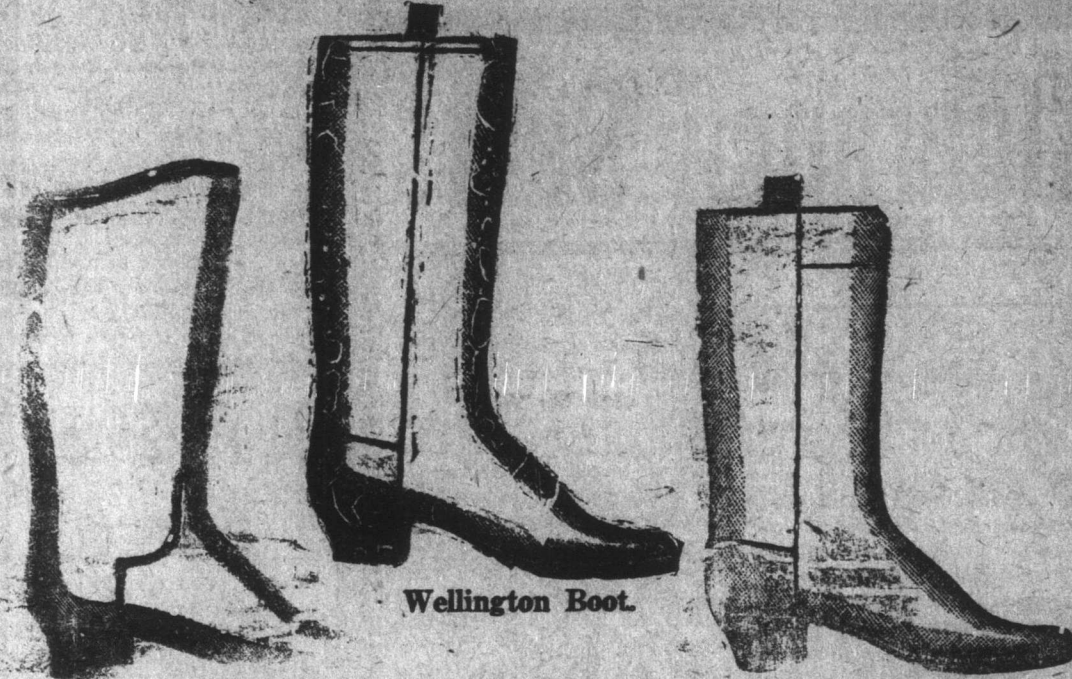


The Fishermen's Friend!

FISHERMEN! One pair of Smallwood's Hand-made Waterproof Boots will outwear at least three pairs of the Best Rubber Boots on the market to-day!

FISHERMEN! Buy Smallwood's Leather Boots. They wear longer and are more healthy than Rubber Footwear. Leather Boots are warmer and more comfortable to walk in than Rubber Boots.



Tongue Boot.

Wellington Boot.

High 3/4 Boot.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

FISHERMEN! Save your money by buying Smallwood's Hand-made Tongue Boots, Wellington Boots, High and Low 3/4 Boots. These Boots are made out of all Solid Leather.

Men and Boys all Leather Laced Pegged BOOTS

FISHERMEN! Don't put your money in cheap boots. Buy Smallwood's Solid Leather Laced Boots. Double wear in each pair.

Men's Laced Pegged Boots. Only \$3.90

Boys' Laced Pegged Boots. Only \$3.10

Boys Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Youths' Laced Pegged Boots. Only \$2.60

MINERS' BOOTS! Special for Miners. Only \$4.00 the pair. These Boots being made of all Leather will outwear the cheap imported Boot, besides being much more easily repaired.

F. SMALLWOOD The Home of GOOD SHOES
218 and 220 Water Street

Ten Days on a Cattle Boat.

After a lapse of thirty-one years, cattle shipments between Canada and Great Britain are once more in full swing. Extra help is generally required on the cattle-ships, and this "help" is generally composed of all sorts and conditions of men. How they fare is explained by one of them in a London paper in the following manner:

I was "broke" in Canada. I wanted to go home. So I dodged the dock police and found myself hired as an extra hand in a cattle boat. The pay was nothing, but I was thankful for 3,000 miles free transport.

