

Banish the Hand Pump



In primitive countries woman is regarded somewhat as a beast of burden. She is subjected to all sorts of drudgery, does practically all the work, and her lot is hard and discouraging. This custom is rightfully regarded as inhuman and uncivilized.

Yet thousands of women in this country today are shackled to the old-fashioned hand pump. In many cases they carry the water considerable distances after pumping it. The amount of time and energy lost is incalculable.

Empire Duro Systems

They liberated thousands of women, and men, from the grinding toil of pumping and carrying water. They have brought comfort, cleanliness and health where drudgery, dirt and disease prevailed before.

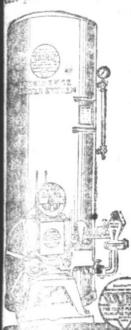
Duro systems give you all the conveniences of city water service. Running water under pressure in kitchen, bathroom, toilet, garden and barn is at your service.

Compact, powerful, and automatic—a Duro system is easily installed in old or new homes and costs less than 1c a day to operate. Driven by either electric motor or gasoline engine.

Duro Systems are made in many sizes and styles. Ask us for an estimate of cost.

Distributed by The Empire Brass Manufacturing Co., Ltd., London and Toronto.

For Sale by MR. W. J. RYAN, P.O. Box 5297, 256 Duckworth Street, St. John's, Nfld.



K K K Boots & Brogues



K. BOOTS, in Kid, Box Calf and Tan Leathers.

K. BROGUES, in Black and Tan.

K. 12-inch High Laced.

F. SMALLWOOD
HOME OF GOOD SHOES
218 and 220, Water Street.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE CO., LTD.

And still another accident on the road, but fortunately, no casualties. It might be your turn next. Before it is too late, why not take out a policy with our well known Company. Our rates are very low, and Motor Car Owners are continually coming to us for protection. Why not follow the crowd?

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.
BOWRING BROTHERS, LIMITED
AGENTS FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

WM. DAWE & SONS, Limited Bay Roberts, Nfld.

We have one of the largest and best equipped WOOD-WORKING PLANTS in this country. We make all our own stock from the log to the finished article, including: Framing, Matched Board, Clapboard, Ceiling, Mouldings, Turnings, Doors and Sashes, Oil Barrels, Herring Barrels, Fish Casks and Fish Boxes, Folding Chairs, Tables, etc.

Buy DAWE'S (better built) DOORS

Buy Paper, Say the Evening Telegram.

Sources of Fortunes of 25 Biggest Taxpayers

"The figures prove that the published tales about mammoth salaries paid motion picture stars nearly all have been grossly fictitious," writes B. C. Forbes in Forbes Magazine for October 1.

"Of the twenty-five men paying the largest income taxes, ranging from John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s \$6,277,989 to C. W. Nash's \$489,776, no fewer than thirteen, or fully half, are first-generation men, while three—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Edsel Ford, George F. Baker, Jr.—are sons of self-made multi-millionaires still living.

The following is a classification of the main sources of the fortunes of the twenty-five leading income-tax payers:

Banking	8
Automotive Industry	5
Oil	2
Mining	2
Coal	1
Tobacco	1
Tractions	1
Talking Machines	1
Publishing	1
Grain Speculation	1
Miscellaneous	3

"The two youngest men in the list are Edsel Ford and Vincent Astor; both in their thirties. The oldest is George F. Baker, 85.

"In two cases father and son both appear among the twenty-five leaders, namely, the Fords and Bakers, while two brothers also appear, Andrew W. Mellon and R. B. Mellon, of Pittsburgh."

The Tower of Torment

The Eiffel Tower has been a good deal in the news lately, partly because of some interesting experiments in wireless transmission which have been made from it, and partly because of its conversion every evening into an elaborate illuminated advertisement of a certain make of motor-cars. Then, too, an American dancing-girl recently climbed up the outside of the structure for a bet.

Erected for the Paris Exhibition of 1889, the tower has become a permanency, and is now one of the best-known features of the French capital. It is 984 feet high and built entirely of iron, 7,300 tons of that metal being used in its construction.

The tower was much admired when it was first built, and became a favourite resort of Parisian pleasure-seekers. But to some sensitive souls it was a positive nightmare. Guy de Maupassant, the novelist, hated it, but while he remained in Paris he could not escape it. He saw it from every part of the city, and found reproductions of it everywhere. Finally, unable to endure the torment any longer, he fled from his accustomed haunts.

"I have left Paris, and even France, because the Eiffel Tower finished by wearing me too much," he confesses in the opening sentence of his book of travel, "La Vie Errante."

American Co. Secures Claims on Bell Island

Local Parties Pool Their Claims on Western-End of Bell Island—Price Paid Said to be in the Neighborhood of Million Dollars.

