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ent play of colours, is found on Newfoundland Labra-
dor.

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The Power of Thought.

(By OBSERVER, Bonavista.)

It is quite certain that while dame
nature made no fixed jaw against
shortage of physical necessities she
guaranteed from the beginning that
there should be no want of material
for brain exercise; and we know the
thinking powers of man never lag;
now in this direction, how in that the
human brain is thinking and the hu-
man tongue and hand keeps on ex-
pounding and writing; and still there
are countless subjects scarcely even
casually commented upon.

(I do not mean that paragraph, or
sentence rather, as an index to the
contents of this short article, but as
a somewhat feeble claim to the idea
that first-class journalism (by higher
abilities than mine) should seek and
encourage diversions by contributions
so widely distinct and varied as to
draw and retain all kinds of literary
tastes.)

Now this starts me upon my or-
iginal idea of the thoughts, workings
and force of the human brain. If I say
that man gets just what he deserves
in this world—an exact retribution for
brain power and force of will—I shall
be laughed at still in spite of this I
am fully convinced that a large sur-
plus of proofs would be found to sub-
stantiate it. Without will—forceful
will—man is a weakling! Admit that?
Of course you do! Then you have al-
ready apologized for your sceptical
inclinations. The human brain is the
power-house where all the good things
of the world are manufactured, where
self-control gets its proper adjust-
ment and confidence and self-reliance
can be trained to become "the Na-
poleon of the mental army," and the
difference in the social grade as be-
tween success and mendacity is gen-
erally proportionate with the higher
or lower force of mentality. To be
precisely accurate in a judgment of
merit and make up of any person en-
vironment and obstacles has to be
studied. Difficulties minor or almost
insurmountable have to be considered
to a fine degree; for the man who is
possessed with poise and a never-say-
die mentality is surely either success-
ful as far as circumstances will allow
or is if we could blame fate, sadly and
shamefully misplaced.

But there is no such thing as fate.
On the contrary "there is a thousand
evidences in our make up that man is
not a puppet of circumstances; born
under a lucky or unlucky star. To a
great extent if opportunities within a
man's line of thought offers a possi-
bility of appropriation; unflinching
invaluable faith in his own ability is
an infallible guarantee of success in
that direction. It is 'the' luck-warm
person who falls invariably; yet he is
trashy enough to say of the other fel-
low who seldom meets failure because
he falls to admit defeat that his suc-
cess comes from luck. True something
may sometimes happen, but you may
be sure that the happening is a favor-
ably eddy in the tide of fortune cre-
ated by some previous exertion.

There is hardly any limit to man's
possibilities and whether success has
been gained through honorable or dis-
honorable means I raise no distinction.
Desire for and faith in ability to
gain a certain goal has been the ob-
jective and the performance of itself
(waiving the idea of questionable
methods employed) confirms the be-
lief that a brain capable of engender-
ing strong desires and stimulating
thought is practically invincible.

As I write I visualize a mixed crowd
of pessimistic and cherty folk. The
pessimists look gloomy, speak no hope.
His talk is vapor from the waters of
despair. He knows he is going to
starve because he can see no hope of
avoiding it. The optimist chips in with
the remark that Providence will open
a door of escape somehow. Does that
satisfy? Not at all for it really can-
not satisfy. In the first place the pes-
simist cannot see because his mind is
negative and a negative mind cannot
produce anything but failure. At the
start he is actually prohibited from
honest effort and result must be
failure. The optimist who sees doors
opening of their own accord never
gains much success either, for while
it is true that provident does open
doors man must first forge a key to
unlock them.

But gentle reader keep away from
the idea that you can ever work hard
enough to turn sand into gold dust.
You can only succeed by taking hold

of a possibility of success; your re-
ward is sure if your faith is firm and
you work upon that possibility for all
you are worth.

Are Boxers Born— or Made?

CAN WE PRODUCE A WORLD
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION?

(By H. G. Lewis, the well-known
Sporting Journalist.)

Will there ever be a British heavy-
weight boxer able to hold his own
against the world?

