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St. John's, Nfld.

## Football Reminiscences.

By ONLOOKER.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.  
...place decided. C.L.B. vs. B.I.S.  
Result: B.I.S. 1 Goal; C.L.B. 0—  
played on Llewellyn Place, August  
19th, 1922.

At the above teams were equal in  
points on the League table—5 points  
each—the final game to decide fourth  
place for the Tie Cup games, was  
played yesterday before quite a num-  
ber of spectators. At 4:10 p.m. the  
game lined up as follows:—  
C.L.B.—O'Neil, O'Driscoll, McLough-  
lin, Donnelly, Connolly, Crotty, Mc-  
Donnell, Halley, Jordan, Tobin.  
B.I.S.—Hayward, Garland, Warren,  
Lutz, Peters, Richards, Barrett,  
J. Long, Groves, Goodridge.  
B.I.S. won the toss and defended  
their goal in the first half. Sever-  
al chances offered early in the  
game, but all failed, until after some  
minutes play the ball was nicely

centred to Halley, who shot past Hay-  
ward, scoring the one and only goal  
of the match. When the whistle blew  
for half time, the players were just  
beginning to get warmed up, but im-  
mediately after the re-start, a tired  
feeling seemed to possess both sides,  
and there was no fast play. Several  
times however, the B.I.S. goalkeeper  
was called upon to save, and he did so  
in brilliant fashion. The C.L.B. had  
the best of exchanges for the balance  
of time, but failed to find the net, and  
when the final whistle sounded—four  
minutes before time, owing to darkness  
we presume—the result was, as given  
above, a 1-0 victory, and fourth place  
for the Irishmen. The final draw for  
the play of Tie Cup matches resulted  
as follows:—S. Andrews and C.E.I  
on Friday, and the final between the  
winners on Monday evening next.

## SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

### THOSE SOMEDAY JOBS.

I have a great  
sense of peace  
to-day.  
The peace that  
every housewife,  
and I suppose  
every business  
man or woman  
feels on a cer-  
tain occasion.  
That occasion is when he or she  
has cleaned up a batch of odd jobs,  
the kind of things that one is al-  
ways just going to do, and that are  
permanently pushed off by the im-  
mediate, must-be-done, daily duties  
until some day which might often bet-  
ter be called Noday.

She appointed a Someday.  
Once when I was a child and my  
mother had put me off many times by  
saying I could do this or that "Some-  
day" I asked her if she would please  
appoint a certain day and have it  
"someday." And being the kindest  
mother that ever lived, she did it.  
I have a method of getting these  
odd jobs done to which I resort every  
week in awhile. It is a simple method  
but efficacious. Perhaps you will say  
"Oh, yes, I always do that," when I  
tell you what it is; or then again,  
perhaps you will say, "I don't see how  
that would help any."

The Joy of Crossing Off.  
I write down a list of these Some-  
day jobs, and then I post it on the  
wall above my desk, and then I keep

at those jobs every spare minute. I  
cross each one out when I get it done  
until finally they are all crossed out  
and I have a right to take that list  
down and throw it into the waste  
basket. And when I do, I have as a  
reward that sense of peace of which I  
spoke above.  
True, writing them down doesn't  
give me any more time. It simply  
focuses my attention on those jobs  
in a way which gives me the final push  
forward that I need. Originally they  
would pop into my mind at odd times  
when I couldn't get at them—in  
Church (alas!) or on the train, or in  
the middle of the night (like "Gilray's  
Flowerpot," the cleverest essay Barrie  
ever wrote). Then they would pop  
out again and be gone when I should  
have been thinking of them.

Make A List of Your Own.  
My list that I posted last week has  
items on it like this:  
Get ready bundle for Associated  
Charities.  
Write letter about mistake in J. T.  
bill.  
Send flower seeds to Mrs. G.  
Sort over and send away magazines.  
Sort over linen.  
Clean best silver.  
Etc.  
I won't go on with it. Any house-  
wife can fill in for herself.  
Through each task a beautiful black  
line has been drawn. Don't you envy  
me?

