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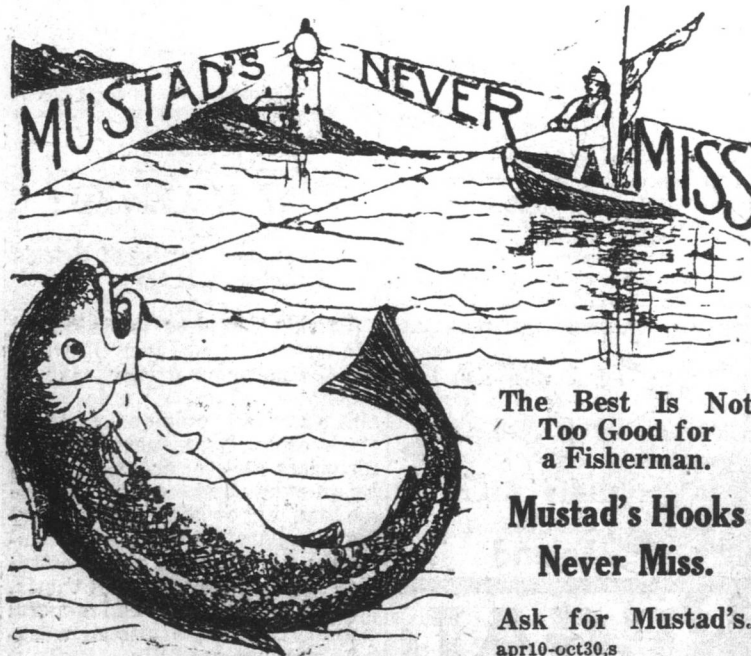
J. J. STRANG'S,

Tailoring of Quality,

Cor. PRESCOTT & DUCKWORTH STS.

These COATS are entirely British manufacture and a limited number only are in stock, and cannot be replaced at the present prices.

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The Best Is Not
Too Good for
a Fisherman.

**Mustad's Hooks
Never Miss.**

Ask for Mustad's.
apr10-oct30,s

The large outside leaves of a head of lettuce may be boiled and chopped. In two days rub off with dry salt and boiled eggs.

Cover burnt places on aluminum with salt dissolved in a little water. In two days rub off with dry salt and ash.

Death of Mr. Walter Winans.

Collapse on Trotting Track. Horse Lover, Crack Shot, and Sculptor.

(By one who knew him.)

Mr. Walter Winans—crack shot, artist, sculptor, author, and above all lover of horses—has died literally in harness.

He was driving his trotter Henrietta Gay on the track at Paresloes Park, Barking, on August 12th, when he suddenly called out "Catch my horse." Before this could be done he fell from the sulky and was picked up lifeless.

It is singular that this kindly and gifted man, the chief of whose life enthusiasms was his passion for horses, should have died behind a horse. Probably if he could have chosen his end he would have elected that it should be in that manner, in one of those whirlwind races against time in which his goggled and white-coated figure was extraordinarily popular in Paresloes Park, Olympia, Richmond, and many another arena at home and abroad.

Passion for Records.

He loved the applause of the crowd, and he never failed to give them a first-class show. A thorough sportsman, he went "all out" in everything, thereby entertaining the spectators as much as himself. It sometimes seemed that even his horses knew his passion for records and strove to please the man who cared for them so scrupulously. It certainly was so with Barney F., the grand trotter which won prizes for him in its 23rd year.

Barney F. died in May 1910, and last May Mr. Winans, never tired of talking about his old pet, told me again, with a tremulous voice, how "Barney never did a wrong thing or refused to do his best."

All types of horses were loved by Mr. Winans. He knew a horse as few men do, and had an extraordinary gift of gaining an animal's confidence. A great shot, he once spent a day with me at Surrenden Park exhibiting his capabilities with rifle, revolver, and pistol; but the day began and ended at the stables.

A "DUEL."

Mr. Winans and his Adversary "Killed" With Wax Bullets.

On that occasion he and I measured our paces and fought a duel. Each wore a helmet with thick plate-glass goggles and a long and extraordinarily stout overall of black canvas. Our bullets were of wax. We fired, and the mark of the bullet was over the heart in each case. He remarked that if it had been a real duel we should both have dropped dead, but added that in such circumstances probably neither of us would have aimed straight.

He threw a ball over the lawn and sent it on and on at each discharge of a rifle. He stuck a red-tipped match in a frame, walked away, turned, fired a revolver shot and ignited it. His prowess at Bisley, Wimbledon and other shooting meetings is known world wide. His special sideboard for trophies groaned with its weight of silver and gold.

