

## MAJESTIC TO-DAY



— ALSO —  
A Clever COMEDY and Breezy NEWS REEL.

## MISS CALLIVAN

SINGS:—(a) "DAWNING."  
(b) "A SUMMER SHOWER."

MONDAY:—The Picture of the season "THE TOWN THAT FORGOT GOD."

## How Far do Fashions

IN CLOTHES AFFECT OUR BODIES?

Undoubtedly our fashions in dress do affect the development of our bodies, though, of course, very slowly. The wearing, for instance, of a tight-fitting hat that admits no air may not result in the wearer going bald, but it successive generations persist in the habit a general baldness must follow the fashion.

No, too, high and tight collars will in time arrest the full development of the neck, while an exaggerated fashion in extremely narrow or high-heeled shoes in time actually alters the shape of the foot, besides changing the carriage of the body. Through medical opinion is still divided on the question of corsets for women, there can be no doubt that the tight-lacing of the past was injurious in the extreme to the physique of our grandmothers. Lungs and other organs were unduly compressed, and the absurd fashion was largely responsible for much of the faintness and other feminine weaknesses of the period.

## From Cape Race

Special to Evening Telegram  
CAPE RACE, to-day.  
Wind light and variable, weather dull. The steamer Rosalind passed in p.m. and motorboat Minron at 8:10; several schooners also passed in this a.m. Bar, 30.10; Ther, 52.

## THE FLASHLIGHT

BE SURE IT'S AN

## EVEREADY

"THE RIGHT LIGHT TO LIGHT RIGHT."

The newest thing in Flashlights is the ALUMINUM CASE FLASH, the price of which is surprisingly Low.

WM. HEAP & CO., Ltd.,  
AGENTS.

## The Panama

(By A. C. GRIEVE.)

After a long slant across the Line, we were coming up to Panama. We carried copra. South Sea copra, since the war, and until recently, used to go in great six-masted schooners up to Frisco, but is again finding its way, in ever-growing volume, to Great Britain or to Europe—finding its way too, not via Sydney or Auckland, as in the old days, but direct, without transshipment, through the Panama Canal. Big freighters are chartered to come across from Sydney, or from Yokohama, and pick up cargo in Fiji, Tonga, and Samoa. There is even prospect of a direct service, outwards as well as homewards, to carry to the islands trade goods and food-stuffs which used to come exclusively from Sydney, Auckland or America. Copra, as everybody knows, is dried coco-nut, and is used in soap-making, and for other purposes. The palm-tree is the staple product in islands southwards of the Line. Fruit and other things there may, or may not, be; but coco-nuts invariably, either growing wild or in the ordered culture of plantations.

We followed in the wake of another copra-steamer, a week or two before us; and yet another was coming up a month or so behind, all carrying nothing else but copra, opening up a new sea-track of trade. Many tracks converge on Panama; the Pacific coast of North America, the Far East, the Islands, New Zealand and Australia, South America, all contribute their quota. The canal is now only on the threshold of future possibilities, and will mean more in time to come than folks at home perhaps altogether realize. Happily it is in the hands of a people with language and laws akin to ours. The through waterway between the oceans is, to say the least, a very great advantage and convenience to the States, quite a third of the commerce which passes being American coastal; but it is equally a boon to us, and to other users of the sea.

As one gets nearer, other ships show up on the horizon, travelling in converging lines towards their goal, while others, again, pass us on an outward track. After a long quiet time at sea, away from everything, it gives somewhat the notion of a busy junction. While steaming up the Gulf, and with still fifty miles or so to go, we saw a pretty and imposing sight—a U.S. squadron of seventeen light cruisers and destroyers running out to sea at an easy pace, but in close and ordered line. To these succeeded a covey of eight good-sized submarines; conning-towers well above the water; and, behind them, their mother-ship, a gray-painted, clipper-bowed, yacht-like vessel. After these again a little, there came the flagship of the officer commanding, a rear-admiral, and then behind him, at a good respectful distance, a further bunch of submarines: this lot followed by a straight-stemmed tender, also gray, and evidently an adapted merchant-vessel. When we arrived there were at anchor in the harbor itself several big battleships and other lesser naval craft. Dapper little launches ran about between them, manned by white-clad, round-capped Yankee tars. One of two other inward-bound steamers were waiting, like ourselves, and the health officer's launch took him speedily to each in turn. We were, perhaps, three-quarters of an hour at anchor, and then moved up to moor at buoys for the night. Large open launches passed up in the dusk, packed with sailors returning from a day ashore.

