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Another valuable feature is the One-Man Top. Apart from the ease in which one man can put up the top, it has another advantage over the ordinary type by giving added refinement.

Chevrolet "Four Nineties" are fitted with three speed gears forward and one reverse. The lower gears are only used for starting, because with the powerful Valve-in-Head Motor, very steep hills can be ascended with ease on top gear. The second gear has a speed of twenty miles per hour easily.

To insure absolute reliability the "490" has for standard equipment a Simms High Tension Magneto. This is independent altogether of the electrical starting and lighting system, and no matter what might go wrong, the car cannot fail to operate on the High Tension Magneto.

Fuel economy and low cost of upkeep is the Chevrolet slogan. 25 miles per gallon is the usual consumption. Chevrolets in St. John's are averaging this standard, and many are giving bigger mileage.

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July 28, 41, m. t. n. t. f.

Trial of Ex-Kaiser

NOT WANTED IN ENGLAND.

Predictions that the project to bring the former German Emperor to trial in England will be abandoned are growing in view of the almost unanimous opposition of the newspapers of all parties. Virtually all the leading papers, with exception of the Northcliffe press, are denouncing the plan.

The Northcliffe papers have taken no stand in the matter, but print many letters from prominent persons opposing the trial. The influential weekly reviews all oppose or deride the project of bringing the former Emperor from Holland.

The "Saturday Review" says: "It is a mistake of taste, a want of tact, London is the last place in the world that ought to have been chosen, first, because the English are the chief enemies of the Germans, according to the Germans; secondly, because London is the court of William of Hohenzollern's first cousin and the home of his illustrious grandmother; thirdly, because William has often been our guest. King George and the Emperor must in their younger days have lived in some intimacy."

The "New Statesman" says: "Let us hope that the Dutch Government will cut the knot for us and save us from

the blunder of reinstating the last of the Hohenzollerns in the hearts of his disillusioned fellow countrymen."

The "Westminster Gazette" says: "It is clear that the M. P.'s who applauded and the press that approved Lloyd George's announcement had a very imperfect idea of what was actually being proposed. They had vaguely in their minds the idea of an arch-criminal being brought to justice for a long catalogue of political and other crimes, by which the war was launched and its conduct characterized—the conspiracy with Austria, the Serbian ultimatum, the violation of Belgium, the murder of Capt. Fryatt, the adoption of poison gas and submarine frightfulness, deportations and so forth—and they certainly had no idea that the indictment was to be limited, as the "Times" now tells us, to the violation of Belgium and Luxembourg. Proceedings of such narrow scope, attended with such difficulties, political and legal, seen likely on the face of them to involve the Allies in all manner of risks and embarrassments, without any corresponding advantages, if the trial takes place and conviction is secured."—Montreal Witness.

What's Wrong With Our Hymns?

READ MUSIC AND Mawkish WORDS

"The time is coming when a Christian congregation will be ashamed to sing such pitiable doggerel as 'Fight the Good Fight'."

Sir J. D. McClure, the chairman of the Congregational Union, who thus expresses himself about church music and hymns, is not alone in the view that it leaves much to be desired. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has said the same thing:

Suitable for a Gravestone.

"In our hymnals is much poor stuff of a namby-pamby character. The initial words of 'Peace, Perfect Peace,' are appropriate enough when set up as an inscription over the grave of a deceased virago by her husband, but are not suitable for a general congregation."

Again,

O Paradise! O Paradise!

Who doth not crave for rest? Is hawled out by a congregation that has not the slightest wish for rest."

Mr. Roper, assistant organist at Westminster Abbey, is also severe on some of our hymn tunes. "The worst tune in the Ancient and Modern Hymnal," he says, "is 'The Voice of God's Creation Found me.' The verse hymn, 'Pleasant are Thy Courts Above,' is another example of bad music. Other hymns with tawdry settings are: 'At Even Ere the Sun was Set,' 'Day of Wrath,' 'Hark, Hark, My Soul,' (first tune), and 'Fight the Good Fight.'"

Twisted Texts.

It is a strange fact, by the way, that when one comes to compare the original text of popular hymns with that printed in hymn-books to-day, one finds many curious alterations. In "Rock of Ages" the line "When mine eyelids close in death" was originally "When my eyelids break in death"; while some time ago an effort was made to restore for "Hark! the herald angels sing" the original line, "Hark! how all the welkin ring."

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream," is an altered version of Watt's original words. "Time, like an over-rolling stream," while in some books it has been altered to "Death, like an over-rolling stream."—Tit Bits.

When you want Roast Beef, Roast Veal, Roast Mutton, Roast Pork, try ELLIS'.

A Peril of 1917.