When I trooped aboard with a few other nondescripts the third officer looked us over with a gloomy eye. "Hey, MacDonald!" he shouted down the companion. "Here's your variety troupe come aboard. Show 'em to their dressing rooms, will ye?"

MacDonald was a tough-looking nut. Years with the cattle on the western ranges, years with the cattle at sea, had given him a skin like baked leather, the cold eye of an octopus, and a fist like an iron door. Down below, in the forecastle, we found our quarters. I staked out a bunk claim next a port-hole. It's a disrepute, and I never saw my companion.

On this trip they were, on the whole, a quiet, orderly lot, but it stands to reason that refinement and polish can hardly be expected from a bunch of down-and-outers, hiring themselves for a voyage, too broke to pay their fare. There were two or three non-descripts, then a broken-down actor with lily-white hands, a Harvard graduate off to see the world, a dock-skipper, a rat from Liverpool, a Lincolnton barber, and, last—last—a hardy like to say—a journalist.

All a Bit Nervous.

We were all, save the tough guys, a bit nervous, wondering what sort of ten days we were going to have with

the cattle, and, more important, with the boss cattle-heads—the real, old-time, "bull-punchers."

But it was not too bad. We only worked four hours a day, two watches of two hours each. They went by quickly, and then we "got down to it" on our straw palliasses, smoked, swapped lies, gambled a little—very little, for obvious reasons—and had friendly "mills" with boxing gloves. The cattle gave little trouble. We fed them, watered them, and kept as clear of them as we could. To get inside a steer's stall at sea is to join a suicide club. We had our excitements. Sometimes when watering, amid the clash of iron buckets on steel decks, amid the roar of frightened beasts and the continual thunder of the seas, a crash and a cry would call all hands to find a man thrown down by the pitching of the ship, nursing a torn leg or a bruised shoulder. Bones are broken pretty frequently on cattle ships.

The Worst Job.

The worst job was splitting the trusses of baled alfalfa-grass. Hoisting it out of the hold with the ship

rolling like a grampus was rather fun, but splitting the tight bales with the bare fingers was not so pleasant. The actor suffered the most, but the ship's doctor was kind.

So the time passed, and at last the lights of the Land o' Cakes came in sight. Loading and unloading cattle are jobs that fall to the regulars; temporaries were free as soon as we could haul a boat to take us ashore after coming to anchor. An hour later, in decent rig and the smell of cattle slightly washed away, I bumped into the chief officer.

"So you got across," said he. "I didn't see you aboard."

"You ticked me off for smoking aft the second batch," said I. "Could you lend me a quarter—a shilling, I mean? I want to write for my fare to town!"

And that's how I came home with the cattle.

We are now open to store and wash cars for this season at reasonable prices. Premier Gasoline 50c. gallon; Queen Gasoline 58c. gallon. JOS. MCKINLAY.

MUTT AND JEFF

SINCE JEFF WROTE THAT NOVEL HE'S RUN UP A PHONE BILL OF TEN BUCKS CALLING UP PEOPLE AND TELLING THEM ABOUT IT!



JUST HOLD THE WIRE, MOTHER, AND I'LL READ YOU AN EXTRACT FROM CHAPTER SEVEN! IT'S VERY DESCRIPTIVE!



LISTEN TO THIS: "THE POOR MAN WAS STARVED AND HE DEVoured THE WELSH RAREBIT WITH GREAT GUST!"



AIN'T THAT GOT A PUNCH TO IT, MOTHER? — GOOD BYE!



ROT! PIPE! DESCRIPTIVE MY EYE! CHAPTER SEVEN AND ALL THE OTHER CHAPTERS ARE RUBBISH! THROW IT IN THE ASH CAN!



IF I DID YOU'D GET SORE —



IT'S YOUR COPY OF 'DICKENS'.



Rat-Hunting as a Profession.

