

## The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON



I had argued with the Very Clever Man on a certain subject, and had almost—perhaps quite—gone down before the powerful battery of his information and eloquence.

He seemed very deeply in earnest about it. It pleased me. I like to see clever people in earnest.

And then the next day I happened to be near a group of which the Very Clever Man was one, and overheard the same subject being discussed, and to my absolute amazement and disillusionment the Clever Man was taking the opposite side.

Why disillusionment? Hadn't he a right to take either side?

Yes, but not both.

At least, not to my way of thinking. It is all very well to use argument as a series of mental gymnastics in a debating club, but I think when men and women are discussing vital subjects, it behooves them to have vital convictions and not play puss-in-the-corner with their beliefs.

Of course I believe in open-mindedness. I believe a man should hear both sides of a case THOROUGHLY before he makes up his mind and takes his stand, but once having taken it, I believe he should never retreat from it unless he sees some good reason for changing his ideas on the subject.

I thought perhaps the Very Clever Man has changed his mind on the subject—though it must have been a lightning change—but when I asked him about it, he refused to accept that loophole of escape.

"Oh, no, I hadn't changed my mind," he insisted, cheerfully, "I'll take any side of any question for the sake of an argument."

That seems to me almost like denying your country.

I suppose I'm absurdly serious minded, but I like people whose convictions on big subjects are so intense, so passionate that they could no more speak against them, merely for the sake of stirring up an argument, than they could speak ill of their mothers or sisters.

And now, though you may think I'm splitting hairs and making mountains out of molehills in my protest against these over-zealous arguers, maybe you'll be impressed by a protest on the same subject from a wiser mind.

Says William Penn in his quaint but shrewd way:

"Don't use thyself to dispute against thine own Judgment, to shew Wit, let it prepare thee to be too, indifferent about what is Right; nor against another Man, to vex him, or for mere Trial of skill; since to inform or to be informed, ought to be the End of all Conferences."

Ruth Cameron

## Facts for Weak Women.

Nine-tenths of all the sickness of women is due to some derangement or disease of the organs distinctly feminine. Such sickness can be cured—is cured every day by

### Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

It acts directly on the organs affected and is at the same time a general restorative tonic for the whole system. It cures female complaint right in the privacy of home. It makes unnecessary the disagreeable questioning, examinations and local treatment so universally insisted upon by doctors, and so abhorrent to every modest woman.

We shall not particularize here as to the symptoms of those peculiar affections incident to women, but those wanting full information as to their symptoms and means of cure are referred to the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser—1008 pages, newly revised and up-to-date Edition, sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, or, in cloth binding for 50 stamps.

Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## Fads and Fashions.

When a chiffon tunic is worn over a foulard or other material a satin band often faces the skirt to the depth of the lower edge of the tunic.

The one-sided jabot that fills up the open space above the top button of the coat is very smart. It may be made of fine mull, hemstitched and edged with lace.

Capes are in all lengths and more or less severe in cut, but their linings and pipings—and now and then added button ornamentation—make them effective and attractive.

Fine serges, lightweight broadcloth, worsteds, mohairs, homespuns, etc., and various smooth-surface suitings are prominent in the fabrics seen in street suits of the day.

Festooned bands of ribbon are used to adorn the lower part of many tunics and skirts; the ribbon is run through large eyelets and holds the fullness of the tunic or skirt in place.

Double frills with the upper one in Vandyeke points over a lower one of color or white embroidered, or edged with lace, in white, are attractive whether in collar shape or yardage.

Moiré has taken on a new border in line with the latest fashions, the puffs at the edges fitting in perfectly with the styles of the early Victorian period which are now being revived.

The bows and rosettes of the hour cannot be made from a yard or two of ribbon; all the way from six to twelve yards are essential to the production of the fashionable accessory of this class.

Wraps, designed especially for dress occasions, are made of silk, chiffon, satin lace, cachemire de soie, voile, gauze cloth, bengaline, etc., in all the

new shades and in black and white. Yardage frilling is shown in many varieties, and each day or week some manufacturer puts out another new pattern. Interrupted plaits are the latest—that is, the plaits are in clusters with spaces between.

A noticeable feature in ribbon accessories, the shirring and simulated buckle or sashes, all made in or of the ribbon, and also the use of dainty drop trimmings, tassels, rings, discs, etc., as completions.

Two or three fairly deep tucks make a favorite and sensible finish for the ruffle or the flounce of the lingerie gown. They give a slight weight to the garment and it is a simple matter to launder them well.

