

Christened With Blood.

QUAINT CEREMONIES AND SUPERSTITIONS.

Some interesting stories of the sailors who have been engaged round the coast during the war were recently told by Mr. Edward Lovett, Hon. Curator of the Folklore Section of the Imperial War Museum.

A story went round in the early days of the war, he said, that in the Heligoland Bight "scrap" a sailor spat on a shell, and that shell sank a German ship.

Nobody ever stopped to ask the man who did it. The custom was very ancient. Pliny mentioned it. The saliva was supposed to be a part of a man's soul, and this custom was a sacrifice to the God of Battles. Fishermen always spat in the trawl before lowering it into the sea.

People talked about education destroying superstition, but there was more widespread belief in charms and amulets to-day than ever.

A child's caul, supposed to be a charm against drowning, could be bought for eighteen pence before the war. But after the submarine war started thirty shillings would hardly buy one.

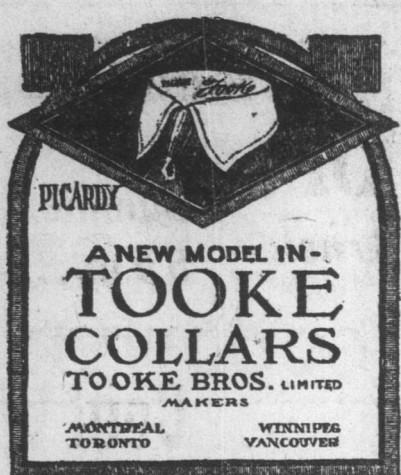
Coins for Luck.

When a warship was launched a bottle of champagne was broken on her bows. That was quite wrong. It ought to be port: the survival of a blood sacrifice. In some cases even now a live cock was taken, and his blood dashed on the boat. This must not be washed off except by the sea.

Why was a bottle with money and papers put under a foundation stone? It was said to fix the date. In fact, it was the survival of a sacrifice, the original sacrifice being a live child.

On all the pole corbes of fishing nets there were coins pushed in for luck. There was hardly a fishing boat without a coin, generally a gold one, under the mast as an offering to the sea for the protection of the ship.

No fisherman ever mentioned rabbits or called another by his proper



name for fear of bad luck. That custom survived in Parliament until a man did wrong, and then he was "named."

One of Nelson's "Touches."

It was in the abortive attack on Santa Cruz in the early morning of July 25, 1797, that Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio—afterwards Lord Nelson lost his arm. A thousand men were to land from the boats of the British squadron under cover of the darkness, and Nelson went in one of the boats.

At about half past one in the morning, the boats were discovered by the Spaniards, and a very heavy fire of musketry and grape-shot was opened on them, by which several were sunk. Nelson was in the act of drawing his sword, when a grape-shot shattered his right elbow, but his stepson quickly bound up the lacerated arm with his handkerchief. Meanwhile they were surrounded with danger, but by steering close under the guns of the battery, the balls passed over their heads.

In spite of the heavy fire, the British seamen stormed and captured the Mole Head, though the fire from the Citadel mowed them down by scores. But Captain Troubridge managed to land, and after a severe struggle advanced to the Prado or great square, when, finding that the whole of the streets were commanded by field guns, and upwards of eight thousand Spaniards approaching by every avenue, he sent Captain

Hood to the Governor—Don Juan Antonio Gutierrez—to say that if the troops advanced he would burn the town; and allowed to re-embark, on which he promised that the ships should not attack any one of the Canary Islands. These terms were agreed to by the Spaniards, and the British forces re-embarked, having lost 144 killed and drowned, 105 wounded, and 5 missing. Meanwhile Nelson had been taken back, and reaching his own ship, desired a rope to be thrown over the side, and, refusing assistance, twisted this round his left hand, saying, "Let me alone; I have yet my legs left and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know that I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better." He displayed astounding spirit in springing up the ship's side, and bore the clumsy amputation without flinching though he afterwards complained of the "coldness of the knife" in making the first circular cut.

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Women as Prize-Fighters.

A FAIR PUGILIST'S ORIGINAL METHODS.

Records are made and broken every day, and in these go-ahead times nothing seems more certain than uncertainty.

This was brought forcibly to mind during a conversation recently overheard on a bus-top. The protagonists became heated as they discussed the female invasion of what was once regarded as man's peculiar domain. One agreed that in the matter of such sports as were until recent times exclusive to the male sex, the advent of women as wrestlers and footballers had ceased to excite comment. But of one thing he was certain. The fair sex had not taken, and never would take, prize-fighting seriously, much less enter the ring.

The writer made mental note of the subject of the argument with an inward resolution to investigate whether any such entry into the arena of fist-cuffs would to-day constitute a record.

And the verdict is in the negative. Less than thirty years ago such a meeting took place at the Grand Theatre, Brooklyn, U.S.A.

The combatants were Hattie Leslie, who styled herself "the female John L. Sullivan," and Gussie Freeman, better known under the sobriquet of "Lonely."

Hattie, we are told, was attired in black fighting tights and a white silk tunic, while Gussie favoured lights and tunic of virgin white. The chronicler describes the sparring as having been very scientific until the third round, when Gussie violently resented having her head in chancery.

She became enraged, and invited her own undoing by casting science to the winds. Straight left leads, half arm jabs, and right hooks were discarded in favour of scratching, clawing and biting. Then the referee stopped the proceedings and awarded the fight to Hattie. Both women bore visible evidence of the conflict.

In still earlier times, in our own country, boxing matches between women occasionally took place, some at an amphitheatre in Islington.

Campers—Take Notice.

