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RUBBERS! RUBBERS!! RUBBERS!!!

2000 Pairs Ladies', Gent's and Children's, Price 75c to \$1.00. Tremendously reduced.

This large shipment just in time for present weather.

Also 200 LADIES' DRESSES and 100 LADIES' COATS.

S. LEVITZ, Water Street, St. John's,

Opposite Bank of Nova Scotia.

Phantom Music.

(Pearson's Weekly.)

Nearly every country has its stories and traditions of mysterious music that has been associated with the supernatural.

We have tales of elves, satyrs and gnomes that dance in forest glades to the accompaniment of bright and fantastic tunes on reed pipes; and also accounts, many of them only too well corroborated, of music of quite another kind, either intensely sad music or music of a very strange and startling sort.

This is attributed to ghosts and spirits of a wild and evil type, and is heard from time to time on mountains, river banks, the sea coast, forests and in lonely places.

In certain parts of Cornwall and Brittany very plaintive music and often voices, are heard coming from the sea, and invariably before a great storm.

The voices are said to belong to the spirits of the sailors drowned at sea, and are thought to be raised as a welcome to others who will shortly join them; the music is regarded more in the light of a warning.

The Mysterious Harp.

There is a story well known in Brittany of a fleet of French crabbing boats lying becalmed one night off the Cornish coast, and the sound of a harp suddenly being heard to proceed from one of the smacks. The crew were interrogated, but declared it was none of them; nor would they, indeed, hear anything, and were inclined to regard it as a joke.

The following day the wind unexpectedly changed, a storm came on, and the boat from which the harping was thought to proceed was wrecked, every one of its crew being drowned.

Bells at sea are a very common form of haunting. One of the best known instances of this kind to-day are what are known as the bells of Botreaux.

Many years ago the Church of Forrabury, in Cornwall, needed bells, and accordingly bells were ordered, cast and shipped.

But when those bells were close to the shore, the captain of the ship in which they were being carried used such terrible language, that the ship was suddenly caught in a swell and wrecked, the bells sinking to the bottom.

And now, whenever a storm is at hand, the bells can be distinctly heard, welling up from the bowels of the sea, as a warning to whatever ship may happen to be passing by.

Buried Bells That Ring.

At Fishery Brow, in Cumberland, bells are also heard, but on land. Many years ago a church stood near Fishery Brow in a kind of hollow, and one fine

summer morning the church, parson and congregation were all swallowed up in a kind of landslide.

To-day, if anyone puts his ear to the ground where the catastrophe happened, he can at times distinctly catch the sound of muffled bells—the ghostly bells of old Fishery Brow Church.

The most famous of all cases of ghostly music, however, is that of Samuel Foote. When staying a night at his father's house, in Truro, he was awakened by the sweetest music he had ever heard. He got up, roused the household, and they all listened to it, but no one could tell who was responsible for it, or whence it originated.

Shortly afterwards, Foote learned that, at the very hour he had listened to the mysterious music, his maternal uncle, Sir John Goodere, had been kidnapped, taken on board the ship of his brother, Captain Goodere, and deliberately strangled.

Where is the Whiskisoda?

The boy who said that the Mediterranean and the Red Sea were joined together by the Sewage Canal, may have been the same who declared that the chief industries of Belgium were breeding Ostend rabbits and growing Brussels sprouts.

And it must have been his brother who stated that the Equator was a menagerie lion running round the centre of the earth.

Another young geographical genius said: "Canton contains so many streets that you may wander about them for days and never see daylight again." He was thinking of the Catacombs. The same boy said: "Typhoons are well watered plains in the North of China, and a question about the customs of Ireland produced this gem:—

"If we care to wonder into the wild parts of Ireland, we find that pigs there are treated as members of the family. They sit before the fire, walk in and out of the house like parsons, and occupy the few chairs that are there."

But geographical howlers are not confined to the schoolboy. A colonial newspaper once told its readers of the French had occupied the important town of "Point d'Appui," whilst an English provincial paper announced the glad fact that a certain distinguished general had taken Umbrage.

A good story is told of the campaign in Central Africa, with which the name of General Smuts is immortally connected. It seems that the natives never took kindly to the German language. There was a certain budding town which the Germans christened Wilhelmshöhe, and the governor made a moving speech on the august significance of the imperial name. When the British arrived they found the natives called the place "Whiskisoda."

Largest of Their Kind.

The three tallest trees in the world are believed to be a sequoia near Stockton, California, which is 325 feet high, and two eucalypti in Victoria, Australia, estimated to be 435 and 450 feet respectively.

The lake which has the highest elevation of any in the world is Green Lake, Colorado. Its surface is 10,252 feet above the level of the sea. In some places it is over 300 feet deep. The greatest depth of the ocean is 27,930 feet.

