

MY COLUMN

(By the CUB-EDITOR.)

CRUSHES.

It was asked to define "a crush." I would have to confess myself at a loss. I doubt, indeed, if there be anyone who is capable of giving a definition to the satisfaction of all. The best meaning that I can attach to a crush is that it is the love at first sight feeling which comes out after the afflicted one gets to know the crushee (that is the person on whom he or she has the crush), better. Crushes can affect both sexes. It gives a girl a sort of "I'll-eat-out-of-your-hand-one-minute and scratch-your-eyes-out-the-next" feeling. I don't know, of course, but that is how it seems to me. She will do nothing but rave about the boy she has the crush on. She will bind all her friends to secrecy and tell them all about it. She will keep his photograph, if she has one, under her pillow, and will wake at all hours of the night and take it out and kiss it. It is when she is away from him that she experiences the "I'll-eat-out-of-his-hand" feeling. When she is with him, however, she changes. She simply can't keep from quarrelling and when they part in anger, she goes home, drinks afternoon tea, and "cusses herself for cussedness." These opinions of mine are partly conjecture but I believe there is more than a little truth in them.

When a boy gets a crush he, unlike a girl, keeps it to himself. He doesn't go around all day with a faraway, pathetic look in his eyes, and his brain filled with thoughts of the girl. On the other hand, he is probably wondering if he will get clear of the office in time for a set of tennis or of how many tickets he can afford to buy in the Halifax Marathon sweep. The boy I have just described is the average one with the average crush. Some, however, get hit pretty badly. When they are totting up figures in a ledger they are writing x x x instead of figures and wondering how many they will be able to steal that night. I have known one boy who used to walk up and down for hours before a girl's house because he knew she was inside. Even the weather didn't disturb him. But then, his was an unusual case. Finally, a crash never did anyone the least bit of harm and if you are wanting to gain a little relief from the drab monotony of a humdrum life, get one, periodically if you like.

RINES OF THE TIMES.

(85)

OUR HALIFAX TEAM.

We're a great sporting team of our athletes the cream. Whom we hope will at Halifax show they're supreme. O'er the Maritime sports, who from recent reports. Think they'll put it all over men from other ports.

On Thursday our boys went and with them we went to the station. Good luck for the victory on which we know they're bent. The scene at the station, defies emulation. Ne'er before was there such great animation. And leading them there was our friend mister Ayre.

Whilst black and white ribbons did wave at the crowd. That each comes back a winner, hope we all, saint and sinner. And won't we just celebrate with a big dinner.

"BEAVER" JOKES.

WANTED TO BE HELPFUL.

"No, we haven't had any for a long time."

The department manager, standing near by, stepped forward hurriedly.

"No, madam, but we can get it for you quickly, I am sure," he said.

"How splendid!" she exclaimed, and laughing, left the store.

The manager, with a feeling all was not right, asked the new clerk what it was they "hadn't had for a long time."

"She said we had not had any rain recently," replied the clerk.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Ladies wore bustles. Nobody swatted the fly. Nobody had appendicitis. Nobody wore white shoes. Cream was 5 cents a pint. Most young men had "livery bills." Doctors wanted to see your tongue. Milk shake was a favorite drink. Advertisers did not tell the truth. Nobody cared for the price of gasoline.

Farmers came to town for their mail. The hired girl drew one fifty a week. Strawstacks were burned instead of belted.

Publishing a country newspaper was not a business. People thought English sparrows were "birds."

Julius Verne was the only convert to the submarines.

There were no Bolsheviks nor international anarchists.

HOW TO START A PARADE.

Get a package about 12 inches long, and about 4 inches in diameter, and have it wrapped so that one end comes down to a long tapering point. Then put the package under your arm and start down the street. That's all!

WE FEEL THIS WAY SOMETIMES.

"Father," asked the small boy, of an

editor, "Is Jupiter inhabited?"

"I don't know, my son," was the truthful answer.

"Father, are there any sea serpents?"

"I don't know, my son."

"Father, what does the North Pole look like?" But, alas, again the answer: "I don't know, my son."

At last, in desperation, he inquired with withering emphasis:

"Father, how ever did you get to be an editor?"

"I hate to be a hick," I generally stand for peace. But the wheel that does the squeaking is the wheel that gets the grease."

TOPSY TUBBY.

