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S. MILLEY

THE REMINISCENCES OF NOBODY!

(By Himself.)

Introducing Smith and Myself.

These are the reminiscences of a Nobody. This is not, by any means, the first time that the reminiscences of a Nobody has been written; but it is the first time, I fancy, that a simple fact has been so clearly stated in the title.

It does not matter who I am; and I have done nothing worth preserving in print. But, by good, or ill, luck, I have wandered all over the face of the globe; and my friend Smith (of whom you are sentenced to hear much) and I have met all sorts and conditions of men and women, who seem to us to have said and done strange things.

I promise you faithfully you shall not be instructed by anything that you read in these reminiscences. They are not even written because the author "felt it incumbent on him to supply a long-felt want." For that reason only are they original, perhaps.

They shall, I pass my word, be without law, order, sequence, rhyme, or reason; and they shall also lack prelude or preface.

On His Dignity.

By way of immediate fulfillment of that promise, I will set down what happened to Smith one day when he had the toothache. He sought an eminent firm of dentists—Messrs. Billington, Horton & Judd. He was in great pain; and, even if he had not been, he would not have let the fact that all three partners were eminent Territorials deprive them of his custom.

Smith is a broad-minded fellow. "Mr. Judd at home?" he asked. "Captain Judd," said the footman, with conscious importance, "is undergoing a course of musketry at Hythe."

"Mr. Horton?" "Major Horton is at Aldershot, and is not yet—" "Can I see Mr. Billington, then?" "Colonel Billington is on battalion parade, and cannot possibly be disturbed."

Then it was that Smith spoke wildly.

"Look here, my man: Have you got a General on the premises who can take my tooth out?"

A Dreadful Mistake. Smith has been most things, and he was for some years a real, live soldier himself. But he tells me that he never really understood military dignity, and that his wife did not either. That was how she once came to make a dreadful mistake.

Army doctors had just blossomed into captains, majors, and colonels when Mrs. Smith's infant fell ill.

Dear Doctor Jones (she wrote)—Will you kindly come over and see my little one? She seems very queer. Yours sincerely, CLARA SMITH.

She got a reply in the third person: Colonel Jones will duly attend to his official duties when correctly addressed by his official title. Mrs. Smith did her best to put things right, but Smith tells me that there was no pleasing Jones. Anyhow, it seemed that there was excess of purely military appreciation in the next letter the lady wrote:

Dear Colonel Jones—Would 2.30 be convenient? And please bring your sword, as I think baby's gums want lancing.

The General, the Sentry, and the Gun. On the other hand, Smith says that some of our real soldiers do not stand on their dignity at all. Sir Evelyn Wood, for instance, never did. When he commanded at Aldershot he liked to stroll about in a suit of dittoes and see things as they were, in preference to seeing what was specially prepared for him to see. Increase of comfort for the soldier was usually the outcome of these "incog." visits by the general in command.

One blazing August afternoon, when 40,000 Volunteers were in camp, Sir Evelyn Wood advanced, carrying his sword, and returned home. The doctors would not allow him to go abroad again. The War Office would not accept his resignation. His patriotism had already caused him hundreds of pounds; but they sent him to do garrison duty at Plymouth, and would not let him go back to his business in the city.

True Diplomacy. It is extraordinarily hard to get turned out of our Irregular Forces, if you are an officer in them. I heard of a man who tried for nearly two years to be expelled. This fellow had served in the South African War, was invalided, and returned home. The doctors would not allow him to go abroad again. The War Office would not accept his resignation. His patriotism had already caused him hundreds of pounds; but they sent him to do garrison duty at Plymouth, and would not let him go back to his business in the city.

Then he thought that if, perhaps, he insulted a general they might, with a little luck, turn him out; and, as he had no pension to lose, that was evidently the thing to do.