He was a prolific correspondent of the newspapers his subjects being almost wholly horses, driving, and shooting. If there were a thoughtful or benevolent word needed for horses he never failed to express it, and many of his letters were published in The Daily Mail.

Work as a Sculptor.

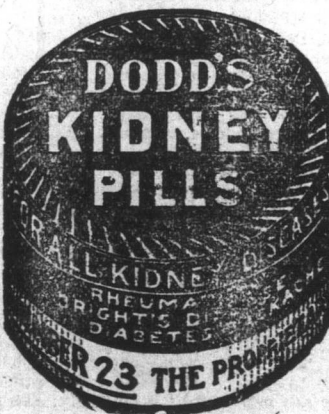
As a sculptor of animals, mainly horses, he possessed much talent, and because he knew horses so well he was a severe critic of London's equestrian statues.

He exhibited sculpture of horses at the Royal Academy, and last year his 14ft. high equestrian statue of King Albert towered in the courtyard of Burlington House, being much too big for exhibition within the building. Mr. Winans also painted, and here again his subjects were principally dogs, horses, and horsemen.

He lived the first 17 years of his life in Russia he was born in Petrograd, where his father, an American subject, was busy railway building.

Mr. Winans, who had a suite of rooms at the Carlton Hotel, Pall Mall, S.W., was "quite a figure" among the audience of "Chu Chin Chow" at His Majesty's Theatre next door. On several occasions when in town he sat in the stalls six nights a week, and admitted to a friend some months ago that he had then seen the show 76 times.

Prolong the life of your boots and shoes. Use Shoe Trees. We carry full stocks for ladies and gents. PARKER & MONROE, LTD., East End Brnch.—sep21



Tanlac Saved the Day for Him, States Wallace

Was Unable To Hit A Lick Of Work When He Began Taking It.

"I had quit my trade and wasn't able to do any work at all when I started taking Tanlac, but now I've picked up fifteen pounds and am in as good health as anybody," said Bernard Wallace, who resides five miles out from Regina, Sask. Mr. Wallace, a boiler-maker by trade, was employed for many years by the Canadian Pacific Railway at St. John, N.B., where he resided at 104 Union Avenue.

"Five years ago," he continued, "I underwent an operation, and after that I wasn't able to get back my strength. My stomach was left all upset and my appetite went back on me. It was over four months before I was able to go back to my old job, but I couldn't hold out at it then, and had to be put on special, light work. Even that got the best of me and I gradually went down hill. When quitting time came every day I was simply exhausted. I lost considerably in weight as I was eating just barely enough to keep me going. Sometimes just the sight or smell of anything to eat made me sick and I had cramps in my stomach that nearly doubled me up. Gas formed awful bad and at night I was often afraid to lie down for fear my breath would be shut off and I would smother to death."

"My nerves finally broke down and I got to having regular splitting headaches. Sleep was nearly out of the question, for it seemed to me that I rolled and tossed all night long every night of the week. Finally I had to give up even the light work I was doing. Things looked so bad I had reached the conclusion that I might as well give up the fight."

"But Tanlac saved the day for me and in six weeks' time had put me back in such fine shape that I don't believe I ever felt better before. Why, I had no idea anything could build anybody up so fast. I can sit down to the table and eat three of the biggest kind of meals every day and digest them as good as if I had never been bothered with stomach trouble in my life. My nerves are as steady as a clock and those headaches have all gone. I sleep like a top all night long and when morning comes I am feeling great. I have picked up fifteen pounds, as I said, and as soon as the harvest season is over I am going back to my old trade as boiler-maker. In my opinion Tanlac is in a class by itself and is a medicine that everybody would do well to learn something about."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors; by Reg. Sullivan, Pouch Cove; Sound Island Store, Sound Island; Dennis Flynn, Ayondale; J. J. O'Brien, Cape Breton; J. W. Smith, Baine Harbor; W. A. Burdock, Belleoram; John Morey, Fermeuse; Mrs. Jos. Quinn, Renew.—adv.



THE TRAGEDY OF ART.

One painted death's grim head on canvas white; With somber brush he reproduced the tomb; He dipped his skill into the paints of doom.

Passing the strength of youth and its delight He chose dark subjects, black with fear and fright. Another saw but sorrow's silenced room. Once lovely cheeks stripped bare of every bloom.

And with the pen of grief sat down to write. Both masters these, both men of wondrous skill. And yet in life they found but hurt and woe, The sepulchre to which the flesh must go.

Making life's greatest misery greater still. When joy had reigned had they but chosen so.

Heroic Mother.

SAVED HER HUSBAND AND SON.