"Was midnight on the ocean. Not a street car was in sight.

The sun was shining brightly. For it rained all day that night.

'Twas a summer day in winter. The rain was snowing fast. As a barefoot girl with shoes on. Stood sitting on the grass.

'Twas evening and the rising sun. Was setting in the west. While the little fishes in the tree tops. Were cuddled in their nest.

The sun was pouring down. The rain was shining bright. And everything you could see. Was hidden out of sight.

Eat Mrs. Stewart's Home-made Bread.—april, 1905

Unemployed on Auction Block.

Jobless men were placed on the auction block on Boston Common, Boston, on September 8. Stripped to the waist, after the custom of the old slave auction, they declared their willingness to work by standing before a crowd of thousands, offering their services to the highest bidder. Urban LeDoux, a philanthropic worker, who recently opened the "Church of the Unemployed" in the west end, led a group of 60 to the common to bring home, he said, to the people of Boston, their stories of human misery, just as William Lloyd Garrison pleaded for the slaves on the same spot 70 years ago. It

was to prove that his charges were not parasitic loafers, but, instead, good citizens out of a job, that he put them on the block. LeDoux's efforts to get work for his men were not rewarded. Of the three who stood up for bids none went away to a job, although from the crowd came pledges of help to the three unemployed men. Their leader said, however, that he considered he had succeeded in bringing their plight and the honesty of their purpose to public attention and he announced that the auction was to be a daily event, to be continued at least for the remainder of the month.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES COLDS, Etc.

Fashions and Fads.

Tortoise shell is a new light brown shade. Wooden head fringes is used on jersey dresses. Flower embroidery motifs of chenille are smart. Black crape is the smartest thing for afternoon wear. Bright red leather applique is used on blue and black. Ornate buttons are used on blouses, suits and coats. A new woolen material is woven thickly with small beads. Black, navy and dark brown will be worn extensively.

The Invisible Government

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir.—President Wilson, in his book, speaks of the "Invisible Government," which is the real Government that controls the so-called Government. Now, seeing that Mr. Wilson was, for a long time, head of the so-called Government, we must suppose that Mr. Wilson had good reason for calling those gentlemen behind the screen the "Invisible Government." No doubt Mr. Wilson, like nearly all other Government leaders, was forced on more than one occasion to act in obedience to the orders of the "Invisible Government." But it is not only in America that this "Invisible Government" is to be found, and the truth of this statement is clearly seen by the following instance which proves to the hilt who is the "Invisible Government" of this country.

The so-called Government made a "contract" with the railroad company, and it was stipulated in that "contract" that a manager "would be brought in to manage the railroad; and that this man was to be a Government man to look after the interest of the Government, and brought in by Government request. Now the first thing the Government knew, although the Government was supposed to be his boss, he was told to get by the "Invisible Government." This proves, I think, conclusively who is the ruling power in Newfoundland politics.

Mr. Morgan, we understand, is a man of exceptional ability, which alone is sufficient reason why he made such a short stay amongst us. Had he been a man who knew but little about practical railroad management, in all probability he would have been comfortable when he has another man working under him who knows more about the job than himself; and when ever an official finds out that there is a man in his department who he suspects knows more than himself—he's got to go. This not only applies to our railroad—it applies to all fields of human activity.

It is true that Mr. Morgan wasn't here long enough to demonstrate his railroad ability fully; but he did enough to gain the confidence of all the railroad boys who are desirous of seeing the railroad put on a paying basis. It is true that Mr. Morgan got after the higher officials good and hard. He thought that there were a good many officials, drawing big money, whom the road could do without; and I understand that he proposed to let off this useless parasitical cortege, which is sapping the life's blood out of the railroad, and therefore out of the people of Newfoundland. Prior to Mr. Morgan's coming, there was a feeling amongst the public that our railroad problem would never be solved, and that things would go along in the same old rut as usual, but after his arrival, and after he began to make some badly needed changes, there was created immediately a feeling of confidence, and one could hear on all sides favourable comments.

I am of opinion that had Mr. Morgan remained here, with full power to put his ideas into practice, the Government would have regained much of its lost prestige, and in a few months there would have been little room for criticism. We are now in a more hopeless state than before, because all the time there was room for the hope that some one would be brought in here that would lift the road out of the old rut, but now we know that no one capable of doing this, because he will know too much for the man above him, and this will never do, even though the country must pay \$1,500,000 on account of it.

