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Pipes in Parliament.

REMOVALS OF THE COMMONS' SMOKING-ROOM.

The new Member of Parliament makes himself at home in the extensive quarters of the Palace of Westminster which are devoted exclusively to the Commons. First of all, he secures his own particular pipe for overcoat and hat in the cloak-room, to which purpose the beautiful St. Stephen's Cloisters—part of the ancient Houses of Parliament which survived the destructive fire of 1834—has been turned.

The new member also obtains the use of one of the long rows of lockers, or presses, in the corridors immediately surrounding the Chamber, for storing books and papers; strolls on the Terrace by the river, treats himself to a pinch of snuff from the silver box in charge of the door-keeper of the House of Commons, which is kept replenished by a vote which he writes on the official stationery of the House to relatives and friends, giving his first impressions of life at St. Stephen's.

An Unwritten Law.

But it is the Smoking-Room that the new member will in time prove to be the most interesting place. He may smoke a pipe there, but it may be thought, is a thing that goes without saying. "But it is not so very, very long ago when, by an unwritten custom," observed a cigar dealer he smoked in the Smoking-Room of the House of Commons. The story goes that it was a new member—a Radical in politics—who first introduced the democratic pipe, really to the scandal of older mem-

bers, Conservatives and upholders of all the traditions.

Not only did they regard him with a fixed, stony stare, but one of them demanded to know, with mingled pain and indignation in his voice, whether he was aware that his conduct was wholly "out of order." "I think it is in order," was the Radical's reply; "but in my case I don't greatly care." That settled it. There could not be any appeal to the Speaker on the point of order, and, as is the way in Parliament, once a precedent is set, it is followed by those who like it, without any breach of decorum.

So there are pipe members and cigar members. One night, in the passage outside the Smoking-Room, the extraordinary spectacle was presented of two members with their coats off, and for an instant, an anxious-looking policeman standing between them. The members had been in the lavatory together, washing their hands, and by a mischance changed coats.

No Fight.

One of them, putting his hand in his coat pocket, found a briar pipe which was not his. Looking at his coat and then at his companion's, he guessed what had happened, and apologetically explained the situation. "Try if you do not find a cigar-case in that right-hand pocket," he said. "So there is," replied the other. "Let us change here." It was at this point that the policeman made his appearance. Seeing the two members facing each other and talking of their coats, he naturally feared the worst, and, placing a big hand on the shoulder of each, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, gentlemen! Not here, please!"

The old constable might have guessed that two members going to the Smoking-Room couldn't possibly have any design of assault and battery on one another. The Smoking-Room is the temple of conciliation, harmony, and companionship between the varied types of members of different political opinions who foregather there. The one supreme rule of conduct among Parliamentary smokers is that a bone of contention which may have been worried over in the House must on no account be replicated in the Smoking-Room.

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He Stops Suicides.

AND SOMETIMES GETS ABUSED FOR HIS PAIRNS.

One of the most interesting figures on the Thames-side is Mr. Reuben Hopkins, the well-known pierman at Westminster.

He has just added to his already lengthy list of rescues by bringing in a would-be suicide who had jumped into the gray river waters that swirl about Westminster Bridge. Fortunately, Mr. Hopkins happened to be on the look-out, as he nearly always is, with the result that the man's life was saved.

Hopkins has lived and worked so long by the river that he can be said to be almost part of it. At the early age of six he was diving into the muddy creeks for coins thrown by amused visitors; then, when he was compelled to work in earnest, while still only a boy, he piled the old ferry at Kew.

One foggy Christmas Eve he was standing on the pier when a sudden splash not far away warned him that yet another waverer soul had sought oblivion in the river depths. Getting into his boat, he pulled briskly in the direction whence the splash had come, and there he found a frail young woman on the verge of sinking for the last time.

Rescued Man Was Annoyed.

Hauling her out of the water, he quickly got her ashore, though only just in time. It transpired that a day or two before she had had her fortune told by a gypsy, and the latter had prophesied so gloomy a future that the poor deluded thing could not face the prospect.

As an immediate result of her rescue, however, she was given a chance to start life afresh, and, much to her rescuer's satisfaction, she has since thanked him personally for his intervention.

But if, as in this case, would-be suicides are sometimes thankful that they have been prevented from carrying out their morbid intentions, there are other instances in which the subject has proved by no means grateful. "There was a man," says Hopkins,

"who begged and implored me to let him go under and, when I made an effort to drag him into my boat, he struggled and kicked so violently that I had to shout for help. And when we eventually did get him ashore, he rounded on me for not minding my own business."

Lady Who Wore Water-Wings.

Few people, I suppose, would look for humour in one whose life is so closely allied to much that is sordid and grim; yet this truly Dickensian character—one is reminded of the "Gaffer" in "Our Mutual Friend"—has many a bright tale to tell.

For example, he says: "I remember bringing in an elderly lady once who had waded into the water from the steps. For some reason or other I had a little difficulty in unmooring my boat that day, and I was afraid she would go down before I could reach her. But no! She seemed to bob about just like a cork, and I couldn't make it out.

