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## SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR Friday, Saturday & Monday

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### An Irish Blow to the Married Man

Subsiding marriage and penalizing bachelors seem to be the chief purposes of a new ruling of the Irish Free State Civil Service with regard to the salaries of future members of its clerical grades. The danger in this plan is rather sharply noted by the Dublin Irish Statesman, a weekly that has always been a staunch defender of the Irish Free State. It will be recalled that, according to the new project, unmarried men in the State Civil Service will receive the same annual pay as women, £80 in entry, rising to £70 at eighteen, and then by annual increases of £5 to £150. As the press informs us, unmarried men after the age of twenty-five will receive annual increases of £10 up to £200, and will receive a lump sum payment on marriage equivalent to twelve months' back pay. In addition, it appears, allowances up to £50 will be payable in respect of each dependent child up to sixteen years. As the London West-End Gazette has pointed out:

"The cost of living bonus will also be paid. Women retiring on marriage, after not less than six years' service, may receive a gratuity of not less than one month's pensionable emoluments for each year of service, up to a maximum of twelve months. The result is regarded as an inducement to marriage and when marriage between two civil servants takes place, the man's bonus and the woman's gratuity will amount to handsome sum."

The really serious trouble about this innovation, according to the Irish Statesman, is that it offers a principle to other employers to act upon. The State is supposed to set a standard, but what would be the result if the principle were generally accepted, week by week, which replies to its question as follows:

"Inevitably in our competitive industrial system the married men would be squeezed out, because the married man would be just as efficient and a great deal cheaper. Instead of helping people to get married, the effect would be to lessen the chances of marriage. No doubt some modified moral old fustian in government service devised this scheme when thinking about anything else. His principle, however, may as well correspond to his needs. We may grant that principle, and deny the corollary that the State should assist him to support a wife more than an aged father or mother, or other relative. Or that if he chooses to remain a celibate he must be punished for this, and see other men who

perform no better service for the State or society, paid at a higher rate. We are not really afraid that industrial employers will copy the Civil Service, simply because they would not dare to introduce any such principle. Labor knows only too well what would be the result if the unmarried bricklayer, carpenter, mason, agricultural laborer or railway man could be had at a lower rate than the married. It would strike at the first attempt to make such distinctions, and it would be quite right, for it would find the married man as more expensive being shovelled out of employment. No married need apply, would become the unwritten law. We hope Deputies will question the innovation when the Dail meets. If distinctions have to be made between those who have children and a wife to support and those who have none, and we do not say they should not be made, the distinctions and allowances should be made by the taxing authority, not by the employer. The country should not stand for a moment the application of a principle by the State to its employees which, if applied generally, would drive the married man out of the labor market, and what the effect of that finally would be on the morals of the country we leave it to the stupid wits of the highly moral persons who devised the new Civil Service scheme to imagine."

### Important to Housewives

A well known Chef of St. John's, says that he can make one more plate of Soup from one tin of My Own Brand Vegetable Soup than any other brand, and still be superior in flavor.

My Own Food Products are increasing daily in popularity.

When ordering next from your Grocer, try the My Own Brand.

J. B. ORR CO. LTD.,  
Importers.  
July 9th, 1925

### A Lawyer in Church

A young criminal lawyer was always full of quips.

A few years ago I attended the funeral of a millionaire financier—one of those "high financiers" whose low methods he loved to turn the light on.

I arrived at the funeral a little late and took a seat beside him, and whispered, "How far has the service gone?"


He nodded toward the clergyman in the pulpit, whispered back tersely, "Just opened for the defense."

Everybody's Magazine.

### Presence of Mind

A few minutes after an alarm of fire was given in a hotel, one of the guests joined the group that were watching the fire, and chafed them on their apparent excitement. "There was nothing to be excited about," he said. "I took my time about dressing, lighted a cigarette, didn't like the knot in my necktie, so I tied it over again—that's how cool I was."

"Fine," one of his friends remarked, "but why didn't you put on your trousers?"—Everybody's Magazine.



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## Beware of Imitations

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## No Other Wall Board Has Stood Such a Severe Test as This

Don't waste your money on inferior board which may last only a few years.

## Beaver Board Will Last as Long as Your House

The price of Beaver Board is 5 cents a sq. foot.

## COLIN CAMPBELL Ltd.

Water Street (Opposite the Monument) St. John's.

Oct 8, 1925, St. John's

### A Cornish Dish

Herring Pie.

A most appetizing fish pie, often met with in Cornwall, where it is sometimes called "star-gazy" pie, is made with fresh herrings. In Cornish fishing villages where the fish can be bought "from the boats," this delicious pie is at its best.

Soak, empty, and wash the fish, cut them open and remove the bones. Lay the fish out flat and sprinkle the inside of each with salt, cayenne pepper and chopped parsley. Grease a pie-dish (they use butter in Cornwall),

sprinkle it thickly with breadcrumbs, lay in some of the fish, then more breadcrumbs. Continue alternate layers of fish and crumbs, then put two or three slices of fat bacon over all.

A Short Crust.