White, spotless and immaculate, is the all-prevailing tone. What a vast amount of laundering there must be on U.S. naval service in the tropics! The British mind is vain enough to think that Uncle Sam has copied his notions of naval and military smartness from his relative John Bull. The khaki-clad soldiers one sees here and there on the Canal banks are the last thing in smartness; somewhat after the fashion of a garrison battalion at home, except that the ordinary private here is, with regard to tailoring, as stylishly turned out as a sergeant-major might be with us, and in his tropical shirt-sleeves, but for the belt, would not be easy to distinguish from an officer. His visage, of course, is typically American; you don't need to hear him speak to know he hails from U.S.A.

In the morning the Canal pilot came aboard, and a bunch of negroes (West Indians mostly) to manipulate the tow-ropes in the locks; and we got under way about 8 a.m. It was Sunday, and, ashore at Balboa, the wharves displayed an aspect of Sabbath rest and calm. A South American mail-boat, on her way to Liverpool, steamed off about half an hour before us, and we followed at an easy pace. A private yacht, a schooner, lay at moorings in the curve of water just above the port. Her owner, an elderly, well-groomed man, strolled about the narrow deck. He seemed to be alone, without womenfolk or guests, or else they were late risers and had not yet appeared. His crew were garbed in well-cut dark-blue uniforms, and two brown-painted launches lay on each side of his bows. Americans don't believe in rowing, or any other labor, if petrol or elec-

tricity can do the work instead.

We were soon in the first lock (Miraflores), and in a trice the gushing sluices had raised our water-level forty feet. Small electric engines, fore and aft, on each wall, towed us onward, and we soon passed through the farther gateway of the lock. In two short miles came our second elevation—at Pedro Miguel. In this lock we gained another forty feet, or so, making in all eighty-five feet above sea-level. The main section of the Canal between this and the Gatun Locks is about thirty-three miles. Six miles more takes one to the coal-wharf at Colon (or Cristobal), the Caribbean port. Ships can pass abreast in the Canal, and we met several. The latter half of this main section is through the Gatun Lake. Up to where the lake begins to widen one sees the railroad running parallel on the right bank. Then it goes out of sight, and nothing is visible but water and islands and passing ships, until one reaches Gatun. The famous Culebra Cut, a few miles beyond Pedro Miguel, is, as it were, the top of the divide, and is the crucial point of this great engineering feat. Here there have been landslides, and the channel, cut out of earth and rock, is thus liable to threat of temporary blockage. In theory it is very easy to say, "Build a brick wall," or something else equally impregnable, on paper. But in practice things don't work out with inevitable certitude. Culebra has given trouble already, and it may, quite possibly, again give trouble. Meanwhile there are after-dreages—U.S. Graders, as they call them—long double-deckers, some with fine mosquito-netting guarding the veranda of the living quarters on the upper tier, and powerful machinery installed on the main floor below. If Nature can't be conquered right away, she can at least be circumvented.

