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allotted to Canada Life Policyholders in 1910, amounted to over
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Money Is Invested

for the purpose of obtaining interest. The more interest you get, the more money you will save. We own and offer a number of Securities that will meet the requirements of those who wish to double their interest income—with safety. Ask for particulars.

F. B. McCURDY CO.,

Members Montreal Stock Exchange.

C. A. C. BRUCE, Manager,

July 30, 1912

New Lumber!

Four Million ft. Last Year's Cut,

Thoroughly dry and clean Pine and Spruce.
Landing every day at our wharves and for sale.

Horwood Lumber Co'y, Ltd.

DO YOU WANT

MOONEY'S CREAM SODAS,
Mooney's Assorted Fancy Biscuits,
Jacob & Co.'s Assorted Fancy Biscuits,
(Fresh Stock and large assortment.)
Hartley's Assorted Jams,
Choice French Coffee—tins and loose,
Symington's Coffee Essence,

Heinz's Mince Meat—tins,
Baked Beans, 3-lb. tins, 1-lb.,
Fruit Pudding, Fruitella, Dustbanc.

J. J. ST. JOHN.

Just Received,

Per S.S. CITY OF SYDNEY:



HARVEY & CO.

Humble Pie Usury.

BY RUTH CAMERON.



crime?

I am thinking especially of the people who demand more than their due payment in coin of humble pie for offenses which they have suffered.

Do you grasp my meaning? Well then let's be concrete. Say you are fortunate enough to have a friend and your friend is unfortunate enough to have offended you. She has hastily said or done something which in her calmer moments, she admits to herself was not just right.

Now as soon as she comes to this conclusion she tacitly asks your pardon by being especially nice to you. She brings you some interesting bit of information which she thinks you will enjoy. She offers to do some little service for you. She makes a point of admiring some possession of yours. And all in vain. Under the sunshine of all her blandishments you coldly refuse to melt. You have a grievance and you will not give it up until you have your pound of humble pie.

Being human, she finds it much harder to say, "I was wrong, I am sorry," than to act it. But finally she screws her courage to the sticking point and speaks out her apology.

HOW BLOOD IS MADE.

The liquids and the digested foods in the alimentary canal pass through the wall of the canal into the blood. This process is called *absorption* and takes place chiefly from the small intestine. After absorption the blood carries the food through the body, and each cell takes from the blood the food it needs. A pure glyceric extract made from bloodroot, mandrake, stone, queen's root and golden seal root, and sold by druggists for the past forty years under the name of

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,

gives uniformly excellent results as a tonic to help in the assimilation of the food and in the absorption by the blood of the food it requires. Eradicate the poisons from the blood with this alternative extract which does not shrink the white blood corpuscles, because containing no alcohol or other injurious ingredients. Thus the body can build up strong to resist disease. This is a tonic taken from Nature's garden that builds up those weakened by disease. Sold by druggists everywhere. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. CHAS. PARKER, JR., of 382 Woodlawn Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I was troubled with my stomach for almost three years. Tried several doctors and most everything anybody recommended to me, but kept getting worse and worse. I was unable to live. I was never well even though, at times, I had no pain. My symptoms were as follows: Always tired, my whole body in a throbbing, belching of gas, pain and soreness in the stomach, vomiting, constipation, could not tell what to eat or what would agree with me, and was melancholy. But after taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with the Pleasant Pellets it has made me a well man which is something to live for."

CHAS. PARKER, JR.

Fads and Fashions.

Stripes are to have another successful season.

Magpie effects promise well in Shetland veils.

Flame color is seen in some of the new evening gowns.

Oriental embroideries are seen on the fashionable vests.

Taupe is more and more popular as the season advances.

The sun-pleated skirt is one of the revivals of fashion.

Ribbon with a picot edge appears on some of the new hats.

Corduroy competes with felt in children's millinery for fall.

Half and whole belts are being used to a great extent on suits.

Steel beads are now combined with white pearls for trimmings.

Boudoir slippers or brocade are made to match brocade tea gowns.

