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Britain Welcomes a New Cricket Hero

WACK HOBBS EXCEEDS THE "CENTURIES" RECORD OF FAMOUS W. G. GRACE.

By ALLANSON SHAW.

England has been in something akin to ferment this summer. Would Hobbs, the Surrey cricketer, break W. G. Grace's record of "centuries" which stood at 126—a "century" meaning the scoring of 100 runs or more in individual innings? Against Somerset, in August, Hobbs settled the matter by hitting his 127th century!

Since a champion is something of a national institution the non-sporting world has been as enthusiastic as the sporting. Ordinarily when a championship record has been wiped out and the pre-eminent one has been achieved, the title changes hands; when Goliath of Gath, the only champion recognized in the Bible, was knocked out by young David of Judea, the boys were shifted to the latter's brow. This is not always the case, however, there are champions who have exhibited super-excellence so fully over a period of years that when decline comes and the new star climbs the firmament, they still wear the laurel.

So the achievement of Hobbs in one corner of the field in which Grace was so long dominant and unchallenged has but served to draw attention to the performances of Grace. A champion, according to the books, is a man who has reached the top of his field and defies the world to displace him. He should have skill, his superiority must be exhibited over a fairly long testing period, and, once he is representative of sport, he should have personality that has popular attractiveness. While crick is a very minor sport in this country, it is mother or foster-mother to baseball, and the career of Grace, its champion, is of interest to all sporting people.

Cricket Demands Stamina.
For forty-three years his hugely picturesque figure dominated first-class cricket, his career beginning in 1865 and ending only in 1908. During this period he scored the enormous number of 58,596 runs and captured 2,376 wickets—which means much the same as though Babe Ruth, after amassing a huge number of hits, had gone into the box, and as pitcher had brought about the downfall of nearly 3,000 adversaries.

Cricket is a Marathon game rather than a sprinting one, and because of its relatively slower method the casual critic has inferred it to be a tedious sport, frequently interrupted by tea and the solemn muffin. This is largely the calumny of ignorance. If it does not call for extreme dash and concentrated effort—it demands stamina over the much longer course. In his forty-seventh year Grace was on the field every minute of a three days' game, either batting, bowling or fielding. In the early days of his career, when grounds were not the brilliant, the off season, following about a fast pack of beagles over pasture and plow, he could throw a 54-ounce ball 9 inches in circumference close on 120 yards. Thus it may be seen that, tested after an allround fashion, he had the distinctiveness that makes the champion.

To this physical ability he added the requisite of personality. One would not need to ask "Which is Grace?" as the clever he headed came upon the field. The eye instantly fastened on a man, two inches over six feet, with wide shoulders and deep chest, swartly face half covered by thick black beard and surmounted by a red and yellow cap. He had a bear-like amble, a bearlike shaginess and bearlike rumble and growl in utterance. He suggested a vast, black-whiskered Santa Claus who could be frangible and genial in turn.

The homage of the mob he received with the frank appreciation that the champion should show. He knew he was "king" by playing right and so, whether at Lords among the top-hatted city folk who rushed out after lunch when the news came that the Old Man was at the wickets and in form, or in country fields, or on college grounds, he received the plaudits of the crowds with benignity and evident gratification. Never was Grace seen to greater advantage than when among a crowd of hero-worshipping boys on the field.

Once Grace took an eleven down to play Matchless College. He went in first and scored a run or two; then the lucky young bowler sent down a hot one that got past the leviathan's defence and shattered his stumps. Silence reigned for several moments, then yells of triumph rose. After the game when the visitors accompanied the boys to evening chapel, the hymn chosen by the lads was one of Faber's. No worshipper chuckled more than Grace when the third line of the verse was lustily sung:

The day is gone, its hours have run,
The sun has set, the stars are shewn,
The day is gone, its hours have run,
The sun has set, the stars are shewn.

The day is gone, its hours have run,

KIELLEY'S DRUG STORE

Eno's Fruit Salt \$1.00
Paino Dental Tooth Paste
(2 tubes—one cleaning
and one polishing) 50c.
Coconut Oil Shampoo 35c.
Resinal Soap, box \$1.00
Vapo-Cresoline Ointment \$2.50
Perfume 45c.
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Tonic \$1.10
Glyco Thymoline 75c.
Fellows' Syrup \$1.10
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Pickling Spice 20c.
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Wampole's Effervescent
Grape Salts, large box, 85c.
Correa Cream for burns and
scalds 30c.
Jeye's Fluid, bot. 35c.
Rider & Gallet's large Glass
container 45c.

