

ERASMIC

BATH
SALTS

The most trustworthy of all beauty specialists. They are a tonic, a fragrant aid to the wholesome physical perfection to which all clever women aspire.

Agent: T. B. CLIFT, Water St., St. John's.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

WHAT'S NECESSARY.

There is no more interesting indoor sport than classifying people by various tests. One such test is what do they consider the necessities of life, and what do they regard as luxuries.

There are people who think that it is absolutely necessary to have a good car but that education for their children is a luxury that only the rich can afford.

They Can't Afford Mind Food. There are people whose dining tables are loaded with the best in eatables and whose living room tables are bare of books and magazines. Such people evidently regard the best to eat (I don't mean the most nourishing but the best tasting) as a necessity, and food for the mind as a luxury.

There are also people who can afford to keep themselves always dressed in the height of fashion, but who apparently regard proper food for the family in the light of luxury.

And then there is another line in which people have different ideas of luxuries and necessities—the line of ethics.

He Must Get a Seat.

For instance, there is a man to

whom it is necessary to get a seat in the street car every night. It isn't necessary to him to give the other fellow a fair chance in the inevitable pushing and crawling; it isn't necessary to him to give a woman with a child a seat; it isn't necessary to him to follow any of the rules of courtesy; but it is necessary for him to always have a seat.

Then there is the man or woman to whom it is necessary to win in any game. It isn't necessary for them to give the other fellow the benefit of the doubt when any question as to some point arises, it isn't necessary for them even to be fair, these are luxuries, but winning is a necessity.

She Didn't Have To Be Decent.

I heard a woman say to a dressmaker one day: "I must have that gown Monday. I am leaving town Monday night." The dressmaker looked worried to death. "Perhaps I can make it if I can persuade my embroidery to work evenings," she said.

She hasn't been feeling well and isn't want to work over time." At we left the establishment my companion said: "I'm not really going with Wednesday but I wanted to be sure of it, so I said Monday. That's the best way." Evidently it was necessary for her to have that gown but not necessary to treat those who work for her as if they were human beings.

What are your necessities?

Buried in a Carpet.

STRANGE FUNERAL OF SUSSEX POET.

A strange request of the dead poet and traveller, Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, who died at the age of eighty-two, as to the manner of his burial was carried out in Sussex in accordance with his wish.

The body was wrapped in an old carpet, and there was neither coffin nor casket.

In the instructions he left for his burial the poet stated:— "I wish to be buried with the least possible delay, and in the simplest manner, being laid in the ground wrapped in my old Eastern travelling carpet, and without coffin or casket of any kind, at a spot in Newbuildings Wood known to my executors, without religious or other ceremony, or the intervention of strangers, but by the men employed on my Newbuildings estate.

He also bequeathed a sum of £10 each to the men who were chosen for the purpose by the executors, and requested "That my nurse, Elizabeth Lawrence, shall accompany me to, and arrange me in my grave." These instructions were fully carried out.

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

MANHOOD.

Manhood, my son, demands but this of you: The Truth where profit whispers "tell the lie!" A fair name, which advantage can buy. A hand that's quick small kindly deeds to do. Courage enough to see the battle through. To fall to-day—tomorrow rise to try. Devotion to the flag that lights the sky. The will, above all splendours, to be true.

Respect for women, mothers of our race! Regard for others, howsoever they live. Willing on earth that each shall hold his place. Ready to take, and just as glad to give. Bringing your best to every morning's task. These, son of mine, are all that Manhood asks.

For Gentlemen of good taste—Cub Cigarettes.—Sept. 28, 17

Educating Royalty.

YOUNG TURKISH PRINCES WILL BE TAUGHT ENGLISH.

CONSTANTINOPLE. — A special school has been instituted in the Palace of Yildiz in order to give the Imperial Palace of Turkey a special education and the benefits of modern instruction. Professors have been engaged in France and the princes will be taught, among other things, four languages, French, German, English, and Latin. Admission is confined to Princes of royal blood and the children of nobles.

Corns Go

Just say Blue-jay to your druggist.

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plastic. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly

When H. R. H. Got Lost.

A good story is told of the Prince of Wales's recent world tour.

While his Royal Highness was staying in Japan, at the Imperial Palace, in Kyoto, the third biggest in the empire, a slim foreign stranger walked into one of the police stations there, and roused the suspicion of the inspector on duty by timidly asking the way to the palace.

Scouting a possible plot, the police put the stranger through a long series of questions, to which he returned more or less evasive, halting and confused replies.

So, unsatisfactory, indeed, were his answers that they were on the point of arresting him, when a high Japanese Court official came hurrying in and bowing low to the stranger, started apologising profusely. The suspect was none other than the Prince of Wales himself.

He had, it appeared, slipped out of the palace by one of the rear exits, with a view to exploring the city at his leisure, and incognito, but finding affairs while that he had completely lost his bearings, he entered after a while that he had come to get directions without disclosing his identity.