### REGGARS.

The poor men  
come to my  
shop, and ask  
for bread and  
chicken; they've  
dragged their  
fingers along the  
road, and they  
are sorely strick-  
en, and I might  
hand them out an  
ode, their slug-  
gish blood to  
quicken. But  
these are worn and weary men, their  
stomachs all in creases; when fed  
they'll take the road again, and walk  
until it ceases; and so I go and kill  
chicken and let them eat the pieces.  
Some men say my course is  
wrong, they jeer at what I'm doing;  
"You paperize the errant throng,"  
they cry, with much heshrowing;  
let beggars work—for they are  
strong—before you start them chew-  
ing." But I can't manufacture jobs,  
can't invent a calling, for all the  
bread and hungry swabs who come, for  
the sake of hawking; and so I let them  
have the odds I'm from the cornfield  
singing. I might explain, when they  
arrive, that charity's a duffer, that  
one's entitled to survive unless he  
wears a little; "So buckle down," I'd  
say, "and strive to earn the eggs and  
peas." But ah, I hate to preach and  
talk where hungry men are tread-  
ing, and I hate to see them in a  
place of want and maxims flat and cold,  
and a rooster nine years old that's  
due for the beheading.

Don't miss "Come on Over,"  
it's worth seeing at the Cres-  
cent to-day.—Oct. 18, 1922.

### Household Notes.

When you use your canned peaches,  
cherries, etc., in puddings this win-  
ter, you can use the syrup for sauce.  
Delicious hard sauce can be made  
with maple sugar. Use one-quarter  
cupful of butter to one-half cupful of  
sugar.  
When rubber articles are not in use  
they should be sprinkled with talcum  
powder and kept in a cool, damp  
place.

**STOMACH UPSET  
GAS, HEARTBURN  
INDIGESTION !!!**  
Chew a few Pleasant Tablets,  
Instant Stomach Relief!

**Pape's DIAPARSIN**  
FOR INDIGESTION  
Add stomach, heartburn, fullness.  
If you feel bloated, sick or uncom-  
fortable after eating, here is harm-  
less relief. "Pape's Diaparsin" settles  
the stomach and corrects digestion  
the moment it reaches the stomach.  
This guaranteed stomach corre-  
ctive costs but a few cents at any  
drug store. Keep it handy!

## Impressive Memorial Service at Hr. Grace.

FOR THE LATE REV. W. H. BROWN-  
ING.

"Lo, our hearts are bowed in sor-  
row.  
As we miss his guidance sweet,  
While the children dimly conscious  
Seek the form they faint would greet.  
But our eyes in faith are lifted,  
For we know his race is run;  
And he now stands crowned a victor  
On the other side the Sun."

With such words may be expressed  
to some degree our profound feelings  
of sadness, as we mourn the loss of  
the late Rev. W. H. Browning, who pass-  
ed away to rest at Britannia Cove,  
(his wife's native place) on Thursday  
last, 15th inst. Especially does this  
apply to the people of the Methodist  
Church at Hr. Grace, with whom he  
had labored and to whom he had min-  
istered for nearly five years. And, on  
Sunday evening, 15th inst., a Memori-  
al Service for their late beloved pas-  
tor was called in the above mentioned  
church. There were present Rev. W.  
Swann, a former pastor who conducted  
the service; also Rev. Mr. Harris,  
who has been acting as a supply for  
the late Rev. Mr. Browning. A full  
choir was in attendance with the usual  
organist, Miss Gertrude L. Davis, and  
the congregation was a very large one.  
At the base of the Pulpit, which was  
artistically draped for the occasion,  
was placed a beautiful floral tribute,  
bearing the words:—  
"With deep sympathy  
from the  
Quarterly Trustee Boards  
and  
Congregation  
of the  
Hr. Grace Methodist Church."

For his address the Preacher, Rev.  
Mr. Swann, took as his text: Matthew,  
25 chap., 23 verse, "His Lord said unto  
him, Well done thou good and faithful  
Servant, thou hast been faithful over  
a few things. I will make thee ruler  
over many things: enter thou into the  
joy of the Lord." The address was  
delivered in such a manner that it  
could not fail to have a lasting im-  
pression upon his hearers. He paid  
high tribute to his departed co-work-  
er in the Master's Vineyard, who was  
also his intimate friend. Mr. Brown-  
ing, said the Rev. gentleman, "has er-  
ected his own monument; one not  
made of marble by the hand of man,  
but one more durable, perpetual and  
lasting, which will stand throughout  
the countless ages of eternity, for  
many was he instrumental in leading  
into the Father's Kingdom. His faith-  
fulness an outstanding feature, he was  
always an outstanding figure; he was  
an indefatigable worker, and his death  
is a great loss to Methodism." Having  
been appointed as a representative to  
the Board of Missions, he purposed  
attending the General Conference at  
Toronto, but it was willed otherwise;  
his work had been completed, his mis-  
sion fulfilled. His faithfulness, his  
devotion, his life shall ever be an in-  
spiration to us; always recognized as  
the children's friend, they will miss  
his kind protection and guidance.