There are certainly signs that in
the lesser weights the slump is pass-
ing. Among the youth which is leap-
ing to its own are Bazley Lake, the
Plymouth basin-weight champion,
Fred Archer, a rising welter-weight,
and Roland Todd, the holder of our
middle-weight title. These three, I
think, may speedily be capable of
pitting themselves against the world
at their weights.

But can we honestly say that among
our young heavies there is one with
the slightest promise of becoming
great? I think not. We have had
our "hopes" in the past, chief among
whom, of course, was Bombardier
Bully Wells; but none of them has
gone far.

A syndicate, headed by a well-
known American trainer, has search-
ed England for a "hope," and has se-
lected a young policeman of some
fifteen stone of bone and brawn.

This young giant is to be trained
and taught to hit. He will be taught
something of boxing, one gathers, but
the primary duty of his coach will be
to teach him to punch; to punch so
hard that Jack Dempsey, who is, of
course, the objective, will be put on
the floor.

Many others have thought along
these lines. Get a huge, strong fel-
low, as young as possible, make his
muscles supple and his legs nimble,
teach him to hit his opponent with
every ounce of his natural force—and
surely he must beat a smaller man.

The only flaw in the scheme is—
Dempsey, or whoever the champion
happens to be. It seems to be for-
gotten that he, too, is going to hit,
and—here is the crucial point—that
a man of fifteen stone, or even
twenty-five stone, can stand a well-
delivered blow on the jaw, no better
than the man of thirteen stone—which
of course, is Dempsey's weight.

In this case, indeed, he cannot
stand it so well, for whereas Demp-
sey is toughened by the innumerable
punches he has received, the young
policeman as yet has never felt the
shattering impact of an expert punch.

Giants have never had much suc-
cess in the ring, not because they
were giants, but because they never
started to fight until they were giants.
One of the pluckiest and most won-
derful boxers the world has known,
without a doubt, is Carpenter, who
started to fight when he was fourteen
and a year later won over fifteen
rounds against Ledoux.

Carpenter has since met and beat-
en some of the biggest fellows in the
ring. Why? Because he learnt, while
he was small, not only to hit, but to
take a hit. And many a plucky battle
has he fought.

The young fifteen-stone policeman
appears to be keen on the idea, now
that he has been selected. But with-
out wishing to throw cold water on
his ambitions, it has to be pointed
out that all the boxers who have made
a name have not waited to be se-
lected. They fought from the moment
they could swing their arms, for the
sheer love of battle.

There may be a coming world's
heavyweight champion amongst our
boxers to-day. But if there is he will
not come to light for a year or two.
Such a man cannot be produced by
the hot-house process, but only by
more natural means. If he is in ex-
istence he is among the youths who
are fighting their way up, and at the
same time growing into the weight.

Try a "Peach Melba" or
"Peach Fancy" at the BLUE
PUTTEE. If you are not one of
our regular patrons, you have
yet to realize how delicious ice
cream can be when properly
made and daintily served. Our
special dishes would charm the
jaded palate of Epicurus him-
self.—sept.11

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The Family Milk Supply

CARNATION Milk is the only
milk supply your family needs.
It is really more, because it serves as
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Fresh from the can it has creamy
consistency because about 60% of the
natural water content has been taken
away from it by evaporation, then
sealed in the container and sterilized.
Use it for tea, coffee, fruits, cereals
and desserts.

By adding a little more than an equal
part of water to Carnation Milk you
have milk of natural consistency. You
get "whole" milk—rich, wholesome
and pure—for cooking, drinking—for
every milk use.

There is no waste to Carnation Milk
—it stays sweet in the can indefinitely
—and for several days when opened.
Order several tall (16 oz.) cans or a
case of 48 cans from your grocer—
the Carnation Milkman.

Try this recipe—and write for your
copy of the Carnation Cook Book.
Over 100 tested recipes—FREE.