During this very dry season there is extra need for observing the utmost vigilance and precautions against the starting of forest fires. The following rules prepared by the United States Forest Service for the prevention of fires are of timely value:

1. Matches.—Be sure your match is out. Pinch it before you throw it away.
2. Tobacco.—Throw pipe ashes and cigar or cigarette stumps in the dust of the road and stamp or pinch out the fire before leaving them. Don't throw them into brush, leaves or needles.
3. Making Camp.—Build a small campfire. Build it in the open, not against a tree or log or near brush. Scrape away the trash from all around it.
4. Leaving Camp.—Never leave a campfire, even for a short time, without quenching it with water and then covering it with earth.
5. Bonfires.—Never build bonfires in windy weather or where there is the slightest danger of their escaping from control. Don't make them larger than you need.
6. Fighting Fires.—If you find a fire, try to put it out. If you can't, get a word of it to the nearest forest ranger at once.

Far too many forest fires are due to carelessness. If every man who went into the woods observed these simple rules, there would be a marked reduction in the annual waste of our forest wealth.

Don't follow a heavy meat course with a rich dessert. Charcoal powder is excellent for polishing steel knives. Honey added to flour/paste will do for labelling tin cans.

To Open Trade With Arctic.

NOVEL EXPEDITION STARTS NORTH.

New York, July 17.—The most novel expedition ever started for the Arctic sailed from New York this week on the stanch ketch-rigged auxiliary yacht Finback. It is not a hunting or whaling but a commercial expedition planned for the primary purpose of establishing trade.

The Finback, formerly a large yacht, has been stoutly re-rigged and sheathed outside with extra planking to protect her from injury by ice.

The head of the expedition is Christian Leden, Arctic explorer and ethnologist, who has six assistants in his commercial and scientific work. The skipper is Capt. George Cromer, a Canadian by birth but a naturalized citizen of this country, who has had much Arctic whaling experience. He has a crew of eight men, including the cook.

In addition to explorers and crew, the Finback carries four men, who are to remain in the Arctic belt to look out for the business interests of the enterprise, for it is planned to be not an ephemeral but a permanent experiment. The vessel will return to the United States next fall, only to go north again the following summer. The lumber with which she is loaded is intended to build houses for accommodation of the men who will remain.

Money No Good in North.

Besides the lumber the hold is well stocked with goods for trading purposes. The Eskimos with whom the expedition will have to deal are not much impressed with money, either coin or paper. Money, it is said by those who know them, is about the most useless thing one can offer them.

Mr. Leden has been into the Far North on four previous expeditions. Three of these have been to Greenland and one to the far north of Canada. On the last he discovered copper, iron and gold, which he now proposes to exploit for commercial purposes.

Scientific Purposes, Too.

There will be a scientific as well as commercial side to the expedition. For ethnographical purposes, Mr. Leden will have an equipment of instruments for taking measurements for recording the music and language of the people. Their customs will be recorded and specimens of utensils, household objects, clothing etc., be brought back. Speaking of the trip, he said:

"We shall have little worry for food, for anybody with a gun and the energy to go out and hunt will not be in danger of starvation. For instance, on my last expedition the little sailing boat I was using was wrecked and I lost nearly all of my supplies. For eight months of the year I lived on raw frozen meat, which is just as easy to digest as cooked meat, especially if there is fat in it. It is better than cooked meat, for the cooking takes out certain salts that have then to be supplied by the use of vegetables. "Caribou, which exists up there in great quantities, is the best venison I have ever tasted. Whale meat and walrus are very good eating and are extremely nourishing. Seals and bears exist in plenty, while splendid salmon can be caught all summer. The eggs from wild geese and duck and from the eider duck and sea gulls are palatable and nutritious. However, the birds themselves are not eaten unless big game becomes scarce."

Take Movie Outfit.

"I shall take with me a moving picture outfit with which I shall show the Eskimos how the white man lives. The films will give him an idea of city life and country life. He will see trains and motor cars and airplanes. The only difficulty about some of these is that the Eskimo idea of an evil spirit is a sleigh with harness but no dogs. He calls it the 'torrak' and he is very likely to think the motor car is a torrak."

Capt. Cromer has had many years experience voyaging along the north Canadian and Newfoundland coasts. He is a member of the Explorers' Club and a long time acquaintance of "Old Doc" Cook. He is expected to bring the Finback home in the fall, while Leden and his commercial and scientific companions will make their way overland.

The sponsors of the expedition are said to be Boston capitalists and Americans of Norwegian extraction.

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Smoke-Loving Camels.

Curious stories are told by soldiers who have returned from the East of the extraordinary love of tobacco possessed by camels and dromedaries. It is said that they can be made to do almost anything under its influence.

The driver carries a triangular piece of wood, which is pierced at one point like a cigar-holder. This is inserted in the beast's mouth, the cigar being then lit and pressed into the hole. The camel immediately closes its eyes and puffs away through his mouth and nostrils till the cigar is entirely consumed. It seems thoroughly to enjoy the experience.

Furthermore, the nicotine appears to exercise a stimulating and refreshing effect upon the animal, so that, though ready to all appearances to drop from fatigue before its smoke it will plod on for many more miles after it.

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

Be sure that tea is dry before you make it into a beverage.

It Never Happened.

It was the same old story. He had got the wrong number on the telephone.

Only this time he received a shock. "I'm sorry I gave you the wrong line," said a sweet voice over the wire.

"It doesn't matter a bit," he replied, not to be outdone in courtesy. "I'm sure the number was much better than the one I asked for; but it just happened that I wasn't able to use it."

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