In the "Personal" column of a recent issue of the London Times there appeared an announcement, signed by W. Dalton and Sons, offering "1,000 wild rats for sale."

A curious reporter, anxious to see this amazing collection, went to the warehouse of the Messrs. Dalton.

For his pains he was rewarded with the sight of black rats, brown rats, grey rats, long-nosed, long-tailed, long-bodied rats; short rats; plague rats, venomous rats, rats of ferocity, and rats that, with care, he was told, could actually become pets.

They came from all parts of the country. From the docks of London where they are taken to prevent the spread of disease; from the underground tunnels of the City; from farms, where they kill poultry; from mines, stables, and cowsheds.

"But who buys rats?" the reporter asked.

"Buy them!" said Mr. William Dalton, showing the visitor his captures in cages with pride. "Why, everybody wants them—furriers, taxidermists, scientists, people who wish for lively household pets, and—anybody. I had an order for 400 this morning."

"Some of them come from Royal estates, some from the homes of the poor in the East End of London."

"Those black plague ones"—pointing to terrible-looking beasts clinging upside down to the roofs of the cages—"were caught on the cables of a liner lying at the London Docks as they were trying to come ashore."

"We have a special net for catching them at the edge of a round metal disc which we fix around the cables."

"Mostly at night-time we catch them with nets and flashlights. M.P.s are not the only people who have all-night sittings. I was out in the dark near St. Paul's recently watching for a herd making their way to a big City warehouse, and caught the majority of them."

"I have a large staff of men busy all over the country, and I believe my profession to be one of the busiest in the United Kingdom at the present time."

"No, there are no edible rats in this country."

Tires to fit all size cars. We carry Goodrich, Converse and Goodyear tires. We mount and inflate them free of charge. Phone 1487 for prices. JOS. MCKINLAY.—June 8, 21

WILLS should be kept in a Safe Place

A WILL should be kept in a place where it will be easily found on the death of the Testator, yet where it will not be subject to the hazard of destruction by fire or by agencies interested in its disappearance.

THE MONTREAL TRUST COMPANY will hold in safekeeping, free of charge, all wills appointing it as Executor. Access can be had as frequently as desired.

MONTREAL TRUST COMPANY

ROYAL BANK BUILDING

Mr. Herbert S. Holt, President
A. J. Brown, K.C., Vice-Pres.
F. G. Donaldson, Gen'l. Manager
F. T. Palfrey, Mgr. St. John's

A Great Shark Industry for British Columbia.

MILLIONS OF THEM WAITING TO BE CAUGHT AND MADE USE OF—AN ASSET OF GREAT MAGNITUDE AND MANY DOLLARS.—LEATHER, GLUE, FERTILIZERS, ORNAMENTS AND "COD LIVER OIL" AMONG THE PRODUCTS.

The shark is not feared by the Norwegian. He exploits him in every possible manner. After catching him, he works up his head into glue, his flesh into fertilizer, his teeth into "ivory" ornaments, his hide into leather and his liver into "cod liver oil."

Nelson MacDonald, of Vancouver Island, believes that the catching and industrial exploitation of the shark is going to make the fortune of British Columbia. The waters of the province abound in sharks. Mr. MacDonald tells the New York Evening Post, which quotes him as follows:

"There are millions of sharks in these North Pacific waters," says Mr. MacDonald, and there will never be a shortage of them. The further north you go the more sharks you find, and from Vancouver to Alaska are their feeding grounds. Taking them from the bottom of the sea is automatic. Norway has hundreds of such industries; in fact, the only real hook for catching them works on a swivel and comes from Norway, as does also the so-called 'cod liver oil' which invades the markets of the world and is really shark-liver oil manufactured in Norway."

"In the shark plant, when the huge fish is being turned into so many substances and articles, there is absolutely no waste."

"Business men from Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, and other North Pacific seaport cities sit around a table in Victoria, Vancouver Island, recently, where a firm from Seattle showed the various processes through which the sharks passed, and the results attained in glue, leather, fertilizer, and other marketable and needful products."

Shark Hides Exhibited.

