

An Unfair Deception.

BY RUTH CAMERON.



If you had to take a very long journey into a distant land to be gone a long, long time, perhaps forever, how would you like not to be told that you were to go until a day or even a few hours before the time to start? Especially when everyone about you had known for a much longer time that you were going to take that journey, or at least were likely to take it.

Wouldn't you say, "But how can I get ready in this little time? Why, I ought to have had weeks to arrange my affairs for my absence make all my preparations, and say goodbye to my friends?" And wouldn't you be very much displeased that your family and friends had kept this important information from you?

Or, worse still, supposing, if it were possible, that even while you slept you were carried aboard a ship, and without a chance to make the least preparation, to leave a single instruction on the winding up of your business, to say one farewell, were started off on a journey, so long that no one knew when it would end.

Such things are almost unspeakable, aren't they?

And yet, just this thing is being done every day. Or rather, something far worse. And done by people who dearly love those whom they treat so treacherously and unfairly.

In a hospital not far from here a young girl lies on her death bed. The nurse and doctors, and her family have known for at least a week that she cannot possibly live, and yet no one

has told her that she is about to start on the long, long journey to that far off shore from which no traveler returns. She is not suffering any pain, she thinks she is going to get better, and they do all they can to encourage her in that thought. They make agonizing efforts to appear cheerful when they are with her. They tell her she is looking better and they make plans for the coming winter. The doctor says she will soon lapse into unconsciousness, and they are determined to keep this up until then.

Do you know, whenever I think of that poor girl being so deluded, and about so important a matter, I am sick at heart. Undoubtedly they mean the best, but don't you think they are making a cruel mistake?

We cannot tell a soul that is to be born, and it has always seemed to me that to summon a soul out of eternity is rather a terrible responsibility. But when "that which draws from out the boundless deep turns again home," we can tell the departing soul that it is about to set sail back into the eternity from which it came and I think that when we fail to do it we shrink a solemn duty.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have talked with two or three friends on the matter, and I wonder if I have not been too emphatic. One woman said she had done just this same thing; that her motive was to save her mother from suffering as she would if she had known that death, which she greatly feared, was at hand. Of course this point of view must be taken into account, but unless there is some such extreme fear of death it still seems to me it is fairer to let the traveler know of the journey he is to take.

Ruth Cameron

Outing at King's Point, Newfoundland.

(By S. Archie Matthews.)

Among the many arms and inlets which indent the coast around Notre Dame Bay, there is one particularly picturesque stretch of water running ten miles inland, and is walled by a great mountain on each side, between which it appears but a narrow stream. This inlet is known as South West Arm, called so, because it runs in that direction.

The water at certain places is known to be as much as two hundred fathoms in depth, and large steamships can lie close beside its cliffs, which run up perpendicularly from the sea.

At the extremity of this arm of water, it widens out into a little basin; the south side being clothed with green trees of different kinds, while on the north side, the beautiful settlement of King's Point, with its green meadows and white houses,

FARMER'S WIFE ALMOST A WRECK

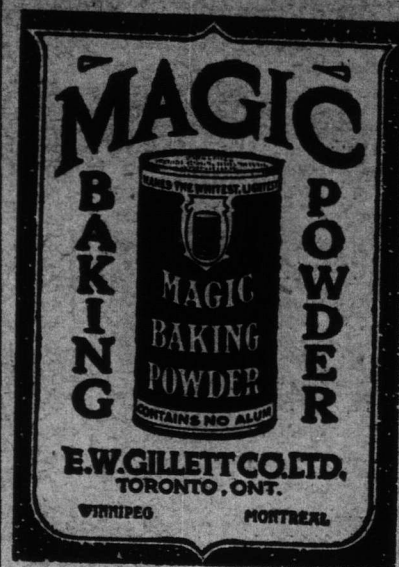
Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Own Story.

London, Ont.—"I am a farmer's wife and a very busy woman. Last summer I was taken with severe pains in my back so bad that I could not get up or scarcely move without pain, and my periods were painful. My husband called in a good doctor and I was under his care for some time, but he did me little or no good.

One day a friend of mine told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had been greatly helped by it. I began taking it and soon got well, and my periods became natural again. Since then I have had perfect health. In fact I have never felt so well in my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine many women need. If you think this letter will help other women please publish it."—Mrs. K. C. Young, Tambling's Corner, London, Ontario, Canada.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.