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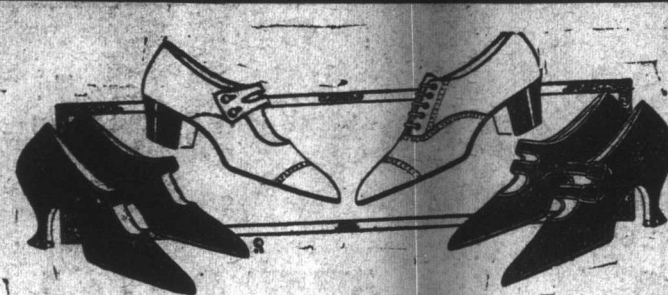
IN BROWN KID, ROYAL PURPLE, GREY KID, DARK MAHOGANY CALF and BLACK KID LEATHER.

In Louis, Cuban and Military Heels.

All Evangeline Styles.

Some of these advanced styles at less than Half Cost.

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In many styles and leathers.

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Ladies' High Grade Evangeline Shoe Sale, at Half Price

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EVANGELINE

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For Ease, Comfort and Wear buy EVANGELINE.

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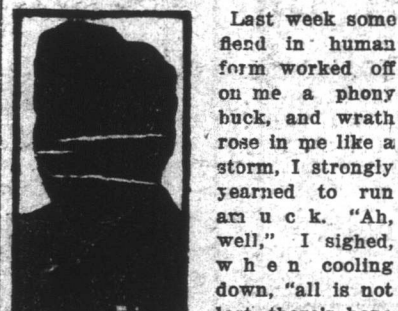
This is a strictly Cash Sale. No charging—No approbation. Your choice, Ladies, in Evangelines for only \$6.99 at

Smallwood's Ladies' Showroom

F. SMALLWOOD

The Home of Good Shoes, 218 and 220 Water Street

RIGHT AND WRONG.



Last week some friend in human form worked off on me a phony hunk, and wrath rose in me like a storm. I strongly yearned to run am u c k. "Ah, well," I sighed, when cooling down, "all is not lost, there's hope ahead; there's some poor fish in this man's town who'll fall for this bum coin of lead. The grocer's eyes are weak and dim, he'd never wise up to the game; I'll shove this bogus plunk on him—he'll never know from whom it came." First impulse always sways me thus, for self defense is in me born; I must get even with the cuss who steps upon my choicest corn. But second impulse comes and swings my mind around when I get cool; it is the outcome of the things I learned at home and Sunday school. "Some guy has wrought me ill," I think, "but that's

no reason, sound or true, why I should seek some other gink, and play a scurvy trick or two. The grocer is an honest wight, and it would be a rotten deal to take advantage of his sight, and sting him with this pewter wheel. I'll meet him off in future days, and if I pulled so coarse a stunt I'd always dread to meet his gaze, I'd surely show a guilty front. So I will throw this buck away, I'll drop it down in yonder well, where it can tempt no other jay to hit the path that leads to Hannibal, Mo."



YARMOUTH, N.S.

Fishermen and Campers.

Quick Relief.

PUT A BOTTLE IN YOUR OUTFIT.

Boat Drill for Passengers.

MADE COMPULSORY ON LINERS.

As a sequel to the Egypt disaster, when so many lives were lost through confusion while manning the boats, passengers on practically all outward bound liners from Southampton are compelled to attend boat drill, whether they want to or not.

Strongly worded notices have been posted in the ships calling the attention of passengers to the fact that boat drill is held as the ship goes down Southampton Water, and that they are to stow their lifebelts from the cabins and assemble in the appointed places, details of which are given in the notice.

The captain has full power to compel every passenger to obey this instruction.

No Excuses.

Drill is carried out while in or near Southampton Water, in order to avoid any alarm or anxiety that might be occasioned if the passengers were

summoned on deck at a few minutes' notice when the ship was at sea.

No one will be excused boat drill, and captains have been instructed that they need not consider to kindly the feelings of any passenger who attempts to assert his independence.

Proposals have been discussed since the sinking of the Egypt for a combined effort by merchant service officers to obtain an Act of Parliament compelling passengers to attend boat drills.

The instructions now issued, if adopted by all the companies and enforced by the Chamber of Shipping, may render action by Parliament unnecessary.

Shave With Cuticura Soap The New Way Without Mug

Underwood Typewriter, \$155.00.

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Well Known Professional Dead

ONE OF THE OLDEST DENTISTS IN NOVA SCOTIA PASSES AWAY.

SYDNEY, Oct. 5.—Dr. Wm. Fielder Burns, one of the oldest members of the dental profession in Nova Scotia, died here this morning, aged 74. He was a native of River John, Pictou County, and a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College.

He began practice here in 1848. For some years he practiced in St. John's, Newfoundland, and several years ago he was for a time in Regina where he engaged in practice with one of his sons, Dr. Stuart Burns. Most of his professional life was spent in Sydney. He is survived by his wife and two sons, both in Regina, and two daughters.

The return to favor of the late ostrich fan is expected with the appearance of the draped gown.

—By Bud Fisher

Some Pudding.

An old lady from the country, on seeing an electric light for the first time in her life, was so amazed that she could not resist entering the shop—a large grocery store—and asking the assistant about it.

"I say, mister, how do you make that big light of yours? I'm tired of paying for paraffin."

"Oh, it is caused by electric currents," was the answer.

"Oh, is it?" she replied. "Then I'll buy a pound. When they're done for fighting they'll come in handy for a pudding."