

MEN'S STANFIELD WOOL SHIRTS & DRAWERS

For Autumn and Winter Wear,

HENRY BLAIR'S.

This is the favorite brand of Underwear today, because it is made of Pure Nova Scotia Wool, and unshrinkable. We stock it in four qualities and in

6 different Sizes for Men.

Sizes to fit Small, Medium or Large men. It is the best wearing, warmest and cheapest Underwear you can buy. Note the price:

From \$1.00 per Garment up.

Also now showing Canada's newest styles in **MEN'S SWEATERS, and New Sweater Coats.**

SEE WINDOW. SEE WINDOW.

HENRY BLAIR.

Wool Blankets!

Never before could we offer better bargains in

Wool Blankets,

We have them for \$2.20, \$2.30, \$3.00 up to \$10.50 a pair. Also special bargains in White and Fancy H. C. Quilts from 75c. up. Don't fail to see our stock.

WILLIAM FREW.

ALWAYS MASTER OF THE ROAD.

Look for the Dunlop Traction Tread on asphalt and on mud. It's the "V" line to comfort. No chains; no skidding.

A WEATHERABLE TIRE.

It is just weather like we get here in Newfoundland that gives Dunlop Traction Tread Tires a chance to show their class—and motorists who have them know it.

Created because of the insufficiency of the so-called non-slip or "buttoned" tread.

Marketed only after the most exhaustive tests ever given to an anti-skid tire.

Proven itself the only real anti-skid tire obtainable—bar none. That's

DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD,

The Tire Which Makes Safety Sure.

FRED. V. CHESMAN, Representative.

Stocked by Parsons, "The Automobile Man."

Pianos, Organs.

Away down Prices.

Chesley Woods

PIANO & ORGAN WAREHOUSES,
140 WATER STREET.



Advertise in The People's Paper.

Wishing Time Away.

BY BETH CANNON.



The astonishment with which the years of our life pass is something which everyone, or at least everyone over thirty, realizes. Birthdays fly by like the telegraph poles on a railway journey; the little pig-tailed girl down the street goes away to boarding school for a year or two—surely it was no longer than that—and when next we see her, she has become a young lady. The pig-tails are wound in a shining crown around her stately head and the thin little legs which used to twinkle out from under her abbreviated skirts are decorously hidden in a grown-up gown. We go away ourselves for a year or two—surely it was no longer than that

—we come back again and lo, another miracle, the young lady of boarding school dignity is pushing a go-cart down the street. We wonder whose baby she has borrowed, and can scarcely believe it when our family tells us that she has been a matron for two years. And so it goes. "We come to earth to cry, we grow old and then we sigh, older still, and then we die," as the Englishman says; and all with the dazzling, breath-taking swiftness of the flash of a gull's wing, or, to be more modern, the passage of a moving picture film.

And now to the point. Since we realize that all this is so, why do we perceive all too well the evanescence of life and for the most part regret it (for while we may admit that life is all a fleeting show, most of us are eager to stay and see the show a little longer), why should we be con-

tinually wishing that some period of time would pass even more swiftly? "Time," you know, is just another word for life, and yet how often one hears people wishing time away! And for what trifling reasons! "It doesn't seem as if it could wait for the twentieth of the month," said the young lady next door. We ask her why and she explains that the magazine containing the next installment of the most fascinating novel ever written comes out on that day. "Oh, dear! It seems as if Friday would never come!" sighs the little High School girl across the way. "What's Friday? Why, I don't, you know? Our big dance." Foolish little girl, to wish away even a day of the happiest time of her life! "How I hate this autumn weather!" says a neighbour of mine, "every year it seems as if I could hardly wait for winter!"

Another neighbour of the masculine persuasion, is always impatiently marking time from the twentieth to the twenty-eighth of each month. Why? Because the twentieth is about the date he runs out of money, and the twenty-eighth is pay day. Myself, I used to hate school bitterly, and if I could have wiped away the time from Monday morning to Friday afternoon of every week I would surely have done it. In my mind I divided the school week into fifths and tenths, and rejoiced at the end of each session that I was one tenth nearer Friday.