The largest sheet or pane of glass in the world is set in the front of a building on Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. It was made in Marseilles, France, and measures 185 by 104 inches.

At Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, there was recently rolled a steel spring six inches wide, one-quarter of an inch thick, and 310 feet long. It is the largest coiled spring ever rolled. The order was tendered to all the large European ironworks, but none of them would undertake the task.

Sounding the Sky.

A French astronomer has proposed using some of the biggest guns captured from the Germans as a means of sounding the higher strata of the earth's atmosphere. He would take "Big Bertha," mount it vertically, and shoot from it projectiles carrying apparatus for recording the air pressure and other conditions at great altitudes.

"Big Bertha" fired a shell weighing 484lb., with an initial velocity of over 5,000 feet a second. Such a shell, fired vertically, would travel 258,000 feet into the air, or nearly fifty miles, says "Everyday Science." As our atmosphere is believed to be only forty-five miles in depth, some highly interesting facts might be recorded by the apparatus, provided that the gun can be fired vertically and that the apparatus survives the shock of the shell's return to earth, when it would be falling at the rate of 1,666 feet a second.

The shell would return to earth, although it did penetrate, beyond the limits of the earth's atmosphere. But, given a "Bigger Bertha," with a muzzle velocity of 26,400 feet a second, or five times as great, a shell fired from such a gun would never return. It would become a satellite of the earth, revolving round it like the moon.

Your Best Colour.

The influence of colours on their wearers is sometimes very powerful. In olden days colours were used as symbols and held different mystical meanings, and this idea is recurring to a large extent at the present time, chiefly among women.

"Green, especially at night, gives me an elusive feeling, and, contrary to the usual superstition, generally brings me luck," said a lady the other day.

"Brown," she continued, "I abhor, except in the form of leather coats, brogues and gaiters, which inspire me with the courage of a sportsman, fit for a fifty-mile fight, or any excitements of the motor-cycle variety. Navy blue suggests a trim, business-like deportment, but it is rather impersonal. Pale blues, pinks, and mauves, I avoid as insipid. In pale yellow and copper, the artistic side of me comes uppermost, while in red I am frankly a flirt."

"And what of black?" I asked eagerly, as she prepared to alight from our chariot, "that colour that is not a colour, the hue which holds such fascination in youth, such refuge in age?"

"Black," she replied, "is the token of tragedy, power, and mystery."

LET "DANDERINE" BEAUTIFY HAIR

Girls! Have a mass of long, thick, gleamy hair



Let "Danderine" save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality.

Get a 25-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs this stimulating tonic, then its life, color, brightness and abundance will return—Hurry!

That's Luck.

It has been explained that we need to be prepared for bad luck, but that good fortune does not require to be guarded against.

All the same, it would certainly add to the cheerfulness of life in general if lucky omens were more widely known. How much brighter things look to us if we have reason to hope that something good is coming to us!

Everybody, of course, knows that it is lucky to pick up a bit of iron or coal. So it is to pick up a pin if its head is towards you; if not, let it lie. It is a sign of good fortune to put on some garment inside out, but only if it is done by accident, and the garment is allowed to remain reversed during the day. William the Conqueror put on his mail-shirt back to front on the morning of the Battle of Hastings, and we all know what luck he had on that occasion!

If you find your keys or other steel articles rusting, do not be annoyed about it; it only shows that somebody is putting money by for you.

It is lucky to be followed home by a strange dog. Still better is it if a strange cat comes to stay at the house. Speaking of cats, pessimists, of course, assert that when they tear the furniture with their claws it is a sign of rain; but others hold that she is "scratching luck" to her masters.

Thrilling Sport.

The tobogganing enthusiast will tell you that no man can know what sport really is who has not felt the maddening exhilaration of rushing down the Cresta Course.

The Cresta Course at St. Moritz is, as every tobogganer knows, the longest, finest, and speediest in the world. It is 1,000 yards long, drops 200 feet, is built in the snow, and has ice surface as smooth and polished as a mirror. But what makes it dear to the heart of the tobogganer is that it has nine sharp corners, three of which are nearly right-angled turns, which none but a man of consummate skill and iron nerve can negotiate without risk to life and limb.

Down this steep, zig-zag course, lying flat and face down on thin boards, with steel runners, the cleverest racers from all parts of Europe compete for the championship of the world; flashing down the mountain-side with the speed of an express-train, and skimming round the corners, at every one of which death lies in ambush, with the graceful swerve of a swallow.

Faster and yet faster they fly; near the "Church Leap" the pace reaches fifty miles an hour; swifter and swifter still, down the long, straight run known as the "Shuttlecock," the speed is seventy, eighty, nearly ninety miles an hour, and with a final rush the toboggan runs sheer up a hill-side, and, with its breathless, but jubilant passenger, finally comes to a standstill in the village of Cresta.

