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The Definition of an Amateur.

Lions, France, June 13.—The definition of an amateur has been agreed upon by a committee of the International Amateur Athletic Association. It follows closely the definition as prepared in the report of the special committee submitted to the federation held at Berlin in 1912 and embraces the following rules.

1.—An amateur is one, who competes only for the love of sport.
2.—Competing for money or any other pecuniary reward in any sport considered an athletic sport makes the competitor a professional in all sports considered as athletic sports.
3.—In the event of an amateur competing with or against a professional in any sport, not for money and other pecuniary reward, then the member of the federation to which the athlete belongs shall be the judge of such competitor's status according to its own rules, and its certificate as to the competitor's status shall be accepted by all members of the federation.

4.—In track and field athletic sports anyone who knowingly competes with or against a professional thereby ceases to be an amateur.
5.—One who teaches, trains or coaches in any sport for money or other pecuniary consideration is a professional, except, however, that so far as competition in his own country and there only, is concerned, as an employee or representative of the state or a school or other educational institution, who teaches, trains or coaches as an incident to his main vocation or employment, may or may not be a professional, as the members of the federation of the country of such person shall decide.

Twelve regulations are also set down as an interpretation of the fundamental rule, on the violation of which an athlete ceases to become an amateur.

They prohibit an amateur, from making any wager in connection with the competition in which he is to participate, prohibit him from accepting certain kinds of prize or selling, pawning or giving away his prizes and provide for the manner in which he is to receive expenses.

Hero of Somaliland.

Gallant Briton Rewarded for Saving Corps.

Known to his comrades and friends as "Archer of Somaliland," Mr. Geoffrey Francis Archer, C.M.G., has been appointed His Majesty's Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in the Somaliland Protectorate. Mr. Archer is the young civilian who last year when Acting Commissioner in the Berbera district of Somaliland, marched out with 20 men in the face of 2,000 Dervishes under the Mad Mullah, to the rescue of the remnants of the defeated and crippled Camel Corps. It seemed a forlorn hope, but the plucky young Englishman succeeded in reaching the survivors of the corps and in conducting a retreat without loss over 80 miles of the country, although burdened with the wounded men. Thirty-one years of age, he has been ten years in East Africa as district commissioner. Before going to Somaliland he was at work in Uganda and the East African Protectorate. His English home is at Aldershot, Suffolk. In 1908 he was commended for his services in the East African Protectorate, and for his bravery in Somaliland he was gazetted C.M.G.

Queer Rents.

Some of the rents which are King George's due from certain of his loyal subjects are "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." It would certainly surprise King George and Queen Mary if the Lord of the Manor of Addington, in Surrey, should suddenly appear and plunk down on the Royal breakfast table the bowl of porridge which constitutes his yearly rent in acknowledgment of his Sovereign's overlordship.

Whether the present owner of the Foulis' Estates in Scotland regularly pays his rent we cannot say, or whether the King, as is likely, shuts his eyes to the omission of the bucketful of snow which is his rightful due. As the estates are near Ben Nevis, there would certainly be no difficulty in obtaining a trainload of snow once a year, and probably even a bucketful in summer; but, as the King has little use for snow, probably the rent is never paid.

Quite a different and much more desirable rent is the one which has been charged to the tenant of Crenodon, in Buckinghamshire, from time to time immemorial. The rent consists of a garland of roses every June, and, needless to say, the garland is duly forwarded, and is a thing of beauty, as it ought to be.

In September every year two faggots are paid at the Law Courts by the City Remembrancer as rent for lands held by the City Corporation from His Majesty the King. This official not only has to deliver the two faggots, but has to see that they are properly received and accept a duly signed and witnessed receipt for them, which is filed in the City's archives.

The authorities of the Isle of Portland make a queer sort of collection every November on behalf of his Majesty. It is called the "King's Half-penny," but, as a matter of fact, every cottager on the island pays a farthing, every cottage with a garden a half-penny, and every man with an acre of land or more three-pence. This is called "quit rent."

When the King lately went across the Channel to pay his state visit to Paris, he ought to have been attended across the briny ocean by the present representative of Solomon Atfield, to whom King John gave his lands on condition that, whenever he or any of his successors crossed the Channel, the said Solomon or his heirs should be in attendance to hold up the King's head when he was seasick. His title was the Royal Head-holder. However, as the last monarch to call for this service was Edward I., and, especially as his present Majesty is a sailor, it is very unlikely that the existing Solomon was called upon to perform his functions. Nevertheless there is no doubt that if the King so desired he could call upon the tenants of the Atfield estates to do the service by which they hold the tenure of their land.

If the King should pay a visit to Aylesbury, where the ducks come from—the inhabitants are supposed to supply him with three eels if it is winter, and with two fat geese if it is summer. If the King should visit Chichester, by ancient usage he ought immediately to demand a string for his crossbow; and if the King should be engaged in war and riding at the head of his troops, it would be incumbent upon the successors to the Corbet Estates, in Shropshire to provide him with a fitch of bacon every day!

Magenta red crepe lined with purple is used for a summer wrap.

Indian Isld. Notes

The schooners Carrie Steer and Rose arrived from St. John's to-day with a full load of provisions, etc., for this place and nearby settlements. After discharging, the Carrie Steer will proceed to the Labrador where we sincerely hope her stalwart crew and energetic captain will secure a bumper trip of fish.

Herring is plentiful and cod scarce. One man secured a few small ones out of his herring-net yesterday.

