

Disturbed Slumber.

We had a dream the other night
That we had organized
An Eaters' Union that high cost
Of food antagonized.
We made a scheme of the price
We'd pay for fish and meat
And vegetables and other things
That human beings eat.

Our maximum on sirloin steak
Was thirty cents a pound;
For halibut 'twas twenty-five,
Fifteen for fish called ground.
Pork chops we set at twenty-eight,
Spring lamb at twenty-four,
And we just told producers all
We'd pay that and no more.

The fish, meat and provision men
Refused our terms outright,
And then we voted to declare
On them a hot old fight.
We threw down knives and forks and
from
Our dining rooms marched out—
Just then we woke and how the strike
Came out we are in doubt.
—Exchange.

**Whales Caught
From Shore.**

Whale hunters do not always have
to "go down to the sea in ships," out
upon the fathomless depths of the
ocean to capture the leviathan of
fishes. He is often captured almost
from the very shore. In fact, the Eski-
mos of Point Hope, Alaska, when the
wind is blowing from the shore in the
spring causing the ice to break up
into "leads" wait on shore for the
sperm-producer to "run him down,"
and then set out in canoes to "run him down."
Workers for the Episcopal Church's
mission at Point Hope, the most north-
erly in Alaska, have described the
sport vividly, for it is not only a busi-
ness by which the natives help to
make their living, but actually a sport.

As the ice begins to break up, the
Eskimos come out of their igloos,
where they have lived for the winter,
and the men form themselves into
canoe crews, each in charge of an
Oomalik, or captain. Six or seven men
form the crew of a canoe and they
work on shares. The whaling season
there lasts from six to seven weeks,
and while it is on the men never un-
dress. They take turns sleeping on a
sled drawn up on the ice. Four or five
men are always on the watch for a
whale.

When the sea monster is sighted the
crew making the discovery, launches
its canoe and makes for the victim's
head. The whale cannot see directly
ahead, because his eyes are on the
sides of his head instead of in front.

When the canoe nears the whale's
head, the Oomalik gives a sweep of
his paddle which sends the canoe a-
long the whale's side, and as it passes,
the boat leader throws a harpoon,
fastened to a wooden handle, with a
long line, attached to the end of which
are tied three or four seal bladders.
To the harpoon a bombgun with trig-
ger is attached. It is released after the
whale is harpooned, the 12-inch bomb
explodes in the whale's interior. As
it dives to escape, its progress under
water is marked by the seal bladders
at the end of the line, which remain
above water.

The Oomalik then hoists a flag,
which is a sign for the other canoes
to join in the hunt. If the whale is
killed, its body is drawn up on the
edge of the ice.

Alarming Gifts.

**OUR MONARCHS ARE OFTEN RE-
CEIVERS OF USELESS AND
STARTLING PRESENTS.**

The recent visit of Abyssinian
nobles to London, who are bearers to
our king and queen of rich gifts of
silk and ivory from their empress, and
who will take back to their monarch
on their return gifts from King
George and Queen Mary, only serves
to emphasize the fact that the gifts
given and received by Rulers have not
always been so fitting or so welcome.

Washington Society was greatly
amused just before the war by the
singular present the late Mr. Roose-
velt made to a bride of that city.

This was the tail of a rhino, un-
counted—a hunting trophy, and
doubtless highly prized by the donor.
It was, moreover, a gift which had
cost more than mere cash.

Pipes For the Queen's Use.

Even the presents which Royalty
bestow upon Royalty sometimes cause
embarrassment. In 1863 Queen
Victoria sent Sir Richard Burton on a
mission to the King of Dahomey
bearing various presents, including a
silk tent and a handsome silver pipe.
The King was grateful, but added that,
as the tent was too small to sit under
in that climate, and he preferred a
clay pipe to a metal pipe, he would
have been better pleased with a car-
riage-and-pair and a white wife.