Paying on the Nail.

An expression with which everyone is familiar, "paying on the nail," comes from the old method of settling accounts.

In the early days of trade and commerce, merchants on Change paid their debts by counting out their gold on to a copper "nail" or table, in the market-place.

Written receipts are now almost universal, and these nails are no longer used; but two splendid specimens still remain among the most interesting treasures of the ancient port of Bristol.

They are each about four feet high, shaped like a gigantic hour glass. There they stand in the busy street, a lasting monument to the integrity of the old trading and merchant class, who paid on the nail and scorned a receipt.

Then There Was Trouble

That prince of story-tellers, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., being in a reminiscent mood the other day, regaled us with this anecdote of his early reportorial days:

The paper (he said) was shortly going to press, and we were all of us writing away for dear life, when a boy came in and informed the junior reporter that the printers were waiting for his report of a lecture he had attended.

"Got it ready?" asked the news editor, looking up from his desk. "I've finished it all but a short sentence in the middle," was the reply; "and I can't for the life of me make out from my notes what that is."

"Never mind," said the news editor, "just shove in 'great applause,' and let it go at that."

The junior reporter—he was very junior—did so, and the doctored part of the lecture appeared in print as follows:

"Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer. (Great applause.)"

A Budding Sherlock.

Little Tommy had repeatedly been warned by his nurse as to the awful results of biting his nails, but all to no avail, so, as a last resource, she decided on harsher measures to cure him of the pernicious habit.

"If you persist in biting your nails," she remarked, "you will swell out like an air balloon."

Little Tommy believed, took heed, and didn't bite his nails for two whole days. On the third day Tommy's mother was giving a party—quite a swell affair—and Tommy, on his promise of good behaviour, was allowed to partake of tea with his mother's guests.

As soon as tea was over Tommy edged close up to a very corpulent lady of the party, gazed at her in silence, and said in an awe-struck voice:

"I see you bite your nails."

The \$50,000 Prize Pilot.

In the R.A.F., Captain Ross Smith, who has "blazed" the air trail to Australia, is often referred to as the world's star pilot.

He enlisted as a private in 1914, and performed some amazing feats in the East during the war.

One occasion he descended behind the Turkish lines and successfully picked up a brother aviator who had been compelled to make a forced landing. To him belongs the credit of opening the great battle which resulted in Allenby smashing up the Turkish army.

Starting out at 1.30 in the morning, he destroyed the enemy's signal service at headquarters, and was back in the aerodrome before dawn.

"Hear, Hear!"

The temperance orator was getting excited.

"Friends," he yelled, "I would that all the alcohol in this drink-sodden tale could be swept into the boundless ocean."

This brilliant remark extracted a

HELP FOR MOTHER

A mother whose strength is overwrought or who is thin, pale or nervous, should find renewed energy in every drop of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Let it help turn your daily tasks from a burden to pleasure. Scott's Emulsion is abundant in those nourishing elements that every mother in the land needs.

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To relieve the temporary shortage we offer 80 bls. Light Yellow Moist at 16 1-2c.

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75 kegs GREEN GRAPES—Low price this lot.

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CANADIAN CHEESE. P. E. I. POTATOES. P. E. I. PARSNIPS. LUNCH TONGUE, 6's; C. C. BEEF, 6's. STAPLE & STRONG PICKLES & CHOW.

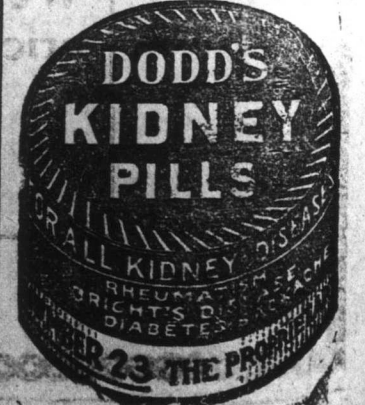
Place Your Order at Headquarters. **George Neal.**

solitary "Hear, hear" from the gallery. "Ah!" said the lecturer, "I see we have one true thinker in our midst. You are a staunch teetotaler, sir?" The answer he received considerably startled the worthy man. "Garn! Teetotaler be 'anged, I'm a diver."

The Chinese Way.

The inhabitants of the Flower Land it seems, are not immune, any more than the natives of less-favoured countries, from the attentions of certain very active insects; but they are much more ingenious in dealing with them. They have invented a kind of little trap, which they place in their beds and elsewhere!

The main principle of this trap is that it contains a sticky surface, which effectually trammels the feet of the strongest and most active insect that ventures upon it. There are



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Positively cures pain, and assists the organs to regain normal action, obviating the system of uric acid poison. Get Gin Pills today and learn the safe side. 50c. at all druggists and dealers, with money-back guarantee. Sample free.

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