The chance soon came his way. His militia battalion was inspected by one of the most fearsome of our generals. Everyone stood in awe of "Snap." Snap's commands were shouted in a tone calculated almost to strike terror into the heart even of Mrs. "Snap," who had invented this pose for him. "Captain Green, come here!" "Drill the battalion," roared the general.

The real soldier would, of course, have stood rigid and silently obeyed. But it was Green's object to impress the fact upon generals and others that he was only a sham soldier. It was his uselessness, and not his utility, that he wanted to prove. At the same time he was a naturally courteous

person and it seemed to him that "Snap" needed a lesson in courtesy.

Example is ever better than precept, and Green smiled sweetly in the general's face, and gave him a wholly delightful seventeenth-century bow.

He flourished his sword gracefully with his right hand; his left hand he held up deprecatingly.

"Not in your presence, general," he replied with elaborate politeness. "I really couldn't think of such a thing."

The manoeuvre proved an absolute failure. "Snap" merely snorted with delight, and an invitation to dinner was what followed. Green got a reputation as humorist on the spot, and of course they clung to him in consequence.—M.A.P.

What Fools These Mortals Be!

Recently I read in the papers that the medical men have found out the correct weight of the soul is an ounce. I laughed in my sleeve. "What fools these mortals be, and how they can be fooled." The human being when alive, moves, walks and works. What makes these motions? Nobody knows, and they will never know. But, every body knows that B. Friedman is selling Clothing, Dry Goods and Furniture for cash and credit. B. FRIEDMAN, 301 Water St. (Water Side). Mail orders promptly attended to. Phone 146. P. O. Box 5.

An Unexpected Answer

Dr. Pereira, the Bishop of Croydon, whose remarks on Sunday observance have been so widely quoted, was, until his present appointment, vicar of Croydon. Like a great many Anglican clergymen, his lordship is an Irishman, and a Trinity College, Dublin, graduate.

Dr. Pereira is one of the most outspoken, as well as the most unconventional, of clergymen. His sermons were once described by Dr. Creighton as models of what a "priest of the world should deliver."

He is a strong advocate of temperance reform, and in this connection he relates an amusing story of an occasion when he was asked to examine the children belonging to a Band of Hope in South London.

In putting them questions, Dr. Pereira asked "Please look upon me as a total stranger without any knowledge of what temperance reform means. If I asked you what drink you recommend best. What would you say?"

Immediately a forest of hands went up.

"Well," he asked one. "Beer," was the prompt reply. "I should have liked," says the Bishop in telling the story, "to have seen the face of the superintendent of the Band of Hope had he heard that answer given."

MORE DESERTERS.—Two of the crew of the Bella Rosa attempted to desert last evening. They were captured and put on board by Constables Stamp and Savage after a good deal of trouble. The vessel sailed this morning.

GROWING CHILDREN

The Period when the Nervous Activity is at its Greatest.

"Against the practice of giving tea and coffee to children, we cannot speak too strongly. Childhood is the period when the nervous activity is at its greatest. The brain is ever busy receiving new impressions. Reflex action, co-ordination of muscles, and the special senses are all under a special course of training.

"The nervous system is pushed to its utmost capacity, and long is the list of victims that follow its overstimulation. In these little people nothing but harm can come from the use of such cerebral stimulants as tea or coffee. Bad, then, as this practice is, let us as physicians be aggressive in its prohibition.

"Do not be satisfied by answering 'No' when asked as to their use, but let us teach the families with whom we come in contact that such practice is evil. We speak emphatically, because not only among the poor and uneducated, but among the rich, who should know better, this practice is marvellously prevalent."—The Home Doctor.

Children like a warm beverage for breakfast and it is well for them to have it if the drink is a food and not a drug.

Postum is made to supply a rich nourishing liquid food with a crisp coffee taste for those who cannot and should not use coffee. Analysis shows it to contain about fourteen per cent of muscle-forming elements and 66.1 per cent of energy and fat-producing elements, which go to nourish and sustain the delicate nerve centres throughout the body and from which the vital energy proceeds.