So great has been the vogue of the bordered materials that manufacturers of silks have hit upon the idea of making the selvage of their materials wider and heavier than usual, so that it may itself serve as a border.

Coats of Irish crochet are smarter than ever. Those of chiffon in combination with the Irish lace are somewhat newer, but probably will not be so popular because they lack the wearing qualities of the all-lace garment.

### Sea Turtle's Life.

Whatever the young sea turtle eats and wherever he eats it—facts not generally ascertained—one thing is certain, it agrees with him immensely. He leads a pleasant sort of life, basking in the tropical sun and cruising leisurely in the cool depths.

Once he has attained the weight of twenty-five pounds, which usually occurs within the first year, the turtle is free from all danger. After that no fish or mammal, however ravenous, however well armed with teeth, interferes with the turtle.

When once he has withdrawn his head from its position of outlook into the folds of his neck between the two shells, intending devotees may struggle in vain to make an impression upon him.—From Harper's Weekly.

**AYER'S HAIR VIGOR**  
 Ingredients: Sulphur, Glycerin, Quinine, Sassafras, Castor Oil, Water, Perfuming.  
 Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly destroys the germs that cause falling hair. It nourishes the hair, restores them to health. The hair stops falling out, grows more rapidly.  
**Does not Color the Hair**

## League Football.

The first league football match for the season, the Casuals vs. B. I. S., took place on St. George's Field last evening. The attendance was very small chiefly owing to the cold weather prevailing. The B. I. S., who lost the toss were sent to the western goal where the wind blew against them. In the outset the Casuals made a grand onslaught and came very near scoring, the ball rolled behind the bars. The B. I. S. boys after the kick off made a dash against the wind and were doing well till they encountered the back division of the Casuals. The wind at this juncture was blowing very strong and both teams were kept busy keeping the ball within the field. In spite of all the care exercised it went over the fence several times. As the wind abated for a minute Mars captured the leather and racing west passed to Smallwood who neatly landed the goods in the net, scoring the first goal for his team.

On resuming play the Brophys put in some great combination play, but Bowring and Herder in the back division of the Casuals were too wide awake for them and sent the ball back out of danger. After this the play continued about midfield without any attractive features. After three or four minutes of this kind of play Cunningham, Mars and Smallwood of the Casuals combined very effectively and bringing the ball down on the B. I. S. ground gave a busy spurt to Brophy in the goal. Mars shot for the goal but Brophy saved nicely, but before he could get the ball out of the danger zone Frazer got in his work for the Casuals and scored up No. 2 for the team.

In less than a minute afterwards Mars secured the ball and dashed up the field and sent it whizzing past the B. I. S. goal keeper and notched up No. 3 for the Casuals.

Shortly after a corner was given them but nothing came of it, and when the half time whistle sounded the score was unaltered.

### HALF TIME.

The B. I. S. put on strenuous efforts to secure a goal on resuming play. The Casuals were too strong for them. Their combination was admirable. A penalty kick being awarded them they secured No. 4 goal.

The B. I. S. were now disheartened. The ball was knocked about in midfield for a while and the play lacked interest.

Shortly before the final whistle sounded P. Mars sent in No. 5 for the Casuals, leaving the score 5 to 0 in their favor.

The names of the players are as follows:—

B. I. S.—W. Brophy, goal; L. Stapleton, J. Kavanagh, backs; Mrs. James Cumbe, J. Bennett, T. Duggan, halves; J. Buckingham, E. Brophy, Jr., E. Brophy, Sr., S. Baird and G. Downs, forwards.

CASUALS.—H. Foster, goal; E. Bowring, H. Herder, backs; H. Rendell, K. McKenzie, H. Brown, halves; S. Lumsden, W. Smallwood, P. C. Mars, H. Frazer and A. Cunningham, forwards.

## Notes From Harbor Grace.

Mr. W. N. Ford, of the A. A. T. staff of Heart's Content, spent Sunday last in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. Ford.

The whaler Hump ran in here last evening out of the heavy sea that raged outside.

Mr. Edmund Rogers, Chairman of the Road Board, has a number of men employed cleaning up the roads in town. We hope the obliging chairman will manage to have some attention paid to the road known as Rocky Pond Road. The people living on the hill would be delighted to have the road cleaned up a bit.