CUSTARD PIES

Two eggs, ¼ teaspoonful salt, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1
cup water, ½ teaspoonful vanilla, ½ cup Carnation Milk,
few grains nutmeg. Beat eggs slightly, add sugar, salt
and milk mixed with the water. Line a pie tin with pie
paste; add the mixture to which the vanilla has been added.
Sprinkle the top with nutmeg. Bake in hot oven at first
to set the rim, then reduce the heat as egg and milk in
combination should be cooked at a low temperature. This
recipe makes one pie.

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Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

THE GOOD PROVIDER.



WALT MATON

James Beeswax
is a good pro-
vider, year after
year he strives
to please; he
brings home bags
of wholesome ei-
der, and cans of
succotash and a
peas. His chil-
dren wear the
finest raiment of
any offspring in
the street, and
James is always making payment
for things to wear and things to eat.
The town is full of women yearning
for things they need and cannot buy,
and they behold this James returning
from market with a costly pie, and
sometimes their hearts are bitter,
and in them thoughts discordant
buzz; "Why can't all men," they sad-
ly twitter, "behave as James H. Bee-
swax does? His wife must be a hap-
py woman, she gets all things for
which she sighs; that man of her's
is more than human—he's old Kris
Kringling in disguise." And Mrs.
Beeswax, sitting lonely, is saying,
"By the saints above, my James

would be a peach if only he'd tell
me often of his love. He brings me
eggs and prunes and bacon, he brings
me butter from the cow, but I am
feeling all forsaken, for lack of kiss-
es on the brow. He brings me home
a sack of carrots, a dish of kraut, a
bale of hay, and hats whereon the
plumes of parrots and ostriches make
vain display. But I am pining for
the ardor that once he showed, and
brought me bliss; I'd rather do with-
out the larder, and have an old-time
lover's kiss."

Postcard 14

years in Mail.

Pittsburgh. (A.P.)—A postcard,
mailed from Astoria, Long Island,
fourteen years ago, has just reached
its destination at Wilmette, near
here.

The card was mailed by Mrs. Mar-
garet Crawford to her brother Jackson
Kerr, and was postmarked "Astoria,
March 16, 1909."

Postal authorities said they believe
the card had slipped into a crevice or
some other nook at Astoria, and when
found recently by a clerk was sent to
Wilmette.

Facts.

Tramcars specially fitted for fun-
erals are in use in Milan.

In England and Wales alone there
are 49,000 civilian blind people.

Defending our country costs £2,
13s. 6d. per head of the population.

"Paying guests" are to sign a scien-
tific expedition to the Pacific Islands.

Houses which come under the var-
ious Rent Acts are estimated to total
up to \$150,000.

"If we could level up pronunciation,
we would get over most of our social
difficulties," says a scientist.

The first meerschaum pipe was
made in 1728 by a Hungarian shoe-
maker, who was a clever woodcarver.

Small open spaces in London cost
much more to maintain in proportion
to their size, than larger parks.

Modern tramps now save them-
selves time and trouble by begging "lifts"
from drivers of motorlorries.

Story books for blind children con-
tain raised pictures which the little
ones finger over lovingly with their
fingers.

With the aid of a small machine,
blind shorthand typists can take down

dictation which they afterwards trans-
cribe on ordinary typewriters.

"The three score years and ten lim-
it for life is founded on error," says a
doctor. "It should be 120 to 140
years."

Casual wards in London harbour an
average of 800 tramps every night.
The pre-war figure was often over the
1,000 mark.

By the new system of registering
roads in the Transport Ministry, first
class roads will be known as A, and
second class as B, followed by a num-
ber indicating the route.

London's oldest "schoolgirl" is Mrs.
Howarth of Brixton. Although sev-
enty-three years of age, she attends
the "old job" class at a Brixton wo-
men's institute.

Making false statements is render-
ed impossible by the use of a new drug
discovered by an American doctor;
under its influence, prisoners are said
to confess their guilt.

The Green Ribbon Club, formed in
Paris to encourage friendships be-
tween shy and lonely people of both
sexes, has just recorded the first mar-
riage between two of its members.

MINARD'S LINIMENT
FOR BURNS & SCALDS.

BY BEN BATSFORD.