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S.H.B.

Bond CAN'T Lose!

Kent, Dwyer and Ryan Can't Lose is the watchword of the sturdy electors in St. John's East.

Morris Must Go is the battlecry of the St. John's West Voters, and all the districts in the island are taking up the refrain!

Clean Government and a Square Deal is emblazoned on the Liberal Banner. The incorruptible Commoner will bear it to victory on October 30th.

The Herald says: "There are people, we admit, in this country, who say it is time for a change of Government." Right you are! But they are not P. T. McGrath and other individuals who are helping to bleed the country white. They are the great mass of voters who have to work early and late to get the wherewithal to pay the hungry crowd of Morris heeled who are too lazy to do an honest day's work! True for you, Patsy, the people are demanding a change, and, what's more, are determined that a change they will have!

The Herald says Downey is winning the West easily. We are inclined to the belief, however, that Joseph will find it harder to get votes from the people of St. George's than he did to get \$1,800 a year from the Picnic Party the past four years for distributing pamphlets on Agriculture.

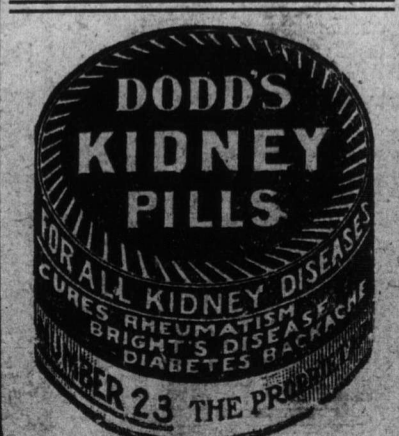
Poor Edward is losing caste more and more every day. He is seeing defeat in his every movement, and no ray of hope appears on the political horizon to give him comfort. He staked his all on the power of the dollar, and lost—irretrievably lost—the support and even respect of his followers in his own district; and the country therefore cannot again accept a man who has sacrificed their interests to the golden calf, Morris Must Go; and it serves him right.

"But who can tell what feelings fill his heart?" He had the chance to make an imperishable name; but not the ability to take advantage thereof. Now he is nearing his political doom and October 30th will witness the burying under an avalanche of adverse ballots, the Great Big Chief, who failed to make good.

Abs Lincoln was right when he said: "You can fool all the people some of the time; you may fool some of the people all the time; but you cannot fool all the people all the time." Sir Edward Morris has learnt this great truth, but he has not profited thereby, and to-day he is being revealed in his true light—as the biggest "bluffer" this land has yet produced.

The richest yet. One day last week it is said Morison was in a certain barber shop getting "trimmed off" to face the sturdy voters of Bonavista Bay, who will finish the trimming. Some person in the shop was talking Liberalism, and giving President Cooker a word of praise for his untiring efforts on behalf of the fishermen, when Morison asked the question who can put confidence in a man who says a thing one week and forgets all about it the next? How is that for "Forgetful Donald?"

Bond's Manifesto has knocked the Tories into a cocked hat. They don't know where they are; and are like an individual whom Morris described on more than one occasion in the West End Hall. That individual, according to Sir Edward, had been out all night, and had not dined wisely "but too well." While he was sleeping off his "jag" somebody changed his apparel and dressed him in a soldier's coat. When he awoke he was mystified, and not quite sure of his identity. Somebody asked him his name. He said he did not know. But said he'd go up to Mrs. Blank and ask her if her husband was home last night. If she says no, then I am her husband, but if she says yes, then I don't know who I am." Now that is like the Tory Party to-day. Bond stripped them of the clothes they were masquerading in, and put them in their true garb—with the result that they don't know who or where they are. But when they come to themselves after October 30th, they will find, to use another choice expression of the Big Chief's, "that the bottom is out of their tub."



Morris Must Go!

That's what the People say

Remember Your Friends Abroad

by sending them one of our View Books which we have just received. This book contains 67 interesting and pretty views of Newfoundland scenery, and as a souvenir for your friends is invaluable. 40 cents each.

PARSONS' ART STORES,
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Season 1913-1914.

We have always been noted for the exclusive style and finish of all our Ready-mades, but our advance fashions in Ladies' Coats for Fall and Winter wear surpass any of our previous showings.

These Coats are built on the newest lines, many are of the modish two-toned tweeds and blanket cloths; large, roomy and mannish looking. The popular style for coming fall—they have large shawl, sailor and storm collars, deep cuffs, trimmed, buttons, etc.

Then there is an exquisite selection of handsome wraps, in Brocaded Velvets, Seal Plush Broche, etc., lined with Brocaded Satin—but these must be seen to be appreciated. Call in and look over these beautiful Coats. You'll be delighted.