In a short time we were at the "mine" looking at the bright copper on its banks and enjoying a general view of the works and surrounding country.

After selecting a large forge as a place for cooking dinner and a small office building near it for dining, Eddie, Pat and myself started for the nearest pond, about half a mile distant. We tried for fish on both sides of it, but without success.

The wind was blowing moderately from the southwest and we were using both flies and bait.

Getting impatient, we left for another pond, half a mile from the first, and while on our way, Pat wandered away from Eddie and myself, but as we knew he was familiar with the country, concluded that he went alone to fish at another pond.

I used the fly, while Eddie used the bait, and I soon found out that the bait was the right thing here, as he soon pulled up three big trout on the bank, while I was getting nothing. I changed a hook, putting on one bait hook and leaving a fly on the line. The first trial with this arrangement I got one on each hook at the same time.

We both caught them quite steadily now, until our baskets began to feel heavy, when we thought it wise to return to the "mine," or we would find it difficult to travel over the rough country with our load. We reached the house where the ladies had the lunch ready to serve. They viewed our fine catch to their hearts' content, then served lunch up on the verandah.

Pat arrived half an hour before Eddie and myself and his catch was quite equal to ours.

It being now 2 p.m. and not having lunched since breakfast, we were well able for a good solid meal. All of the delicacies, of course, were left till the last, including the pudding, which in a short time had shown itself, self on the table in a very different form. The ladies explained to us that they had to change it to three pots while boiling it; also mixed it over after taking it from the first, but we needed a solid meal, so this did not daunt our appetites in the least for a pudding cooked in a one day's outing, therefore it soon vanished.

After we heartily thanked the ladies for the pleasant meal, we took several snapshots views.

We then inspected the mine which was opened and operated for the purpose of prospecting, by a few enterprising men of Notre Dame Bay. The operations were closed this season after three years' mining that proved to have excellent results which we ourselves could easily see by the great piles of shining copper on its banks. The prospectors are now trying to effect a sale of their valuable mine to any large mining company, who will comply with their reasonable terms and begin operations afresh.

We believe that this will shortly come to pass and then the beautiful village of King's Point will soon develop into a flourishing mining town. We secured some samples of the copper from the banks of the mine, and then went back to the house.

Miss Pitman suggested that we rename the place for ourselves, as the "mine" would suit a prospecting party much better than a happy party of holiday makers, so we chose "Happy Valley" as a name for the place of our day's outing.

While the ladies were packing up the cooking outfit, Eddie, Pat and myself entertained ourselves by making a target of the empty bottles left from dinner, and smashing them with stones. When we were sure that all the glassware we were leaving behind us had been smashed, we left for home; it was now 5 p.m.

As the land was very much down grade, we did not feel it tiresome travelling out. In a short time we were rowing across the water taking in a good view of the mining locality where we had an unusually good outing.

Before parting to go to our homes to take a much needed rest, we unanimously decided that our ideal spot for outing while we are spending holidays at King's Point would be "Happy Valley."

"Happy Valley,"

August 5th, '13.

The most original materials are used for evening wraps, such as cloth of silver fringe.

Woman Acts Strangely

A woman named Aspell, who lives at the North Battery, causes no small amount of sensation in that locality each evening. She takes a customary fit of screaming and it is not an unusual thing for her to tear up her clothing, run about sparsely clad and finally spend a restless night in the woods. Such was the experience of the unfortunate creature on Sunday night last. Surely this woman must be of unsound mind and it is up to the authorities to find out what her defect is. A pitiable phase to the case is that she is living almost in abject poverty, deprived of all the common necessities of life, and perhaps it is hunger that is making the woman act strangely.

When Mrs. Smith Said "O Dear."

Mrs. Smith was a pretty woman. She loved fun, she loved good clothes, she loved good living. And Smith was the kind who always brought home the money. He earned more than any other man within four blocks. He was successful.

Yet there was only one topic of conversation in the Smith household, and that was money. There wasn't time for anything else.

Mrs. Jones' husband wasn't so fortunate. He earned about half what Smith earned. Yet Mrs. Jones was also fun loving, clothes loving, and in fact a lover of all good things of life.

Now comes the singular part of our story. Mrs. Smith had fun, and bought clothes spasmodically with long lapses of dreariness and dowdiness in between. Mrs. Jones always had fun, and always had clothes.

