

ELLIS MAKE CLOTHES
ARE RIGHT IN FIT, STYLE AND FINISH.



FALL AND WINTER OVERCOATINGS
In Tweed, Cheviot, Nap, Melton and All-Wool materials now on display. Our New Fall and Winter Suitings due to arrive by next steamer from England. Indigo Blue Serge always in stock.

CHAS. J. ELLIS, 302 Water St.

Tell Him Now.

If with pleasure you are viewing a work of art, tell him now. If you like him or you love him, tell him now. Don't withhold your approbation till the person makes oration. And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow. For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it; He won't know how many tear-drops you have shed; If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him. For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment, kind and sunny And the hearty, warm approval of a friend. For he gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver; And it gives you heart and spirit to the end; If he earns your praise bestow it—let you like him; let him know it; Let the words of true encouragement be said; Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover. For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

For Valor.

(Montreal Star)
Perhaps there are some prosaic, matter-of-fact persons who see in the award of the Medal of Honor to Britain's Unknown Warrior and the bestowal of the Victoria Cross on his American comrade-in-arms nothing but a piece of sentimentalism, and, therefore, unworthy of their sternly practical minds. Of this class are those who disdain all poetry as trash and regard romance as food for love-sick maidens and children.

It is a good thing for the world that such men and women are few in number and insignificant in influence. There is enough of pessimism and gloom abroad without banishing the romance and chivalry which is the lubricant of our social intercourse. The great majority are touched by romance which this bestowal of these sacred awards inspires. They "see through a glass darkly" something of the mysticism which endowes these honors and in a world full of materialism they grasp at this symbol of a higher life.

The Medal of Honor and the Victoria Cross are the supreme awards in the gift of the two Anglo-Saxon peoples. The Victoria Cross, which dates from the days of the Indian Mutiny, "shall only be awarded to those officers and men who have served in the presence of the enemy and shall have performed some signal act of valor and devotion to their country." The Congressional Medal of Honor is granted as a reward for "most distinguished bravery and self-sacrifice above and beyond the call of duty, for gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of life."

Neither medals have been cheapened by promiscuous disposal and both are regarded as the highest attainment of duty well done, of superb courage in the face of death. If the roll of the holders of both medals has been swelled during the last few years it has only been because prodigies of valor were performed by the heroes of both nations in the face of the enemy.
On the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey has been laid the reward of splendid courage, a token of a nation's appreciation of the dauntless spirit which urges men to supreme effort in defence of country.

In a few days' time a little bronze cross, hammered out of the metal of captured cannon, will be laid reverently on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior who sleeps at Arlington.

Each of these tombs is the resting place of a knight "sans peur and sans reproche." Both of the honored soldiers were men subject to like passions as we ourselves, with their weaknesses and their failings, but into those tombs has been drawn all that is best spiritually in the armies of the two nations, in those two plain coffins are for ever enshrouded the ideals of these two peoples.

These warriors in their lifetime fought as comrades. The highest recognition of the qualities of each has been paid by the State of the other. The warrior who is the "Fighting Yank" has been enrolled among the glorious names of Britain's heroes and some Tommy has won the Congressional Medal of Honor.

London's Traffic Wizard

Great Task of the Brain Behind the Buses.
In a little room in London, above Leicester Square Tube station, is one of the most remarkable telephones in the world.

Beside it sits a still more remarkable man. The man is Mr. Charles James, who controls the whole of London's enormous bus traffic, and the telephone at his side is the instrument with which he does it.

Everything in the room is remarkable—even the room itself. It is small, almost insignificant, in appearance; the furniture is conspicuous by its scarcity; its principal decoration is maps.

It seems amazing that from this queer little room the movements of the many thousands of motor-buses in the London streets should be regulated like so many marionettes upon strings. But it is a fact; and although they may not be aware of it, a vast number of people depend upon the man in the room to get them to business in the morning and home in the evening.

Hurry On, Please.
Mr. James, the bus wizard, seems to fit into the picture admirably. He is a pleasant-faced man whose mind is filled with facts and figures about buses and bus routes. He is almost always busy, yet he could spare time to extend a welcome to the Tit-Bits man.

"Sometimes it is a hard and worrying job," Mr. James said, "although the fact that I began my career as a bus conductor helps; for, you see, I know all the roads in London.
"On a day with good weather it is fairly easy, but if it starts to rain I have to get busy—phoning to all the garages and so on, giving orders regarding the disposal of the various buses.

"If a big crowd turns up anywhere—say, at a football match—extra buses are immediately put on the route. If there should be any delay in any part of the service, additional vehicles are brought to the route. If anything should go wrong, say, with any part of the Underground Railway service relief buses are dispatched right away. It is all done quickly. There is no time for delay. The public must not be kept waiting."
In many respects Mr. James is like a general commanding his troops. His

office is the G.H.Q. Before him is a glass-topped desk on which are minutely detailed the times of arrival and departure of buses on the various routes. Every bus in the company's service can be located immediately, and when a telegram arrives, asking for more vehicles in a certain area Mr. James looks at the map, lifts up the 'phone-receiver, speaks—and the deed is accomplished!

