

Here's Good Soap.



You cannot use any better soap than the pure floating Ivory. For Ivory has been the choice in many millions of homes. Ivory is good as any toilet soap you can use, yet it costs less than most toilet soaps, 5, 10 and 15 cents a cake at all stores.

Distributed by
Ross S. Doyle

JOHN'S Grocery Stores

FRESH STOCK.

- Chocolate Snaps.
- Ginger Snaps.
- Lemon Snaps.
- Macaron Snaps.
- Graham Crackers.
- 15c. Package.
- Subetto Sandwich
- 10c. Package.
- Biscuits, lb.15c.
- Sax, lb.15c.
- Macaron, lb.18c.
- Walnuts, lb.18c.
- Almonds, lb.18c.
- Cocoa, lb.18c.

ST. JOHN'S
100 St. & LeMarchant
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Potatoes!

to arrive by Steamer on Tuesday

200, 90's

Potatoes.

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DOMINION
CORN & BEANS.
TOMATOES.
CORN.
PEAS.

THE COWAN
CANNED FOOD CO., LTD.
276 Water St.

SIDE TALK.

By Ruth Cameron.

A RUINED MEAL.

Don't you hate to be a guest at a home where the husband makes a point of finding fault with the food at the table? "Can't you teach Jennie to cook a roast of beef so that the inside won't be raw?" he demands of his wife, when after cutting several slices of perfectly cooked meat he comes upon the centre of the roast and finds it a little rarer than he likes it.

If she were like HILL. Or: "Are these the best tomatoes you can get? Hard to get good ones at this time of year? Then why do you have them at all? I'll bet you could get good ones if you knew how to go at the market, men—but you never know how to handle people. If I handled people the way you do, I guess our office would be in a pretty pickle of fish all the time. My wife,"

to the embarrassed guest, "is one of those people that the market men watch for to work off their poor stuff on." Or: "Respectfully again! Isn't this the third time we've had them this week? The second? I'd say the third. My wife has a good head for figures sometimes, but other times she's a great little forgetter." Or, directly to the guest: "Perhaps you don't like French dressing. My wife thinks everyone ought to like French dressing and she never gives them a chance to have anything else. She rams it down their throats. I guess we've got some mayonnaise in the house if I can't get her to put it on the table."

Sometimes the husband adopts the sharply critical manner, the swaggering air of one who wants it known that he knows good food and that he

is master in his own house. Again he adopts the pretend-to-be-familiar vein. But The Guest Isn't Pleased. And yet again he puts his criticisms in the form of a apology to the guest or a great show of attention to the guest's comfort at the expense of courtesy to his wife.

One wonders if one could manage to crawl under the table unobserved until they get the matter of raspberries or the tomatoes settled, and the flush sets out of the wife's face, and the constraint out of her manner. Of course a husband has a right to have some say as to what his guests shall be served. But he serves neither them nor himself when he keeps up a running fire of criticism of the food in their presence.

The Better Way. I once knew a man whose wife was naturally very incompetent as a housekeeper and hostess. At first he used to rag her in front of the guests, but he accidentally discovered that the embarrassment he caused was making entertaining a matter of actual terror to her and rendering her still more incompetent. And being a man who knew how to handle people in business, he had the rare common sense to see that he ought to apply the same methods in his home. He would talk over her dinners with her afterwards, say what was specially good and make suggestions for improvement. If it results a man wants, and not the gratification of working off his nervous irritability, that is certainly the better method.

Is Lloyd George a Weak Man.

The cable despatches just now are full of references to the vanished influence of Hon. David Lloyd George. But the question arising is this: Is his prestige, his own faith, or due to moral infirmity of the public? Lloyd George was regarded as a great and far-seeing man when he took control of the affairs of the world, and whipped the wavering Allies, (especially France, who was ready to quit any time after 1915) into a resolution to win the war. It is generally known to all students of the official records that, despite mistakes in small things, his relentless pursuit of the main thing, Victory, and his moral terror in rousing all the people who opposed German ambitions, was a prime factor in winning the war.