We soon leave Culebra and its hills behind us, and in a few miles more are out upon the lake. This is nowhere very wide, or, rather, there are islands on all hands, with more stretches of water hidden behind them. At Gatun, two successive locks quickly bring us down again to ocean-level. A few further miles and we are at the coal-wharf, in its way just as much a modern wonder as the great Canal itself. A vast travelling crane stands between the ship's side and an elevated railway. Along the latter run electric-driven coal-trucks. When these reach the crane, as they do in close succession, each tips its contents on a travelling band, which takes the fuel to a sort of arm, something like an elephant's trunk. Down this rumble and thunder the coals, to pour through whatever hatch may be desired. It is only a matter of very quick adjustment. The great black tank can reach either side, or the centre of the vessel, as may be wanted. When one bunker is filled, the mammoth reaches over to another. As coal here is something of a luxury, being imported expressly for immediate needs, we only take a few hundred tons to enable us to carry on to our next point with what we have already. The time spent on the actual operation works out at almost ten tons to the minute, through one shoot alone—the quickest coaling I have seen in any quarter of the globe. A punt-like boat slips round to our off-side with some fresh provisions, which are soon on board; and then we back out into the stream. As dusk comes on—an early matter in this latitude—we are heading for the open sea, another steamer just before us, and are soon beyond the shelter of the two projecting arms of breakwater, beating on our way northeast across the Caribbean.—Chambers's Journal.

## Storm Tragedy

MAN TURNS COPPER COLOUR.

Death by Poisoning.

The great thunderstorm of July 9-10 was proved on Friday at the resumed inquest on Ernest George Wright (27) to have been the indirect cause of the man's death.

At the previous hearing it was shown that the deceased was filling sacks with metal dross while the storm was in progress, and next day he complained of internal pains, and his skin gradually became copper-coloured. Dr. Ross, divisional surgeon, gave it as his opinion that death was due to the effects of poisoning by arsenic-laced hydrogen.

Became Black All Over.

John Driscoll, a foundryman, said that he was working in the same shed as Wright. He was taken ill the day after the storm. He found himself falling about, and had an abdominal pain. He turned a copper-colour, and afterwards became black all over his body.

Mr. Harrison, a Government chemist, said the dross would be capable of giving off arsenic-laced hydrogen with the addition of water. He did not think the atmospheric electricity of the storm would do it.

The coroner said that Dr. Womack, the analyst, had sent him a report giving him (the coroner) details of the result of his analysis of the viscera, and showed that he found arsenious oxide.

The coroner found that Wright was poisoned by arsenic-laced hydrogen gas, and that his death was due to misadventure.

## CHARLIE CHAPLIN AT THE CRESCENT THEATRE TO-DAY

CHARLIE CHAPLIN  
the King of Laughter, in  
"TRIPLE TROUBLE."  
"THE RAGGED EDGE"  
A thrilling story of a Great  
Love Adventure.

ROBERT  
SHIELDS  
in Baritone  
Solos.

AL PITTMAN  
At the Piano.  
JACK CRONAN  
Bells and Effects.

DON'T MISS  
the big  
Amateur Contest.  
Friday Night.

## Murphy's Good Things!

## A Price Saving Sale; Reductions are Great

Values offered will be more inviting than ever. Cost is not considered as everything must be sold to make room for the new Winter Goods, which are already beginning to arrive.



## Clothe Your Children

## Children's Coats.

In Fawn and Navy Blue, full lined, sizes to fit up to 3 years.

Each \$1.25

## Children's Poplin and Repp. Coats.

Lined throughout, in shades of Navy, V. Rose and Pink.

Each \$1.25

## Blue Lustre Jack Tar Reefers.

Each \$1.98

## Girls' School Dresses.

In shades of Fawn and Saxe, silk worked.

Each \$1.98

## Misses' Wool Middies.

Long sleeves, sailor or Duchess collar, in shades of Peacock and Fawn.

Each \$1.49 to \$1.98

## Girls' Sweater Coats.

With long sleeve and belt effect, Duchess collar, is trimmed in contrasting shades.

Each \$2.49 to \$2.75



## Babies Bonnets.

In Velvet, Serge and Navy, ribbon and silk trimmed while they last

Each 38c

## Misses &amp; Women's Sweaters



## Ladies' Sweaters.

Ladies' Tuxedo Coat Sweaters, all shades & sizes.