Mr. James works in a building where great things are done; his neighbour is just as mighty a potentate as he is himself.

Two Mighty Jugglers.
On the wall beside Mr. James is a gigantic map of London, and again beside that is a door, with a glazed window, leading to another room. In that room sits the "master mind" of the Underground. Just as Mr. James guides the buses, so does his neighbour regulate the railways.

Both these men are like jugglers; they juggle with the destinies—or at least, the destinations—of millions of people. Eighteen million passengers are carried each week on the buses alone. Some idea of the immensity of the figure may be gained from the fact that it is more than twice that of the population of Greater London, and almost seventy-two times the total population of Hull.

On occasions there have been as many as 2,800 buses on the streets. If placed end to end they would have stretched a distance of nearly fourteen miles.

"My brain often gets tired with so much concentration," Mr. James said, "but I soon get rid of the cobwebs after a ride in the open air on—yes, you're right—a bus!"—Tit-Bits.

We have many testimonials from Wholesalers stating that VICTORY BRAND CLOTHING is the most saleable line they handle. THE WHITE CLOTHING MFG. CO., LTD.—jest.it

Joseph Schlosser, of Vineland, N.J., found two apples that got hidden in a basket of sweet potatoes in the Fall of 1920, and were perfectly sound when the potatoes, which had sprouted long vines, were thrown out. The apples had been buried in the sweet potatoes all last winter and summer.

The Gypsy's Warning.

Do not trust him, gentle lady, Though his voice be low and sweet; Heed not him who kneels before you, Gently pleading at your feet. Now thy life is in its morning, Cloud not this thy happy lot; Listen to the gypsy's warning; Gentle lady, trust him not.

Do not turn so coldly from me, I would only tell thee truth; From a stern and withering sorrow I would only guard thy youth. I would shield thee from all danger, Save thee from a tempter's snare, Listen to the gypsy's warning; I have warned thee, now beware.

Lady, once there lived a maiden, Pure and bright, and, like thee, fair. But he wooed, he wooed and won her, Filled her gentle heart with care; Then he heeded not her weeping, Nor cared he her life to save. So she perished now she's sleeping In the cold and silent grave.

Keep thy gold; I do not wish it; Trust me—thou shalt find me true! Constant as the light of morning I will ever be to you. Lady, I will not deceive thee, Fill thy guileless heart with woe; Trust me, lady, and believe me, Sorrows thou shalt never know.

ANSWER TO THE GYPSY'S WARNING.

Lady, do not heed her warning— Trust me—thou shalt find me true! Constant as the light of morning I will ever be to you. Lady, I will not deceive thee, Fill thy guileless heart with woe; Trust me, lady, and believe me, Sorrows thou shalt never know.

Lady, every joy would perish, Pleasure all would wither fast, If no heart could love and cherish, In this world of storm and blast. When the stars that gleam above thee Shine the brightest in the night; So would he who fondly loves thee In the darkness be thy light.

Down beside the flowing river, Where the dark green willow weeps, Where the leafy branches quiver— There a gentle maiden sleeps. In the morn a lonely stranger— Comes and lingers many hours— Lady, he's no heartless ranger— For he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady, heed thee not her warning, Lay thy soft, white hand in mine, For I seek no fairer laurel Than the constant love of thine. When the silver moonlight brightens Thou shalt slumber on my breast; Tender words thy soul shall lighten, Lull thy spirit into rest.

This is a Poor Ad. Don't Read It.

WHY?
It doesn't give any selling points. It just tells you to use

Make Ur Own Batteries,
and end your flashlight troubles.

ASK YOUR HARDWARE DEALER.
WM. HEAP & CO., LTD., Distributors.

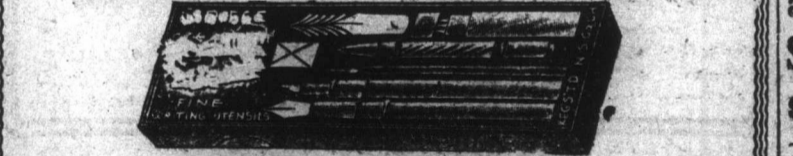
MEN and BOYS, ATTENTION!

Special Line Pants, \$2.60.

EXTRA VALUES IN OVERCOATS, SUITS, PANTS, SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR. SEE OUR HAND MADE SUITS for particular men.

SEE WINDOW. SEE WINDOW.
The Fit-Rite Clothiers,
One Door East Royal Stores.

FREE--Boys and Girls.



SCHOOL COMPANION
for selling only \$1, \$2, \$3, \$4 worth of Tapa Blueing. Regular 15c.
NOW SELLING AT 10c.

RYAN SUPPLY CO.,
227 Theatre Hill, St. John's, Nfld.

