

Stop That Hack

and cure that cold. It debilitates the system and leaves it an easy prey to disease.

Stafford's Phoratone Cough Cure

will cure almost every ordinary cough or cold in very short time, generally in twenty-four hours if taken at the first symptoms.

The changeable weather at this time of the year makes it very hard to avoid colds, but the minute you feel you have taken cold is the best time to take a remedy. You thus avoid any of the dangers that very often follow a cold.

Don't depend on luck to cure you—have a bottle of PHORATONE always in the house and use it when the cold starts. That's the best way—and the safest.

For Sale everywhere.

Price 35c. per Btl.

Postage, 10c. extra.

(In Outports, buy from your dealer and save the postage).

Manufactured by

Dr. F. Stafford & Son

Chemists and Druggists, St. John's.

NOTE—If you cut out this note and take it to either our Drug Stores on Theatre Hill or Water Street West, during the next ten days, you can get a bottle for 30c.

CLINCHER CORD

Clearance Sale Tyres & Tubes

In order to clear remaining small stock, which we do not wish to carry over to next season, we are offering same at less than cost for cash sales. These are the only ENGLISH MADE Tyres and Extra Heavy Red Tubes on the market.

P. C. O'DRISCOLL, LTD.
AGENTS FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

Forty-Five Years in the Service of the Public—The Evening Telegram.

Bay Bulls Notes

This harbor has taken on quite an air of importance since it has been made a prominent center of the Mead Cod Liver Oil business of Johnson & Co. of New York and Newfoundland Factory No. 1 is conducted here by Mr. A. Hearn and the product is receiving all the attention that well trained and experienced handlers are competent to give it. Every package is inspected by that capable official Mr. E. Coyle, the government inspector who has special charge of this output which promises to become a most important item of our export trade. Mr. Coyle has quite an arduous task in attending to calls for his services, there being many refinishing plants along the Southern Shore, and that he is performing his duties satisfactorily and well, is evident on all sides. Every piece devoted to this industry is kept scrupulously clean and no where about does anything obtrude that would offend the most fastidious. And please, Mr. Editor, in St. John's you have many street dangers from which we are happily free, but we have untried paths along the cliffs that are a positive menace to the lives of the people. They may look all right now, perhaps picturesque, to the visitor to whom scenery and sunsets have a first appeal, but we who have seen this cliff a veritable glacier with ice, where a slip means death, know how to appreciate the delay that prevents this much needed rail being constructed.

TO Whom It May Concern.

The winter will be upon us by and by, now, while the weather is fine, and the boys are with us, get it done.

Air Passengers Grit

PERCHED ON WING AT 5,000 FEET TO PUT OUT FIRE.

Rare pluck on the part of an aeroplane passenger was the means of saving the lives of seven companions. The hero of the incident, Flight-Sergeant Jackson Brett, R.A.F., was in a machine which caught fire at a height of 5,000 feet. The aeroplane, one of the troop-carrying type, was carrying seven people besides the pilot on an ordinary routine flight. When it had reached 5,000 feet, a slight leak developed in one of the petrol feed pipes, and almost immediately flames burst out near the carburettor. Sergt. Brett, realising the danger, at once seized the chemical fire extinguisher and climbed out of the cabin on to one of the wings. Keeping a hold on one of the struts, he began to spray the liquid from the extinguisher on the flames over the edge of the wing, and "carried on" while the pilot, Flight-Lieut. Perry Keene, "banked" down carefully, so as not to cause a spread of the flames. By the time the machine had descended to 2,000 feet the fire had been extinguished, and Sergt. Brett climbed back into the cabin. A perfect landing was made. The incident is recorded in official orders at Bircham Newton Aerodrome, Norfolk, from which Air Force units have been operating in important manoeuvres.

Seven Dead in Riot

KU KLUX KLAN AND ITS OPPONENTS.

New York.—War between the Ku Klux Klan, the secret society, and its opponents in what has come to be called "Bloody Williamson County," in Illinois, broke out again with the loss of seven lives and half a dozen wounded.

The latest pistol battle in Herrin, Illinois, followed the action of the State Attorney in quashing indictments against two brothers charged with the murder of a constable, who was also a Klansman, in February's rioting.

