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to a good housewife. Sunlight Soap is the best Soap, and is essential to, not only the best, but all housewives.



Sunlight Soap

is the housewives' friend, and the enemy of dirt and uncleanness. Less labour, less dirt, more leisure, and time and money saved, that's **SUNLIGHT**.

Lever Brothers Limited,
Port Sunlight, England.

The Asses' Tomb. Social Life in Mena's Day.

(B. G. Harmer, in the "Christian World," London.)
A twelve month ago, in some notes entitled "Bedsteads before History," reference was made to some remarkable finds of Professor Petrie in a sand-strewn valley about forty miles south of Cairo. They dated for the most part from a time that preceded the beginning of written history, 6,500 years ago. A second season has been spent by the trained staff of the British School in Egypt upon the same site, and the results may now be studied at University College, in Gower Street. A cemetery was unearthed of the days of Mena himself, a thousand graves were examined, and measurements were made of the bones of more than six hundred skeletons. These were all interred within the same century, and out of this piece of systematic work there emerge some interesting conclusions. The native population was dominated by a victorious race of men who came from afar, bringing new wives with them, and forming one in ten of the whole community. These men settled down to the task of government in an alien land, as your Anglo-Indian civilian does to-day, and, like him, they sought domestic happiness by wedding rustic maidens, whom they wooed in the suburbs of an ancient capital of civilization which preceded the foundation of Memphis itself.
If you turn over the debris of an abandoned bungalow, in an Indian hill station, you will find fragments of native pottery and metal ware, intermingled with stray relics of things brought out from home, a cracked dinner plate from Hanley, a fractured Doulton vase. It was just the same in this old outburst of empire two thousand years and more before Abraham; here and there were found "choice wares of fine finish, that seem to have been brought up the Nile from the Mediterranean trading marts of the day. But for the most part the style and workmanship of these objects attest the excellence of the native art, and as the greater number of the graves were those of the middle classes, the exhibition serves to prove the high standard of comfort attained in that age by the people at large.
That the social rank of the deceased was as varied then as now is shown by the presence of certain graves whose occupants were obviously in high repute at Court. These four-post bedsteads, carefully slotted for the linen webbing, these walking sticks, these tiny mascots of precious stone, sard and amethyst, these carved ivory spoons, these alabaster jars that were found in a heap of linen cloth, these toy falcons and scorpions, mark the luxury of the upper classes. Now and then a courtier took with him to the tomb the great alabaster jar, bearing the name of Mena himself, which was produced in the royal pottery, a sort of prehistoric Sevres. Here is a sleeping mat formed of papyrus stems, the end being coiled up to make a pillow, as comfortable as the bedding of a modern Italian. And close by there was found a triple grave, each section of it fashioned for the interment of a favorite ass, ridden in life by a prince of high degree. Until to-day, amid all the myriad relics of the ancient world that have been laid bare by the patience of explorers, the bones of this lordly beast of burden have never been revealed to the modern eye. Linger, therefore, before these bones, and remember that, 2,500 years afterwards, it fell one day that another prince, whose name was Abraham, "rose early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son."
The standard of material comfort attained at the dawn of written history affords matter for serious thought. Here are models in clay of the granaries of that age, fashioned in the form of towers, with apertures high in the wall to permit of the grain being loaded readily into the vessels placed beneath them. This other model must be a watering tank for the king of Egypt's earliest Pharaoh. These glazed and earthenware heads were placed about the throat of every woman when she died. These copper armlets are worn by Sudanese maidens at this very hour. For the first time it is revealed that not only the Court, but even the common people, could afford to buy vases covered with green

glass, such as you see in the art shops of Regent street. These primitive *Isis* heads, painted their eyes with *Isis* and kept their cosmetics clean by covering the toilet ware with copper lids. And let it be noted that to these earliest of graves under the reign of kings whose names are known to us, the deceased were carried in coffins of wood or of basket ware. The wood and the rushes are so perfectly preserved that they might be used again in making any well-seasoned and durable material. Of the hundred and one objects from later ages three may be singled out for their outstanding interest. One of them is a choice piece of jewellery, formed of pieces of precious stones fitted with Oriental patience into a setting of gold, and dating from 3,400 B.C. A few of these fine productions of the jeweller's craft have hitherto been kept with jealous care in the Cairo museum; for the first time it has been possible to study an example in England. In purpose and workmanship it may be regarded as the earliest forerunner of those heraldic decorations which find their stateliest type in the jewelled George that hangs upon the breast of a Knight of the Garter. On another table, side by side with a bronze razor, there is a spear head bearing upon its half the name of Ramesses II., the Pharaoh of the Oppression. And close to this there lies a fragment of the great cornice which was added to the palace of Memphis by that Shishak who "came up against Jerusalem" in the days of Rehoboam as it is written in the first Book of the Kings of Judah.

Dog Days.



Oh, sitting in the sun, till you get done with frying human critters, the poet's job is one long sob, and wearily he twitters! It is no trick to write a rick of pomes in Spring or Winter, to grind big loads of bughouse odes, and ship them to the printer; but when the days are all ablaze, it's rough on cross roads poets; the solar fires melt down their lyres and get their divers go-ats. It's hard to rhyme in summertime, in wild and lovely weather; one cannot bring the proper swing, the words won't fit together. Its hard to raise the helpful lays and keep the harp going, it's hard by heck, when down your neck four kinds of sweat are flowing. One must be strong to plan a song, to plan a song and harp it, when down his nose the wet sweat flows and drips upon the carpet. It's hard to sing a song, O jing, som enote of comfort bearing; some helpful thought to pilgrims hot, when one would fain be swearing. It's hard to rise to song when flies around one's head are buzzin', which still remain when one has slain about a million dozen. It's beastly hard upon the bard to grind his August jingles, so don't abuse the poet whose muse has prickly heat and shingles.