Each \$6.49

## Ladies' Heavy Wool Coat Sweaters.

Button front, belt effect, comfortable, roll collar, shades: Navy & Grey, American Beauty and Nile, Peacock and Fawn.

Each \$3.49

## Cap and Scarf Sets.

Of brushed wool, snug fitting and comfy for school wear.

Per Set \$1.92 to \$2.98

## Girl's Wool Hockey Caps.

With large pom-pom at top, shades: Peacock, Emerald, Fawn, Brown and White.

Each \$1.10

## Boys' and Girl's Wool Caps.

Special Clearance Sale of Boys' and Girl's Wool Caps, all shades.

Each 39c.

## Ladies' Pullover Sweaters.

Ladies' Soft Wool Pullover Sweaters, in the newest loose fitting makes.

Each \$2.49 to \$2.98

## Misses' and Small Women's Soft Wool Sweater Coats.

Assorted shades, sizes up to 34.

Each \$2.98

## Corticelli Wool.

Per 1 oz. Ball 19c.

## Children's Wool Leggings.

Elastic rib knit, draw string at waist, shades: V. Rose, Saxe, Brown, Peacock, Navy and White.

Per Pair 98c.

## Congolium Mats.

Sizes 18 x 36.

Each 19c.

## Melton Cloth.

Superior quality English Melton Cloth, 40 inches wide.

Per Yard 90c. to \$1.20

## Serge.

36 inch Serge, in shades of Navy, Cardinal and Saxe.

Per Yard 59c.

## Watches.

Accurate time keepers.

Each \$1.98

## Phil Murphy

317 Water St.

Store open every night

## Household Notes.

If your steel table knives have become worn from constant use, take them to a scissors grinder and have slices across quite thinly and serve on

crisp lettuce.

Prepare apples for baking as usual. Fill the cavities with orange marmalade, bake, top with a marshmallow and return to the oven for a minute to brown.

When travelling where accommodations will not be luxurious put a few empty spools in your bag to slip on any rusty nails upon which you may have to hang clothes.

## Be Prepared for the Cold Weather



## Ladies' All Wool English Rib Hose.

Per Pair 98c.

## Ladies' Botany Wool Hose.

Plain, full fashioned, light and dark shades.

Per Pair 98c.

## Ladies' Fancy Cotton Hose.

Plain and rib.

Per Pair 39c.

## Yard Goods.

Red and White Flannel, good quality, per yard . . . . . 98c.

Cotton Tweed, wide width, per yard . . . . . 65c.

Dress Linings, light and dark shades, per yard . . . . . 19c.

Red Ticking, per yard . . . . . 49c.

Floral Quilt Covering, 36 inches wide, per yard . . . . . 98c.

Table Damask, in 1 to 2 1/2 yard lengths, per yard . . . . . 79c.

## Men's Wool Underwear.

Men's new knit Wool Underwear, good weight.

Per Garment \$1.49

## Men's Green Label Stanfield's.

Per Garment \$1.98

## Mixed Goods.

This lot consists of Repps, Serges, Velvets, Satens, large clean pieces, 1 to 6 yards.

Per Pound 58c.

## Men's Dress Shirts.

Of stripe percale, tunic style, soft cuff.

Each \$1.19

## Men's Silk Stripe Percal Shirts.

All sizes.

Each \$2.98

## Wool Nap Plaid Blankets.

70 x 50.

Per Pair \$4.49

## Honeycomb Wool Squares.

With fringe ends, in Black and White.

White, each . . . . . 89c.

Black, each . . . . . 89c.

## Red Rose Wool.

A new shipment just in, all shades in this lot.

Per 1 oz. Ball 19c.

## White Curtain Net.

Pretty patterns, single and double width.

Per Yard 29c. to 48c.

## Men's Local Grey Hose.

Per Pair 49c.

## Suit Cases.

Strong lock and grip, bound corners.

Each \$1.98

## Folks

DOOR A GUEST.

OLD FRIEND.

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