The success of child or adult depends largely upon proper sustenance for the body. Children who depend upon the intelligence of their elders to furnish them with good food deserve our most careful attention and thought.

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Shannahan on Torphy's House.

I wish Ruth Cameron lived around here, she'd have a chance to make a name for herself. Certainly she'd want to have plenty money, so as she'd be independent enough to say what she meant and mean what she'd say.

Shannahan got no money, expects none, and therefore is richer than the dissatisfied man that's got a good bank account, and like Oliver Twist is "looking for more," and staking his independence to get it. What I'm driving at is the queer people we are, we never seem satisfied 'till we are kicking up some row or other. Things are going along first rate and smooth, when the next thing we know a woman up in the West End tears down her house and starts in re-building it.

It stood on the site for as long as I can remember, and we never heard of anyone running into it. People going to Petty Harbor took the lower road, and people going to Topsail took the high road; they never to my knowledge made a mistake and took one for the other. Half the people in town hardly know there's such a place as Torphy's, and twenty-five per cent of the remainder of the population don't care. The next thing we know is that there are big headlines in the papers, long letters demanding that the house be removed, and suggestions of the City paying Twenty Thousand Dollars to the owners are heard in the distance. Go in some quiet spot, sit down on something soft and laugh, laugh to your heart's content. I wonder are we getting mad or anything like that. Our town is so up to date, so perfect that that is all that is needed. Men in town talk about it seriously and shake their heads at one another. But I suppose 'tis just as well to be talking about Torphy's house, and be looking sad about Torphy's house, as to be talking and looking sad about anything else. When this topic gets played out look out for another starter. We are a wonderful people and 'tis a pity we're not living in a bigger city, we'd make things hum. Oh, shades of Pickwick. Dickens died too soon.

TIM SHANNAHAN.

Empire Day at Heart's Content.

To-day being Empire Day all the shops are closed, flags are flying and it is regarded as a public holiday. The children of the C. of E. High School (both departments) as well as the children of the C. of E. School, at Southern Cove, all met in St. Mary's School and went through the following programme:—

1. All assembled, and we Salute the Flag.
2. The patriotic song, "The Flag of Britain," recited by the children.
3. Address by the Principal, W. E. Bradbury, on the objects of the Empire movement, extend and magnitude of the British Empire, and the necessary qualifications in order to be a true and worthy member of the Great Empire.
4. "Rule Britannia," sung by the children.
5. Address by the Chairman, Rev. F. Smart, on Empire Day, which was both interesting and instructive.
6. Rev. W. H. Bailey also spoke to the children for a short while. He was followed by Dr. Anderson who compared the observing of Empire Day now with the holiday they would receive on May 24th, when he was going to school. He thought children 15 or 20 years ago knew very little about the British Empire.
7. "Newfoundland Ode," sung by the children.
8. "Recessional Hymn," by Rudyard Kipling, recited by the children.
9. "National Anthem" sung by the school.
10. Final Salute of Flag.

Cheers were then given for the King, Empire, Newfoundland, Governor, School, etc., etc.

There were present in addition to those mentioned, Mr. G. E. Charlton, the teachers of Southern Cove, and the Primary Departments.

Although the parents had been invited, few attended. The children and all present fully enjoyed themselves and had their aspirations aroused as to privilege and honour of being a member of an Empire, the Greatest the world has ever seen.

The Principal with some of the older boys and girls then went to the woods, about twenty minutes walk. After the different kinds of trees had been pointed out and explained by the teacher, about 15 or 20 young trees—mostly spruce—were taken up, brought out and planted in the school playground. The children were very much interested in the lesson on tree planting.

We hope that before another Empire Day the parents will have learned to become sufficiently interested in the children to join with them in the celebrations.