Little Irene Gorman, a five-year-old girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Gorman, wandered to the old wharf at the rear of their residence yesterday morning and fell through into the water. Fortunately the other child, who was with her, saw her and she was rescued just in time. To Master Thomas McGrath, son of the late engineer Thomas McGrath, so well remembered, belong the credit of rescuing the little girl.

In the afternoon Master Blanchard Munn, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Munn, while playing on McRae's wharf, making a step too near was also given a cold bath. He was rescued by some bystanders nothing the worse of his dip.

Mr. Arthur Barnes, our former popular M. H. A., paid the town a flying visit yesterday. His many and sincere friends were pleased to see him.

Mr. Jeremiah Hare while working at Bell Island about three weeks ago fell owing to his light going out and hurt his leg. He was compelled to come home; he is still unable to resume work.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. John Casey in the death of their little daughter, Isabella, which took place on Monday last. The little one had been sick for two years, and although her mother took her to New York for treatment nothing could be done for her. She was 8 years and 8 months old. The funeral took place on Wednesday.

The great expert is now in town and is to give a demonstration of peat cutting, drying, etc., in a day or so. We had some excellent peat here in the past, but it was taken from us to enrich St. John's. We hope the genial Head Constable will pardon the pun. The members of the British Band intend going to Brigus on Tuesday next, where a concert and dance will be held in the night. On Wednesday they will proceed to North River, and hold another concert. The band is now in good form and the people of these places may look forward to something good in the music line.

CORRESPONDENT.  
 Har. Grace, June 16th, 1910.

## A Brief for "Beaver" Flour



## "Beaver" Flour

1. Eat more bread made from BEAVER FLOUR and less meat, and you will be better nourished, at the same time reducing the cost of living.
2. No special pastry flour is needed, for BEAVER FLOUR makes the best pies, cakes, biscuits and rolls.
3. It contains the valuable gluten and protein constituents of Manitoba No. 1 Hard Wheat, but makes finer, whiter bread than if made from that alone.
4. It owes its delicacy and lightness to the carbohydrate constituents of Ontario Wheat in just the right proportions, but is more nourishing than if made from that alone.
5. It readily takes up water, and makes larger loaves and more of them.
6. It tickles the palate of the whole family, and does them good.
7. A few good reasons are as good as a thousand, so we will now, Your Honor, rest our case.

Be sure to note that the decision is for BEAVER FLOUR,—with the costs assessed to those who do not use it.

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO. LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont.

## THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

### CHAPTER III.

### HILDA FANE.

(Continued.)

The new arrival looked through the cottage in the outskirts of the town.

"Ah, I understand," rejoined the other, ironically, "all part of the advertisement; helps to keep up the interest. I'll wage she can't act a bit."

"Then you'll love," is the retort. "She plays—well, better than any woman I ever saw, and that's saying something. Wait until you see her, and you'll indorse my opinion. And as for claptrap, I don't believe that's the motive at all. Anyone can see the woman is a lady. I wish I had taken Slade's bet! Hello, here he is, and he turned with a smile, as a tall, handsome, young Englishman quietly and coolly made his way through the crowded passage.

If he had not come in late, but had taken his seat half an hour before the performance had begun, he would have attracted attention, although there

from his face and manner; that he was also rich was conjectured by his lavish expenditure and his supreme and Quixotic disregard of money. Some said he was the heir to an enormous estate in England, travelling for pleasure; a few hinted that he was a mere adventurer. All, however, combined in making much of him, inviting him to dinners and 'at homes,' the men copying his dress and languid nonchalance, the women quoting his epigrammatic opinions and bonmots.

Faultlessly dressed, though he had travelled without a valet, he made his way, with calm, high-bred composure, to his seat, scarcely raising his eyes to the boxes, which almost unanimously lowered their opera glasses at him, and only responding to the frequent greetings of those about him with a faint smile and a languid nod; and yet he had seen and noticed as much of the house all ready as many who had been staring round it for the last quarter of an hour.

"Hello, Slade!" said the man who had been giving the history of the bet; "you are late; thought you weren't coming. Here's your seat."

"Thanks," he said, dropping into it without a glance at the house. "Yes, I am late; everture just finished; dined with the secretary of war, and couldn't get away."

"I thought you'd be here," said his friend, laughing and smiling round to the others. "How goes the wager?"

"It stands just where it was," replied Dawson Slade.

"Don't say so! I say, Slade, is it true that you sent her a diamond bracelet with her initials in emeralds as big as peas?"

"Quite," was the calm response. "True, also, as you have heard, no doubt, that she sent it back in the same wrapper."