Mention was made by the preacher  
of the devoted wife to whom the loss  
comes more keenly, and a prayer of-  
fered that she may be sustained and  
comforted by the God of all comforts  
in her great trial. His battles o'er,  
his life of service ended, he has pass-  
ed within the vale and entered into a  
grand life; one of greater service,  
and larger activities.  
After the prayers, which followed  
the sermon, the very touching solo,  
"Face to Face" was very beautifully  
rendered by Mr. A. L. Collis, and when  
all had sung the triumphant hymn,  
"Servant of God Well Done," the large  
congregation stood with bowed heads  
while the Dead March in Saul was be-  
ing played. And so we mourn the loss  
of our faithful teacher, friend, and  
guide. May we say, as a shepherd  
taken from his flock, but for him has  
come the glad "Well done, good and  
faithful servant; enter thou into the  
joy of thy Lord."

CORRESPONDENT.  
Oct. 16th, 1922.

## Prospero's Sailing Delayed.

The sailing of S.S. Prospero, which  
was scheduled for to-day has been  
extended and the ship will not get  
away before to-morrow. The Pros-  
pero is being held in port in order  
that flour, ordered by Northern busi-  
ness men, and which is on S.S. Cana-  
dian Sapper, due this evening may be  
sent forward.

## BILLY'S UNCLE

HAS TH' DOCTOR GONE BILLY?  
YEAH, AN' SO HAS YOUR LAST FIVE-DOLLAR BILL!  
STOP GRUMBING ABOUT TH' PRICE AN' GIMME SOME OF THE MEDICINE.  
THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE—I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY!  
'CAUSE LOOK AT WHAT IT SAYS ON THE LABEL.  
KEEP THIS BOTTLE TIGHTLY CORKED

## Stag Bay Timber.

MR. BELLEW CORRECTED.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir—I wish to set right some  
statements in an article which ap-  
peared in the Evening Telegram of  
Saturday, Oct. 14th, and which evi-  
dently were given to your reporter  
by Mr. Henry C. Bellew of Canada.  
This article makes it appear that a  
Newfoundland surveyor made a false  
report on the timber lands at Big  
Brook, Stag Bay, Labrador, and also  
faked a chart showing deep water  
where the water was shallow, even,  
as the article states, inserting in ink a  
depth of thirty fathoms at a place  
where Mr. Bellew's steamer went  
aground.

Last year my name appeared in  
some newspaper articles as the sur-  
veyor who reported plenty of timber  
where Mr. Bellew claimed there was  
none, but as I was away on the Bonne  
Bay Road at the time, and Mr. Ber-  
nard McGrath dealt effectively with  
the matter through the press, I did not  
deem it necessary to publish a con-  
tradiction of Mr. Bellew's statements,  
after I returned some weeks later.  
Mr. Bellew was wrong when he  
stated to the Canadian papers last  
year that there was no timber on Big  
Brook. Now he is wrong again. When  
I read the story of his trip that he  
caused to be published last year I  
formed the opinion that he did not  
really visit Big Brook at all but,  
through a mistake, visited another  
river some miles from Big Brook,  
where conditions were somewhat  
similar to those he claimed to have  
found. Many other persons who had a  
knowledge of Stag Bay were of the  
same opinion. Now that this thing  
has come up a second time and, par-  
ticularly, as the newspaper follow-  
ings of Mr. Bellew cast a serious re-  
flection on my integrity, I think it is  
about time for me to step in and have  
my say, otherwise Mr. Bellew's bar-  
ren story may become one of the  
hardest ever published.

There is no doubt at all about good  
timber on Big Brook. I say so, I  
mean it, and I can prove it. Now here  
is a clear cut issue.—Who is telling  
the truth? Henry C. Bellew, Canadian  
Mining Expert and Company Pro-  
moter, or Michael J. James, New-  
foundland Deputy Crown Lands Sur-  
veyor and Timber Inspector? I will  
tell your readers, Mr. Editor, what I  
am prepared to do. Should I ever  
visit Big Brook again and can pos-  
sibly manage to do so I will have  
conveyed to St. John's a junk cut  
from a growing spruce tree four feet  
in diameter to be placed in the Mus-  
eum or erected in some square in the  
city as an interesting attraction to  
citizens and visitors, and a lasting  
monument to Mr. Bellew's veracity.  
Should any reader of the Evening  
Telegram doubt my word, I can refer  
him to the men who were with me in  
the survey of Big Brook. They are  
Michael O'Shea, Peter O'Shea, and  
William Simms, of Marvale, Brigus;  
James Burke, Brigus; Edward James,  
Georgetown, Brigus, and John Fur-  
long, Queen's Road, St. John's. An  
enquiry directed to any of these men  
will elicit the facts just as I state  
them here. Again, the doubtful reader  
can ask Newfoundland fishermen who  
have visited that section of the Labra-  
dor, and he will be told that Big  
Brook has always borne the reputa-  
tion of being the home of the big  
spruce trees, and many of them will  
tell of the fine ships' spars that the  
late Capt. Isaac Moore, of Bay Roberts,  
cut on Big Brook up in Stag Bay.  
Hundreds of readers of the Evening  
Telegram when they read what I have  
just said about the spars will remark  
"That is true enough." Yet Mr. Bel-  
lew saw no timber except "scraggy,  
half-grown spruce."

