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It's strictly up to you to say whether our Tailored-to-Measure Clothes are any better than any other Clothes.

We believe they are, and must prove it to you before you will want to buy; and we believe we can prove it, as we are doing it every day to men of good taste and good judgment in Clothes buying.

Here is your trial order: We make Trousers from \$7.00 up. Suits from \$35.00 up.

E. D. SPURRELL

365 Water Street
St. John's.

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Branch: Grand Falls.

Have us send you samples and measuring forms if out of town.

mar7,1924

In the Realms of Sport

INTER CLUB BOWLING LEAGUE.

Entries are now being received by Mr. E. Cornick, the Secretary of the League, for the series which starts in a few days time. The drawing of the schedule is now being prepared and the various Clubs are reminded to get their entries ready.

COMMERCIAL BOWLING LEAGUE.

Harvey & Company's team, this year's champions, had the biggest aggregate in the bowling games for the season, all other greatest total in three games; while the highest individual score went to Earle Best, of the same team, who notched up 254 points with a grand total of 556 points for the night's play against Ayre & Sons. Harvey's averages were as follows:—

M. Squires 138
R. Henderson 137
E. Best 136
C. Wiseman 134

FIRPO FLATTENS FAT "FARMER" IN FIFTH FRAME.

BUENOS AIRES, Feb. 25.—"Before long I am to be saluted as the world's heavyweight champion," Luis Firpo said today.

Firpo said he found himself last night when he battered Farmer Lodge the ponderous American third-rater to the floor for the count in the fifth round of the bout which was to have gone fifteen rounds.

"I have learned the left hand control now and with that I can beat Jack Dempsey," Firpo said after the fight when he was being saluted by a crowd of 50,000, of which 10,000 or more had been unable to see the fight.

Firpo floored Lodge with a left to the jaw in the first round, and it was a terrific left-hander that opened Lodge up for the left-hand punch that finished him in the fifth round.

Although the crowd was wildly enthusiastic, it was a poor contest from a technical standpoint. Lodge never had a chance, and he fought that way. He landed several hard rights to Firpo's jaw, one of which sent Firpo in a half slip to his knees; but the fight, for the most part, found Lodge holding on desperately, and several times he omitted a pained "Oh!" when he was punched in the body.

Firpo's weight was announced as 218 pounds and Lodge's as 231.

While Firpo appeared to be in good physical condition, he showed the re-

sults of his long lay-off in the accuracy of his punches. Once he missed a right swing and nearly hurled himself out of the ring.

The South American seemed to tire after the third round, and he went back to his corner after the fourth shaking his head as if he were discouraged. Lodge set him back on his heels twice with straight right hand punches in the fourth.

Erminio Spalla, European heavyweight champion, to meet Firpo here on March 7, was introduced from the ring; as was Quintin Romero-Rojas, the Chilean champion, whose challenge Firpo has been ordered to accept by the Boxing Commission.

GIVES RAYMOND "GO-BY."

BUENOS AIRES, Feb. 25.—Hugh Gartland, business representative of the South American heavyweight champion, Luis Firpo, declared today that Firpo under no circumstances would agree to place himself under the control of the Raymond syndicate as a condition to matching him with Harry Wills.

Gartland said Firpo had too many chances for profitable engagements to limit his activities in the United States before the time for the proposed Wills match.

SPORTY BOY!

He was a cab driver of the old sort, called as a witness in an action for damages incurred in a street collision, and, ignoring the jury he persisted in relating his version to the judge. Ultimately the latter stopped him and observed:

"Address your self to the jury."

So, turning awkwardly to the twelve good men and true, he smiled, nodded reassuringly, and remarked:

"Mornin', gents; all well at 'ome, I 'ope!"

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT — You'll be surprised at the Grenfell Hall when the St. Andrew's Orchestra start that music on St. Patrick's night. Tickets: Double, \$2.00; Ladies, \$1.00; Gent's \$1.50.—mar7,31

MASONIC CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Masonic Club will be held this evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Club Rooms, when the election of officers for the ensuing year will take place.