J. J. KIELLEY,
Water Street East.
Feb. 3, 1927

And Thou hast taken count of all;
The scanty triumphs grace hath won.
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
The world will never look upon his
like again. Others, like Hobbs, may
equal and better some of his performances, but the world has changed
vastly since 1865. The conditions of
life and living and the setting of the
game have so altered that in place of
the leisurely, picturesque giant comes
the business man Hobbs, who plays
the game admirably during the season
and sells sporting goods the year
round. The sporting world, however,
can no more afford to forget champions
like Grace than we can afford to
lose a great picture, a notable book, a
historic edifice.

One of the characteristics of the
sporting world in which we live to-
day is its plethora of champions. In
sport several players so nearly
equal that the victory of one, where
all compete, occasions no surprise.
Yet surveying the fields of the last
sixty years, one lingers on a figure
here and there because of its combination
of features characteristic of
the champion. There was the tragic
case of young Tom Morris, who died,
virtually in the purple, at 24, with the
record of four consecutive championship
victories to his name. Fifty
years have elapsed since he died,
links have improved, clubs and balls
have been bettered, but the skill,
determination and fighting valour
of the Scot who was the ideal of
both amateur and professional golf
would carry him far could he come
back to compete with the players of
this day.

To look over the mid-period of golf
it would seem at first glance rather
absurd to pass by the great triad of
British golfers, Vardon, Taylor and
Braid, with Ray, at his best, the equal
of any of them. But perhaps in John
Ball Jr., who was a player who more
nearly came up to requirements as a
complete champion, with eight amateur
championships and one open cham-
pionship to his credit. There have
been few greater match players, in
which man had been actually against
man, without the intrusion of the
pencil and score card. Those who
were privileged to see his battles
against Freddie Tait, who died amid
the wire entanglements of Magers-
fontein, will recall them as veritable
encounters of champions at their
fighting best.

Hagan's Fighting Spirit.

In the modern survey, from a vast
number of candidates and champions
emerges the robust figure of Walter
Hagan, with British and American tri-
umphs as tangible evidence of his
claim to supremacy. There may be
better shot makers in departments of
the game, but if fighting spirit is the
decisive element in championship
struggles between those who are nearly
equal in technical skill, one cannot
see how Hagan may be passed by
when the super-champion is sought.

In baseball there is a bewildering
array of champions covering the half-
century of its existence—great pitchers
all the way from "Old Hoss" Rube
Bourne with his unsurpassed record
of 62 games won in a season, to the
stars of to-day. With the achieve-
ments of Walsh, Young, Brown and
many other great pitchers to look upon,
choice would appear to be well-nigh
impossible in the matter of
super-championship. Perhaps if the
opinion of the public were taken, and
the three testing qualifications considered
rather than mere technical
records, Mathewson would be found
at the top.

Ty Cobb's Achievement.

When one comes to place by the
side of Mathewson the champion of
baseball batters the task is somewhat
what simplified by the indisputable
record of Ty Cobb. His twenty
years of baseball and twelve years of
clear pre-eminence in his field would
seem to be decisive. Lawn tennis has
had its succession of champions—the
Renshaws, Dohertys, Larned, Mc-
Loughlin, and many others, who have

won the laurels for their day and
added something to the game's de-
velopment and lustre. Here also are
figures that catch the eye, not so much
because of super-excellence in the
game alone, but because of their fitness
as champions. McLoughlin is one
of them; brilliant, of striking per-
sonality, with something of the
meteoric in his rise. Wilding is another;
his qualities as player and man
are more clearly seen in the perspective
that tragic death affords.

It is not because Wilding is still on
the courts and at his best that one
selects his for pre-eminence among
champions; rather it is because he
has the gift of the super-champion in
facing the greatest emergency. In in-
ferior contests sometimes he is not
the wizard whose cunning and skill
are so cleverly seen when the fight is
hard and much hinges on the result.

