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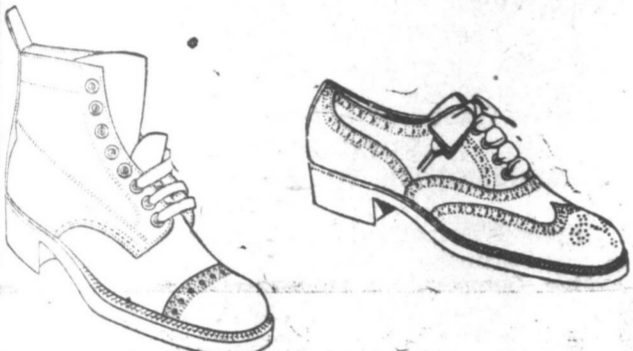
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Little Jack Rabbit

by David Cory

"Dear me," exclaimed the Big Brown Bear one day to Mrs. Bear, as they sat outside their Cozy Cave watching their two little cubs tumbling about in play, "what do you suppose has become of Little Jack Rabbit? He hasn't been around for a month of Sundays."

"And the Lollypop Tree, loaded with fruit," laughed Mrs. Bear—the name by which the Donkey Postman knew her. "The bunny boy was such a regular visitor. Maybe he has a sprained left hind foot."

"Hope not," answered the Big Brown Bear, puffing away at his cornucop pipe. "Such a nice little fellow."

Just then the bunny boy hopped in to view, his knapsack bouncing up and down on his back and his red-striped candy cane swinging from his left paw.

"Just talking about you," smiled the Big Brown Bear, stretching out his furry right paw. Howdy?

"Very well," replied the little rabbit, first politely lifting his khaki cap to Mrs. Bruin and then shaking hands with his kind friend.

"How's mother?" asked Mrs. Bruin, pausing a moment in her darning to smile at the bunny boy as he sat down beside the Big Brown Bear.

"Oh, she's well and happy," answered the little rabbit.

"Where have you been keeping yourself?" asked the Big Brown Bear, lifting his little cubs on his knee. "Mrs. Bruin and I have been wondering what has kept you away."

"Danny Fox has been very troublesome lately," answered the little rabbit. "He is always about, sneaking here and tiptoeing there. Mother kept me home in the dear Old Bramble Patch for a week."

"Where's the Policeman Dog?" inquired the Big Brown Bear. "He usually keeps a sharp lookout."

"He was called to Lettucomere Guss Danny Fox found it," answered the bunny boy, glancing wistfully up at the Lollypop Tree.

"Ha, ha," laughed the good natured old bear, his eyes twinkling. "You haven't lost your appetite for lollypops."

"No, indeed," answered the little rabbit.

Carefully setting his two small cubs on the ground, the Big Brown Bear rose from the wooden bench and ambled over to that wonderful tree. Digging the toenails of his left hind foot into the bark, he grasped the trunk with his fore legs and shinned up.

Yes, sir that's just what he did. Jimble, jumble, rumble, bumble, until at last he reached the row of beautiful candies growing on little sticks amid the green leaves.

In a few minutes he had filled his pockets and then down he came. Rumble, jumble, bumble, rumble. My, what a noise he made! but why not? He was a big, clumsy, although a kind-hearted animal. "There," he said, with a gasp, "put them in your knapsack. But save one for your mother. Be sure of that," and in to-morrow's story you shall hear what happened next.

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"The Female" Star-ring Betty Compton

NEW SAM WOOD PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION COMING TO THE STAR.

"The Female," a Sam Wood Paramount production starring Betty Compton and adapted by Agnes Christie Johnston from the popular magazine serial, "Dalla, the Lion Cub," by Cynthia Stockley, opens a two days' run at the Star Movie to-night.

Miss Compton in the title role is known as "the lion cub" because in infancy she was lost in the jungle of South Africa and mothered by a lioness until rescued by her guardian. She meets Colonel Valentia, a young Englishman, at a dress ball in the grand hotel at Johannesburg, and falls in love with him. He is attracted to her but their friendship is rudely broken when she hears a malicious conversation engineered by an English woman who is in love with Valentia.