We have great news this week for our readers of a new mining industry that may in a few years rival, if not surpass, the Besco as a source of employment for our people. We have information from New York that the deal is completed, and that operations will begin next week. Now for the particulars.

It will be remembered that over 20 years ago when the Nova Scotia Steel Co. and the D.I.S. Co. secured their iron areas on Bell Island and the boom for acquiring iron ore claims started, the Western-End of the island was secured by grant to Judge Morris, William Churchill and the Roach family of Topsail.

Hoped to Sell to Besco.

They hoped to sell it to the Nova Scotia Steel Co. on the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., but these companies thought they had enough, and in any case they were not inclined when approached, as they were several times subsequently to give the money that the owners asked for the property.

The years went on, nothing was done, and the original owners stuck to the property, believing that some day in the future there would arise people who would want their iron claims. Meantime the under-water claims idea assumed practical shape with the two big operating companies, and a new organization, including Messrs. C. O. Neil Conroy, James Coughlan, J. T. Meaney, Bernard McGrath, S. Foote, R. B. Job and Arthur Williams came on the scene and took out claims for the water area off the western end of the island in front of the property on land held by Judge Morris, Mr. W. Churchill and the Roach brothers.

65 Half Mile Claims.

In all combined there are about 65 half-mile claims. Both the land and water claims, we understand, have been pooled, and are now sold as one property in New York. The Company that has purchased the property is one of the largest in the United States dealing with iron ore and has a strong financial standing with a connection in Europe operating iron mines there also.

Work on a gigantic scale will commence next spring, and side by side with Besco there will, we have no doubt grow up a great iron ore mining and shipping industry, which will put Newfoundland on the map as the greatest iron ore country in the world. Samples taken from Judge Morris and Mr. Churchill's claims, are equal in pure iron percentage with the ore that is mined by Besco, and it is found from the Besco boundary right out to the western end of the island.

It is reasonable to assume that, like Besco, it also runs out under the water right over to Spaniards Bay point. We have not heard the exact terms of the sale, but we understand

that one million dollars will be paid down next spring when the operations begin. It is also said that there will be a perpetual royalty to the sellers.

Lloyd George's Land Scheme

TENANT CULTIVATORS—AID FROM STATE.

Opening his land campaign, Mr. Lloyd George delivered an address at Killerton Park, near Exeter, in which he outlined a scheme for the resumption of land control by the State, with compensation to landlords; the support of State credit for agriculture; the promise of security in return for efficient cultivation; and the extension of small holdings.

Mr. Lloyd George said: "I want to speak to the men and women of Devon about the state of the nation. I do so, not as a partisan, but as one who has taken a leading part in directing the affairs of Britain at a critical moment in its history. I wish, therefore, to do so with a sense of responsibility, not to a Party merely, but to the whole of my fellow-countrymen."

Sir George Hunter, one of the greatest business men in this country, has written a letter to the Prime Minister of the most charming character about the industrial prospect, ending his appeal that it should be grappled with without delay by stating roundly that the country is on the road to ruin.

I am not dwelling on this fact in order to make anybody miserable, but I am doing so in order to rouse the country to compel the Government to take action before it is too late. I know from experience there is nothing more difficult than to get a nation, accustomed to triumphant prosperity and to a long record of glittering success in all its enterprises, to look disquieting facts in the face. It turns its ear more readily to prophets who insist that all is well and will soon be better.

Dangers to Trade.

If you point out dangers to our trade, there are people who will tell you that you must not do so, inasmuch as to dwell on bad trade is to make bad trade. You have also the element of national pride to cope with. A proud people hate exhibiting their distresses to friends or foes.

This is the sixth winter of deep depression. It looks likely to be the worst. When will the spring-time of trade come? Let us still continue to hope that things will get better soon, but hope must have a landing-place. The business of statesmanship is not to destroy hope, but to provide a safe landing-place for it to rest and remove its supply.

I am all in favour of doing more than we are attempting at the present moment to make a better use of the huge, undeveloped property, with infinite possibilities, which is under the control of the British Crown in various parts of the earth. But let us never forget that the Empire begins at home, and that the part of the Empire for which we are primarily responsible is here, in this land in which we dwell.

We are keeping hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men in enforced idleness. In all classes this is bound to demoralize and lead to mischief. We are leaving the boys who ought to be training for their vocations in life either idle or doing odd jobs. There is no room for them in trades. They are drifting into that most hopeless class—the casual labourer.

During the last few years we have increased by over 12 per cent.—that is, by £50,000,000 worth—the food produce which we have bought across the seas, and that at a time when we are less able than ever to pay for it and when we have 1,500,000 able-bodied men doing nothing at home.

I am not so rash as to assert that whatever you do in the way of developing the capacity of our soil you would be able next year, or for many years, to raise from British fields the whole of this enormous deficiency in our home supplies at a price which would enable us to compete successfully with foreign or Dominion produce. But of this there is no doubt, that a real personal effort to improve agricultural conditions would result immediately in our capturing for our own workers a substantial share of our own market now lost to us.

