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OPPOSITE BOWRING BROS.

Side Talks

by Ruth Cameron

THE SPAN VERSUS THE FLIVVER.

There is a small factory in our town which is run by the owner. And a single superintendent.

There perhaps 100 men are employed and they are directed by three foremen.

In the old days when the present owner's factory he was one of the men of our town and I am sure to the great admiration of every one of the residents, a pair of black horses and a carriage.

I have inquired of his superintendents or foremen and have been told that it was the probable cost of that pair of horses and was told that it probably had been bought for \$800 and certainly for \$1,000. I have guessed what I am coming to.

My father built up a good business and finally reached the point where he could set up his horse and carriage and people thought him a successful man. They even said my mother married him for his horse and carriage (he was older than she).

Well, I have a flivver to-day that costs three times what his horse and carriage did and instead of being proud of it I feel as if I ought to go around apologizing for it's being a flivver. That shows how times have changed.

It certainly does and it certainly gives one food for thought. Can anything be done to bring us back to a more reasonable standard of values and of appreciations?

Have Far More Luxuries.

Of course the depreciated value of the money of to-day, in comparison with the money of the nineties has to be taken into account, but even so, far more money is spent on such luxuries as people of moderate circumstances than there used to be.

Whether this should be so or not I don't pretend to be saying, but I do want to remind the people who wonder why labor does not share more fully in the benefits that should come from the introduction of machinery that this is one of the benefits it does share in.

The workman with a horse and carriage in the old days would have been a subject of wonder and suspicion, the workman with a flivver is a commonplace to-day.

The flivver costs far more than a horse and carriage yet the possession of one confers no distinction.

His Father Envid; Apologizes.

In fact I heard a man say the other day, "My father built up a good business and finally reached the point where he could set up his horse and carriage and people thought him a successful man. They even said my mother married him for his horse and carriage (he was older than she).

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The Landfall

of Columbus.

WATLING'S ISLAND. It was on October 12, 1492, that Columbus first sighted land on this side of the Atlantic—discovered America, although that "first land" was a small island which Columbus called San Salvador. It has been pretty well established that Columbus' island, San Salvador, was the little patch of coral rock and accumulated soil now known as Watling's Island, one of the most easterly of the Bahamas, which lie off the southeast coast of Florida. Watling's Island has a population of about 650.

The Bahamas, a British colony since 1782, also known as the Lucayan Islands, consist of 29 islands and 660 islets, about 20 being inhabited. The total area is 4,400 square miles and the population about 58,000, the majority being negroes. The islands and islets are of coral formation, and as the rock is porous, it retains moisture and the soil is fertile. The agricultural products are maize, cotton, sisal hemp, oranges, pineapples, lemons, olives and other fruits. Large quantities of sponges are taken from the surrounding seas, and these sponges and sisal hemp are among the chief exports.

Est. MRS. STEWART'S Home Made Bread.—apri8.6mo

Wild Men at the Wheel.

By Max Pemberton, One of the Pioneer Motorists.

A recent tour upon some of the great highways of England and Scotland has convinced me that the motor peril is by no means modified—indeed, it is most menacing and prevalent almost everywhere.

All the faults against which the wisdom of our motoring ancestors warned us are committed daily upon any considerable thoroughfare.

Men take passes which drive other men on to the footpath or into the ditch. They drive habitually upon the wrong side of the road at corners; they take a risk at cross-roads and trust to the other man to stop; Cyclists suffer by their truculence, and the statistics as to the number of dead people to be found on any highway do not interest them. They plead that they sounded their horn.

This reckless driving is giving the coroners plenty to do. At inquest after inquest we hear a verdict of accidental death, and yet any motorist could tell you that a large percentage of these deaths was not due to accident but to ignorance from which recklessness did not stand apart.

Any man who kills another upon a public highway should be subjected to something more than these too often merely formal inquiries—at which a young gentleman says he is sorry, and the jury is too ready to weep with him. A satisfactory justification should be demanded—the onus should be upon the defence, and the driver should either be punished severely or compelled to offer such evidence as just men could accept.

In London many motorists seem to ignore pedestrians altogether, as Leach's van-driver cried to the costermonger in his barrow, so do they cry to us: "I don't know nothing about wrong sides or right sides, but you get out of the way if you don't want to be made a wafer of." We are to leap, fall, or scamble out of the way even when we cross the road from a shelter.

Admittedly much of this is mere ignorance. They do not know what they are doing; some of them have never seen a serious smash with all its ghastly concomitants—limbs twisted, women scarred for life, the poor figure lying still upon the road. One such lesson is enough—but it leads too often to the coroner's court.

If a man drives a motor car prudently, there is no reason why he should drive slowly. A good average upon a long journey is not made by racing between two approaching tramway cars, not by taking cross-roads at forty miles an hour, not by coming round a corner on the wrong side, not by failing to sound the horn for mere

bravado, not by racing down a street when children are playing. It is made by keeping the cap going at that speed which the circumstances of the road justify—fifty miles an hour, if you like, across the prairies; five miles an hour when the children are coming out of school. The man who so drives will get there as soon as the other.

