

Great Realization Sale,

AT 266 WATER STREET.

LACE CURTAINS
\$1.45 pair.

and numerous other bargains.

W. BARNES, Prop.
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 was one of the men of our town and I am sure to the great admiration of every most 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.

How you guessed what I am coming to.

Supports at Least Eight Cars.

The present owner of the factory has five cars. One is a simple little car that costs around \$2,000, the other a \$5,000 car. His superintendents have a middle price car.

Some of his foremen have flivvers. There are five of the best paid workmen have cars, some second hand cars, some flivvers. I do suppose any of these cars cost as much as a horse and carriage in the old days and the cost of keep is greater.

And all this comes out of the same pocket (it employs few more men than it did in the old days) that supported a pair of horses.

Think about you at the businesses which you are familiar and see the same is not true.



Young Men and Young Women--

Finally you have completed your course and are now ready to enter the world. We want to give you a service that will be of help to you.

Write At Once For Prospectus

Empire Business College
Sydney, N.S.
H. R. Flewelling, Principal.

Get 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 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.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Newfoundland.

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. For sale by DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Choice "K" Footwear



We have just received another shipment of "K" Brogues for Ladies and Gentlemen.

When buying Brogues ask for "K", the celebrated English Shoe.

We are also showing some very fine lines of "K" Boots for Men. Double wear in each pair.

F. SMALLWOOD

The Home of Good Shoes. 218 and 220 Water St.

"K" Agency for Newfoundland.

FOR MEN!

We have a large and well selected stock of Men's Furnishings and our motto is to sell at the lowest possible prices. Our stock consists of Hats, Caps, Shirts, Collars, Ties, Hosiery and Suspenders, etc. Here are some of our prices: HATS from \$3.50 to \$7.20 CAPS \$1.95 to \$3.00 SHIRTS \$1.70 to \$3.50 NECKTIES 85c. to \$2.00 HOSIERY 40c. to \$1.20 Remember we carry only good goods and sell at lowest prices.

WM. SPURRELL,

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

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 dumper 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

horses frightened by the snarling tigers. Several women spectators fainted.

Two wild tigers had broken through when the jarring of the wagon had loosened the door separating their compartment from the one in which were a half-tamed tiger and the trainer, Mabel Stark, of Louisville, Ky. Circus employees with steel rods finally quieted the animals, one of which was so badly injured it was shot.

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.

MY WORD, BUT AIN'T JEFF TERRIBLY POLITE? —By Bud Fisher