W. E. BRADBURY.
Heart's Content, May 24th, 1910.

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A negligee or dressing sacque that is a little different from the ordinary design is always a welcome change. China silks, and challis, lawns and dimities are often used for garments of this kind. The design here shown may be finished with bell or bishop sleeve and with turnover collar, or with collarless neck edge. The pattern is cut in six sizes, 33, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure and requires 2 1/2 yds of 44 inch material for the 36 inch size. Patterns sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents.



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Placentia Notes.

During the past week men are daily leaving for different parts of the country to secure employment. Some have gone to Grand Falls, others to Hawke's Bay to work at the whale factory there. They left here in charge of Mr. E. V. Greene, time-keeper. They were to meet Mr. Buckingham, manager, at Whitbourne. Mr. John Collins, manager of Hawke's Harbor whale factory, also went out by Friday's train, taking with him a number of men to work at the factory. They left St. John's on the Cachelot Sunday morning for Trinity, where he will ship more men and then proceed to Labrador. Since Mr. Collins went on that factory he never had a bad year, and we hope that this will be a record year for Hawke's Harbor. "May all success crown your efforts during the summer months, John!"

Messrs. Peter Griffin and T. J. Powers reports for 45 quintals for their last baiting. Others have also done well, while some have only secured from a quintal to ten. If it still continues to be plentiful some of the boats will certainly have record catches.

Mr. Ed. Whalen of this town, who for the past few years has been in Sydney, arrived home on Thursday's train. While in the foreign land he made hosts of friends, and when he left to come to the birthland his many friends were sorry that they should part. He only remained here a few days and proceeded to town by Monday's train to add one more man to the able police force of St. John's. Men from "Ye Ancient Capital" have met with great success wherever they went to. In St. John's there are Head Constable Collins, one of the best men in the force; and then comes Constable Keefe, whose equals can scarcely be found in the island; and then Constables Whalen and Morrissey, who are A1 men and a great addition to the crowd.

Rev. Mons. Reardon, who for some time had been confined to the Presbytery, is again gaining strength. He was out walking on the lawn Monday, the first time for some weeks. His many parishioners will be glad to know that their P. P. will soon be as well as ever to attend to his duties. While he was ill Rev. Fr. Gough has been attending to the wants of the parish, and gave entire satisfaction to all.

Fr. Gough has now been stationed Parish Priest of Cape Shore in place of Rev. Fr. McGuire. Fr. G. has been out there the past week and came back on Tuesday by carriage.

Banking Schooner Lost

Yesterday afternoon a message was received in the city stating that the banker Ruby, owned by S. Harris, of Grand Bank, had gone ashore going into Lousburg harbor for bait and was a total wreck, with 900 qtls. of fish on board—all her spring's voyage. The vessel's hull was insured for \$4,000, but the fish cargo is a total loss to the owner. The fish would be value for about \$4,000. The Ruby was a fine vessel of 90 tons and was insured in the Grand Bank Mutual. She carried 10 dories and 18 men of a crew.

Mr. C. A. Pinsent Dead

Mr. C. A. M. Pinsent, son of the late Judge Pinsent, died at the Lunatic Asylum yesterday afternoon. Deceased was once a prominent young business man of this city. The funeral will take place from the residence of Mr. C. S. Pinsent, 53 Military Road, to-morrow at 11 a.m.

Sports Meeting.

Last evening a meeting of the Star of the Sea and C. C. Sports Committee was held to prepare a programme for Sports Day. A large number attended and much enthusiasm prevailed. It was decided to have the event on Wednesday the 8th prox., and to make the admission fee for entries 20 cents. The entries for football, five, tug-of-war and relay races will be free.

The preliminaries will be run off on the Monday and Tuesday before the Sports Day.

Keen competition is expected to be in evidence in the cup contest. The school relay race will also be an attractive feature. The dance committee also held a meeting and arranged all details about that part of the programme which will take place later in the evening in the Prince's Rink. Tickets are already selling well.

Placentia, May 25th, '10.