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Another big shipment of
Iron Bedsteads

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Quality the best with
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The Man of the Hour.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir—The man of the hour, as before, when the country was mislead by Tory misrule, was Sir Robert Bond. He it was that saved the country then, and he can do it in the present crisis. It is also true that the supporters of the Picnic Party admit that Bond is the only Statesman in the country, and when the ballots are counted after the coming general election, they will have to go a step further and admit that Bond is the man the country wishes to control the affairs of this Colony. I see by to-day's issue of the Graball organ of Prescott Street, that the Hon. D. Morison is again the candidate for the Picnic Party at Bonavista. What a gall he must have to ask the honest and intelligent voters of that district to re-elect him; a man who forgot the law. I have very grave fears of his safe return, for the Union will beat him so badly on election day and show him under, so much so that he will forget to come back. The whole country is crying for a change, and why? Because those who were placed at the head of affairs four years ago, have proven a failure. Better known as the Picnic Party, whose whole stock in trade has been to guard themselves individually, and grab wherever they had a chance. But changes will soon come about, for now the people have a chance to overthrow them and send back Sir Robert Bond, whose name in political life stands for all that is clean, honest and square. Morris was given his chance. What

has he done? Allowed himself to be ruled by hungry Graballs, and still they are not satisfied, and are rowing among themselves because they have not shared alike, and they want more, and more they will receive when Bond and his party are recalled to office and perhaps get a little more than they anticipate. Voters, rally around Sir Robert Bond and the good old Liberal standard. Unfurl the banner of right and justice, and when on Polling Day you have a chance to strike against the Government, strike hard, and hurl the Picnic Party to oblivion. They were given a chance and they now are asking to be given another chance to finish their work of ruin, and although they are asking it, they do not expect it. St. John's West will swing into line with the East, and after Polling Day Morris will have to console himself, knowing what they said was true: **BOND CAN'T LOSE!**

Yours truly,
YOUNG LIBERAL,
St. John's East, Oct. 3, 1913.

ARTHUR B. WALKER, 27
Charlton St. (3 doors from
Springdale Street). Fresh stock
of Groceries, School Supplies,
etc., Ice Cold Drinks, Delicious
Vanilla Ice Cream, Saturdays,
served in cones or dish. Full line
of English, American and local
Candies. The "good measure"
store. My motto, "A nimble
sixpence is better than a lazy
shilling." Just received 20,000
famous Glazed Picture Post-
cards. Sole Nfld. Agency. Splendid
new designs, love and hands
across the sea. Prices right.

Cataline.



Cataline was a Roman demagogue whose chief occupation was a starting festering sores on the body politic. His system was to run for office on the reform ticket, get defeated, and then assassinate the successful candidate when he was wholly unprepared for anything of the kind.

Cataline's first name was Lucius Sergius, but people called him "Luce" behind his back. He was one of the most explosive demagogues Rome ever had, as he was continually inducing some prominent citizen to act as the deceased at a public funeral. It was a dull day for Cataline when he didn't scatter a little poisoned soup around or leave a stiletto adhering to somebody's person.

Cataline made quite a hit as a political boss, and packed all the caucuses from the Pantheon to the Appian Way, but whenever he ran for anything himself the populace would rise up and step on him with so much enthusiasm that he never had to ask for the official count. He ran against Cicero for the consulship at one time, but Cicero had packed the election board with his wife's relatives and buried Cataline under one of the most voluptuous majorities ever recorded.

The more Cataline brooded over his defeat the more discontented he became, so he hired two assassins who had built up a large business and contracted with them to stab Cicero violently in the tunic. This plan being frustrated Cataline got an army together and announced that he would now start one of the most irritating holocausts in the history of Rome.

When Cicero heard of Cataline's threat he rose to a point of order and denounced the traitor in some of the most vindictive Latin adjectives then in use, adding to them a few of his own invention. The senate then had several of Cataline's friends cremated in public, and sent an army in search of Cataline.

The army and Cataline found each other about the same time, and Cataline did not give up until he had become too porous to hit back. His death was greeted with sustained applause and numerous demands for an encore.

To Make Office Paste at Home.

Take one ounce of flour and half an ounce of powdered alum. Mix with cold water to the consistency of cream, stir over the fire till the mixture has the appearance of starch, then add ten drops of oil of cloves. Stir and place in bottles. This will be found much cheaper than bought paste.

Fresh Supply	Just in 25 Sacks
Butter,	Kelligrews
Just Received.	POTATOES.
Irish —1 lb. blocks.	FRESH Smoked SALMON
18 lb. tubs.	10c. lb
Canadian —	RIPE TOMATOES,
1 lb. blocks.	60c. per basket of 10 lb.
30 lb. tubs.	By the lb. 8c.
Codroy —	10 lb. Green Tomatoes,
1 lb. blocks.	30 cents.

C. P. EAGAN
Duckworth St. and Queen's Road.

Class Meeting.

Semi-annual meeting of the Street Adult Bible Class held in their room last evening. The class of the outgoing officers above class to be in a flourishing condition. A large increase in attendance. A large increase in attendance. Mr. C. P. Ayre conducted the meeting of officers, which resulted as follows: President, C. C. Pratt, re-elected; Vice-President, B. Edgewood, re-elected; Secretary, A. H. Edgewood, re-elected; Treasurer, C. J. Edgewood, re-elected; Organist, C. J. Edgewood, re-elected; Assistant Organist, W. F. Edgewood, re-elected; Librarian, W. F. Edgewood, re-elected; Assistant Librarian, W. F. Edgewood, re-elected; Teacher, C. P. Edgewood, re-elected. The annual class will commence on Sunday, and the class will be addressed by W. Bartlett. The members are forwarded to a pleasant and professional.—Com.

Stafford's Liniment when suffering from any ache or pain. You will find relief at once. For sale by McCourt, Duckworth Street, St. John's.

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