

Pound Tweeds!

JUST RECEIVED
A shipment of POUND TWEEDS
ALL LENGTHS and GOOD PATTERNS.
Also, Fall Stock of
OVERCOATINGS, TWEEDS and SERGES
GREAVES & SONS
WHOLESALE DRY GOODS
QUEEN STREET.

With Seaplane and Motor Boat In Newfoundland and Labrador.

Extracts from the Diary of a Wanderer.

THE CRELUITY OF THE BOSS.

Sept. 4th 1922.—What evil dreams the Boss been having, or what he had the ordering of his mind, it scarce daylight, when with a diabolical grin he enters our cabin shouting "I say you fellows, I am taking a drive up to the Whale Factory, to get into your bathing suits, I want you to get out and below and get out the Starboard propeller and get so that we can fix them." Poor me, I shall never forget the expression on his face, one of acute horror as he dragged himself out of his bed, and behaved like a sheep being dragged to the slaughter. With a sneer on the Boss's early morning I leaped out of bed, and in an endeavour to appear brightly, I went on deck to be thrown back by a severe blow on the head as it the sliding roof of the companion way which someone had half closed. This trouble was caused by the Boss running upon an uncharted reef, at least that is what the Boss said. It sounds so convincing, I must remember that for future use should I be asked to appear brightly. In the factory the comely started a machine, consisting of lumber, waiting for the motor boats to take them to their locations, stood on the wharf with sad looks on his face, while three shivering swimmers clad in costumes ranging in shade from Palm Beach to Davauville, looked a strong determined man in the eyes. "Oh, what a sight to see three countrymen," but many had deeds passed unnoticed or less are remembered. The deed was done and we dragged ourselves out of the water, the solemn faced lumbermen turned away with a sigh, and carefully packed us, took to their boats. R. B., one of the bearer party, later known as Chief on account of his genius with a knife, remembering the reputation of the profession that he intended to follow, produced something resembling to the inner man, and so we set out from the land.

THE RALEIGH ARRIVES.

About the rest of the day trying to fix the rest of the propeller shaft, without success. That evening went down to our anchorage of the night before on one engine. Lead by the Senior Member, "Peppy" and I went to the East River, determined to catch salmon, in the pool below the falls. We touched some fish but did not catch any, our bad luck was amply compensated by the view of the falls. Great tumbling mass of water, falling over rugged rocks into a swirling pool, with an occasional fish leaping to its journey to the spawning grounds above. I often wonder why it is that the music of tumbling water, should arouse a spirit of elation and cause one to convert myself into an optimist. I should build a log cabin below the falls of East River, and so support myself. We are spaced out on the salmon pool, seriously concerned with the immediate business of the evening, when our guide gives a signal and looking down stream we see the graceful form of a light cruiser coming to anchor. We soon recognized her as the Raleigh, the flagship of the East River.

Corns Go Blue-jay to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes clear light (One drop does it) and in extra thin plaster. The action is the same.
Pain Stops Instantly

of the North American and West Indies Squadron, and we have friends on board. What a place of surprises is Hawke Bay. No sooner are the anchors dropped than boats are launched from davits manned by bluejackets, and as they touch the water they rush up the Bay for a prescribed distance, and then race back to the ship. It is the usual race that is held when the ship comes to anchor, and is greatly appreciated by the men, and contested for with great keeness. With the arrival of the Raleigh our fishing for the night finishes, and we hasten back to the Hawke.

WE HAVE A MAYOR.

The captain, who is gifted with a sense of humor, sends an official request to the "ferry young man," (mentioned earlier in my diary) addressing him as the Mayor of Hawke Bay, asking permission to fish. The sudden elevation to such an important civic position, one of our party, gives us a feeling of importance, and henceforth we carry the Mayor with the dignity that belongs to his office. A "snotty" comes alongside with an invitation from the Captain, and after conversation we gratefully accepted. Then the thought of clothes occurs to us. What are we to do? The ladies of the party rise to the occasion and go ashore and change, trust a woman not to be caught out. The rest of the party have clothes of a kind, but have left my only collar at the Whale Factory. After a mad panic, we are all managed to raise sufficient to cover ourselves with, but it is a sheepish party that later crawls up the gangway to an immaculate officer dressed in mess kit. We all managed to raise lounge suits of a kind. But what does it matter. We had forgotten that the sailor is one of the most accommodating and free and easy type of man in the world. Our feelings of discomfort soon vanished and we were made at home on the Raleigh. After listening to the music of the ship's band, whose fame is already too well known to need further remarks, we retired to the Ward Room. There we enjoyed the ship's hospitality to our full, and while sitting in a comfortable armchair talking to a friend who I knew when I was in Bermuda, I saw the Senior Member of our party, leaning back in the best armchair in the Ward Room, surrounded by an eager crowd of officers, discussing on fishing. For simple luxury and enjoyment I could not imagine a better picture. With the gleam of the glasses in his eye, an excellent cigar between his lips, and a satisfied smile on his face, he fired the Ward Room with such keeness for the art of old Isaac, that next morning the Tormentor and East River were covered with eager sailors beating the waters, and the river warden nearly tore himself asunder in trying to decide which river to patrol.