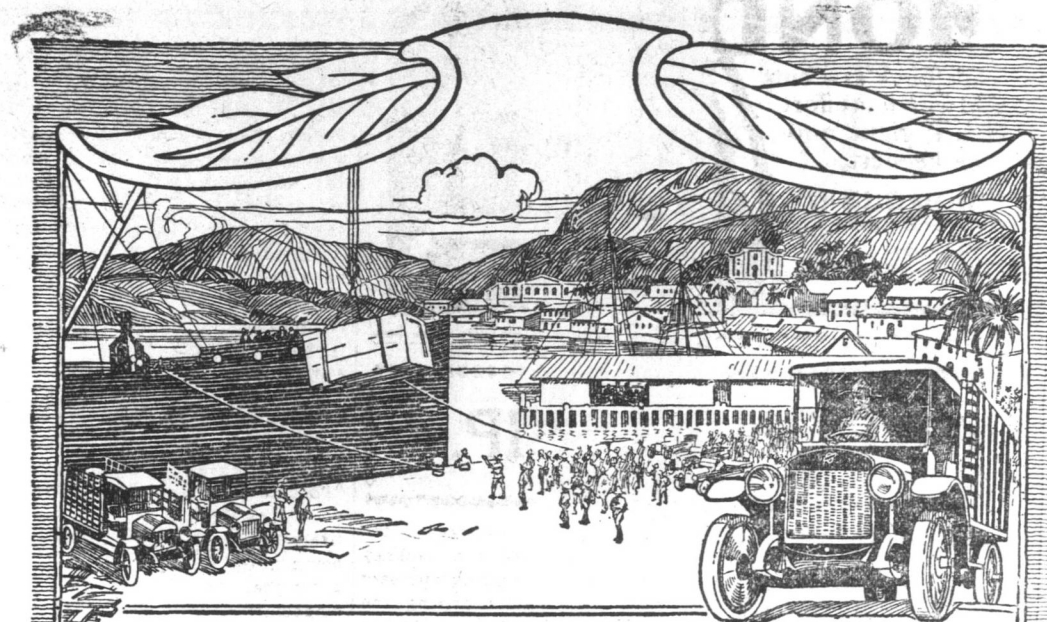
A woman's gallant defence of her husband and her son who were being attacked by an Indian is told in the London Gazette, which announces the award of the Albert Medal to Mrs. Emmitt, wife of Mr. Frederick Emmitt, stationmaster at Peshawar, India.

The Indian attacked their eldest son, aged 17, with an axe, breaking his arm. The boy closed with his assailant, who was trying to stab him with a dagger, when Mrs. Emmitt came into the room. She rushed to her son's assistance and kept hold of the man, although she received a stab in the side.

Mr. Emmitt, who was in bed with fever, came to her rescue, and the Indian, wrenching himself free, stabbed Mr. Emmitt in the thigh. Mrs. Emmitt again seized the man by the wrist and succeeded, in spite of several more wounds to her hand and arm, in getting hold of the handle of the dagger.

The Indian was finally overpowered with the help of some servants. Mrs. Emmitt ignored her own wounds until her husband and son were attended to and sent to hospital.

The assailant, who proved to be a murderous fanatic, was tried, sentenced, and hanged.



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**F. J. DODD, Central Garage,
St. John's.**

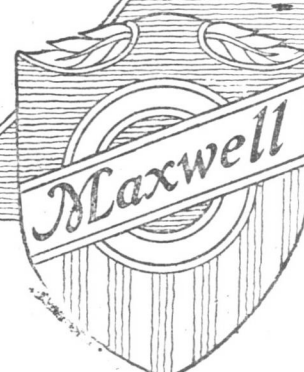
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In Crimson, V Rose, White

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**Boys' Tweed
Rah-Rah Hats**

Smart Fall Styles of good Tweed

98c.

We have just opened and are now showing **LADIES' FALL and WINTER COATS.** Prices right. SEE WINDOWS.

S. MILLEY

Household Notes.

Instead of a hot soup, an iced or jellied bouillon would be much appreciated in hot weather.

Honey cookies will keep much longer than other cookies, and grow richer as they get older.

The pockets in boys' clothing should be turned inside out and brushed before washing.

Pickled eggs are delicious served with salad or fish, or chopped and served with cream sauce.

Fish should simmer briefly; if it boils fast the outside will be broken before the inside is cooked.

As they will be lighter when frozen, when coloring ices make them a deeper shade than wanted.

A salad of lettuce and bacon, garnished with French dressing, is delicious.

When canning rhubarb or cranberries, simply place them in jars, pour cold water over them, and seal the jars.

Bolt 1 cupful maple syrup; mix with 1 cupful chopped pecans and 1 teaspoonful butter, serve with ice cream.