"Phew!" softly whistled his friend. "Looks bad for your thousand, Slade!"

"I think not," said Dawson Slade, with a faint smile. "I am quite prepared to double the amount."

Before the challenge could be accepted or refused, the curtain rose, and instantly the house was hushed in silence.

The play was a political drama of the old Grecian school, which had been revived to give Hilda Fane an opportunity of playing the leading character; it was one of the old-fashioned, buckram dramas of Johnson's time, with only one piece of life in it, that of the heroine, a woman of infinite grace and tenderness, who, by a succession of wrongs, is

day with her veil down, and lives in a cottage in the outskirts of the town.

"Ah, I understand," rejoined the other, ironically, "all part of the advertisement; helps to keep up the interest. I'll wage she can't act a bit."

"Then you'll love," is the retort. "She plays—well, better than any woman I ever saw, and that's saying something. Wait until you see her, and you'll indorse my opinion. And as for claptrap, I don't believe that's the motive at all. Anyone can see the woman is a lady. I wish I had taken Slade's bet! Hello, here he is, and he turned with a smile, as a tall, handsome, young Englishman quietly and coolly made his way through the crowded passage.

If he had not come in late, but had taken his seat half an hour before the performance had begun, he would have attracted attention, although there

from his face and manner; that he was also rich was conjectured by his lavish expenditure and his supreme and Quixotic disregard of money. Some said he was the heir to an enormous estate in England, travelling for pleasure; a few hinted that he was a mere adventurer. All, however, combined in making much of him, inviting him to dinners and 'at homes,' the men copying his dress and languid nonchalance, the women quoting his epigrammatic opinions and bonmots.

Faultlessly dressed, though he had travelled without a valet, he made his way, with calm, high-bred composure, to his seat, scarcely raising his eyes to the boxes, which almost unanimously lowered their opera glasses at him, and only responding to the frequent greetings of those about him with a faint smile and a languid nod; and yet he had seen and noticed as much of the house all ready as many who had been staring round it for the last quarter of an hour.

"Hello, Slade!" said the man who had been giving the history of the bet; "you are late; thought you weren't coming. Here's your seat."

"Thanks," he said, dropping into it without a glance at the house. "Yes, I am late; everture just finished; dined with the secretary of war, and couldn't get away."

"I thought you'd be here," said his friend, laughing and smiling round to the others. "How goes the wager?"

"It stands just where it was," replied Dawson Slade.

"Don't say so! I say, Slade, is it true that you sent her a diamond bracelet with her initials in emeralds as big as peas?"

"Quite," was the calm response. "True, also, as you have heard, no doubt, that she sent it back in the same wrapper."

"Phew!" softly whistled his friend. "Looks bad for your thousand, Slade!"

"I think not," said Dawson Slade, with a faint smile. "I am quite prepared to double the amount."

Before the challenge could be accepted or refused, the curtain rose, and instantly the house was hushed in silence.

The play was a political drama of the old Grecian school, which had been revived to give Hilda Fane an opportunity of playing the leading character; it was one of the old-fashioned, buckram dramas of Johnson's time, with only one piece of life in it, that of the heroine, a woman of infinite grace and tenderness, who, by a succession of wrongs, is

transformed into a creature thirsting for and achieving her revenge.

Through the first half of the first act, the immense audience listened and watched with restless impatience; but suddenly as a curtain was pushed aside at the back of the stage, and a tall, slim figure of a girl, clad in the white robes of a vestal virgin, entered—quietly, unassumingly, but with infinite grace—the whole house seemed to spring, mentally awake and to its feet. A low thrill of admiration preceded the burst of applause, and even outlasted it.

With the slightest bend of her exquisitely shaped head, round which her dark and really wonderful hair was bound in close, heavy coils, Hilda acknowledged the enthusiastic reception, and proceeded at once with the action of the character. In an intense silence, the house listened, and seemed to drink in the tones of the voice which, had it been murmuring, simple, commonplace, would have enchaind attention; but uttering grand thoughts, in deep and eloquent words, went straight to the hearts of the crowded house and literally bewildered them.

And be it remarked, that it is not at all an easy thing to rouse a San Franciscan audience to enthusiasm.

Quietly, but with the subtle undercurrent of approaching passion, the play developed itself, and in the third act the young, simple, trusting vestal develops into the vengeful, indignant woman. Gone was the placid meekness, the veiled, downcast eyes, the mild, hesitating, musical voice, and in their place was outraged pride in arms, blazing through the dark eyes, and outpoured in the rich, powerful voice.