Is it a sign of weakness, or the evidence of a generous and far-seeing mind, that he should revolt against the policy of kicking and pounding a prostrate foe to death? It is in accordance with the code of honor for a nation, having signed a treaty of peace, to assume that that treaty was merely an excuse for carrying on aggression against a disarmed enemy. Lloyd George surely could not be accused of pro-Germanism at the time when Germany was powerful, and now why should he be spoken of as a traitor, now that Germany is weak? The plain facts of the matter are that those who are horrified by the idea that the industrial virtues of the Germans should again have an opportunity to take their just place in the world, are actuated by a covert spirit of cowardice. If Lloyd George's advice was good in time of peril it should be good in a period of comparative security.—Saturday Night.

Eyeglasses mounted on solid handles are said to be spreading the horn-rimmed spectacles among the "smart" men.

The Problem of Valera.

Now that the Irish Free state has captured Abraham de Valera or whatever his given name happens to be, the problem is what are they to do with him. He is in the singular position of a man without a country, as much of an interloper in Ireland as the Russian Bolsheviks who under assumed names have been trying to destroy government on this continent. By birth Valera is an American citizen who has never taken out naturalization papers either as a British or an Irish subject, but the United States does not want him. He fled as an anonymous fugitive from that country after his efforts to disrupt the national conventions of both the Republican and Democratic parties had convinced the American authorities that he was an undesirable who had best be kept in close confinement. According to St. John Ervine, who is a real Irishman, Valera is a Jew from the East side of New York, and his inherited idea of making a living is to promote murder and violence in a way that will bring a rake-off for himself.

Obviously Valera became an Irish "patriot" because he thought it a more fruitful source of graft than the humble but useful calling of teaching mathematics. When he was conducting his campaign for Irish "freedom" in the United States his expenditures of "patriotic funds" were so prodigious that they roused the antagonism even of quondam friends. No gambler ever scattered illicit gains with so reckless a hand. And when he found that the re-constitution of Ireland would bring no profits to himself, he at once became a conspirator against his associates in the agitation for self-government in Ireland. There is no doubt that he conspired at the murder of Mike Collins, who had attained the dominating position to which he himself aspired, and that he would have compassed the assassination of William Cosgrave, the present head of the Irish Free State if he could have accomplished it without danger to his own skin. Valera is clearly a man who would slay (by deputy of course) any man who stood in the way of his own greed for power and money. He is responsible for the deaths of countless men better than himself, but the world has gotten tired of the rope or the rifle, as a solvent of political problems. Because of this sentiment it is possible that Valera may be permitted to live to a ripe old age. It is typical of the utter yellowness of his character that he, who had instigated so much slaughter, should have fainted at the mere prospect of arrest.

If it results a man wants, and not the gratification of working off his nervous irritability, that is certainly the better method.

Back to Bow and Arrow.

A new thrill has been given, or rather, an ancient thrill has been restored to big game hunting by Dr. Saxon T. Pope, an enthusiast for archery who found shooting at a target much too tame for his taste. Dr. Pope, who is director of the Museum of Anthropology at San Francisco, found recently that he needed a specimen of a man-bear as an exhibit and determined to bag it himself, and with the weapon of primitive man.

Armed with bow and arrows, he entered Yellowstone Park in search of his bear, found her, and bore her home in triumph. Five arrows were needed for this feat, but a magnificent bigon was killed with only one in a similar expedition in the Washington reserve. So far British sportsmen have not followed the lead of these American archers, but some daring spirit may presently show the way. At the same time few men, however brave, would care to go after a rhinoceros, for example, with no better weapon than the bow and arrow of our ancestors.

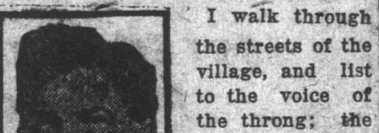
TRY IT!



Born in the reign of George IV., and married in the year of the Great Exhibition, Mrs. Styan, who lives in sevenoaks, still studies the stars through a telescope.

THE LONELY ONE.

I walk through the streets of the village, and list to the voice of the throng; the farmer is talking of tillage and proves that the weather is wrong. The merchant is talking of taxes which rob him of all he can gain, and bitter and wrathful he waxes; it's grievous to hear him complain. The statesman is talking of dangers which threaten our lives and our rolls; to safety we're bound to be strangers until he wins out at the polls. And everyone's talk is devoted to him and his little concerns; no voice, in the clamor is noted, discounting of Shelley or Burns. I long for an earnest discussion, when tired, at the close of the day, of Tolstol, the thundering Russian, of Shakespeare or Bertha M. Clay. I'm tired of the things that are said; I'd like to hear merit accorded to Milton and Harold Bell Wright. There's no one to talk of the ages, of Hugo and A. Conan Doyle; but men, in their fatuous rages, are talking of wells shooting off. The lawyer is spilling of leases, the cooper is drooling of crooks, the uncle is chiding his nieces, but no one is speaking of books. And so I am lonely and friend-