"At this meeting a Seattle company showed a large number of shark hides in every stage of tanning. Many of the men assembled were 'leather men' and they fingered the product carefully and satisfied themselves that the leather business was entering the initial stage of making up goods which heretofore they had no conception."

"Shark hides run from an inch in thickness in the older fish to the consistency of paper in the baby shark. Soles of boots, leather for the finest suede shoes, a black pigmented product that would make club bags of most lasting quality, uncrackable lengths of leather that outstripped any patent leather ever made, and which the leather shoemakers said was the finest they had ever seen, were among the exhibits, and the thought of all this material right at hand was a revelation to men who had known that there were sharks but thought of them only as a menace to swimmers and destroyers of marketable fish."

In Seattle hip-boots from shark hides are being made, and one Vancouver bootmaker has been using shark leather for other boots. Finer grades of the tanned leather are used for upholstery; colored and stamped, it is ever-wearing and rich to look upon.

Extraordinary Durability. "The outer skin of 'shagrin' must come off in the first place and a process has been successfully developed which takes this away. It has the exact properties of sandpaper, of the rough variety. For very fine work on wood polishing, the 'shagrin' of the baby shark for other boots. Finer grades of the tanned leather are used for upholstery; colored and stamped, it is ever-wearing and rich to look upon."

It takes fifteen days of specialized process to turn out shark leather, and six months of more of treatment to

prepare sole leather.

"Some of the thinnest hides puzzled the business men; they were so transparent looking and yet so strong that nothing like them had ever been inspected in the experience of these experts. These skins were made from the stomachs of sharks and, being soft, and pliable, can be worked up into beautiful cloths."

Nelson MacDonald looks forward to a time in the not far distant future when British Columbia will have as many shark-catching and manufacturing plants as Norway.

"Here they are at our door, waiting to be made use of, and the industry is going to develop into one of great magnitude and many dollars," he said.

No Corns



The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

At your druggist

Blue-jay

Noisiest City in Europe.

There is more noise per cubic foot of night in Constantinople than in any other city in Europe.

Independently of a highly varied symphony of "casual sounds," one's sleep is broken by officially organized disturbances due to the fact that for policing the city after dark the municipality maintains a number of watchmen armed with long, thick clubs. Lying abed in the small hours, one has full cause to recognize their zeal, for at frequent intervals the nearest watchman awakens you by beating heavily upon the stones with his resounding cudgel.

It needs a fire, however, to give the watchman full scope for making right hideous. Constantinople being mainly built of wood and heated by open charcoal stoves, this opportunity comes all too often. As soon as a fire is sighted from the high lookout post on Galata Tower word is sent to every quarter of the city.

Till ten years ago this was done by picturesque red-coated runners armed with javelins, but now it goes by telephone, and, for the night watchman, the real fun of the evening begins. Beating a double volley on the pavement, each in turn fills his lungs to capacity and in a tone of long-winded, lugubrious despair wails out fortissimo at frequent intervals: "Yankin var!" ("A fire there is!"), following on with an announcement of its situation, and ending with more battering of the flagstones.

As the cry is taken up and on from street to street it swells into appalling clamour.

Renewed at Dawn.

With cats, dogs and "drunks," Constantinople is never quiet throughout the dark hours, then, just after daybreak, what is precious because it is produced by an army of food-peddlers beating the air with clamor.

The Greek housewives of Constantinople are lazy in their beds and rarely get beyond the morning's morning marketing is therefore from the half-opened shutter of the upper window, so that by 7 o'clock shrill chatter of haggling over price of fish and eggs begins to be heard.

company to the diversified hawkers, the hoarse shouts of drivers urging over-loaded horse-drawn carriages, the rattling of the Golden Horn, the klaxons of chauffeurs, whose Levantine makes them the noisiest and the drivers in the world, and the groaning and screeching of Constantinople's tramway cars round the sharp corners of the row streets.

Westinghouse Electric Co. 15, 20, 25 and 40 watt, to be at BOWRING BROTHERS' Electrical Department.

—By Bud Fisher

Cuticura Soap
Imparts
The Velvet Touch