One may hardly pass from review of
sporting champions without a glance
at boxing. The game has had its in-
numerable "kings," champions and
would-be monarchs, but if the public
verdict were taken on the matter of
supremacy based on actual achieve-
ment covering an extended period, it
is probable that John L. Sullivan
would be judged pre-eminent. The
decision would largely be based upon
the fact that Sullivan was a fighting
man to whom the game was ever more
than the prize, who loved the battle
and who went into every fight,
whether against sturdy, bare-knuckled
opponent, or against his greatest
and craftiest foe, John Barleycorn,
with clear-headed courage and deter-
mination that nothing could daunt.

Do you want a round trip
to New York for two or
\$1000? Round trip to Hal-
fax for two or \$250? Trip to
Corner Brook or \$100? Seven-
ty Five Dollars, Fifty Dol-
lars, Twenty Five Dollars?
Then watch this paper.
sept30,tf

THE TRAINS.—Tuesday's train is
due at Port aux Basques on time.
The express with Kyle's mails and
passengers left Port aux Basques on
time. The Humber special reached
the city at noon.

CUNARD ANCHOR

ANCHOR-DONALDSON

PASSENGER SAILINGS

FROM MONTREAL TO

Oct. 2—Saturnia, P. Cher., London

Oct. 3—Alania, P. Cher., London

Oct. 3—Athenia, P. Cher., London

Oct. 10—Aurania, P. Cher., Liverpool

Oct. 17—Antonia, P. Cher., London

Oct. 23—Lettia, P. Cher., London

Oct. 24—Aurania, P. Cher., Liverpool

Oct. 30—Alania, P. Cher., Liverpool

Oct. 30—Saturnia, P. Cher., London

Nov. 6—Athenia, P. Cher., London

Nov. 7—Aurania, P. Cher., London

FROM NEW YORK TO

Sept. 30—Aurania, Cher., Southampton

Oct. 3—Alania, P. Cher., Liverpool

Oct. 3—Tuscania, L. Cher., Glasgow

Oct. 3—Scythia, L. Cher., Liverpool

Oct. 7—Berengaria, Cher., Southampton

Oct. 10—Cameronia, L. Cher., Glasgow

Oct. 10—Andania, P. Cher., Hamburg

Oct. 14—Mauretania, P. Cher., Southampton

Oct. 17—Carmania, Q. Cher., Liverpool

Oct. 17—Albania, P. Cher., London

Oct. 17—Caledonia, L. Cher., Glasgow

Oct. 21—Aquitania, Cher., Southampton

Oct. 24—Lancastria, P. Cher., Liverpool

Oct. 24—Franconia, Q. Cher., Liverpool

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Oct. 4—Scythia, Q. Cher., Liverpool

Oct. 18—Carmania, Q. Cher., Liverpool

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"IS IT THE LAW"

A SPLENDID VERSION OF THE WELL-KNOWN STAGE MELO-DRAMA

MAJESTIC THEATRE TO-DAY



Starring FLORENCE DIXON and ARTHUR HOHL.

GET READY FOR THE BIG ANNOUNCE-
MENT ON FRIDAY NIGHT.



"Extra! Extra!" shouted Reddy
Comb, the little rooster newboy.
"Read the answer to Old Mr. Dog's
Cross Word Puzzle in the Bun-
ny-bridge Bugle! Morning Bugle! Extra,
extra!"

"Here, there, I'll take one," cried
Daddy Fox, who had come early that
morning to Rabbitville to buy a spool
of cotton for Mrs. Fox.

Reddy Comb cautiously held out at
arm's length a copy of the Bugle. He
was afraid to come too close to the
old fox, even though the kind Police-
man Dog stood on the corner only a
few feet away. Of course Daddy Fox
when in Rabbitville behaved himself.
Yes, indeed. He knew better than to
misbehave. The brave Policeman Dog
and his watchful bow-wow cops were
not to be trifled with. "Ha, ha!" grin-
ned Daddy Fox dropping 5 carrot
cents into the little rooster's out-
stretched cap, "why didn't you bring
the paper around to my house this
morning. You might have known I
would have bought it."

"Your den in the rocks is too lonely
a place for a little rooster," answered
Reddy Comb, with a cock-a-doodle-do.

"Feathered Folk should never dare
visit Daddy Fox's lair!"

"You'd make a nice chicken stew,"
whined the old robber under his long
breath; licking his lips with his long
red tongue. But the little rooster
never heard him. No, that little
feathered newboy was too busy
shouting, "Extra! Extra!"