She swayed the audience as the wind sways a withy bough; every eye watched the graceful movements of the rounded arm and lithic, supple figure, when, with outstretched hands, she uttered her curse upon her persecutors every man and woman winced; and when she fell, and lay dead, stretched out and motionless, with her long hair sweeping over her white arm, a thrill of exquisite pain kept the spectators silent for a moment. Only for a moment; then they broke out into applause, which lasted long after she had swept across the stage before the curtain and disappeared from their view.

"Wonderful! Marvelous!" exclaimed the gentleman sitting next to Dawson Slade. "Never saw anything like it! No rant—and what a piece it is to rant in! It is nature itself!"

(To be continued.)

## Good Fellowship

occasionally leads to over-indulgence in the good things of the table. Be good to your stomach. Right it at once with

## Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.

were plenty of tall and handsome men in the crowded house.

But a man may be stalwart and comely, and yet pass in a crowd; Dawson Slade could not saunter down a street without people turning to look at him. Men in the cafes and clubs scanned him approvingly and curiously, and wondered who he was, Three months ago they had commenced asking this, and now they were still asking it. That he was an Englishman, and well born, could be gathered

**BOVRIL**

Don't forget to order BOVRIL

Better to be sure you've got it in the house than sorry you haven't

transformed into a creature thirsting for and achieving her revenge.

Through the first half of the first act, the immense audience listened and watched with restless impatience; but suddenly as a curtain was pushed aside at the back of the stage, and a tall, slim figure of a girl, clad in the white robes of a vestal virgin, entered—quietly, unassumingly, but with infinite grace—the whole house seemed to spring, mentally awake and to its feet. A low thrill of admiration preceded the burst of applause, and even outlasted it.

With the slightest bend of her exquisitely shaped head, round which her dark and really wonderful hair was bound in close, heavy coils, Hilda acknowledged the enthusiastic reception, and proceeded at once with the action of the character. In an intense silence, the house listened, and seemed to drink in the tones of the voice which, had it been murmuring, simple, commonplace, would have enchaind attention; but uttering grand thoughts, in deep and eloquent words, went straight to the hearts of the crowded house and literally bewildered them.

And be it remarked, that it is not at all an easy thing to rouse a San Franciscan audience to enthusiasm.

Quietly, but with the subtle undercurrent of approaching passion, the play developed itself, and in the third act the young, simple, trusting vestal develops into the vengeful, indignant woman. Gone was the placid meekness, the veiled, downcast eyes, the mild, hesitating, musical voice, and in their place was outraged pride in arms, blazing through the dark eyes, and outpoured in the rich, powerful voice.

She swayed the audience as the wind sways a withy bough; every eye watched the graceful movements of the rounded arm and lithic, supple figure, when, with outstretched hands, she uttered her curse upon her persecutors every man and woman winced; and when she fell, and lay dead, stretched out and motionless, with her long hair sweeping over her white arm, a thrill of exquisite pain kept the spectators silent for a moment. Only for a moment; then they broke out into applause, which lasted long after she had swept across the stage before the curtain and disappeared from their view.

"Wonderful! Marvelous!" exclaimed the gentleman sitting next to Dawson Slade. "Never saw anything like it! No rant—and what a piece it is to rant in! It is nature itself!"

(To be continued.)

**FERROVIM**

TRADE MARK

THE BEST TONIC for all sickly people. Makes new blood; Gives strength; Restores vitality. Taken after any illness restores a return to health.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

## With the Aid of a Mouse.

In the Vinery building at Norfolk, Va., there is a tube 197 feet in length through which an electric wire had to be run, and on account of several bends in it, blowing machines and other things failed to do the work. Then a mouse was caught, a thread tied to its leg and it was started through the pipe. The plan worked and the wire was pulled through by a cord which was attached to the end of the long thread. The mouse was given its freedom.

**CARPENTER-MORTON ROOFING**

GIVES SATISFACTION

MADE FROM NATURAL ASPHALT THAT COMES FROM THE BRITISH WEST INDIES. THE GREATEST WATERPROOFING AGENT KNOWN TO SCIENCE.

YOUR ROOF TROUBLES WILL BE OVER IF YOU USE CARPENTER-MORTON ROOFING. FULLY GUARANTEED FOR A TERM OF YEARS DEPENDING ON THE THICKNESS USED.