Airship Beats Express Train.

Washington, Aug. 8.—Murray Wood, the American aviator, who to-day attempted a non-stop race in his monoplane with a train from New York to Washington and thence to Fort Meyer, Va., for exhibition flights, reached his destination late this afternoon after he had been compelled to interrupt his flight on a farm near Gaithersburg, Md., 16 miles from Washington. Wood won his race with the train, making the landing at Gaithersburg at one minute after nine o'clock, forty minutes before the train rolled into the Union Station. He failed to break all the American records, however, he had hoped to smash, but claimed to have established new marks for non-stop flying between two points, and duration.

Killed by Pitched Ball.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Aug. 3.—Charles Deets, twenty-two years old, of Kingston, is dead after being hit over the heart by a baseball pitched by Harry Allen, star twirler of the Avonworth Club. Deets was playing with the Meeker nine and went to bat in the ninth inning. Allen wound up and shot a ball with all his speed in the direction of the plate. Deets tried to get out of the way, but the ball struck him squarely over the heart. He showed no ill effects of the blow and started towards first base. When he reached the bag he fell, and when players of the opposing team reached him he was dead.

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Cabinet Photographs of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the oldest member of the Order, and Lieut.-Colonel Scott, K.C., Grand Master. 50 cents per copy at

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SEE

our stock of fine Serges, Worsteds, etc., and light Suitings for spring. A large stock now ready, made up in

ENGLISH and AMERICAN STYLES.

Newfoundland Clothing Co., Ltd.

The Way to Peace.

Never a sigh through the live-long day,
Never a sigh;
But a laughing face, and a cup of joy,
As the hours flew by—
But where were the peace that follows grief
When the morrow's light has brought relief,
If never a sigh?

Never a task through the live-long day,
Never a task;
And for kindly rest by labor won,
No need to ask.
But where were the peace, when, work all done,
We sit and rest at set of sun,
If never a task?

Never to part through the live-long day,
Never to part;
But to walk together in weal and woe
With gladsome heart,
But where were the peace that follows pain
When several souls have met again,
If never to part?

Never a prayer through the live-long day,
Never a prayer;
But all things granted and all things won
And a truce to care,
But where were the peace that comes from heaven
With blessings sought and daily given
If never a prayer?

Never a cross through the live-long day,
Never a cross;
But all things right that are now most wrong;
All gain, no loss,
But where were the peace our days might hold
With Heaven's love ours, when earth-love grows cold,
If never a cross?

Canadian Items.

(Wesleyan.)

Canada has 22,000 motor cars. Canadian publishers issue 1,500 newspapers, printed in seventeen languages.

Canada has had thirteen general elections since Confederation, with eight different Premiers and ten Cabinets.

Silver production of Canada in 1912 was 31,931,710 ounces, a decrease of 627,334 from 1911. Value, increased \$2,078,334.

Lovell's directory for 1913 estimates the population of Montreal and suburbs at about 664,000 or an increase of 61,563 over 1912.

The largest dairy farm on the western hemisphere is to be established on 2,400 acres near Winnipeg, with 2,500 cattle, 1,500 of these giving milk.

Contrary to earlier reports and expectations the salmon pack on the Fraser River, B. C., will not be as large as expected owing to the amount of fish which American packers are taking out at Puget Sound.

Sixty pulp mills are now operating in Canada. In 1912 nearly 2,000,000 cords of pulpwood were cut, of which 41 per cent. was manufactured into pulp or paper by domestic mills. Twenty-seven nationalities were represented among those who went to the Province of Alberta to live last year. Of the 79 different religions found in the Dominion 72 are represented in Alberta.

The customs returns for July, 1913, constitute a new record in the history of Montreal showing an increase of \$277,542.55 over the returns for the corresponding month of 1912, and an increase of \$133,124.57 over the previous record, which was made in May of this year.

A Government expert estimates the wheat crop for the Province of Manitoba this year at 65,003,212 bushels. The acreage last year under wheat was 2,823,362 and the yield 58,433,379 bushels. The acreage this year is 2,141,218, the increase from last year being 317,856 acres.

The Empire's Resources.

Only hard figures can adequately tell the story of the resources of the British Empire. In the production of staple articles, that part of the world under our flag has some amazing facts to unfold. Take the year 1911, for example. During that year staple products to the following values were produced within the British Empire: Coal, £125,800,000; diamonds, £8,899,000; gold, £55,900,000; silver, £4,368,000.

Turning to quantities from mere cash values, the British Empire produces of wheat, 988,700,000 bushels; of wine, 6,500,000 gallons; of tea, 455,600,000 lb.; and of cotton, 1,279,616,000 lb. All our Overseas Dominions contribute their quota to the above amazing totals, and the figures of our smaller Colonies, such as Newfoundland, give one the idea that such Dominions are, after all, not quite so small as one would imagine.

"Allsopp's LAGER BEER" we advertised last week as a Summer drink, but some might prefer a light WINE, we recommend

Claret.

Bottles 50c.
Half Bottles 25c.

J. C. BAIRD,

Water Street, St. John's.

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