According to the story told by the sheriff, who is a bitter enemy of the Klan, he was ordered by the State Attorney, also an anti-Klansman, to bring stolen motor cars from a garage. When he went to get them he was confronted by a man who opened fire with a revolver, killing one of the sheriff's deputies.

Fists started fighting, in which Klansmen rallied and drove the sheriff and his party to the hospital, where they kept them under siege until the arrival of State troops, who are now patrolling Herrin.

SNOODLES



BETTER THAN "PEG"

When Irish eyes are smiling, there's happiness in store. Irish love and Irish wit in a picture of universal appeal.

Laurette Taylor
in
Happiness

By **J. HARTLEY MANNERS**
Directed by **KING VIDOR**

A JOYOUS JOYRIDE OF ENTERTAINMENT

Laurette Taylor is simply delightful as the little shop girl who brings joy into the life of two bored society folk.

Metro Picture

At The MAJESTIC To-Day

'HAPPINESS'

— is —

Laurette Taylor's Masterpiece

You remember Laurette Taylor in her record breaking play, "Peg o' My Heart," and you remember the screen version. Here she is again and in a play that is far better than her former great success.

PATRONS ARE ADVISED TO COME EARLY. NO EXTRA CHARGE. ADMISSION 20 CENTS

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

"NEXT SUMMER"

The summer has gone.

It doesn't seem possible, but it's true.

It never seems so possible, but it's true. Always when Labor Day, or the opening of school, or what-

ever marks the end of summer in our existence comes around again, we stand gazing after the retreating season with incredulous eyes, asking ourselves and each other: "Where has it gone to?"

"Why, it seems but yesterday that summer came," we say, "and there were so many things that we were going to do and here it is fall again and we haven't done half of them."

"A Mass of Sores — No Sleep — Unhappy Days"

writes Mrs. Grace Harvey of Danville, Quebec, B. C. I. I doctored with D. D. D. AT ONCE MY FACE GOT BETTER. I used half a bottle only and have been entirely well ever since.

Why not see if half a bottle will relieve your case of skin disease, too—on our guarantee that the first bottle will show results or your money back! Nothing stops on the instant. \$1.00 a bottle. Try D. D. D. Soap, too.

D. D. D.
Lotion for Skin Disease
ALL DRUGGISTS.

Why, This Is Our Life.

And then perhaps an even sadder thought intrudes its ugly head—that this "time" which is rushing by us so swiftly is our life. "Time," is going to keep on like that until someday we gaze incredulously back and see that life itself is behind us, and that we haven't done half what we meant to.

In the fall we comfort ourselves by saying that next summer we shall find more time to read, more time to get outdoors with the children, that we shall make an opportunity to look up that old friend who summers near us, and that we shan't let the days slip by us without getting more out of them.

But when the autumn of our life time comes we can hardly plan for next summer.

And yet again, perhaps we can. There is a passage in "Ships that Pass in the Night" which I often quote because I love it so well.

Another Chance.

"If there be a God, some intelligence greater than human intelligence, He will understand better than ourselves that life is very hard and difficult, and He will be astonished not because we are not better, but because we are no worse. At least that would be my notion of God. I should not worry if I were you. Just make up your mind to do better if you get the chance and be content with that."

I think we all love that idea of an other chance.

No wonder the doctrines of reincarnation find so many believers.

If you were given the choice between a pass into Heaven and the chance to live another life on this earth, which would you choose?

But Look At Heaven This Way.

Doubtless it is because we lack the imagination to compass Heaven, that it does not mean so much to us as it should. The idea of harps and flowing robes and a city of gold doesn't deeply appeal to many people, and they have no definite picture to put in its stead.

I read the other day a few words about Heaven that pleased me very much and gave me a better sense of its infinite possibilities than anything else I have ever seen:

"Never to be old and tired and sick, the negatives of Heaven, what must its great affirmatives be?"

That's a thought to make the passing of the summers much less depressing, don't you think so?

RICHARD HUDNUT

THREE FLOWERS FACE POWDER

The Face Powder that is Different Having the Particularly Desirable Quality of Adhesiveness and perfumed with the distinctive and appealing odor of Three Flowers in All Popular Shades.

Stiff?

Minard's limbers up stiff joints and sore muscles. Splendid for rheumatism and backache.



DID YOU YOUR BOOTS THIS MORNING?

J. B. Mitchell & Son, Ltd. Agents.

"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH