

WEEK END NOTES.

(L. C. M.)  
During one of our holiday rambles this season we happened to drop along at an old-time homestead in one of the many hamlets which dot the seaboard of Avalon: and while there we learned a pathetic story which for devotion and constancy would do credit to the memory of the immortalized Evangeline herself.

The homestead in question is one of the few now left of that quaint style of architecture which our forefathers brought with them from the Old Country two centuries ago. To look at it without, or to have seen it within, was to be transported to the days of Baltimore or to the times of Guy. Within its shelter had been born the family of the young Irish couple who in their native county of Cork had plighted their troth and then left to seek their fortune in the New World; and who also made it a choice to come out to Newfoundland as the most likely place to find it. Evidently they did not find any very great material wealth, but they no doubt found that which wealth cannot purchase and which money cannot control, they found the priceless treasure of mutual love, and exercised the higher gift of simple faith. This they transmitted to their children, and in turn it has come down to the present generation, who, though poor in this world's goods, are rich in the faith of their fathers. Of the last generation only one son was left to perpetuate the family name. This son was of stalwart physique, and, like his neighbours, he gained his living from the sea. At summer time he fished from the harbour, and nightly returned to the quiet of his little one-storied cottage and to the embrace of his little flock. At winter time he usually took a foreign voyage and thereby added to the comfort of his home. And so it went on, until some two years ago, when the voyage which proved the last one was taken.

Like many other ships that one in which our hero sailed became long overdue and when patience became exhausted the inevitable had to be accepted and the mother and her six little children had to realize the stern fact that never again would their bread-winner provide for them, nor would his footsteps be heard as of yore upon the garden walk. The ship had gone down and six homes had been plunged in sorrow, but the last to give up hope was the heroine of whom we write. She knew that at best she was "hoping against hope," and that never again would the familiar voice of her husband greet her; but amid it all she still cherished a faint expectation that there might be some hope of his return. With this faint longing the lonely mother and the wondering children kept their spirits up, and for the long period of six months they put a light in the window of the little cottage, saying to themselves that "if father comes to-night he will see the light and he will know that we have expected him."

And so it was that night after night, and week after week, and month after month, the humble wife trimmed her little lamp and set it in the window which faced the road and left it as a beacon of hope to greet his approach. But the absent one came not, no familiar footstep was heard, no hand raised the latch—there was no return. The sea had gained its prey and the last inheritor of the old-time

homestead, which had been so long built, perished in the deep, and the descendant of some six generations has closed his career in mystery—the mystery of the sea.

We listened to the story as it was repeated and in it we heard but a rehearsal of what thousands of our people have endured. Down to sea go our sons, and upon its bosom sail our fathers and while they do so the loved ones faithfully wait at home. The children and the mothers pray while far away the fathers toil and the brothers labour. It is but "the simple annals of the poor," the humble life of the fisher, and yet it is the basis of our national strength and the foundation of our commercial greatness. It is the nation's life, for after all a nation's real wealth is her sons, and from their industry the Empire derived its true greatness.

The little one-storied homestead of which we write will soon be vacated and its door soon be closed, and its windows soon boarded up, and when this takes place the last chapter of the abode of one of the colonizing families of Newfoundland shall have ended, and the silence which reigned on the spot when near two hundred years ago the young Irish couple selected it, will assert its right and re-enter and take possession. A thousand hopes will have ended, a thousand prayers will have finished and another landmark forsaken.

The passer-by may not know the record of the little cottage by the beach but its memories will be precious to the faithful woman who for six months kept a light in the window, and when she takes charge of a new home and becomes the light of another heart she will have realized what Sir Walter Scott meant when in the conclusion of his poem "Rokeby" he said:—

"And thus there came a bright tomorrow,  
Years of joy for hours of sorrow."

MR. MAN.



Man walks through life with laced tread, and finds the going rough; through all his youth he looks ahead—the future is the stuff. He'll do great things in coming years, when he has half a show; his fame will ring through all the spheres and reach to Broken Bow. He's so impatient for the time when he can hit the spots, that youth, the golden and sublime, is gone before he wots. Youth, youth! It passes like the wind, and cannot be recalled; and man wakes up some day to find he's tired and old and bald. He sees the wreck of noble schemes, and murmurs, through his tears, "The plans of youth are idle dreams that won't outlive the years." Now he is always looking back, as once he gazed ahead; his eyes are on the rugged track that knew his hopeful tread. The future has no charms for him, it smiles for him no more; the past appeals to eyes grown dim, he talks of days of yore. Oh, youth, forevermore your gaze is fixed on things ahead; while age laments the vanished days, and sadly counts its

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Newfoundland Weather

with its damp and heavy fogs imposes the most difficult test a kerosene could be asked to meet.

SKIPPER KEROSENE OIL

Gives steady power under any weather conditions—because it is pure—every drop.

Does away with carburetor trouble—because it is always the same. Clean burning. Non-carbonizing. Costs less by the mile and by the year.

Skipper Kerosene Oil is unequalled for household uses.

STANDARD OIL CO. of NEW YORK.  
FRANKLIN'S AGENCIES, LIMITED.

Your Health, Sir!—should be your first consideration, and which no business man can well afford to neglect.