However, to show appreciation of
her Majesty's kind intentions, he sent
in return some native pipes and to-
bacco for her own smoking, a collec-
tion of loin cloths, and an umbrella
to be held over her head when drink-
ing.

Some years ago, King Edward, when
taking his usual summer holiday at
Marlborough, received in twenty days
over three hundred presents, includ-
ing jewellery—from studs to gold
watches—cigars and cigarettes, and an
assortment of other articles—from
gloves, lies, and walking-sticks to
sweets and scented soap. These gifts
were never accepted.

**LADIES! We are out to solicit your patronage in this forthcoming SELECTION
For, Never before in the history of this house has such a
selection of values appeared.**

**TO-DAY
OUR VERY
IMPORTANT**

SILK SALE

**OPENS, OFFERING
INTERESTING
VALUES.**

**THESE OPENING DAYS, for old St. John's
has never witnessed such elegance in SILKS,
nor in our memory have better values ever
appeared before you. Its going to prove the
EVENT of the season. Don't miss it.**

36-inch JAP SILKS.

Every worthy shade represented in these Navy,
Saxe, Rose, Pink, Brown, Taupe, Green, Burgundy,
Brown, Grey, Amethyst, Black and White.
Regular \$1.90 yard for \$1.69
Regular \$2.20 yard for \$1.79
Regular \$2.60 yard for \$2.39
Regular \$3.00 yard for \$2.76
Regular \$3.30 yard for \$2.94
Regular \$3.80 yard for \$3.39

COLOURED TAFFETA SILKS.

In 36 to 40 inch widths, these Silks are renowned
for their unusual brilliancy, and even at their regular
prices they represent good value to-day. We have a
strong line of shades to offer you.
Regular \$3.00 yard for \$2.76
Regular \$3.40 yard for \$2.95
Regular \$4.75 yard for \$4.19
Regular \$4.90 yard for \$4.29

**Beautiful
Shantung Silks.**

Shantung Silks need no recom-
mending, for perhaps of all Silks
they stand out distinctively as the
best wearing Silks yet. You'll find
them here in their natural shade
as well as such likeable shades in
Sky, Saxe, Navy, Pink, Peach,
Sand and White.
Regular 85c. yard for 79c.
Regular \$1.00 yard for 91c.
Regular \$1.40 yard for \$1.17
Regular \$1.80 yard for \$1.58
Regular \$2.00 yard for \$1.79
Regular \$2.80 yard for \$2.59
Regular \$3.00 yard for \$2.76

Striped Silks.

There is always a demand for
these, and this particular group is
worthy of your inspection. We of-
fer Black and White, Navy and
White, Saxe and White, Rose and
White, and Green and White.
Regular \$2.20 yard for \$1.79
Regular \$2.80 yard for \$2.59
Regular \$3.00 yard for \$2.76

**FANCY STRIPED CREPE-DE-
CHENE.**

Regular \$3.70 yard for \$3.39

Coloured Mousselines and Dutch Silks and Satins.

36 to 40 inches wide in shades of Taupe, Fawn, Nigger Brown, Maize, Sand, Silver Grey,
Saxe, Navy, Pink, Amethyst, White and Black. Worthy Silks and Satins interestingly
priced.
Regular \$2.60 yard for \$2.39
Regular \$2.90 yard for \$2.69
Regular \$3.75 yard for \$3.39
Regular \$4.00 yard for \$3.78
Regular \$4.75 yard for \$4.19
Regular \$5.00 yard for \$4.59

Crepe-de-Chenes.

