Tegucigalpa was followed by looting and rioting in various parts of the Republic. A small force of American marines was landed from the cruiser Cleveland, at Puerto Cortez, to protect foreigners. Attempts are being made by foreign diplomats in Tegucigalpa to arrange a peace. A British warship is expected to arrive tomorrow.

IRISH CONDITIONS.

LONDON, Sept. 11. (Reuter's Despatch.) The Fernley Times, referring to the recent disorders in Fernley, states that the outrages were committed by soldiers who from part of the army of occupation. It was an act of retaliation, but not in kind. The "Times" also mentions a long tale of a widespread organized resistance to the army, culminating in the assassination, recently, of a party of soldiers and a jury's refusal to bring

in a verdict of murder. It says this reveals the state of indignation in Ireland, to which recent people are reduced, and which naturally exasperated the soldiers. A Fernley correspondent states, "even the most convinced nationalists feel that the statement of the Roman Catholic Bishops in June last, that acts of violence that 'we deplore' sprang entirely from the British army of occupation rule is no longer adequate." The Manchester Guardian deplores the military riot, which is explained, but not excused, it says, "by the cowardly murder of a soldier." Alluding to the epidemic of murders of soldiers, it says that the situation is reminiscent of the worst features of the old land war. It admits that violence breeds violence and urges courageous statesmanship. The member of Parliament for Tyrone, in speaking at Belfast stated that if the Government will not allow Lord French to put down outrages in his own way, then Lord French ought to retire. If these continued the sooner the Unionists stand at bay the better. The Irish question could only be settled by grit and determination.

Facts of the Great War.

These are some of the amazing facts in Sir Douglas Haig's final despatch:—

General Headquarters received 9,000 telegrams in one day, and 3,400 letters by despatch-riders. One army headquarters had 10,000 telegrams in a day, and the daily telegrams on the lines of communications were 23,000.

There were 1,500 miles of telegraphs and telephones, and 3,588 miles of railways, on which 1,800 trains ran weekly.

In six weeks 5,000,000 rations were supplied, by our armies in France, to 800,000 civilians in the relieved areas. Two hundred tons dead weight of supplies and stores were required daily for the maintenance of each division.

The total daily ration strength of our armies was 2,700,000. An addition of one ounce to each man's rations represented an extra 70 tons.

Over 400,000 horses and mules and 47,000 motor vehicles were used, and 4,500 miles of road made or maintained.

In 1914 there was one machine-gun to 500 infantrymen in the British army; at the armistice there was one machine-gun to 30 infantrymen.

Over 700,000 tons of ammunition were fired by our artillery on the Western front from last August to the armistice.

The number of individual landings at the ports managed by the British armies in France exceeded 10,000,000 up to the armistice; while in the last seven months of the war the average weekly tonnage landed at those ports was 175,000 tons.—THE BITS.

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

Preserving Plums

to arrive Monday, 15th inst. RED, GREEN, BLUE.

- New to-day: Golden Pheasant Tea, 1 lb. tins. Golden Pheasant Tea, 1/2 lb. pac. Local Cabbage.
- New Canadian Potatoes. Canadian Cabbage. Ross's Lime Juice Cordial. Rose's Lime Juice Cordial. Rose's Lime Juice. Small's Maple Syrup. Maple Filling for Pies.

C. P. EAGAN,

Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

The Cosiest Place in Winter, the Coolest Place in Summer.

Friday and Saturday.

Charles Ray in

"Playing The Game,"

A Paramount Picture. Also,

"OUR BOYS IN GERMANY,"

Beginning with a review of the British troops by His Majesty the King before their departure and showing the methods employed in controlling the conquered territory. Also, an Amusing Comedy.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

THE DAILY DOPE

BY THE CUB-EDITOR

WOMEN.

They're saucy and they're sly, and they're mighty hard to please. We have to cater to them all upon our benched knees. They're flighty and inquisitive. Exasperating, too. And every man must find it out. Somehow before he's through. They reason with a suddenness that makes a feller jump; and they don't find it hard at all to make him look a chump. They cannot give a reason for a single thing they do. They jump at a conclusion with no valid cause in view. They're tender and they're heartless, and they're prudish and they're reckless and they're all around. They cost a lot of money, but they're nice to have around. —Brooklyn Eagle.