A Suit or Overcoat at

Maunder's, selected from a splendid variety of British Woollens, cut by an up-to-date system from the latest fashions, moulded and made to your shape by expert workers, costs you no more than the ordinary hand-me-down. We always keep our stocks complete and you are assured a good selection. Samples and style sheets sent to any address.



John Maunder,
Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street

Leaves are falling. There's a tingle in the air.

I HAVE 'EM! THE NEW FALL VELOURS.

Man! to get red-blood smartness into your winter outfit you'll want one of these dapper Velours. They're something extraordinary—in style, in wear. Couldn't find anything to measure up to my standards on these points. I have certain ideas as to what makes a real man's hat. I want to sell hats that are out of the rut—what no one else can show. I told the factory foreman the kind of a hat I wanted. He said "It'll be a cracker-jack hat!" It is. It's so different from the rest that they called it

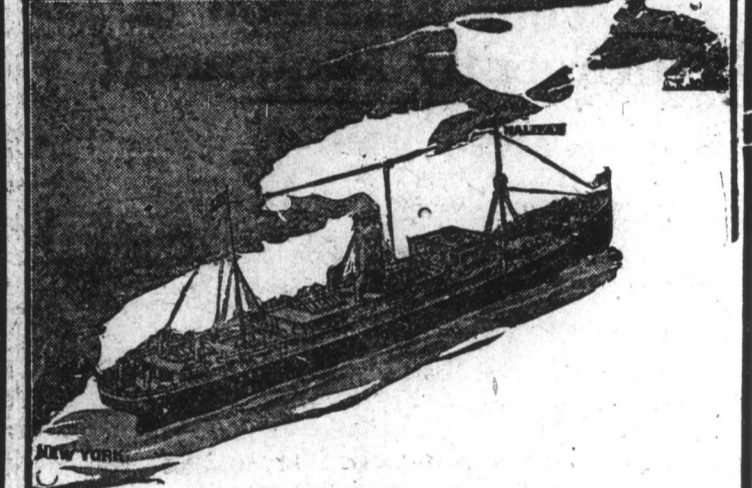
The Kearney Exclusive
Branded on Every Hat.

This hat must wear well; my name is behind it.

KEARNEY'S.

oct22,31,s,m,w

RED CROSS LINE.



NEW YORK—HALIFAX—ST. JOHN'S.
The S. S. ROSALIND will sail from New York on Wednesday, November 2nd.
This steamer has excellent accommodation and carries both First and Second Class Passengers.
Through tickets issued to Boston via The Dominion Atlantic Railway at considerably reduced rates.
Through rates quoted to any port.
For further information re passage, fares, freight rates, etc., apply to
HARVEY & COMPANY, LIMITED.
St. John's, Nfld., Agents.

NEW ARRIVALS!

We have just opened another shipment of our CELEBRATED CHAMPION BLOWER BLACKSMITH'S FORGES 8 in., 10 in., 12 in. fans; weight 85 to 215 lbs.
New stock of Black and Galvanized Steel Pipe, Elbows, Tees, Reducers, Bushings, Pipe Caps and Flugs, Flange Unions, Couplings, Nipples, Common and Dart Unions, Water and Steam Hose, Rubber and Leather Beltings, Raw Hide Lacing, Belt Dressing, Batteries, Battery Testers, Telegraph Instruments, Brass Valves, Nipples, Elbows and Tees.
Remember, we are agents for GOULD'S SINGLE and DOUBLE ACTING PUMPS.
See our window and be convinced. Mail orders promptly attended to.

Reid- Newfoundland Co., Limited
Phone 455. WATER ST. STORES DEPT. P. O. Box 944.
oct24,26,27,29,nov3,10,17,24

A large hat of mauve felt is trimmed with bands of paler mauve satin and to the knees, showing ripples on the sides and flat back and front.
One type of suit coat reaches almost a wreath of tiny pink roses.

Corporation in **Nova Zembla.**
The Associated Press—After explorations lasting two months, Norwegian expedition to Nova Zembla, headed by Professor Holtedahl of the University of Christiania, returned with a mass of new facts. The main feature of the geological structure of the range of mountains on Nova Zembla were ascertained and fresh data dating from the later Devonian were found, showing the existence of the great North American continent of the Devonian age extended as far as Nova Zembla. The level marks subsequent glacial age were discovered and shells were found up to heights of 10,000 feet above sea level. The expedition collected a vast amount of new specimens of animal life and new species of birds and insects.

Short of Coal.

News was received by the Purveyor of the Government yesterday saying that the Norwegian steamer Louisiana was short of coal at this port short of coal, and it is due to-day. The ship requires about 200 tons to replenish her stores. The Louisiana is a ship of 1,000 tons, and is bound from England to St. John's.

Helps Liniment Relieves

Helps Liniment Relieves... (text partially obscured)

MUTT AND JEFF—MUTT'S SALESMANSHIP ABILITY IS RATHER PUNK.



—By Bud Fisher