If you had as many men employed on the soil of Britain, in proportion to the size of the two countries, as they have in Denmark, there would now be 750,000 more workers on British land than are engaged at this hour. If you take Germany as a basis, there would be a million more; if Holland, a million and three-quarters more; and if Belgium, two millions more.

We have set up machinery with the Dominions to train some of them as settlers. Why not train them to settle on our own land? There is also much preliminary work of a cruder kind to be done in the way of reclamation, drainage, and afforestation, which would immediately absorb scores of thousands.

I know the expense of this would not pay 1 per cent. interest. Perhaps not, but it would pay better than does to rot men in idleness, and their work would leave the national estate far ever richer.

MAJESTIC THEATRE



The UNKNOWN PURPLE



She fell in love with her husband after she had once betrayed him and sent him to prison — and unrecognized, the husband forced her to betray her lover as she had betrayed him — a weird, justifiable vengeance.



MONDAY and TUESDAY

With a Distinguished Cast, including Henry B. Walthall, Alice Lake, Stuart Holmes, Helen Ferguson, Ethel Grey Terry, Johnny Arthur, Brinsley Shaw, Richard Wayne, Frankie Lee, James Morrison and Mike Donlin.

From the sensational stage success that gripped New York for a solid year.

One of the greatest casts ever assembled in a motion picture. The weird, uncanny vengeance of a betrayed husband.

THE MOST THRILLING STORY EVER SCREENED.

Rubbers for Everybody!

IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE

Nearly One Quarter of a Million Pairs of Rubbers



BOUGHT AT THE LOWEST PRICE.

Come in and be fitted. Price Lists on request.

F. Smallwood

THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES

218 & 220 Water Street.

The Best Exchange.

On every account the best exchange for the workless is an exchange of the green doors of the Labour Bureau for the green fields of Britain.

There is no better farmer in the world than the British farmer when he is given as good a chance as the Continental cultivator. And there is no more hard-working or intelligent labourer. All the same, during the last 50 years the yield of food per 100

acres in Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark has appreciably increased, while in Britain it has in that period diminished. We have been left behind by all these countries.

(Continued on page 16.)



Well, it took nearly the whole afternoon to fix up Aunty Hen's little bungalow, notwithstanding that the old Red Rooster and Peter Pig did their very best. But then, of course, Aunty Hen was a very particular sort of a person. Yes, sir. Every picture had to be hung just so and each curtain tied with a pretty pink bow.

All of a sudden the telephone bell went. "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkery tink. Swift as a comet; quick as a wink."

"Who's calling so soon on the wire?" thought Aunty Hen, lifting up the receiver. "Oh, it's you, Uncle Lucky," she added the next minute. "Do you want to speak to the Old Red Rooster? I'll call him."

"What's the matter?" asked the old fowl, placing the telephone to his ear. "Where did you put the wooden rake?" asked anxious Uncle Lucky.

"Behind the wheelbarrow in the barn," answered the Old Red Rooster. "I'll be back early in the morning in case I put it behind the mowing machine."

"Ha, ha," laughed nice Uncle Lucky, always so kind and sometimes so funny, but always the most obliging old bunny. "I'll look in both places." "You'll find the rake, never fear," crowed the Old Red Rooster.

Well, by this time Mr. Happy Sun was painting the sky purple and red, blue and gold. "You won't have time to reach home to-night," said kind Aunty Hen to Peter Pig. "It's very dangerous driving after dark through the woods. Turn the donkey loose to graze and wait until morning. There's plenty of room in my bungalow for both you and the Old Red Rooster. After breakfast, and we'll get up at daybreak, you can drive back to Rabbitville. An ounce of caution is worth a pound of bravery."

So Peter Pig and the Old Red Rooster agreed to spend the night in the

new bungalow, and Aunty Hen at once set to work to prepare supper. It was no easy matter to cook for Peter Pig. His appetite was very large. But Aunty Hen was not discouraged, and she busied herself at once with pots and pans. She shelled fresh peas and boiled a cereal, and when supper was over Peter Pig grunted: "That was a fine meal. You're a good cook Aunty Hen," which so pleased that lady fowl that she let them look through the family album.

By and when Mrs. Moon climbed up the sky and the Twinkle Twinkle



"You won't have time to reach home to-night," said kind Aunty Hen to Peter Pig.

Star shone down, Peter Pig began to snore. Then the Old Red Rooster tucked his head under his wing, and Aunty Hen fell asleep until the birds began to chirp in the early dawn, when up jumped Peter Pig to harness the donkey to the old creaky cart. As soon as breakfast was over, the Old Red Rooster flew up on the seat, and waving goodbye to Aunty Hen, he and Peter Pig drove away. And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.