Say "Doc," We're Glad You're Here

The Hero of Centerville—A Type of Many of Our Veteran Village Doctors.

"You who know and love the small town will recognize Dr. Hodge. He pulled most of us through childhood and adolescence; now he is an old man, grown gray in the service of humanity. He goes on working night and day saving lives and helping the afflicted. He hasn't much time to bother with sending bills, but he is richly paid in the love of his people, and that is the thing he cares about most. Mr. Merz has drawn this picture from his heart. His father is a country doctor."

Mr. Charles Merz, in Collier's Weekly, pays a fine tribute to the life story of the average American doctor. The fine heroism and splendid service is so typical of many of our own aged doctors in our villages that, although local circumstances may vary, we are sure it will interest our readers. Mr. Merz says: "It is true that Dr. Simon Hodge shows signs of wear and tear. A long struggle with the spirit and the flesh has tired him. "He is a familiar figure on the scene in Centerville, so familiar that the whole town takes his usefulness for granted. Everybody knows him. Everybody unloads trouble on his shoulders. He is a semi-private, semi-public institution like the bank. What small portion of the town he did not personally help bring into the world, and wrap in swaddling clothes, he has subsequently patched for broken limbs or argued with for gout. "Centerville, to be sure, is town enough to boast a choice of doctors. Simon Hodge has two younger colleagues. But neither of them really counts. For anything more serious than chickenpox or measles, the whole town turns instinctively to Dr. Hodge. Tall, white-haired, well on the road to seventy, he has been writing the same old-fashioned remedies in a dog-eared prescription book for more than forty years. "What the Doctor is Like. "What is left, of the youth with which he started? Two things you might notice if you saw him. First his hands: long fingers, trembling slightly, but still admirably nimble in their trade. Then his eyes: brown eyes, badly focussed, looking on expectantly for something they have never seen. Born three generations back, the Doctor is interested in health—especially his neighbors. Nothing else arouses half so much discussion as a new illness up the street, or a sudden complication in an old one. Cities have nothing of the sort to draw upon, but civic interest. The whole town knows the intimate details of Harvey Day's new diet, of Newton Smith's recovery from tonsillitis, of Ned Frye's stubborn tussle with lumbago. "Mrs. Garvey's stomach trouble must be getting worse," the banker or the butcher or the parson tells his wife at supper. "I saw Doc Hodge's car stop there this morning." "Stopped again, did he? How long this time?" "What is the matter?" "Well, he was gone when I came back round the corner. Still, it looked like it might be something serious. I noticed that the doc took both bags with him when he went into the house." "Everybody knows, before the day is over, where Simon Hodge has stopped, how long he stayed, and what was probably the answer. Sometimes, of course, you can't be sure. It isn't that a 'specialist' were calling. The small-town doctor still remains a general practitioner. Almost any malady may bring him to his patient's door. "For Simon Hodge a doctor's day is still the old-time medley. A bandaged leg at six o'clock; a pair of spectacles at seven; whooping cough and broken backs; mumps and scarlet fever. "Whatever it is, you may say of him, the doctor in a small town profits from a wide perspective. How wide? "An old-timer in his tools and learning, an old-timer in his ways, Simon Hodge could never earn his living in a city. For though the city doctor has too often been accused of high finance—of ordering unnecessary operations and prolonging illness just to run a bill—the fact remains that Simon Hodge is far less enterprising in his tactics than the average city man. Not only does he bar the door to patients, once he thinks them cured, as promptly and as finally as an indignant father in a melodrama might disown a wayward son; he refuses to accept them, in the first place, until

they furnish overwhelming proof that they are ill.

Dealing With the Banker.

"There was Marcus Harvey, for example; leading banker in the town; thought his heart was going back on him. Any doctor might have satisfied himself that he was justified in keeping Marcus on the list for an inspection now and then. Not Dr. Hodge. He recommended Marcus to think less about his heart and give up highballs. "Dr. Hodge, you see, not only lets his patients profit from his own instinctive frankness if they're well and think they're ill; he meets them more than halfway if they are ill and haven't known it. 'Ben,' he'll say as he stops Postmaster Harley on the courthouse steps, 'I don't like the colour of your face. Too much mail, I guess. Why don't you lay off work a week?' Or: 'Sam, I heard you cough away around the corner. Better try some codlina. Get it at the drug store.' "Nothing professional in the service. Neither Sam nor Ben will ever get a bill.