By the look of the number of new motor boats, fishermen are expecting a good voyage, and a big price for fish. We have no less than ten new motor boats, which will be employed in the fishery. By means of these motor boats fishermen will have a much better chance to attend their traps and gether especially in adverse winds, thus securing more fish.

We are glad to hear that the schr. Verbena, Capt. J. Hoddinott, is safe. Friends were anxious as it was feared she was out in the last southerly gale.

The s.s. Earl of Devon is at present in the harbor. She is a nice little steamer, and Capt. Carter knows how to rush her along. We have a public wharf alongside of which Capt. B. Barbour brought the s.s. Sagona seemingly with ease. There is no doubt but Capt. Carter would do the same were he acquainted with the place. We sincerely hope when the foggo takes the service again, for the benefit of all concerned, she will come in the harbor.

—COR.

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Bridgewater.

The Awkward Man.

The awkward man has much to bear; it isn't kind, it isn't fair to laugh at his mistakes; we ought to soothe him when he falls and pump his head against the walls, and makes his helpless breaks.

His heart is good, his temper sweet, and if he has too many feet, and gets them all entwined, and if he knocks his forehead damp against the costly hanging lamp, we ought to cheer his mind. And if he steps on sister's gown, or pulls three yards of hangings down, or busts a rocking chair, we shouldn't shriek with glibulish mirth, but make him think that sterling worth is all for which we care. And if he sits up on the cat, or on the gasjet hangs his hat, why raze a glad remark! Twere kinder if we'd calmly say that all he does is quite O. K., as taught by Colonel Hoke. In fact, we ought to play his game to ease him of the flesh of shame that burns upon his face; we ought to tumble over chairs, and take a header down the stairs, and wreck the whole blamed place. His sufferings are great and deep; he hates himself till he can't sleep, when musing o'er his sins; so let us add not to his woe, nor when he makes his blunders, throw a line of foolish grins.

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Divorced Life

By Helen Hessong Fuesle

A New Kind of Artistic Temperament

"Ah, tra la la," said the artist with a shrug, as the train thundered onward toward New York. "I would go back to Europe to-morrow, never to return to America, if it were only possible."

"Why impossible?" inquired Marian sympathetically.
"It takes money," smiled the other.
"If I may say so, I have canvases in my studio worth thousands of dollars. But markets are difficult to find. To-morrow, maybe next week, next year perhaps, I shall be rich. To-night I am little better than a pauper. Who knows when I shall dine like this again?" In the Latin quarter, one may dine for a franc, like a king for one franc fifty. But here it takes five times that amount even to dine decently. Sometime when you are in New York you must come to my studio and see my pictures."

"I should love to," answered Marian eagerly. Here was indeed a struggling, deserving artist whom she would be glad to patronize had she the funds.
"But I did not mean to burden you with my woes," he continued. "Forgive me. You have been very good to me."

Next morning the artist re-appeared as the train was shooting like a cannonball through the dark tunnel into the City of Cities. He begged permission to carry her bag from the coach as the train came to a stand-still, and together they proceeded to the door.
"Are you expecting anyone to meet you?" he inquired.
She shook her head.

"Ah, an idea," he answered. "My sister will have breakfast waiting for me at the studio. It is but a short drive in the taxi. Why not run over with me? My sister will be delighted to have you share our fare. She paints, too. Will you come to our humble work-shop? May I not telephone my sister that you are coming?"

Marian considered for the fraction of a second. Why not grant the artist's hospitable request? A party of three in the studio of two struggling artists! Already strange and interesting doors were opening before her as though by magic. She answered in the affirmative.

"It's so good of you," he replied. "If you'll pardon me for a moment I'll step to a telephone." He put down the bags in the foyer of the Grand Central Station and started away. Half a dozen steps and he walked into the

arms of a tall, heavily-built man, who seized him with the stern words:
"So you're here, are you, Glesner? This time you won't get away."

The artist struggled furiously for a moment, kicking at his assailant, protesting, and yielding only when handcuffs were snapped over his wrists. "Come on, Glesner," said his captor, taking hold of his arm.
Marian was struck dumb at the astounding occurrence. Before she had time to consider she ran after the two retreating figures.

"What's the matter? What has he done?" she demanded of the captor.



Marian was struck dumb at the astounding occurrence.

"This is Glesner," was the answer. "We had him last month, but he got away from us. He's one of the oldest crooks and smoothest operators in the business. We was a long time getting the goods on him."

Marian was stunned. For several minutes she stood fastened to the spot. Incoherent bits of her conversation with the artist went thro' her mind. She shrank from the thought of what might have befallen her had she gone with him. She trembled at the narrowness of her escape and exulted over his fortuitous arrest in the nick of time.

The odd event cast a shadow over the glowing dreams of conquest with which she would otherwise have entered New York. What now? (To-morrow—Catching Glimpses of New York.)

POOR SIGN OF CODFISH.—According to latest reports from Holywood we learn that caplin are still plentiful, but there is very little sign of codfish.

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For rates and other information apply to
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The Eastern Trust Co.
The Eastern Trust Company has removed to the offices in Pitts' Building, Water Street, lately occupied by Messrs. J. & W. Pitts.
The vacancy in the Board of Directors for Newfoundland occasioned by the death of the Hon. J. S. Pitts, C.M.G., has been filled by the appointment of Hon. John Harris as Chairman, and of Mr. F. W. Ayre as a member of the Board.
The Company is now prepared to execute all manner of trusts. It does no other business. It does not speculate and lives only upon the revenue it derives from the execution of the trusts it is called upon to administer.
Below is a further list of the larger trusts which the Company administers:—
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Other lists will follow in future advertisements.
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