THIS REALLY HAPPENED.

A college professor who is very absent-minded got in a crowded electric car, and had to stand up. As the conductor came to take his fare, the professor suddenly perceived a well-known society woman of his acquaintance. He at once put his hand in his pocket, took out a copper, and handed it nonchalantly to the woman, then, turning, he made an elaborate bow and shook hands cordially with the conductor.

YES—WHAT CHANGE?

A food faddist harangued a mob on the marvelous benefits to be obtained from a vegetarian diet. "Friends," he cried, "two years ago I was a walking skeleton—a haggard, miserable wreck. What do you suppose brought this great change in me?" He paused to see the effect of his words. Then one of the listeners asked: "What change?"

Work is not the object of existence.

J. R. Clynes, M.P.

LAUGH.

There's a scientific reason why you should. "Yon Cassius," said Caesar, "hath a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous." Beware of the man who never laughs. Do not let him marry your daughter. The chances are he will die young and leave her and the children for you to support.

If you've got out of the habit of laughing, it won't be long before you get out of the habit of living. Germans have a horror of the man who can laugh.

THE TROUBLE.

Robert Jaggsby's countenance was not at any time remarkable or indications of intellectual brilliance, but now, as he stood before the camera for the purpose of "being took," his

expression was so insane that even the polite photographer was moved to protest.

"You'll excuse me," he remarked, "but do you want this photograph for a beauty competition or an advertisement for a rat poison? Because, if it is for any purpose, you'd better try to look a little more pleasant."

"That's just the trouble," exclaimed Robert; "you see, I've the misfortune to be a trifle bandy, and I'm trying to hold my knees so that it won't show. When I smile I forget all about my knees and when I pay attention to my knees I forget to smile."

IT'S QUITE LEGAL.

You cannot challenge a decision because it is not given in a court of law. Judges can hold courts anywhere, and they have—in bed-rooms, under trees, on golf links, or while—as one judge did—having a bath.

HERE'S BRAVERY FOR YOU!

She (romantically): "Would you risk your life for my sake?" He (ardently): "I'd heard a lion in his den with a safety-razor!"

To-day's Brain Wave.

By making little rubber uniforms for the goldfish it is possible to keep them dry in damp weather.

A bank failure may not upset a depositor but he's liable to lose his balance.

WHAT WEALTH IS FOR.

"The final outcome and consummation of all wealth," says Ruskin, "is in producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy human creatures."

WHO WON THE WAR?

"It is right to speak of our Allies," says Marshal Haig, "but it was the British Army that won the war." Of course it was the British Army that won the war. It was also the French army that won the war. The Italian army also won the war. So did the Russian Army, and if it hadn't been for the American army, all of the other armies would have lost the war. —Utica Observer.

PASS THE SALT.

Two reporters were boasting of the speed of their shorthand writing. "Whenever I am reporting at a meeting on a warm evening, all the people try to get near my table." "Why?" asked the other. "Because," said the pen-pusher, "my hand goes so fast that it creates a current of air like a fan."

"A mere nothing," said No. two. "I always had to report on wet paper, or else the current of air caused by the movement of my hand would blow it away. Besides, the paper had to be wetted every few minutes, because the friction caused by the rapid movements of my arms would set fire to it in no time."

HE DID, BUT IT WOULDN'T.

"Reggy, why didn't you let your moustache grow?"

Certain-teed Roofings.

We are offering roofing at the following bargain prices:

1-Ply 2-Ply 3-Ply
Certain-teed.....\$2.55 3.35 4.10
Sentinel.....\$1.85 2.30 2.90

Asphalt Rubber Roofings
outwear Felt & require no attention after once laid. Every roll supplied with cement and nails.

GEO. M. BARR.

Why didn't I let it? Good heavens, dear boy, I do; but it don't.

TWOULD SEEM SO.

To-day's business motto certainly must run something like this: When in doubt, boost the prices.

EXACTLY!—Who first introduced walking sticks? Eve gave Adam a little Cain.

AVOID HIM.

Beware of the man who does not like children, dogs, music, and laughter.

WE'RE ALL BONY.