The Bills of His Parents. "You might go further. None of Simon Hodge's patients ever gets a bill. Not that it's a matter of philanthropy with him. He thoroughly believes in bills. Periodically he resolves to set his books in order. But he has been resolving that for thirty years. He writes his memoranda on bits of envelope and writing paper: 'Mrs. Jones, one call, \$1—nothing more; no evidence which one of several Mrs. Joneses is intended; no inkling of a date or reason why. 'Lady over Pletschman's Grocery, two calls for tonsillitis.' 'Woman in red hat, fifty cents, examined teeth'; it is hard work to remember names; memoranda of this sort clog one drawer of Simon Hodge's closet. The lady over Pletschman's has long since moved to nobler quarters; the red hat has been laid away these fifteen years. Simon Hodge has made a dozen sets of resolutions. But the day of judgment never comes. He lives on what small tribute patients pay him of their own accord. "Book-keeping doesn't interest him. No, when the last red hat is written on a slip of wrapping paper, one thing arrests Simon Hodge, and only one: his people. That is why you find him on the road to seventy, still sticking to his trade. That is why he volunteers advice that no one asks for, why he works himself to illness when an epidemic hits the town, why all Centerville accepts him without wonder as a friend.

A Typical Visit.

"January. Long past midnight. A wet road filled with sleet. Five miles out from town, along a country highway, sails the weather-beaten car. Curtains flapping in the wind. Motor barkling like a seal. Some one ill at Gardner's Corners. A troubled farmer waiting with a lantern at the door. "Brakes crunch. The car skids through the gateway. A tall man, white-haired, old enough to feel the sting of winter rains, climbs down, forgets his bag, goes stumbling back again. Another lantern lights the door. 'All right. No, don't get frightened.'—Public Opinion.

Laziness Under a New Name

Ergophobia has presumably been in the medical dictionaries for a long time. However, it is up to Dr. L. N. Nascher to call it to our attention in "The Medical Times." In this day and generation ergophobia appears to be one of our chief difficulties in the way of getting "back to normalcy," as the late President Harding would have said. Dr. Nascher, it may be explained, is the physician to the New York Municipal Lodging House, a huge refuge for the homeless, and therefore has largely to do with those who either cannot or will not work. Ergophobia, Dr. Nascher explains, is a disease, and this disease has to do with the morbid fear of work. If a fellow is unwell, but still so lazy that he will not work at a job when presented to him, he is ill. He has a disease and the disease is ergophobia. The doctor says that those who study the non-criminal delinquents and social outcasts divide them into three classes, the hobo or tramp, the bum and the panhandler or beggar. There is, however, another type of delinquent, that has never been separated and classified, the ergophobic. He is not a bum in the sense that he makes street begging a business, and again he is not a hobo as he lacks the energy to get out and travel. He has just an extreme aversion to labor, and is afraid to do anything that requires either mental or muscular exertion. He is just shiftless, good-for-nothing, and lazy, due to an abnormal mental condition, an unnatural fear of something unknown and an intense aversion to physical activity. Dr. Nascher then goes on to tell us that a man in this condition can be cured, provided the sociologists will get busy and study the characteristics of the various patients; and apply the proper remedy, which is presumably a steady job with a diligent boss.—Saturday Night.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR HEAD-ACHE.

For 2 Days Only--To-Day and To-Morrow At The Popular Star

The Thriller of Thrillers "The Hero"

B.P. Schulberg presents "THE HERO" A Gasnier Production

A slice of thrilling life, simple but dramatic. A story of peace heroes. A tale of valour and sacrifice performed far from the field of battle. Heroism without the heroics!

Portrayed by—
Gaston Glass
Barbara La Marr
John Kingpin
David Butler
Doris Pawn
Jimmie Lee

It's a Preferred Picture

It's a picture which will reach the innermost corners of your heart.