less, I'm bored by the twaddle I hear; the talk of the people is endless, but it is a grief to the ear. The man and girl were discussing kissing, he declaring that a man could kiss a girl whether she willed it or not, and she maintaining that it couldn't be done. Finally they decided that the only way to prove their contentions was to try it. They did. The man won after a brief struggle and kissed the girl ardently for several minutes. Then he released her. "Oh, well," said the girl, "you really didn't win fair. My foot slipped. Let's try it again."

What's on your Sticker-Shell?

Every shop has a back shelf filled with "stickers" that is with goods which sold well for a time and then went flat. Every shopkeeper has a "sticker shelf," a museum for goods which he bought, but couldn't sell.

Sunlight Soap never goes back to the "sticker shelf." Sunlight sells well all the time and goes out as fast as it comes in.

Sunlight Soap is the one Soap which doesn't go flat—it goes fast, and always leaves a profit behind to pay for its keep.

Shopkeepers! Don't buy Soap you cannot sell. Buy Sunlight Soap, the Soap which sells itself. Sunlight is always best.

Stick to Sunlight and You Won't be Stuck

SOAPS WHICH COST LESS THAN SUNLIGHT ARE WORTH LESS.

Jury Find Verdict Against Jockey.

FOR KILLING A RACE.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—Probably for the first time in the history of the turf a horse owner has sued a jockey for damages for the loss of a horse killed on a race track. Hence the case of H. J. Boam, of Hove, Brighton, against Michael Beary, the Irish Jockey, for £200 for the loss of the race horse Ironore, who had excited more than usual interest on the part of the public generally. The plaintiff claimed that Ironore, a mare, was killed in May last, while running in a selling plate at Kempton Park as a direct result of Beary's chivving Ironore's jockey, F. Lane. Beary was riding Golly Eyes. Ironore was thrown against the rails and Lane was pitched several yards forward on the course. Lane escaped injury but Ironore was killed, her neck having been broken in the fall. The case was tried by a jury, with Justice Darling presiding, and a verdict was given for Plaintiff Boam for £200. In his evidence the plaintiff said that during the running of the race the defendant, on Golly Eyes, ran in front of his mare, Ironore, to secure a more favorable position near the rails, with the result that there

was a collision between the defendant's horse and Ironore, whose neck was broken. He valued the mare at £700 or £800. She had won several races. Boam said he had been racing in England for two years. Previously he had raced his horses in South Africa. He admitted that he had never before heard of such an action as this against a jockey. Neither had he ever before known of a horse being killed in a race as the result of the carelessness of a jockey. Frederick Lane, the jockey on Ironore at the time of the accident, gave evidence, placing the blame on Jockey Beary. The horses all were racing for the bend, because if they lost their inside place they would have a poor chance of catching up afterwards. One horse was hurled in to another and Ironore was the ultimate sufferer. Beary testified that he was forced by other jockeys in the race to bump his horse Golly Eyes, into Lane's mount. Justice Darling, in summing up for the enlightenment of the jury, referred to the action being the first of the kind brought in the English courts. He mentioned that there was a bond at Kempton Park, and those jockeys who got their horses to the rails as a rule won, and that was what the Jockey wanted of course. But they must do it rightly, not wrongly, he said. "Racing," said the judge, "is not a bit like hunting or polo. It is only a question of sitting on a horse for two or three minutes at the outside. It does not look like horsemanship at all. It is essential that jockeys should only try to get in front of each other by legitimate and proper means, and not by foul means. Foul riding must be discouraged. The judge, referring to the fact that the Stewards of the Jockey Club had found Beary guilty of foul riding in connection with the killing of Ironore, warned the jury that this was not to affect their decision. It was for the plaintiff to prove his case in court, if he could do so. As to the question of damages, if the jury found for the plaintiff the judge reminded the jury that evidence had been given that the mare Ironore had been sold on one occasion for £364 and at another time for £200. The jury agreed that it was a case of foul riding and that £200 was enough for Ironore.

Oatmeal is responsible for more effective teeth than either white flour or rice.

MUTT MIGHT TRY ARBITRATION.



—By Bud Fisher.