You have 240 bones in your body, and the easiest to break is the collar bone. Take our word for it.

ON FAMILIAR TERMS.

"I were a-layin' down behind the breastworks one day," said the veteran prevaricator, "a-dirin' at the enemy, an' a-hittin' of 'em hevery time, when I ears the patter of a orse's 'ooofs behind me. Then a voice said:—

"Hi, there, you with the deadly aim! Jist come 'ere 'alf a mo'!" "I turned round an' salooted, an' who should it be but the General. 'E come up 'an shook me by the 'nd. " 'Wot's yer name?' sez 'e. " 'Logan, General,' sez I. " 'Your fust name?' sez 'e. " 'Dan, sir,' sez I, 'Dan Logan.' " 'Well, Dan,' sez 'e, 'go 'ome. You're a-killin' too many men. It don't seem

THACKERAY IS RIGHT.

One man goes over the ice which bears him and a score who follow founder in.—Thackeray.

THE AUTHOR'S SCRIBBLE.

Those who have read and admired the polished sentences of G. K. Chesterton, the famous novelist, would receive a rude shock if they could see the article or poem they admired in its manuscript form. For the handwriting of the famous G. K. is scarcely commensurate with his other abilities.

His manuscript or "copy," as it is called, is very difficult to read, and there is scarcely another author who places as much reliance in his printers.

The direct opposite of this was Charles Dickens, who, though he never employed a typewriter, was able to boast that of the authors of his time he made fewest corrections on a printer's proof. This is more remarkable because Dickens was the most prolific writer of his day.

OH, THOSE PRIVATE 'STILLS!

"Darling!" he cried, in tones of deep emotion. "At last—at last you are safely in my arms and nothing shall part us!"

The object of his touching words and passionate embrace made no response, but remained cold and silent. Tears welled into his eyes.

"Dearest," he continued, "how can I prove my love? Is there no sacrifice I can make for your sweet sake—no suffering I can endure?"

This final appeal was irresistible. "The best thing you can do, my man," said a gruff voice, "is to come along with me!"

And a brutal policeman unfastened him from the lamp-post and led him silently away.

Well, s' long, cocky. Meet yer agin to-morrer.—The Cub Editor.

True Domestic Economy.

Do YOU take a pride in your kitchen equipment? or are you still satisfied in grub along with your old coal range, with its attendant smoke, ashes, and dirt and inefficiency?

Do you realise the saving in time and consequent leisure to be secured by an "ALL-GAS-KITCHEN" Don't be behind the time, equip your kitchen with modern Gas appliances, and thus eliminate all the drudgery and dirt of old-time methods. Phone 87, or call at our Showroom for full particulars. ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT CO. June 27, eod, 11

Infants' Plush Children's Plush Misses' Plush

Sole Agent WARNER'S RUGS

Side by Ruth

CHOOSING I stopped by a show window when I was the Big Girl. I admire some beautiful rug. They were part of window display. But before I had been there long, I myself more interested in man and girl who also looking at the display, the woman was asking the little girl. The little girl who was not seven or eight, gravely picked hers—not an oriental, but not a bad-looking rug either, and she asked her mother to choose.

Choice Fresh Turkeys. Choice Fresh Chicken.

The mother chose a beautiful one in soft tones of old blue not so bright as yours," she said her choice, "but see how soft looking it is? And see what of shine there is to it too. It make you think of moonlight."

"Yes, it does, kind of," said little girl, evidently half won from her own choice, "and s' gray one, Mother (picking of other, this time an oriental) got a moonlight look, too."

Just at this moment the glanced up and caught my interest and smiled. "We're to like beautiful things," she said. "Don't you think we are picking?"

"Wonderfully," I said with enthusiasm I did not have to say. "We're always choosing Mother and I," chimed in the girl, "and it's lots of fun."

You Can't Start Liking the girl too young.

"I suppose it's a good prospect of a seven year old to eat an oriental rug," went to mother, "but I have an idea you can't start liking the real thing things too young."

They went away, hand in hand, evidently the most congenial pair, and left me thinking mother who used to repeat beautiful poetry she knew child even before he began also of several other mother thought that was perfect no. But is it perfect nonsense.

Miss Information

MISS INFORMATION