So far as we know this is the only life we shall ever live on this earth. Let's live it, then; let's get the best out of every moment, every hour and every day, and remember that "time" is just another name for life, and not to be continually wishing our lives away.

Red Cannon

Ghosts Are Observed in Tower of London.

Old Prison Where Queens and Nobles Were Beheaded is Declared to be Haunted—Strange Wraiths Walk—Spectre of Henry VIII. is Said to Show Itself to Henpecked Pensioner.

London, October 24.—If the Americans who come to London this year find time hanging heavily on their hands, they might do worse than divert themselves with ghost hunting. It is well known, of course, that the shade of the famous American lawyer Judah P. Benjamin, haunts the picturesque old temple, where as one of the most successful "K.C.'s" in the history of the English bar, he once had chambers, and now we have it on the authority of one of the leading spook experts in this country that the Tower of London, where, so many celebrities, from queens downward, lost their heads, is haunted, too, though not by as many spectres as might have been expected, considering the wholesale killing that once went on there.

Thousands visit the "temple" every year—mainly to see the grave of Oliver Goldsmith—and thousands more explore the grim old tower, with its racks and dungeons and site of the scaffold where Queen Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey and the earl of Essex were beheaded, and perhaps if these visitors stayed on after night-fall, instead of going back to their respective hotels and boarding houses, and kept a sharp eye out, they might be rewarded at the temple by a glimpse of the ghostly Benjamin, or maybe even of the ample shade of Dr. Johnson, who likewise lodged there, or, at the tower with a view of Henry the Eighth, the much-married, whose spectral form has been seen in the neighborhood at least once.

Tells of Tower Ghosts. Elliot O'Donnell, who, of course, is

one of the most eminent authorities on ghosts in England, tells about the tower ghosts in the pages of our current Occult Review, and an astonishing crowd they prove to be. One of them which was "undoubtedly," according to O'Donnell, the shade of Queen Adelaide, the wife of George IV., appeared to two persons, one of them a former keeper of the crown jewels at the tower, as a "cylindrical figure, like a glass tube, about as large as one's arm and seemingly filled with a dense fluid," and another in the shape of a "huge bear" which issued from underneath the jewel-room door. "A soldier thrust at it with his bayonet, which, going right through it, stuck in the doorway, whereas he dropped in a fit and was carried senseless to the guardroom, dying on the following day."

Another grisly experience is said to have befallen a workman at the tower, some years ago. "Two masons," writes O'Donnell, "were once engaged, doing some repairs, in one of the vaults, when one of them, casting a look of the utmost terror at his comrade, threw down his tools and fled. The man who was left at first laughed, thinking, not unreasonably, that his mate had taken leave of his senses, but on glancing down at his hands, he received a shock. Instead of the fist he knew so well, he saw a white, gleaming something, covered with brown scales, and in the place of his mud-spattered corduroys, the bare and pulpy semblance of a leg. For some seconds he was too paralyzed even to think and could only stand still and stare.

Vividly Apparent. To make sure, he was not dreaming, he shut his eyes, but on opening them the metamorphosis was quite as vividly apparent. The horror of the thing then, came home to him in full force. He was no longer himself, but an abnormality, an unnamable something, nude, brown and revolting. All sorts of vile, unspeakable passions rose up within him. Like some serpent just awakened from its sleep, he bent and twisted himself and neck around first on one side and then on the other, looking for some victim, some suitable object on which to satisfy the outrageous feelings that predominated in him. "Something white attracted his attention; it appeared to be the recumbent form of a woman, clad in a filmy, white costume. Chuckling gleefully, he instantly started toward it, and covered half the distance, when a loud clatter burst upon his ears and half of his arm, pinned him back. There was a full ringing in his ears, the far-away echoes of a strange continuous cry, and he was himself once again."

Rheumatism. A story is told, too, of the spot where the bones of the young King

Salmon!

JUST ARRIVED,

per express,

3 ONLY

Fresh Salmon

5 1/2 lbs. on retail.

Also, Fresh Shipment of RABBITS, Eggs, Table Butter.

Soper & Moore.

Edward V. and his brother Richard, Duke of York, are stated to have been found in 1674.

Something Digs In Soil.