Plain gored skirts are much liked for practical and inexpensive suits.

Fashionable skirts have accordion or side pleating set upon a deep yoke.

Many of the new suit coats have a little fullness shirred into the belt.

Late summer hats in fine tulle have bands and draperies of maline lace.

One occasionally sees colored linen sacques worn over white wool skirts.

Carved crystals set with diamonds have been lately introduced in jewelry.

Soft faille silks will be used again this fall for combinations and garnitures.

Satin crepes are as great favorites as satin charmeuse for day and evening gowns.

Very large and very small shapes are the two extremes likely to inspire winter millinery.

There is a tendency toward the adoption of silks or satins with small jacquard figures.

Fur crowns are seen on some of the new half-season hats. Such hats are usually large.

We may expect to see winter mantles of white-plush, white ribbed velvet and ermine.

Some women are wearing outdoor shoes of black satin. They have solid heels and fairly thick soles.

Creamy net, finely pleated, is often used for collars and turn-back sleeves.

To Arrive

By S. S. Stephano Thu day Morning.

1020 bunches New Turnips

35 bunches Bananas,

25 cases Cal. Oranges.

Best and cheapest for season.

15 brls. Jamaica Oranges,

Last shipment of first crop.

25 brls. ch. New Potatoes,

Full sacks, right prices.

20 brls. N. S. Cabbage,

Grass green, heavy weight.

30 brls. Good Hay.

Large brls., lowest prices.

Soper & Moore

'Phone—490.

Sirens of The Sands.

Gold Luten Professional Dancing Girls of North Africa.

The distinctive thing about the Ouled Nail, the professional dancing girl of North Africa, is her jewelry. She has so much of it, indeed, that there is no gold to be had in Algeria. Ask for napoleons instead of paper money at your bank and you will meet with a prompt "impossible, m'sieur."

"But why is it impossible?" you naturally inquire.

"Because we have no gold on hand, m'sieur," is the polite response.

"Where is it then?" you ask, scenting a robbery or a defalcation.

"On the Ouled Nails, m'sieur," the cashier courteously replies.

And he speaks the truth. Every centime that a dancing girl can beg, borrow or earn goes toward the purchase of massive silver jewelry, anklets, bracelets and the like, and this in turn is exchanged for gold pieces.

Whether French napoleons, British sovereigns or Turkish liras she is not particular—which, linked together in trellised armor, clanking, clashing and shining, envelops her lithe young body from neck to hips.

When her portable wealth has attained such dimensions it is usually the sign for the Ouled Nail to retire from business, going to her nomad husband with her dowry about her neck—Metropolitan Magazine.

Confessed That He Killed Little Girl.

Bangor, Maine, August 6.—A confession that he murdered Naomi Mitchell, a fourteen-year-old girl at North Carmel on the night of July 24, was made to Sheriff T. Herbert White in the presence of witnesses this afternoon by G. Sherman Gray, who earlier in the day was bound over to the Grand Jury on the charge of murder.

Gray told his story with no apparent emotion. He said he had enticed the girl into the woods and attempted to assault her. When she resisted, he tied her hands behind her back and cut her throat with his jack knife.

Gray said that he wanted to kill himself afterwards, but did not know how to do it. He said he did not realize what he had done until later, and intended to go back to Carmel and give himself up as soon as the matter had quieted down a little.

Gray declared he wanted to be confined in an insane asylum, and desired to tell the whole truth and get as light a sentence as possible.

Bad Motor Smash up.

From Magistrate Scott who returned from Exploits on Thursday, we learn that Manuel's new motor boat, equipped with a 40 h.p. Gideon kerosene motor sustained severe damage to one cylinder blowing it to pieces.

The boat had left Exploits for White Bay with salt as a good bit of fish was reported there but salt scarce.

About half way across the bay the engine room hands had come on deck for a breath of air when suddenly an explosion occurred below, the engine stopped immediately. One cylinder was badly damaged and for some time no move could be got out of the other.

There was no wind and the boat was drifting ashore. Finally one cylinder was got going, and she limped back to Exploits at about three knots arriving there long after dark.