Noah Beery, as Dalla's guardian who is in love with her, proposes that she marry him and promises that she need not be his wife until after she has spent three years in England learning to "be like the Englishers." She accepts, and in three years returns as a beautiful, cultured, perfectly groomed woman of fashion.

Dalla continues to forestal De Beer's (Beery's) advances and goes on a lion hunt engineered by Valentia. They have plunged far into the veldt and have established a camp when De Beer suddenly appears with his native bearers and his faithful old servant. The men come face to face. De Beer is suspicious, furious. Valentia has tried to smother his love for Dalla and has ignored her shy advances. But De Beer does not know this.

The scenes that follow take place in the African veldt, its mystery and lurking danger on every hand. The entire production builds up to a smashing climax, a fitting closing for one of the finest adventure-dramas you've ever seen in your life.

Warner Baxter has the role of Col. Valentia. Others in the cast are Dorothy Cumming, Freeman Wood, Helen Butler, Pauline French, Edgar Norton and Florence Wix.

If you cannot eat try BRICK'S TASTELESS. For sale everywhere.—sept25,tf

Tidal-Wave

A study of tidal-waves by Professor Vallaux, a French authority, is given in The World's Health, the organ of the International Red Cross (Paris). Says this writer:

"The determination of the causes of this phenomenon, which often produces terrible loss of life and property, is especially difficult in view of the difficulties of observation. Testimony of witnesses who have escaped from the calamity is naturally confused or contradictory. The seismograph and the barometer are the only instruments of value for scientific records, and the former can not function, of course, when earth tremors are about. Observations from boats at sea are almost always useless because of the relatively calm rise and fall of the ocean-level as the tidal-wave passes. The problem is further complicated by the confused terminology of description. Finally, the frequent minor oscillations of the ocean-level, aside from the daily tide fluctuations, need to be recorded and studied for the same reason that a record and analysis of the 30,000 annual minor earth tremors are as necessary in the work of the seismologist as that of the thirty or forty great earthquakes. The problem is of the greatest interest to the warmer, volcanically unstable, regions of the globe, and is confined for the most part between latitudes of 40 degrees north and south."

"A resume is presented describing about twelve of the most destructive waves about which records are available. The scientific value of the reports on the Chilean wave of 1855 is of great interest, having been made by Darwin and Fitz-Roy, who happened to be on that coast at the time. One curious fact that these observers noted was that great flocks of birds flew in from sea more than an hour before the disaster occurred. The ocean first withdrew, leaving ships, which had been anchored at a depth of seven fathoms, on dry land; this action was succeeded by a wall of water thirty feet higher than high-tide level; then came a higher wave, and finally a still higher wave."

"The records in general show that when the first wave is positive, it is almost invariably followed by a wave or waves of greater height and force. Frequently, tidal-waves are not preceded by a negative undulation. South American populations, however, disregard warnings to flee until the ocean has first retreated. Much avoidable loss of life has occurred as a consequence."

"Other waves occur which are not of eruptive or seismic derivation. The Bay of Bengal, particularly, is subjected to waves produced by atmospheric depressions combined with winds of a cyclonic nature, possibly coinciding with exceptionally high tides. Tides occur also and spread ruin. They are quite frequent on the western coast of France."

Rumor Picks Many Mates

FOR PRINCE OF WALES AS HE NEARS SHORES OF BRITAIN.

LONDON, Oct. 7.—A boom in rumors affecting the matrimonial inclinations, if any, of the Prince of Wales, has begun as the Royal traveler approaches England at the end of what is expected to be his last official trans-oceanic junket as a single man.

Even if he should decide not to marry, as many Britons fear he has already, the Prince is not likely to be the world traveler in the future that he has been in the past, for he has been virtually everywhere now. The Prince is not keen on official journeys with their round of functions, addresses, reviews, parades and cheering multitudes.

So far there has been no indication that any of the rumors regarding his affections are true, or that the Prince plans to relinquish the freedom of which he is fond.

But, there is no closed season on rumors of his engagement. All sorts of persons are being mentioned. One of the latest reports involved an American heiress, who is almost as famous as the Prince himself.

Continental Princesses are talked of, and there are in the running perhaps a dozen British girls. This rumor game is one everybody can play. Just pick your heiress or Princess, and spread the news that the Prince is going to marry her.

