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Lever Brothers Limited,
Port Sunlight, England.

Wanted, Men Who Can See Ninteen-Fifty!

"The Races With Power in Their Brains and Loins are Always Anticipating, Hoping, Forecasting, and Looking Ahead."

This quotation is from one of those remarkable articles which have made the Irish Homestead famous. It is by the Editor, Mr. G. Russell—the poet who writes under the initials "A. E." The article is entitled "The Irishman's children will live in," and calls for constructive work by men of vision—the men who can foresee life as it will be in 1950.

Magnificence in Dreams.

"If a nation is for ever brooding upon its past, one begins to feel that it has no future. The races with power in their brains and loins are always anticipating, hoping, forecasting, and looking ahead. Germany is bound to expand because it is a country filled with hope. Its public men do not talk so much of Germany's past as of its glorious future. Its empire is to be in the air on the sea, it is to spread into the countries of the Orient, and to stand in the sun. The American and the Canadian similarly are reaching out to magnificence in their dreams. The pioneers, while they are hewing down forests or breaking up virgin soil, are building cities in their imagination. They plan wide streets, and noble buildings in their thought."

The Dead Past.

Ireland for a century has been impoverished in its character by the political perennancers, who have always been summoning up its dead past for council as the witch of Endor called up the shade of Samuel for Saul the King. We have been brooding a great deal on '98, even in these days when Irishmen ought to be brooding a great deal more on 1908 and on what is to come. We believe that the true source of the inspiration of the patriot is to be found in the future and not in the past. The only enthusiasms which really stir people to the deeds are enthusiasms based on hope and not on memory. The only history worth

keeping in mind is the history of great men, of the people who were greater than we are to-day, and of the civilizations which were higher than ours, and we should only keep them in mind because we ought to be angry at our lapses from those heights, because we ought to have a determination to excel all that has been done. Instead of our writers filling the country papers with articles about this and that episode in Irish history, about this and that dead patriot, they ought to be filling men's minds with anticipations and hopes. The best compliment to dead patriots is to carry on their work and to dream of the future of Ireland.

Dream of the Future.

"What we would like to see in Irish literature and Irish journalism would be efforts at an imaginative construction of an Irish civilization, something which the Ireland of to-day might grow into, something which would fire the imagination of youth and make it ardent and eager to work for that desirable life. What we would like Irish writers to do for us would be to imagine for us what an Irish countryside would be like in 1950, what kind of houses people would live in, in what way they would amuse themselves, what kind of a social order would exist, how would people be clothed, what they would read, what children would be taught in the schools, what place women would have in public life."

Will They?

"Would the post be carried by aeroplanes from the centres of population to the rural districts? Would our bogs be generating power for electric light? Would the electric light be in every cottage? Would the telephone be as essential to every house as windows or a chimney? Would every village have its theatre? Would the cinematograph be used in every school accompanied by gramophone reproductions of the voice of the educationalist of genius? Would this system replace the country

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T. J. EDENS,

Duckworth St. and Military Road.

Popular Songs.



The popular song is a friar's cassock, composition consisting of a feeble crime against the laws of harmonyhooked to a misdeed in the form of original poetry. Some of these songs are worse than others, and the worse they get

the more popular they are. Popular songs are written by people who strive to produce one hit and then retire from the public gaze with their ill-gotten gain. Little did Chas. K. Harris dream, when he wrote "After the Ball" and adorned it with a large photograph of the author in a boiled shirt, that it would bring \$40,000 to him and a deep sense of settled melancholy to everybody else. Mr. Harris is a fertile producer of songs, with a factory output of twelve complete ditties per day, but he has not been good for anything but a bunt toward third base since writing that nepired masterpiece.

The best selling popular songs start out with an uneasy tempo and close in strict waltz time. After a person has met one of these songs a few times he will not have to be introduced to any of the others, as they come by the bait and are dressed a good deal alike. They always deal with somebody who proved untrue just prior to the ring service and then comes back and hangs over the front gate in a repentant mood.

The most overworked subject of popular song writing is the full moon. This word rhymes nicely with "spoon" and also with "loon," although the latter is seldom used. It is a mighty poor song which doesn't ring in the moon, several pangs of regret and the assurance that the undersigned will remain true until death or thereabouts.

Popular songs are used with much success to bridge a gap at moving picture shows, the bridging being done in a rigid tone of voice by amateur vocalists who pronounce the words backwards. They are also sung with considerable ecstasy in the front parlor, and succeed in keeping father and mother in a state of profane wakefulness.

Grate's Cove Notes.

The trap fishery is to a close and all the traps are taken up, except the Hart Cove traps. There are six deep water traps, they are out as yet but they are doing nothing since August, except Norris Brothers'. They are getting a little daily. Their average is not very good. Charles Hodder, two traps, 140 qtls.; John Hodder, two traps, 130 qtls.; Azariah King, 2 traps, 230 qtls.; John Doyle, two traps, 228 qtls.; Michael Doyle, 100 qtls.; Joseph Benson, two traps, 130 qtls.; Joseph Benson, 100 qtls.; John Avery, 160 qtls.; Eliezer Avery, 190 qtls.; Joseph Duggan, two traps, 170 qtls.; Peter Noes, 100 qtls.; John Snelgrove, 100 qtls.; Jacob John Snelgrove, 300 qtls.; H. Snelgrove, 220 qtls.; E. Vey, two traps, 130 qtls.; E. Benson, 60 qtls.; J. Cooper, 50 qtls.; C. Martin, two traps, 250 qtls.; H. Meadus, 550 qtls.; Norris Brothers, 500 qtls.

Hook and line men are not doing half as good as last year, owing to no bait since the can't-a left. The squid is scarce and there is no fish. Lots of men have sold two or three of fish since August: came in and more with bait have not 5 or 6 qtls. The fishery is a failure. The hook and line men to-day have got from 15 to 20 qtls, most near 20 qtls. That is far below last year. They had from 40 to 60 qtls. at this time.

We had a visit from Mr. Coaker's steamer with coal. There was 140 tons landed. It burns well. Grate's Cove is all alive with Coakerism. All the talk is down with Crosbie and Whiteaway. Their day is done. Coaker is the man in Bay de Verde District this time. It is time to put down the Grab-all crowd. Out with Morris and his gang for their doings are ridiculous. All the people of Grate's Cove want is Polling Day. That will be the glorious day when the Coaker banner will float high in the air for the fishermen of Newfoundland.

GRATE'S COVE NOTES.

August 29th, 1912.

In making ice, in which you wish to use fresh fruit of any kind, let the fruit stand in good fresh wine for eight or ten hours before putting it in the freezer. The fruit will remain soft; freezing will not harden it.

The Parisian method of cleaning black silk is as follows: Brush thoroughly, wipe it with a cloth, then lay it on a board or table and sponge with hot coffee which has been strained. After it is partly dry, iron on the wrong side.

At The Nickel!

Mid-Week Big Holiday Programme—4 Reels—4, and
The Eminent Baritone, JOHN W. MYERS, Sings
THE PALMS, sacred solo, and GARLAND OF OLD FASHIONED ROSES, with very pretty slides.

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