That a German invasion of England was feared by the authorities in 1917 was disclosed by a prosecution at Lincoln, England. An engineer, of Sheffield, was charged with embezzling a sum of money. Giving evidence of arrest, Detective Sergeant Stephens, of the Metropolitan Police, said that early in 1917, owing to a fear of invasion, the authorities issued large sums of money to inspectors, especially on the east coast, the money being accompanied by sealed orders, which were to be deposited in safe places and only to be opened on receipt of special instructions.—Montreal Gazette.

CARS AND CARS.



I have a large and costly car, upholstered in the richest plush; and when I wish to jaunt afar, I ought to get there with a rush. It truly is a gorgeous boat, and should with ease my person haul; the man who sold it sprained his throat explaining

how it beats them all. But every time I take it out, it gives me naught but grief and toll; the carburettor has the gout, a cylinder starts pumping oil. And while in agony I try to find what makes it work so complain, the cheap tin cars go whizzing by, their drivers grinning with disdain. My tumbler cost 4,000 bones, and every time I'd drive she quits; she coughs and backfires, heaves and groans, and throws a hundred kind of fits. And always when she sheds ash, and leaves me stranded far from home, the cheap tin cars go whizzing by, and kick up gravel, dust and loam. I'm often stalled; it is my fate to have a car that will not run; and all the cheap cars in the state whiz by, and have all kinds of fun. With patience I could bear my load, and make some showing, too, of glee, if I were stuck upon the road, and there was no one else to see; but when I feel the motor die, and know I'm stalled for half a day, the cheap tin cars go whizzing by, so insolently blithe and gay!

Sense in Superstitions.

There is often a common-sense reason underlying what, at first sight, seems merely a superstition. Take, for instance, the old belief amongst colliers, that a mine much frequented by mice is a lucky mine. We know now that mice are peculiarly susceptible to foul gases, and the presence of unusually large numbers of these little animals, therefore, is proof positive of the absence of any danger. Hence the alleged "luck."

Then, again, there is the "third-to-use-a-match" superstition. This originated during the Boer war. By the time the lighted match had been passed to the third man, some watchful enemy sniper would be pretty sure to spot it and let drive at it. And that was where the "bad luck" came in.

Our grandmothers used to hang a red flannel petticoat over the window of a smallpox patient's room, asserting that it hastened the cure, and also prevented "pitting." Scientists have now discovered that the red rays do actually exert a bad effect on the bacteria of the disease, and a correspondingly good effect on the patient.

Mangled English.

Objections which have been raised in London to overmuch use of slang in the captions in moving picture productions imported from this country are not unwarranted as we recall the wild and incoherent abuse of the English language by scenario writers and producers on this side of the Atlantic.

Of what use are the schools and the study of the common language if "how-ja" for instance is to be substituted for "how would you," "doncha" for "don't you" and "gonna" for "going to"? There are some good and expressive slang terms which are peculiarly American, and which can be used effectively at times, but the movie men go too far, far too far, and as a great many people take their lessons in the picture play house these days, they are bound to bring about sloppy, careless use of language that must be treated with dignity sometimes if it is to be maintained. Esperantists and their like to the contrary notwithstanding.

Slang and mangled English may properly be left to the sporting writer and to those rarer occasions where the lightness of the subject or the situation warrants their use.—Buffalo Commercial.

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The Unchanged Hun.

The Hamilton Herald says: And the Germans cannot be trusted. That fact is made so plain that it is a marvel how anybody can be deceived into hoping that they will observe the peace treaty voluntarily. The leading Socialist paper of Germany which speaks with authority in behalf of a larger number of German people than does any other German paper, is frank enough to express popular sentiment. The peace treaty says Vorwaerts, is nothing but another "scrap of paper." That means

that the treaty will be observed by Germany only under compulsion, and will be violated whenever it becomes safe or expedient to do so. And let's, therefore, not forget Cromwell's advice—"keep your powder dry!"

Every Saturday evening after 7 o'clock, Choice Ends of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Pork will be sold at cost. ELLIS & CO., LTD., 203 Water Street.—nov23.

If, when ironing tablecloths, they are folded once through the middle, rolled and tied with a piece of tape, they will lie more smoothly.

THE BITE THAT FAILED.

As a rule, the relations between Russians and Japanese soldiers in Siberia have been friendly enough. But at a town on the Trans-Siberian Railway, which had just been freed from the foul tyranny of Bolshevik rule, a Japanese soldier hailed a big, staring new-jit into the presence of his commanding officer. "What has he been doing?" asked the colonel. "I gave him a cigarette," said the soldier, "and then he tried to bite me!" Kissing, even between members of the opposite sex, is not a Japanese custom.—London Morning Post.

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