One March evening, just about twilight, an official of the tower heard the sound of digging and the loose spluttering of gravel, and on turning aside saw the shadowy outlines of an enormous man, digging furiously in the soil. Much alarmed, the official drew back, and as he did so the figure swung round and faced him. When he perceived to his horror a skeleton clad in a richly fashioned garment, on the breast of which was emblazoned the royal arms, the official uttered an ejaculation, whereupon the figure vanished, though the sound of the digging continued for some seconds.

And here is a cheerful story told to the writer of the article by an aged pensioner, well-nigh twenty years ago:

"I was on duty in the Beauchamp tower," he said, "just outside the cell where Anne Boleyn was imprisoned. I was thinking of old Henry VIII, and wishing I had his luck with wives, for my one and only misadventure was as ugly as Newgate, when all of a sudden I heard my name called, and on turning round, nearly died with fright. Floating in midair, immediately behind me, was a face—God help me, it makes me shiver, even now, to think of it—round, red and bloated, with a loose, dribbling mouth, and protruding, heavy-lidded, pale eyes, alight with a lurid and perfectly hellish glow.

"I knew the face at once, for I had often seen it in the history books—'Henry VIII.

"Well, the affair was hushed up in the usual way. We were all threatened not to breathe a word as the tower was haunted. 'The oddest thing about it is that, on my return home, I found my misadventure was dead.'"

Sick, Sour Stomach Indigestion Or Gas

Take "Pape's Diapiesin" and in five minutes you'll wonder what became of misery in stomach.

Wonder what upset your stomach— which portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well, don't bother. If your stomach is in revolt; if sour, gassy and upset, and what you just ate has fermented into stubborn lumps; head dizzy and aches; betch gases and acids and eructate undigested food; breath foul, tongue's coat—just take a little Pape's Diapiesin and in five minutes you wonder what became of the indigestion and distress.

Millions of men and women today know that it is needless to have a bad stomach. A little Diapiesin occasionally keeps this delicate organ regulated and they eat their favorite foods without fear.

If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal limit without rebellion; if your food is a "damage" instead of a "kick," remember the "quietest, surest, most harmless" relief is Pape's Diapiesin which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it digests food and sets things straight, so gently and easily that it is really astonishing. Please, for your sake, don't go on and on with a weak, disordered stomach; it's so unnecessary.

Sometimes a soft drapery will disclose two or more frownces at the footline, or a "bag" of small frowns will reveal a slit in the skirt, which has been modestly filled in.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c. oct20m.12

RYAN'S Custom Tailoring.

It costs a small portion of your time to see our Overcoatings and Suitings, and you have the satisfaction of convincing yourself before placing your order.

We have a full line of

OVERCOATINGS and SUITINGS

in up-to-date Patterns.

The season is advancing, so a word to the wise is sufficient.

J. J. RYAN, Custom Tailor,

P. O. Box 487.

307 Water St.

APPLES, APPLES, etc.

Now in stock:

100 barrels Choice Winter Keeping Apples; also, Black and Mixed Oats. And to arrive Thursday:

50 kegs Green Grapes.

50 cases Onions. Prices Right.

BURT & LAWRENCE, 14 New Gower Street. Box—245. Tel.—759.

You Cannot Shut Your Eyes

To the fact that our

English Job WALL PAPERS,



in IMITATION BURLAPS, IMITATION LEATHER, IMITATION TILES, and many other styles, which we are selling at 10c. a roll, are the best value ever offered in St. John's. Papers costing 50c. for 10c.; 10,000 pieces to select from. Also AMERICAN and CANADIAN JOB LINES of wonderful value.

ROBERT TEMPLETON.

ON SPOT.

RAISINS! RAISINS! RAISINS!

New Valencia Raisins—28's & 14's.

Fancy Table Raisins.

Our Prices are very low.

T. A. MACNAB & Co.,

Direct Importers of Dried Fruit.

J. J. ST. JOHN.

We have just two special items to talk to you about today. A fresh shipment of our famous

IRISH BUTTER.

And we want you to try our excellent

40c. TEA.

J. J. ST. JOHN.

Advertise in The Telegram.