WE DINE ON THE SHIP.

Aug. 6th 1922.—Through the courtesy of the Engineer-Commander of the Raleigh our propeller and shaft were taken on board to be repaired. It is my fervent hope that they will offer to re-install it when they finish the job. Seeing all the fishermen on the East River, I could not resist the call, so sitting up my light, fly rod, I went ashore and fished in the mouth of the river. The tide went in very good humors. Then to dinner with our friends in the Ward Room. And what a dinner, you can hunt the world over, and you will not find a better host than the British naval officer. After dinner we had a sing-song, which we carried on into the early hours of the night, singing every known and unknown version of the songs in the Naval Song Book. After most cheerful evening we were rowed back to our boat, guided by the kindly beam of one of the Raleigh's searchlights.

DISCUSS ON STAMP LICKING.

Aug. 6th 1922.—Went alongside the Raleigh to collect the ship's mail, the ship had run out of stamps, so we offered to obtain these at Port Saunders and fix them ourselves. We made that offer in ignorance of the task before us. Peppy, the Chief, and I sat down and licked stamps for about an hour. I have heard that in western countries people that are fond of drinking sometimes eat salted potato chips to give them a thrill. I can recommend them stamp-licking. One could not help but notice, as one stuck on the stamps, that Montreal, the last port of call of the Raleigh, must be rich in attractions. After our stamp-licking the whole of our party went on board the Raleigh to take lunch with the Captain, and the necessary tone was lent for such an important occasion by the inclusion in the number of the Mayor. After a most excellent lunch we were shown over the ship, wandering from the heights of the control top to the depths of the engine room. Not an inch of space is wasted on a ship of the Raleigh's class. It is the Goddess of Science wanted to show the supreme invention of genius of mankind, she could not do better than select the Raleigh as her model. In the evening we were able to entertain some of the ship's officers on shore through the courtesy of Mr. Henry, the owner of the "Firs" referred to earlier in my diary.

ACHILLY TASK.

Aug. 8th 1922.—To the unholy delight of the "Boss," the engineers of the Raleigh fixed up our propeller and shaft, and we repeated our performance of the morning of the 4th, this time we were reinforced by Bob, famous in dancing. We fixed the job alright, and I am now wondering what else the Boss can find for us to do out of the usual routine followed by same men. The Captain came to lunch, with the intention of going fishing afterwards. As soon as he came on board we got under way and made for Otter Pond Cove, having lunch en route. After experiencing the Captain's hospitality, and seeing his official and unofficial sides of life, one can appreciate why he was chosen to command such a fine ship as the Raleigh. His tact and keen sense of humor made him a fitting ambassador for promoting friendship and goodwill between Great Britain and the States, and these high qualities were reflected in his officers. On arrival at Otter Pond Cove we set off in the yacht's dingy and a dory. Pushing the boats across the shallow waters at the mouth of the stream, we came to a beaver dam after carrying the boats over, and then for about 100 yards across country, we arrived at Otter Pond. Here we took to the boats, and after crossing the pond, we picked up a guide, who took us to a small stream which ran through a marsh, having deep pools. The whole party started in fishing and we were soon pulling out mud trout as fast as we could get them. The mud trout, known as the brook trout in England, is the gamest fish I know, seldom running above one pound, he fights every inch of the way. We finished up with three buckets full of fish. It was most amusing to watch the different styles of fishing. One would carefully place each fish, bringing him to the net in the approved manner, a few feet away the senior member would be yawning them out over his shoulder, shouting "here's another." We could not help catching fish, they rose so well that I actually had a rise at the knot on my line where the line was tied to the gut. I think that the Captain enjoyed his day, as he returned to his ship with a bucket full of trout.

GOOD-BYE TO THE RALEIGH.

Aug. 9th 1922.—A nasty, rainy day. Unfortunately the Raleigh leaves us today to go to Labrador to pick up the Admiral. We went on board to say good-bye. As she steamed out of the Bay we ran up a signal of farewell, and good luck, which she acknowledged, returning the compliment. After that I retired to my bunk, and ceased to take an interest in life for a few days, having seen something that did not agree with me. Aug. 10th 1922.—A message has just come through saying that the Raleigh was wrecked at Point Amour yesterday afternoon. It seems impossible, and at first we consoled ourselves that the report must be incorrect, but to our sorrow a confirmation comes through. We also hear that 7 or 11 of the ship's company were drowned. We spent a gloomy day. I would have been gloomy anyhow, being that I was confined to my bunk, and this news on top of it all, made me feel thoroughly miserable. I hope our friends are safe.



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MEN AT C P SHOP WERE AMAZED SAYS JONES.

"After I began taking Tanlac and got to looking so much better I was kept busy for a long time telling the boys at the shop and others I met what had brought it all about," was the statement made, a few days ago, by Abner Jones, 182 High Street, Moncton, N.B., a veteran railroad man, employed in the Canadian National shops at Moncton.