Yours truly,

W. L. BUTLER.

Shoal Harbor.

(Perhaps the publication of the above will do much to dispel the insidious rumour, which our correspondent informs us, is going the rounds. We may deal with the matter of that rumor later.—Editor Telegram.)

Sealing Veteran at Truro

The Wesleyan of September 14 contains the following reference to the Commodore of the N.F. Sealing Fleet: Capt. Abraham Kean, of St. John's, deservedly known as the King of the Seal Fishery by the people of Newfoundland, spent Sunday, Sept. 12th, at Truro, en route to Italy, via New York. The Captain finds this trip necessary in order to arrange for the sale of a cargo of codfish he shipped to that country in January last. He will return via Liverpool. Capt. Kean is a member of Gower Street Methodist Church and was pleased to meet again with Rev. Dr. Cowperthwaite, a

Cape Breton Woman Walked the Floor For Hours at Night

Nova Scotia Resident Suffered Agonies From Indigestion. Can Now Eat Anything.

"I didn't have much faith in medicine when I began taking it, but I was convinced now it's the best medicine in the world," said Mrs. D. A. Macdonald of Reservoir, Cape Breton. "I had stomach trouble of the worst kind and couldn't eat a thing without suffering. I was so miserable that I often would get out of bed at night and walk the floor for hours before I got any relief. Headaches kept me almost frantic with pain. I was least little thing upset me and I started me trembling like a leaf. I was so miserable and worried I was about ready to give up."

"I never dreamed a medicine would help me like Tanale has done. I was eat anything I want, and am now any kind. My headaches are a thing of the past, my nerves are quiet, and I sleep as sound as a child every night. I get up in the morning feeling refreshed and strong and about my housework with a happy heart, as it is no trouble for me at all."

Tanale is sold by leading druggists everywhere.

Knights of Columbus.

CONCEPTION COUNCIL, No. 1004, BELL ISLAND.

76 KNIGHTS of Columbus, Conception Council, No. 1004, Bell Island, Conception Bay have recently elected the following officers for the ensuing term:

Grand Knight—Joseph M. Grogan. Deputy—David J. Tuckman. Chancellor—R. H. H. Coffin. Financial Secy.—Louis J. Lawton. Recorder—Patrick J. Murphy. Advocate—Philip P. Power, S.M. 12. Warden—Ralph Burnham.

I.G.—John J. Murphy. O.G.—Thomas Neary. O.C.—Richard J. Walsh. Trustees—Peter Kent, John Connors, James J. Connors, J. J. McGrath, P.P. State Chaplain.

Brick's Tasteless can be purchased at J. Brown's Grocery Store, Cross Roads, West End. Price \$1.20 per lb. Postage 20c. extra.—sept. 19.

Newfoundland Freight Picking Up.

Kyle and Sable L. Being Tared to Capacity.

Freight for Newfoundland, which has been rather scarce at this point all summer, is now beginning to pick up. The North Sydney Herald of Sept. 17, and it is expected that during the next two months the shipments to the colony will be quite large.

Parthasar & Co.'s steamer Sable, which sails for St. John's this afternoon, will carry a capacity cargo of some 24 cars, but this amount will not take care of the available freight which is now offering for shipment by the steamer. Some 40 cars of freight which the ship has been unable to handle are left behind, and from now on it is expected that the ship will be considerably more often than she can adequately handle in a few weeks to come.

Get Away With \$30,000.

Sept. 17.—Three were held up the Sellers' summer late last night.

ND JEFF

DARN THE LUCK THAT'S THE WAY TIME MY LITTLE BLOWN OFF TO MORNING

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We are making every effort to keep our entire staff working throughout the coming winter. This can only be accomplished if the Smoker insists on buying the Tobacco MADE in Newfoundland. Their Quality and price cannot be equalled—therefore, it's up to YOU to buy the local brands that will keep your own people working when they'll most need work.

Quality Unequalled at
the lowest price is what
You Get when You Buy



BRITISH COLONEL

The "Utmost"
In Plug Smoking

25c. a cut
at all stores

Imperial Tobacco Co.
(Newfoundland) Ltd.



TAKE IT FOR
CRAMPS—COLIC—DIARRHOEA
APPLY IT FOR
BRUISES—SPRAINS—SORE THROAT