It is generally expected that when he does marry he will marry a British girl, perhaps of higher rank than Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl of Strathmore, who became the Duchess of York and the Prince's sister-in-law.

The continental field is limited owing to the ravages of the war among Royal families and because British Princesses must marry Protestant girls.

Then again, the British are not keen about marriages for reasons of state. The Prince is 31 years of age. He should have been married long ago, according to the pre-war theory that the primary duty of an heir to any throne was to provide a worshipping nation with an heir to himself.—Montreal Star, Oct. 7.

A Friendly Warning

While the Rev. Canon Cody, of Toronto, Ontario's former minister of education, was visiting in New York this summer he hired a taxi to convey him to an Episcopal church where he was to preach. On the way he was stopped by the traffic cop for speeding, but when the latter saw the passenger he threw up both hands exclaiming "It's all right Father; proceed, but be sure you slow up before you reach the next stopping place because the cop on duty there is a Protestant."

Tea and Breakfast Dishes

Young housekeepers desirous of providing a reasonable variety in table fare are sometimes perplexed as to what they should make for breakfast. This is not to be wondered at, as in many homes the breakfast never seems to undergo the slightest change. How often do we hear the remark: "Oh, I make a poor breakfast in the morning; I have no appetite!" I believe the explanation of the "poor breakfast" is to be found in the lack of change in the serving of that meal.

Good though it is, I think it cannot be denied that the continual serving of ham and egg for breakfast is apt at times to become a little uninteresting. For a change I would suggest that the ham should sometimes be served with tomatoes, apples, etc. These go well together and make delightful breakfast dishes. Then what could be better than some nicely served fish dish, of which there are many forms? Further, I would recommend in place of the ordinary hot the occasional use of a pheasant loaf. Several good suggestions are incorporated in the recipes appended.

Fried Haddock Savoury.
Take a Finlon haddock weighing about 1 lb. and skin it. Remove the flesh from the bone and chop it, then to the prepared fish add two tablespoons of grated cheese, a pinch of salt, and a shake of pepper. Beat one egg, add to it two tablespoons of cream (falling cream, sweet milk with a dot of butter will do). Put all these ingredients into a saucepan and add a few drops of lemon juice. Stir over the fire for five minutes or so until the fish is cooked. Have some hot toast spread with marrow. The marrow is simply removed from a marrow bone and spread on the toast while hot. Pile the savoury on the top of toast, and garnish with a little parsley. Butter may be used instead of marrow, but the latter imparts a delightful flavour.

Finlon Haddock Custard.
Skin and bone two good-sized Finlon haddocks, cutting them into neat little pieces. Grate one and a half breakfastfuls of breadcrumbs, and arrange in a pliedish with the fish in alternate layers along with a shake of pepper and a few dots of butter. Beat well two eggs, pour over them two full breakfastfuls of boiling milk, add a pinch of salt and a shake of pepper. Pour the custard over the contents in the pliedish, and bake the savoury in a moderate oven for one hour.

Tomato Breakfast Savoury.
Skin and slice half a lb. of tomatoes and place them in a greased pliedish, seasoning with pepper and salt. Have two slices of cooked bacon, finely chopped, and sprinkle these over the tomatoes. Beat well two eggs, add to them a pinch of salt, a shake of pepper, and a breakfastful of boiling milk. Pour the custard over the

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By EDGAR GUEST.

AUTUMN.

I want to come to autumn with the silver in my hair
And maybe have the children stop to look at me and stare;
I'd like to reach October free from blenheim or from taint,
As splendid as a maple tree which artists love to paint.

I'd like to come to autumn, with my life work fully done
And look a little like a tree that's greening in the sun,
I'd like to think that I at last could come through care and tears
And be as fair to look upon as every elm appears.

But when I reach October full contented I shall be
If those with whom I've walked through life shall still have faith in me,
Nor shall I dread the winter's frost, when brains and body tire
If I have made my life a thing which others can admire.

Ask Portion of "Dole" be Spent in the Dominions

LONDON, Oct. 5.—One hundred ex-servicemen from the East End of London, after having visited the Canadian and Australian pavilions at the British Empire Exhibition, passed a resolution urging the British Government to spend a portion of the dole for the establishing of unemployed men in positions in the overseas dominions.

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