The loss occasioned will be great as the boat will have to lie up until a new cylinder can be imported from Denmark.—Twillingate Sun.

A Burns Relic.

The discovery of a hitherto unknown poem of Burns is an event of great interest in more than literary circles, for the poet was the most remarkable singer of the people, the closest to the popular heart that ever appeared in any country or among any race.

The occasion of the poem was this: A nobleman, filled with curiosity to see this extraordinary peasant, invited him to his house, and at dinner time sent him to the servants' quarters to dine. Burns had no objections to this company at dinner, but when the Lord sent for him to come up to his drawing-room to amuse himself and his titled guests, the bard felt justly offended.

He sat down, wrote a poem, took it upstairs to His Lordship, turned on his heel and walked out without a word. Mrs. John Moffatt, of St. Andrew's, has given the poem to the public, it having been copied from the original by her grandfather, Mr. Edward Sanderson, a hundred years ago. Such is the history given. Here are the verses:

"My lord, I would not fill your chair, Tho' ye proudest noble's heir, I came this night to join your feast As equal of the best at least; 'Tis true that cash with me is scant, And titles, trifles that I want. The king has never made me kneel To stamp my manhood with his seal. But what of that? The King on High Who took less pains with you than I, Has filled my bosom and my mind With something better in its kind Than your broad acres, something which I cannot well translate to speech. But by its impulse I can know 'Tis deeds, not birth, that make men low.

Your rank, my lord, is but a loan! But mine, thank Heaven, is all my own. A peasant, 'tis my pride to be; Look round and round your hall, and see Who boasts a higher pedigree? I was not fit, it seems, to dine With those fox-hunting heroes fine; But only come to handy jests, Among your lordship's hopeful guests.

There must be here some sad mistake— I would not play for such a stake, Be a buffoon for drink and meat, And a poor earl's taxpaid seat; No, die, my heart, ere such a shame Descend on Robert Burns' name.

The lines certainly have a Burnsian vigor and biting directness, but it was the poet's usual habit when in a bitter humour to write in his own "braid Scotch," not in English as the above.

A Naughty Little Princess.

Marie Joseph, the little six-year old daughter of the King of Belgium, has the reputation of being a terrible handful. Hardly a day passes without her falling into some new scrape, much to the delight of everybody—except her parents.

A short time ago her mother went to a picture exhibition, and left the little girl in the carriage, in charge of a nurse. A respectful crowd soon gathered round and gazed in admiration at the pretty little Princess, who responded by putting out her tongue. The crowd now began to laugh, which encouraged her to repeat the joke. The arrival of her mother put a stop to the crowd's hilarity, but not before an amateur photographer had snapped the scene.

It was probably her dislike for lessons that prompted her to put gum inside the hat of her brother's tutor, who wears a wig to disguise "the thinness of the thach." When he took off his hat to someone in the street he felt something of a draught, for the wig came too.

The royal family recently entertained a few distinguished visitors who were naturally anxious to see the little princesses and her brothers. Prince Leopold brought his violin and played charmingly. Prince Charles showed his exercise books and everybody congratulated him on his progress he had made in French and German. It was now in French and German that he was to be outdone by her brothers, she marched into the centre of the room, and gravely turned head over heels.

Timothy's Question.

Dr. Whackem was a schoolmaster who certainly didn't believe in wasting time. Looking at his watch one afternoon, he saw it was approaching tea-time.

"Now," he said, as he looked at his class, "as we have a few more minutes I shall be glad to answer any questions which anyone may care to ask."

Timothy Tites put up his hand.

"Yes?"

"What is the time, str, please?"

Identifying Himself.

An old dorky was summoned before the judge for stealing a chicken. He was on hand early, and, before the case was called, the judge, observing his presence, asked his name.

"My name is Johnsing, yo' honah," said the dorky.

"Are you the defendant in this case?" inquired the judge.

"No, sah," replied the dorky. "I've got a swayer to do my defendin'; I've the gentleman what stole de chicken."



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