36 to 40 inch; every required
shade: Pink, Rose, Saxe, Navy,
Taupe, Brown, Reseda, Moss
Green, Purple, Maize, Grey, Black
and White. These are pared to the
very finest price for this important
sale.
Regular \$1.75 yard for \$1.39
Regular \$2.50 yard for \$2.29
Regular \$2.80 yard for \$2.59
Regular \$3.00 yard for \$2.76
Regular \$3.25 yard for \$2.89
Regular \$3.50 yard for \$2.95
Regular \$3.75 yard for \$3.39
Regular \$3.90 yard for \$3.78
Regular \$4.50 yard for \$3.98
Regular \$4.80 yard for \$4.29

**Coloured
Georgette Crepe.**

For soft, clinging, easy-hanging
dresses you could not desire any-
thing nicer, and equally becoming
for waists. This assembly em-
braces all the preferred shades:
Saxe, Navy, Flesh, Rose, Prune,
Mole, Nigger Brown, Grey, Taupe,
Sand, Moss Green, Gold, Black and
White.
Regular \$2.25 yard for \$1.79
Regular \$2.50 yard for \$2.29
Regular \$2.75 yard for \$2.49
Regular \$3.50 yard for \$2.95
Regular \$3.75 yard for \$3.39
Regular \$3.90 yard for \$3.69



**Strong Values make this a
good Silk-buying time.**

One of the funniest presents King
Edward ever received was a prize po-
tato weighing over five pounds. The
sender evidently imagined that the
King of England lived at Westminster
for the potato was addressed to
House of Parliament, England, and
the postmark was "Vermont."
But the weirdest present to Royalty
surely is the mummified hand of an

Egyptian prince who lived three thou-
sand years ago. It was presented to
the King by a famous Egyptologist,
and is regarded as a paper-weight.
**When you want something in
a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS—
Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled
Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bo-
logna Sausage.**

**Cottagers Who
Became Famous.**
Now that the war is over, thousands
of people will once more be making
their way to Doonside, near Ayr, to
visit the humble cottage in which was
born that wonderful genius, Robert
Burns. This famous cottage the poet's

father built with his own hands.
Though most people can claim that
there were at least four walls around
them when they came into the world,
even this modest boast was denied
Abraham Lincoln, the shed in which
he was born having only three sides.
With all its historic buildings, few
spots in Fifeshire are more romantic
than the unpretentious little cottage

from which the late Andrew Carnegie
first saw the light of day.
In Kirkcaldy one can still see the
humble dwelling in which Carlyle
lived when engaged there as a school-
master.
Think of the wonderful writings
produced in De Quincey's cottage at
Lasswade, some of them as strange
as the life of the man who penned

them. At one time, so poor was De
Quincey that many a night he spent
on the doorsteps of Old Edinburgh.
Meringues, as supplied to the
Prince of Wales on his recent
visit, at STEWART'S BAKERY,
the only people in Newfoundland
that can put them up.—oct.16,19

BOV

THE DAILY DOPE
BY THE CUB-EDITOR

TALK ABOUT THE LIGHT BRIGADE
People to right of us,
People to left of us
People in front of us
Charge us like thunder,
Ours not to make reply,
Ours not to question why,
Ours but to bust our bay
Till we go under.

THE COLUMN WRITER.
The column write's life's a cinch
And not a vale of tears 'ere strike
He "writes" his column inch by inch
With his old friend, the Shears.

—Boston Post.

A GOOD GUESS.
Teacher—"Who was it supported
the world upon his shoulders?"
Tommy—"Atlas, Ma'am."
Teacher—"Who supported Atlas?"
Tommy—"The book don't say, but
I guess his wife did."

YOU SAID IT, BO!
Lazy Lorenzo and Dog-tired
were discussing something they kn-
ittle about—work.
"I think," said Lazy Lorenzo,
"if they did away with work altogether
it'd put an end to these 'ere stribs."
"Yus," said Dog-tired Dick. "That
be the time when everything's done
electricity. Only got to press a but-
on and the job's done."
A slow horror dawned in L-
Lorenzo's eyes.
"That won't do!" he said emph-
cally. "Who's a-goin' to press the
on?"

The West
gressive Bra
Rooms, Co
Watet St., w
day, Sunday
Friends an
cordially in

J. F.
J. J.
J. T.