Beat up 4 to 6 eggs with ½ gill of vinegar, or cream, and pour this gently over the contents of the dish. Roll out some food short crust pastry about an eighth of an inch thick. Put a strip round the edge of the dish, then cover with a lid of pastry. Knock up and scallop the edges, make a hole in the center, and bake the pie in a fairly hot oven for the first 30 minutes,

then lower the heat of the oven and finish cooking. It takes altogether from one to one-and-a-half hours. The oven should be hot enough to "set" the pastry, after which the heat should be considerably lowered. If the pastry becomes too brown, cover it with paper.

When cooked, arrange the cleaned and lightly cooked heads of the fish, mouths uppermost, in the centre of the pie, and place a spray of parsley in each mouth.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR ACRES AND PAINS.

### Film of Angry Bears.

Pictures of enraged Polar bears have been obtained by the kinematograph operator attached to Captain Bernier's Arctic expedition, which has just returned to Canada.

Numbers of ravenous bears approached the ship seeking fresh meat. The crew opened fire at fifty yards, wounding several bears, which became very furious.

The pictures are said to be the most realistic and terrifying photographs of savage animals yet produced.

### Sark's Ban on Cars

FATE OF THE FIRST TO ENTER.

There is a part of the British Empire, not 100 miles from the south coast of England, where motor-cars are practically unknown and certainly not wanted.

It is Sark, the smallest of the Channel Islands, and the authorities have made a law forbidding any motor-car to run over their roads.

The people of the island had never seen a motor-car until last May, when Dr. P. Lake Hope, the newly appointed medical officer of the island, innocently enough shipped his car from England.

Dr. Hope, however, was not allowed to run the car over the roads, and when his daughter defied the law by driving it the four and a half minutes' journey from the little harbour up to their house she was severely admonished and fined £2, and warned that the next time the car would be confiscated and a fine of £10 imposed.


The medical officer has been compelled to store his car and use the engine to drive a dynamo for electric lighting and for charging accumulators for electrical treatment for patients.

AFTER SHAVING—MINARD'S LINIMENT.

### Condition Serious

British Trade Report is Gloomy—Position of Coal Trade Deploable. LONDON, Sept. 30.—The summary of British trade for September as published by the United States Chamber of Commerce in London, quotes Stanley Machin, president of the Association of British Chamber of Commerce, as saying:

"The condition of the trade is now more serious than it was earlier in the year, and the position of the coal trade is deplorable."



**D.D.D.**

The first coat lough instantly stops the itchy and biting itch. It washes out in a remarkably short time the worst forms of skin disease. Hard crusts and scales, weeping sores, poisonous pustules, erysipelas, pimples and skin blemishes—yield to a single bottle.

The free 41/2p bottle relieves you or your money back. Try D.D.D. soon too.

ALL DRUGGISTS



The Old Red Rooster strutted along, singing his cock-a-doodle song. His feather coat all shiny red. And a big red comb upon his head.

By and by, after a while, and more than a mile, he came to Chickentown, a pretty little village far from the Lettucemore Railroad. Twice a day the Billygoat Stagecoach rattled back and forth from Bannysbridge, taking passengers from the railway station to the little grocery store which served as a depot in Chickentown.

"Hello!" shouted Mr. Shanghai, a big rooster who was sitting on an empty drygoods box in front of the grocery store, "did Mr. Lucky Lettich-foot give you a holiday?"

"He certainly did, or I wouldn't be here," answered the Old Red Rooster. "Paid me part of my wages, too, Cock-a-doodle-doodle-do!"

"Uncle Lucky's the kindest old gentleman rabbit in all the world," said Mr. Shanghai. "Have you any business in Chickentown?"

"Going to help my old aunt move into her new bungalow," replied the Old Red Rooster. "I'll rest a bit before I go on," and down he sat beside Mr. Shanghai, sticking the spur on his right leg into the side of the wooden box to balance himself.

Just then Peter Pig in his donkey cart drove by. Goodness me, his old cart was piled high with furniture. The next moment the Old Red Rooster spied his old aunt hen seated on the top of a bureau. She was looking into the mirror, arranging her feather curls, and so didn't see the two old roosters side by side on the drygoods box.

"Hold on," shouted the Old Red Rooster. "Hello, Aunt." "What?" grunted Peter Pig, and in obedience to his master's command, the donkey stopped short, just like that, almost upsetting Miss Plymouth Rock, the old lady hen.

"Mercy me!" she gasped, turning about to see what was the matter.

"Oh, it's you," she added, as the Old Red Rooster strutted over to the cart. "That brings you here?"

"Thought maybe you'd like me to help you move," he answered, with a flap of his wings and a wiggle waggle of his long tail feathers.

"You're too late for that, but you can help set the furniture in my new bungalow," answered his old aunt.

With a hop-teddy and a flutter of wings, the Old Red Rooster sat down beside her. Then turning to Peter Pig, he crowed:



Down he sat beside Mr. Shanghai.

"Gid-up!" shouted Peter Pig, and off went the donkey, flapping his long ears in much the same manner that the Old Red Rooster clapped his wings. "Cock, cock!" went the old wheels, and bumpety bump! joggled the cart. Wonder it didn't shake the mirror from its frame and the bonnet off Aunt Hen's feathered head! And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.