Now as regards the shipping  
facilities, I never once made a state-  
ment, either verbally or in writing,  
that Big Brook would make a splen-  
did shipping port. I could not do so,  
because Big Brook is not a splendid  
shipping port. There is a plan on file  
in the Department of Agriculture and  
without charge as my showing the light  
at the mouth of Big Brook to be  
shallow, bare at low water, with a  
deep channel cutting through  
which gives an outlet to the waters  
of the river at low tide. In my report  
I stated that the mouth of the river  
would not be practicable for vessels  
over one hundred tons, (through the  
channel) but that a splendid shipping  
port could be found at Adlavick Hr.  
about four miles across a point of  
land from a proposed mill site on Big  
Brook, connection to be made by  
tramway. Any person can see that it  
would have been supreme folly on  
my part to have reported that Big  
Brook was a splendid shipping port,  
after having put on file in the De-  
partment a plan showing that it was  
not.

Mr. Bellew has caused my name to  
be brought before the public in both

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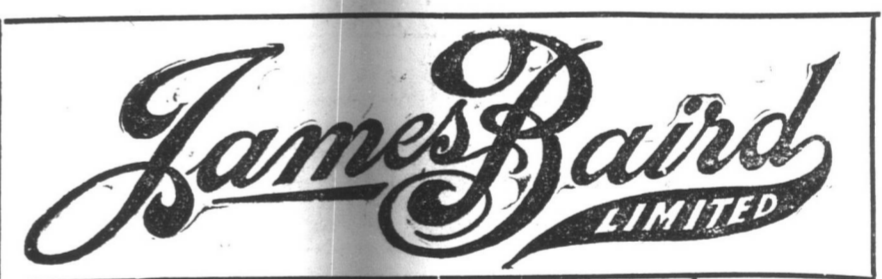
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- "PRINCESS" BRAND. Wool all over, rolled edge. Excellent wearing. 3 1/2 feet wide . \$12.25, 4 feet wide . . 12.50, 4 1/2 feet wide . . 12.75
- "PERFECTION" BRAND. Wool through and through. A Superior Mattress. 4 feet wide . . . 16.50, 3 feet wide . . . \$15.45

After the day's labor and worries--Home, to the restful hollow  
of your bed. Is it restful? Would not a New Mattress make  
it more so? TRY IT.



Canada and Newfoundland as a sur-  
veyor who rigged up a false report on  
timber and shipping facilities at Big  
Brook, and the natural inference on  
the part of any reader would be that  
I got well paid by the Newfoundland  
owners of the property for dealing  
carelessly with the truth. Far from  
getting paid for telling lies, I did not  
get paid anything extra for telling the  
truth, as my report was handed in  
without charge as the completion of  
my survey work. So it will be seen  
that there was no incentive for me to  
fabricate misleading statements, even  
had I been inclined to do so, which,  
thank God, I was not. The owners of  
the property did not, either directly  
or indirectly, suggest anything of this  
nature to me. I found them to be  
strictly straightforward and honest,  
in my dealings with them, and this  
leaves me at a loss to understand the  
story told your reporter by Mr. Bel-  
lew, namely, that he "was told at  
Battle Harbour that the lands were  
valueless, and that former attempts  
had been made by their St. John's  
owners to sell them to unsuspecting  
timber firms." As this letter is al-  
ready growing lengthy I shall, with  
your permission, Mr. Editor, reserve  
a few further remarks I would like  
to make for your next issue.  
Yours very truly,  
MICHAEL J. JAMES,  
Maher's Siding, Oct. 15, 1922.

Cub Cigarettes are appreciat-  
ed, not only by the smoker but  
by those in his company.  
CAR SKIDS.—A car, owned by Mr.  
J. Goldstone, skidded on Water Street  
yesterday evening, and striking the  
curb opposite Ayre & Sons grocery,  
bounced on to the sidewalk. One of  
the rear wheels was badly smashed  
but otherwise, no damage was done.  
Underwood Typewriter, \$155.00,  
Oct. 25th

**NEW BOOKS.**

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