Some day we shall pass no man for the driver's seat who does not prove his competence before a competent board of examiners. Meanwhile, I can only suggest once more that there are easier roads to suicide than recklessness at the wheel.—Daily Mail.

The Fate of Lord Kitchener.

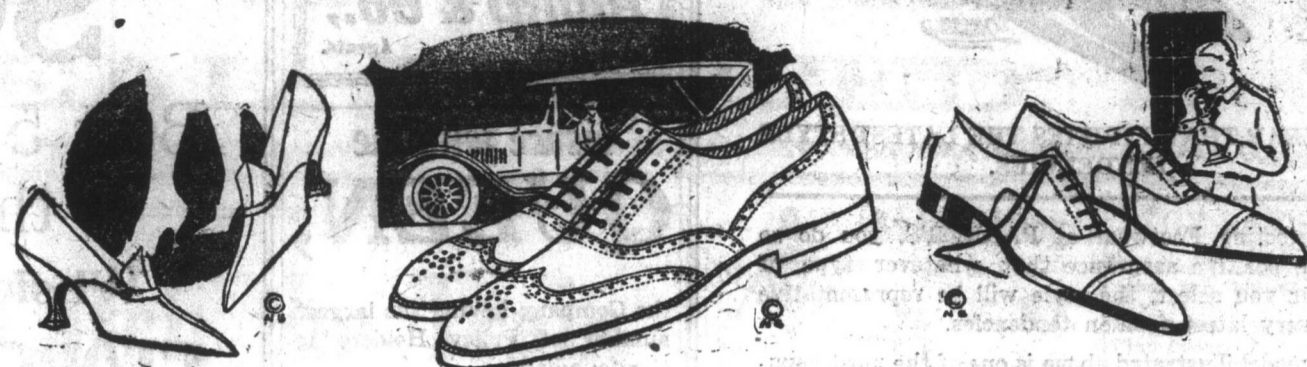
(From the Toronto Star.) One by one the fictions which have been invented in connection with the death of Kitchener are being dispelled. It is now officially declared to be untrue that documents were found in Berlin showing that a member of Kitchener's staff, who lost his life along with him, had informed the enemy of the route the ship would take, but it is declared that no such evidence could have reached Berlin in time to have been used, because the Hampshire was only selected on the eve of the journey as the vessel to be used, and her route was only laid at the last moment before sailing. It is not at all likely that official denials of this sort will suffice to convince those people who wish to believe that there was a mystery about Kitchener's taking off. They choose to regard him as a sort of superman whose death could not have occurred except through some phenomenon

PRETENDING. Oh, let's pretend we're joyous, and chortle and seem gay, though m a n y things annoy us and bore us 'day by day; for men with sullen faces are lemons, everywhere; they fill our dwelling places with grief and gloom and care. How often in the morning we rise from restless naps, with balmy smiles adorning our chaste and chipper maps. The old world seems a daisy, we chirp a cheerful note, and all our woes seem hazy and dream-like and remote. We're glad we are existing, we gambol and we sing, while wotting still and wasting that life's a gladsome thing. And then the grouch approaches, fresh risen from the hay; no thought of glee he broaches, no topic blithe and gay. He doesn't sing or scamper, or raise a joyful sound, and he's a dismal damper on everyone around. He suffers from the wittles, he turns no cheer-up tunes; he overlooks the lilies to talk of musty prunes. His fancies are contagious, our gladness dies away; we think the world outrageous, and strike for higher pay. And thus one gouchy duffer can make our joy take wing, and make us sigh, and suffer, where we should smile and sing.

Woman Battles With Tigers. A woman, armed only with a whip, battled three tigers in a circus parade wagon at Aurora, Ill., and drove the beasts into one of the compartments and locked them there, while spectators fled from the wagon as it careened down the street, drawn by

Atlantic Airman Ill. Sir Arthur Whitten Brown, the Transatlantic airman, is lying seriously ill at the Manchester Military Hospital, having undergone an operation for appendicitis. Lady Brown received a favourable report on his condition last evening. China on behalf of Messrs. Vickers.—Daily Mail, July 18.

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WM. SPURRELL,

Men's Tailor and Outfitter, 210 DUCKWORTH STREET (Just East of Prescott Street), St. John's, N.F.

USE YOUR HEAD.

A woodpecker pecks out a great many specks of sawdust when building a hut.

He works like a nigger To make the hole bigger—He's sore if His cutter won't cut.

He don't bother with plans Of cheap artisans, But there's one thing Can rightly be said:

The whole excavation Has this explanation He builds it By using his head.

So use your head when you require a good tonic and nerve builder by taking BRICK'S TASTELESS COD LIVER OIL. Price \$1.20 bottle; Postage 20c. extra.

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