Tucking the paper in his pocket,
the old fox trotted home to his den
in the rocks on the wooded hillside.
As soon as he came in sight of his
front door, he shouted to his two
small sons, Bushytail and Slyboots:

Wild Birds Find Friend in Hunter

WHO ONCE SHOT THEM FOR PRO-
FIT.

TORONTO, Oct. 9.—Thousands of
wild birds know Jack Miner's voice
and return to him yearly at his home
in Kingsville, Canada, a haven of
rest. Miner, once a hunter for profit,
made this statement to-day at the
forty-eighth annual convention of the
American Humane Association:

"There were twelve of us in our
family," said Miner, "and a dollar bill
looked like a horse blanket, so my
oldest brother and I took to hunting
for the market. We became expert
shooters, and left a bloody trail behind
us. However, we soon outgrew that
cold-blooded practice. Market hunt-
ing is not sport, but murder in the
first degree."

Miner then told this bit of his life
history:

"I had positive proof that the wild-
est of these creatures knew us as their
deadly enemies. Finally the thought
came to me that surely they would
know a friend if they had one. That
love message is now reality for I
have thousands of these feathered
witnesses that actually know my voice
and at times will come down when I
call them."

"I have learned a few notes of the
wild goose language, so that you may
blindfold me and I will tell you a
small percentage of their actions."

"I now have tags returned to me
of the wild geese from North Caro-
lina to Baffin Land and forty-one
from Hudson Bay. I have tags re-
turned from thirty-three different
States and provinces, covering an
area of about 2,000 miles square, or
4,000,000 square miles. But about the
most encouraging fact I can give you
is that fully 40 per cent. of the birds
I tag in the fall return to me the fol-
lowing spring."

"It took me several years to get

"Here's the paper, boys!" Daddy Fox
was a kind father. He loved his home
and his family. The previous evening
he had spent two hours with Bushy-
tail and Slyboots trying to solve Old
Mr. Dog's Cross Word Puzzle. Mrs.
Fox had often looked up from her
knitting to suggest a word. Oh, yes, in-
deed. The whole fox family had used
their brains and two dictionaries to
solve that wonderful puzzle.

"Let us all sit round the table and
compare our solution with the answer
in the paper," suggested Mrs. Fox, as
Daddy Fox and the two small cubs
trotted into the kitchen. So down they
all sat, spreading out the page on



ANSWER TO OLD MR. DOG'S CROSS
WORD PUZZLE.

which was printed the answer, they
breathlessly scanned the checker-
board-like picture.
Quick, Little Reader, make believe
you are looking over Bushytail's
shoulder!
"Hurrah!" all of a sudden shouted
the two little fox cubs, "we got it
right, we got it right!" and around
the kitchen they jumped in wild ex-
citement.

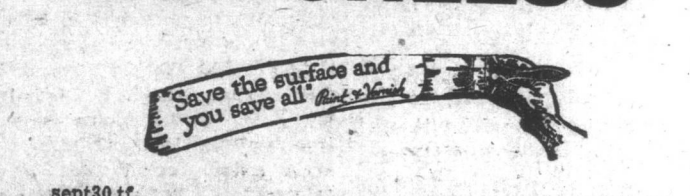
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Famous Aniline Dye

How many people associate this
term with the great battle which was
fought between the French and Aus-
trians sixty-six years ago. The Aus-
trian aniline dye received its name from
this battle. Sir W. H. Perkon having
discovered it in the year in which this
battle was fought, viz. 1859. He may
be correctly said to be the founder of
the modern industry of the coal tar
colors. It was in 1906, the celebration
of the jubilee of the discovery, that it
was announced that no fewer than 700
separate and distinctive coloring mat-
ters can be obtained from these coal
tar products. The first color, which
Sir W. H. Perkon succeeded in pro-
ducing from aniline received the name
of mauve.

Not only has the Orange Free State
its mineral wealth. It possesses also
some ten million sheep, one and a
half million cattle, half a million An-
gora goats, a quarter of a million
horses, and also over ten thousand
ostriches!

The tunnels in the mines are light-
ed by electricity and ventilated by
compressed air, while the machinery
is some of the costliest in the world.

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ex. S.S. "Watuka"

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