And so, as is usually the case, Mrs. Smith, who was considered so fortunate, finally found herself going for help to Mrs. Jones.

"How do you do it?" said Mrs. Smith. "How on earth do you do it?"

And Mrs. Jones, having a kind heart as well as a shrewd mind turned to her richer friend and spoke as follows:

"I think we are wearing the same kind of shoes," said Mrs. Jones. "How much did you pay for yours?"

"I paid \$7.00," said Mrs. Smith. "That is strange," said Mrs. Jones. "I paid \$3.85 for mine."

"How much did you pay for that little evening wrap? I have one almost like it."

"I really don't remember," said Mrs. Smith. "But I think it was \$5.00."

"How odd," said Mrs. Jones. "I think I bought mine for \$16.75."

And so the two women went through the list of wearables, until finally Mrs. Smith said in exasperation:

"Oh dear, how in the world did you do it?"

Mrs. Jones laughed a good untold laugh.

"Why," she said, "I do what every money making man in the world does. I watch my markets and I buy when the prices are down. You do what every spendthrift man in the world does. You merely follow your next whim and buy when the prices are up."

"I have my next year's shoes, stockings and underwear all bought from these Clearance sales. Next year you are going to pay two or three times as much as I have paid for the same things, just the same as you did for your shoes and your wrap."

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Smith, "how in the world do you know when prices are down?"

"Why," said Mrs. Jones, "with another laugh, 'I read my market reports. I read my advertising and I know everything that is going on in every store. Here, take this paper, 'The People's Paper,' 'The Evening Telegram,' she added. 'Try it yourself.'"

Turn to the advertising and see what you find to-day. The Clearance sales are on in every store, and every store worth while is advertising here."

Mrs. Smith gave one final "Oh dear."

"I guess it isn't how much money you have, but the way you use it," she said.

CIVIC MATTER.—Owing to there being no drain Lake View Avenue, of Quill Vt. Road, people living there have had their houses flooded after recent rain storms. The Council will be asked to put a drain there.

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by sending them one of our View Books which we have just received. This book contains 67 interesting and pretty views of Newfoundland scenery, and as a souvenir for your friends is invaluable. 40 cents each.

PARSONS' ART STUDIO, One Door East Royal Stores.

Our Annual Clearance Sale!

Having decided to clear out all Summer Goods this month, we therefore make some extraordinary offers.

This great event in our store is looked forward to by hundreds because of the spicy bargains which have been secured by them. We list a few as follows:—

| WAISTS. | UNDERSKIRTS. | KNICKERS. |
|--|--|--|
| Ladies' American White Waists. | Ladies' White Cotton Underskirts. | Lace trimmed. |
| Regular 75c. | Regular 85c. | Regular 75c. |
| Sale Price, 50c. | Sale Price, 68c. | Sale Price, 50c. |
| Regular 85c. | Regular \$1.20. | Regular 90c. |
| Sale Price, 67c. | Sale Price, 95c. | Sale Price, 69c. |
| Regular \$1.20. | Regular \$1.75. | Regular \$1.20. |
| Sale Price, 98c. | Sale Price, \$1.49 | Sale Price, 95c. |
| Regular \$1.75. | | |
| Sale Price, \$1.49 | | |
| CHILDREN'S WHITE DRESSES. | GLOVES. | CURTAINS AND CURTAINETTES. |
| All one price to clear, 75 cents. | Silk Taffeta Gloves. Regular 45c. | at special prices to clear. |
| | Sale Price, 25c. | Sale Price, 10c. yd. up. |
| CAMISOLES. | LONGCLOTH. | WASHING SILKS |
| Ladies' White Camisoles; nicely trimmed. | White American Longcloth, 36 inches wide; very fine. | in Navy, Grey, Paris, Light Blue only. |
| Regular 45c. | Sale Price, 15c. | Regular 45c. |
| Sale Price, 25c. | Sale Price, 15c. | Sale Price, 25c. |

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¶The Eddy refrigerator, with double covers to the ice chamber, steel ice rack and slate-stone shelves, with lots of room for storing, prevents all these troubles.

¶The "Eddy" way is the Easy way, and when your friends drop in they'll say, "How deliciously cold; how DO you manage it this hot weather?" And you smile and answer, "I use an 'Eddy' Refrigerator. Mine was \$11, there's another size at \$16, and I got mine at"

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