

EX. S. S. "ROSALIND"

To-Day, Sept. 28th

50 half-brls.  
PEARS  
100 brls. Gravenstein  
APPLES  
C. P. EAGAN,  
TWO STORES:  
Duckworth Street & Queen's Road.

## SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

## THE FRONT SEAT PEOPLE.



friend we alternately admire and are exasperated or bored by.

And I think it excellently explains the situation.

She is a bright interesting person and her friends are willing to accord her the front seat most of the time because she fills it very well. But there are moments when they feel it is someone else's turn and that she should step out gracefully and take a back seat. And it is when she fails to do so that we are exasperated or bored by her, instead of moved in admiration.

Here is a sample. Some friends of ours were in an automobile accident that came near being very serious. They were at the house a few days afterwards still bearing the marks and wearing the bandages. This woman was also there. Of course everyone was interested in the accident and questioned them about it. It was a thrilling experience, they evidently enjoyed telling about it and they surely had a right to the centre of the stage. Did they get it? Only for a few minutes during which time the woman who cannot take a back seat listened with the fixed mechanical smile such people generally have for other people's remarks.

Then an opening came and she asked it. "Now isn't that remarkable. That's just the same thing that caused the accident my cousins were

in. You've heard me speak of them haven't you, my cousins in England? Well, several years ago when they had their auto, it was one of the first and . . .

Grabbing the spotlight, they call that sort of thing on the stage, don't they. And it always makes the star sore; and if it is grabbed without any justification, the audience, too.

Well, that's what happened in this case, and I suspect that the stars of the piece felt the same way, though, being wellbred people, they didn't show it.

There's another example. This woman was staying at her cousin's house. One afternoon some of the wife's relatives whom she had not seen for some years and who were in town for a few hours came to see her. They were not people the front seat lady had ever met, as she was the husband's cousin, but of course she was duly introduced. Did she then slip away to her room and leave the wife to enjoy her people? Not at all. She stayed right there and kept tight hold of her front seat taking the lion's share of the conversation. She found the visitors had been on a tour she once took, and she kept the talk on that most of the time.

The wife was sorely vexed. "I wanted to hear all about my cousin's new home," she said, "and about a thousand things, but I could hardly get a word in edgewise. I don't think it's fair. I let her do most of the talking the rest of the time because she likes to, and she's kind of amusing, and I don't care, but I do think she might have had the tact to give us a chance to talk."

She might have, but whatever other virtues the front seat people have, they don't know what tact means. Else they wouldn't be front seat people.

## When to Change Jobs

Five or six years ago a friend talked over with me the advisability of making a change from a small organization to a very large one. He felt there was danger that he might remain for years unnoticed in the big crowd. I told him that I was confident he had ability enough and industry enough to make headway against any competition. He made the change. His progress has been notable. He now occupies a very responsible position and draws more salary than he need ever spend. But he has had another offer laid before him and has been discussing it with me. This change would mean going from the huge concern to a relatively small one; it would entail appreciable risk, as the difficulties connected with the proffered position are quite serious. On the other hand, he would be the directing head, and the potentialities of the position are very great.

What would you have advised him to do?

I urged him to make the change. Whether one's salary is a few thousand dollars more or a few thousand dollars less for a few years isn't a serious matter. After one's earning capacity has reached a certain point, the question of salary need not be and quite often is not the main factor to be taken into consideration. The rightly-constituted man things first of opportunities for service, opportunities for accomplishing worthwhile things, opportunities for developing his capacities, opportunities for pressing towards a high goal.

Few men have risen far who didn't voluntarily accept risks in order to move towards the desired mark. White-livered individuals should remain ordinary employees and leave to others the responsibility of leadership and of finding the contents of the weekly pay envelope. Any man who continues to be a rolling stone after he has entered his thirties does not inspire confidence. On the other hand, many men make the mistake of dosing along in a rut year after year without ever getting anywhere to speak of. There is a time to stick and there is a time to move. The risk attending almost every move of importance should not and does not frighten the fellow made of the right stuff.—B. C. Forbes, in Forbes Magazine (N.Y.)

## OBNOXIOUS LAWS



WALT MATON

"I do not like that statute law which bans domestic strife; it seems a most oppressive law, when I would beat my wife." This spoke my neighbour, James Whence, a voter stern and down when he leaned up against my fence to gossip for an hour. "My wife goes chasing up the street, she idles and she talks; she never gets me things to eat, she never darns my socks. She never heeds the reproaches I hand her every day; she has a mallet in her hands, with which she plays croquet. She knows I'm a modern hub, with modern rules against; she knows I will not use a club, although a club is best. I will not use a club, gadzooks, nor tread the caveman's way; the law is there upon the books, I bow and I obey. Although the wife's a total loss who on my bosom leans, I'll strive to humbly bear my cross, and eat cold cans of beans." Oh, noble heart, oh, Spartan soul, what sand is in your crawl! You yearn to wield a red elm pole, and yet obey the law! And cheaper shades, and feebler sinks, survey the law with scorn; they know it's wrong to purchase drinks, and yet they buy a horn. The man heroic never yields to any vain desire that leads him to illicit fields, and sets the law afire.

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## Dogs Used for Fishing

Fishing with dogs is a sport many people have never heard of, yet it is popular in some parts of the British Isles, chiefly on the north coast of Somerset.

During the summer, conger-eels are very abundant there. They lie off the coast beyond the low-water line, where the spring-tides, at this period of the year, leave exposed a vast expanse of mud. The conger-hunters take advantage of this to pursue their sport. Wearing wading-boots, and armed with a thick stick some six feet long, one end of which is sharpened after the fashion of a chisel, they set out, accompanied by a motley collection of dogs.

Boulders and large stones are turned over to lay bare the lair of the eels, the long sticks being used to stir up the mud. The eels then start to wriggle; this excites the dogs, who seize them as firmly as possible. It is no easy matter, however, for an angry eel is a ticklish, slippery customer, with more strength than one might credit.

But the dogs soon become quite expert at their job. Having got a firm hold of an eel, they will stick to it until the hunter helps them to "land" it.

The conger-eel weighs anything from five to nine pounds, and even larger ones are sometimes caught. A lucky hunt will result in some five or six congeners, but no matter what the "bag," this method of fishing with dogs will afford exciting sport.

MANARD'S LIMEHARD DRED BY  
VETERINARIAN

## Some Peculiar Newspapers

In the Caucasus, before the world war, a postcard newspaper was issued, the print of which was so small that a magnifying glass had to be

used to master its contents; while in 1831 appeared the first number of Barthold's Political Handkerchief, a newspaper printed on calico to evade the stamp duty. The news-sheet measured 18 in. by 11 in. and sold for eight cents. A similar sheet was started in Greenock in 1849. It was known

as the Greenock News Clout, and the editor advised his readers to use it as a pocket handkerchief when read! Some years before the war the Journal des Jambes appeared in Paris. Its prospectus declared that it filled a "long-felt want," and that it would be "a friend and counsellor to all who

wish to keep their legs fit, and to all who, weary, impotent, or worn out, wrongly believe that they have lost the use of their beyond recovery." It went on to say: "This journal will deal with all the medical, surgical, choreographic, sporting, or other questions relating to the human leg or other sex."

A hat of black panne velvet turned up slightly in the back, is trimmed with a sweeping brush of feathers at one side. It is hard to decide whether the flat, smooth coiffure and small head are responsible for the vogue of the small hat, or vice versa.

—By Bud Fisher.