"That's very funny!" I says to myself; and I can tell you I was mightily surprised when I discovered she was wearing water-wings! It turned out that she hadn't intended to commit suicide at all, but only wanted to frighten some relatives who, according to her, had treated her badly. That was her way of bringing 'em to their senses, I suppose!"

Mr. Hopkins, it is interesting to note, holds the Royal Humane Society's medal for his good work.

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made.

Here's an easy way to save 25, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep home without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth); then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 15 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosen a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lift the phlegm, heal the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Specially good for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "15 ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Marriage Omens.

WE DON'T WANT TO ALARM YOU—BUT HANG YOUR PICTURES SECURELY!

As one would naturally expect, the omens and superstitions relating to such an important ceremony as marriage are many and curious. These are some of them.

Pictures falling from the wall always arouse suspicion, but the significance of the incident is seldom to be dreaded so much as before a marriage, when the occurrence may be regarded as a prediction that the married couple will very shortly be abruptly separated.

As an instance of the truth of this superstition, I will quote one remarkable case. Lady B., who was well known in Dublin Society some years ago, despite the promise she made to her first husband, an intensely jealous man, who loved her passionately, not to marry again, met a very handsome young Frenchman at a military ball on the Continent, and became desperately enamoured of him.

After Two Warnings.

Apparently there was nothing against the match. The young man came of an extremely aristocratic old family, and was of irreproachable character. The night before the marriage, however, as the bride was dining alone in her old home, the picture of her first husband, that hung over the mantelpiece, suddenly fell with a loud crash into the fireplace, but without breaking the glass.

Lady B. tried to look upon the incident merely as an accident—perhaps due to vibration, although the house at the time was absolutely still, and the picture was very securely fastened. The very next morning, however, as she was descending the stairs, prior to getting into the carriage that was waiting to take her to church, another picture fell—also of her late husband, but in a much smaller frame. And again no glass was broken.

The marriage went off without a hitch, and for six months all proceeded so tranquilly that the bride began to congratulate herself that the falling of the pictures was mere coincidence. Then, quite suddenly, one morning, as her husband was coming downstairs, her little Pekinese—a present to her from her first husband—got between his legs, and he fell, striking his head very severely on the tiled floor of the hall. They tried trepanning, but in vain; for, although he lived, he quite lost his reason, and, on the anniversary of their marriage, had to be conveyed to an asylum, which he was destined never to leave.

Beware of Green Shoes.

Shoes play an important role in omen-love. If on the eve of marriage the bride receives a present of a pair of silver-

buckled shoes from someone who has been married over twenty-five years, and has never had a serious quarrel with his or her spouse, then it may be regarded as a sure sign she will have a child who will be bright, bonny, and affectionate.

Should however, someone give her, on the same eve, a pair of green shoes, then it may be taken as a certain prediction that she and her future husband will disagree over many things, and that much jealousy will be caused by platonic friendship with a third person.

It is stated that among the presents a certain French society woman received on the eve of her marriage to a duke were a pair of very beautiful green satin shoes, with mother-of-pearl buckles.

Several people commented on it at the time, and thought of it again later, when all Europe rang with the news that the hapless lady had been foully done to death, and all on account of a third person, a woman for whom her husband had conceived a mad infatuation.

Never heat a glass on your wedding-day. Should you do so, it is a sign your marriage will not be all honey. There will be jars, and, occasionally, serious differences. Also, avoid looking at yourself in a mirror after midnight the evening before the ceremony.

The Scar That Vanished.

There is a story of a well-known actress who was very sceptical with regard to omens. Being warned about this particular superstition, she deliberately sat in front of her glass after midnight, and stared at herself. As she did so, she noticed, for the first time, that she had a curious scar under her right eye. Much perplexed as to how it had got there, she went to bed, and in the morning looked at herself again. The scar was gone! Doubly mystified now, she mention-

ed the matter to a friend of hers, who was well versed in all kinds of omens and superstitions.

"What was the scar like?" the friend asked.

The actress told her. "I am afraid, then," was the significant reply, "that you will see it again within the next twelve months."

Her prediction came true, for nearly a year later the husband of the actress tore the skin of his hand on a rusty nail, the wound taking the exact shape of the scar his wife had seen in the looking-glass. Blood-poisoning set in, and within a few days of the accident he died.

In a Nutshell.

Like the sun, the modern gas fire warms solid objects—such as the furniture of a room or its occupants—without appreciably raising the temperature of the intervening air. At the same time the products of combustion in their passage up the chimney flue keep the atmosphere in healthy motion.

That is gas fire science and gas fire hygiene in a nutshell.

Further information from

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Teaching Profiteers Manners.

If you are a demobbed officer with a good education, keep an eye open on the advertisements in the newspapers for private secretariats and companions, for you may fall into one of the new jobs which are being advertised by Mr. and Mrs. Profiteer.

There is a larger class than ever, thanks to the war, who are uneducated, and have made more money than they know what to do with. These people are only too eager to get a chance of mixing with educated people, but they realize that they lack manners in every way.

Dozens of educated young men who have had their ordinary careers practically ruined by the war are finding profiteers only too glad of their help to get into society. Under the guise of private secretaries they are always at their employer's elbow telling them every little point of etiquette which crops up, from how to address a peer to the correct wines to order at dinner.

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