"For over two years I had suffered from indigestion and kept getting worse in spite of all I could do. Every bite I would eat seemed to ferment in my stomach, and I would blow up with gas until I felt like I would burst. I had no appetite, couldn't sleep, and got up mornings all tired out and couldn't force down a morsel of breakfast. I had no energy, felt played out all day, and just joked around like someone half dead.

"Finally I saw a Tanlac testimonial that described my condition so well that I bought a bottle of Tanlac and had not taken half of it until I was eating a good breakfast every morning and have been at it ever since. Soon my troubles disappeared and none of them have returned to this good day. I eat and sleep like a child and feel fine."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

St. Leger To-Day.

LAST OF CLASSICS IN FLAT RACING SEASON.

London, Sept. 13th.—With the running of the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster to-day, the last of the five classics for three-year-olds that feature the flat racing season in England will have passed into turf history, and another milestone in the oldest of these great races that have played such a prominent part in the development of the English thoroughbred, but taking as it does in September, the "mares' month," it is considered a better test of the three-year-olds than either the Derby or the Two Thousand Guineas. The course at Doncaster is admittedly superior to that at Epsom, and in September the fillies are presumably at their best. In the earlier classics they are very frequently out of sorts, more or less uncertain in their performance, but taking as it does in September, the Derby and Two Thousand, but they usually do much better in the St. Leger.

AN OPEN AFFAIR.

This year the St. Leger has the appearance of being a most open affair. Lord Woolvington's colt, Captain Cuttle, the winner of the Derby, and by many considered the best colt of the year, will not make his appearance on Wednesday as it was found impossible to give him the work necessary to prepare him and his entry was struck out. Captain Cuttle was succeeded in public fancy by Lord Astor's colt Tamar, who ran second to the Captain in the Derby. Tamar, in turn, at the beginning of this month suffered an injury to one of his legs and it is now doubtful whether he will go to the post. Attention then centered on Lord Queenborough's colt St. Louis, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket early in May. The great question is whether St. Louis, who won the Two Thousand Guineas, with Tamar no nearer than eighth, can stay the St. Leger course—398 yards short of two miles—and whether, if he cannot, his owner's colt, Welsh Spear, has anything like sufficient speed. The latter, in June, won the mile and a half Hardwicks Stakes at Ascot, which has been carried off by some of the most famous horses in turf history—by Ormond on two occasions. St. Louis did little work for weeks following his Newmarket victory, but at the middle of last month was undergoing preparation for the Doncaster classic. On hard ground St. Louis has to be tenderly treated, but of late conditions have been much to his liking and in his trials has been going well. Welsh Spear early this month met with a minor mishap, so that with the withdrawal of Captain Cuttle, Tamar a doubtful starter, and St. Louis' ability to go the distance a matter of conjecture, the winner may appear from an unexpected quarter. The St. Leger may produce a great horse for winner, but it is more likely the Leger this year will not be an important factor in deciding the off-asked question, "Which is the best three-year-old of the season?"

A FRENCH ENTRY.

There is a possibility that Ramus, the winner of the French Derby, this year may be seen in Wednesday's classic. The French horse is a proved stayer, and should be put in an appearance at Doncaster, he must be seriously considered. It is well over two centuries since horse racing was first introduced at Doncaster; the corporation in 1803 voting four guineas a year towards a plate. A few years later—1718—the Town Plate was established by the same authority. Half a century later a very important period in the history of the English thoroughbred was ushered in, when the first of the great three-year-old races was instituted in 1776 by Colonel St. Leger, who resided at Parkhill, near Doncaster. On September 24 of that year, during the Doncaster Races, which took place annually in the autumn, at his suggestion a sweepstake of 25 guineas each for three-year-old colts and fillies was run over a two mile course. For the first St. Leger there were only six competitors and in the following year there were ten subscribers and ten starters. In 1778, in compliment to the founder, and at the suggestion of the Marquis of Rockingham, the race was named the St. Leger Stakes. The stakes were increased in 1822 to 50 sovereigns each, and the weights have been raised from time to time to keep pace with the modern requirements. When the nominations for this year's race were closed in November of 1920, 327 colts and fillies had been entered.

BIG STAKES.

In addition to the stakes of fifty sovereigns each—or five sovereigns only if declared by the last Tuesday in March of last year, four thousand sovereigns are added to the purse. St. Leger last year, which was won by Lord Londonderry's chestnut colt Folemanarch, was valued at approximately \$52,000. If there are ten starters in Wednesday's race, the gross value of the prize will be approximately \$55,000, of which the owner of the second horse will receive \$2,000 and the third \$1,000. Assuming the horse winning is bred by his owner, the latter will receive \$31,000, but if the present owner is not the breeder the latter is to receive \$3,500.

There are 30 runners in the Derby and in all probability there will be more than ten in the St. Leger. Owners of horses engaged may well take course from the result of recent contests and give the opportunity to those that have half a chance. Ignoring as the Doncaster people do, the

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