With this MR. FOSTER will sing
"A BIG BASS VIOL,"
And MR. HAWKES will sing
"I Hear You Calling Me."

TWO SHOWS. FIRST AT 7.10.

The White Wizard of the North

The Hon. P. C. Larkin, High Commissioner for Canada, dealing with Canada's wealth in water in the Wesleyan Magazine, shows, as that magazine states, that "the history of Canada's development is enriched with a wealth of romance. But no part of the story is more fascinating than that which tells of the yoking of the thunderous waterfalls and foaming rapids in man's service. "Cool at the beginning of the nineteenth century, transformed England from a country of villages and scattered farmsteads into the unrivaled leader of the industrial world. What coal achieved for the Mother Country it is conceivable that water, the white wizard of the Dominion, may do for her daughter on the North American Continent," says the Hon. P. C. Larkin. "Water power is to the industrial life of a country what the mainspring is to a watch. But with this considerable difference: the spring needs winding; the water runs on for ever. Canada owes a vast number of the amenities of life to the running water of her rivers, lakes and streams. You press a button in your hotel bedroom and the place is illuminated; you take a joy ride on the electric trolley; you turn on the electric stove to cook your dinner. "It is the waterfall that lights you, that propels you, that warms and cooks for you. In the steel furnaces, the pumping works, the engineering shops, the pulp mills, the saw-mills, the factories of a hundred varieties, the busy hum of their machinery is an echo of the chatter of the waterfall a hundred miles away. It is the waterfall that lights the prairie village, and through the telephone annihilates distance between the isolated homestead and its neighbour a dozen leagues away. "In short, Canada possesses in her water-power a slave as pliant and obedient as any pictured in Arabian story. While every passing year diminishes the content of the coal-fields and raises the cost of production, it adds to the exploitation of these water-powers. The available water-power of the Dominion is estimated at eighteen and a quarter million horse-power; the developed power is only one-seventh of that enormous total. "This wonderful reservoir of force is more and more making Canada a centre for the manufacture of many products in which power is an important raw material. The great waterfalls of the Dominion are being rapidly surrounded by plants for the production of aluminium, calcium carbide, carborundum, and various other chemical products. The industry which in importance comes second only to agriculture—lumber and wood-pulp—owes its position almost as much to the presence of abundant water-power as to the vast forest wealth of the Dominion. "The possession of these unlimited stores of 'white coal' undoubtedly opens the road to a vast development of industrial operations in the Dominion, which may in days to come place Canada at the very summit of the manufacturing nations of the world. The tendency in this direction is illustrated by recently

Excel Long Rubbers

The Fisherman's Friend

For Men & Boys are made on a particular shape of last, which gives the foot more room and prevents slipping at the heel and instep.

A heavy cloth insole made under a new process which absorbs all moisture, is nicely fitted in to add extra comfort for the wearer.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR "EXCEL" BOOTS.
Sold by all reliable dealers from coast to coast.
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Jan 24, 1924

SUITINGS and OVERCOATS!

We have still a large selection of suitings and overcoatings for your inspection. Our style booklets for Spring and Summer 1924 to hand. Expert work on ladies' and gentlemen's breeches. They certainly look classy when made from our Bedford cord and corduroys. You need a pair for skiing and snow-shoeing.

John Maunder
TAILOR & CLOTHIER
St. John's, N.F.

Acknowledgment

The Child Welfare Association very gratefully acknowledges the sum of six hundred and one dollars and nine cents (\$601.09) per T. V. Hartnett Esq., being the net proceeds of the Strollers' Village Fair.

DOROTHY W. OUTERBRIDGE,
Hon. Treas., C. W. A.

ORPHANAID CARD PARTY POST-PONED.—The card party, which was to have been held this evening in Dr. Modell's residence by the Orphanaid Club, has been postponed.

LUMBAGO

Rub the stiff parts with Minard's. It eases pain, relieves stiffness.

MINARD'S LINIMENT

"KING OF PAIN"

All out-doors invites Your KODAK

The ice, the snow, and the fun you have will never melt away in Kodak pictures.

Your Kodak and Kodak film await you here.

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