To insure bounding health and improved mental vitality—every morning take a glass of this invigorating and pleasantly refreshing

**Abbey's Effervescent Salt**  
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

For Nerves, Impure Blood—try ABBEY'S VITA TABLETS  
50 Cents a Box

Germans Killing Own Soldiers.

WITH THE BRITISH ARMIES IN THE FIELD, Sept. 17.—German guns are becoming so worn that the Kaiser's troops are frequently killed by their own shells, according to prisoners' statements to-day.

Worn guns and lack of sufficient air planes are causing the armies under Crown Prince Rupprecht considerable trouble. The story has been told and amply verified by prisoners to-day that German guns firing by chart fire short as a rule, and there being no planes to observe the error, the shells have frequently fallen in German trenches.

A gun in good condition can be fired fairly accurately by tabulation. Under given conditions a shell will go exactly so many yards. When the rifling grows worn, however, the shells do not travel as far as they should algebraically. Hence the Germans' trouble.

German prisoners complain of the shelling. Some see in it the usual callousness of the Higher Command who haven't any regard for lives of their men. Diaries show the Germans are calling some of these worn guns "99 3/4 millimetre pieces" explaining this is "short for 100 millimetre" because the guns themselves "are always a little short."

Edison Defeats Subs

Perfects Device to Deflect Torpedoes Fired by Submarines—Invention Has Proven Success—New York Hears Device Already Used by Several Ships.

New York, Sept. 18.—A special despatch from Washington to the New York Tribune says: Thomas A. Edison has contrived a mechanism to deflect torpedoes from their courses, it was said here to-day. According to report the device has been tried with success on several destroyers and has been installed on some liners.

It is believed here that the extraordinary gyrations of a torpedo which missed a big American liner which arrived yesterday at an Atlantic port were due, not as the passengers and some of the ship's officers seemed to believe to some new wrinkle developed in a German laboratory, but to the genius of Mr. Edison.

Kerensky's Chance.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

Kerensky has won, for the time at least, over Korniloff. If Kerensky is great enough to turn his victory—a victory over a fellow-patriot—to the profit of Russia, he will win a great place in history. It is probable that the representatives of Russia's allies, in withholding their hands from this situation, and in virtually letting Korniloff go to the wall, had some assurance, in their own minds at least, that the triumph of Kerensky over the forces of a counter-revolution would rally all other forces to his side, and consolidate the revolutionary forces into a coherent government. The forces of anarchy certainly ran to cover under Kerensky's wing as soon as Korniloff appeared. The circumstance ought to demonstrate the necessity of keeping them under now. The danger is that as soon as their immediate danger is over, they will resume their destructive foolishness. Only a small measure of restraint over regimental mass meetings and wholesale insubordination is now promised—not enough to secure effective military action. But we shall see what we shall see. Whatever hope there may be in Kerensky's greater consolidation of power we may seize. But the hope is not great.

This gold is so colossal in quantity that it would outweigh the entire population of Yorkshire, and the train necessary to transport it would consist of 15,700 trucks, each carrying ten tons—a train drawn by 500 locomotives, and long enough to reach from London Bridge to Brighton.

With these 20,000 million sovereigns it would be possible to make a road of solid gold nine feet wide and more than two inches thick linking Westminster Bridge with Dorking, 23 1/2 miles distant, or to girdle the earth at the Equator with a band of gold an inch wide and nearly a quarter of an inch thick.—Pearson's Weekly.

When you make bread, put a quantity of flour in the bread pan and set the sponge in the middle of it. There will be no sticky, doughy pan to clean in the morning, but one which needs very little washing.

REYNARD'S LINIMENT CURES GADGETS IN 10 MINS.

Harry Lauder Sees it Through.

A writer in The Christian Work (New York) tells of the spiritual rebirth of the great Scotch comedian who has recently lost his only son on the western front. He says "One day I was taking Harry to see the grave of his only child, Captain John Lauder of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, as fine a lad as ever wore a kilt and as good and brave a son as ever a father loved." Falling upon the grave of his son the father sobbed pitifully, then rose and started back to the camp to sing to the waiting crowd of soldiers. "On the way down the hill I suggested gently that the stress of such an hour made further song that day impossible. But Lauder's heart is big and British. Turning to me with a flash in his eye he said, 'George, I must be brave; my boy is watching and all the other boys are waiting. I will sing to them this afternoon though my heart break.' When the news came of the lad's death, the comedian's friends were surprised beyond measure at the calmness with which he bore the blow, knowing his fondness for the lad. His explanation was: 'When a man has been hit as I have been, there are only three ways open to him—drink, despair or God; and I am looking to God for the consolation and the courage I now need.' Another Mr. Britling has seen it through.

What Has She Gained.

Three years ago Germany began this war for the conquest of Middle Europe. What has she gained? What has this gain cost her? The New York Outlook sizes it up this way: "She has gained by her arms the territories of Belgium, Luxemburg, Serbia, a small but rich section of northern France, and parts of Luthania, Poland and Rumania—a total of a little less than 204,000 square miles. She has lost: Except for an insignificant corner in southern Africa all her colonies, over a million square miles. Practically all her shipping not bottled up in Bremen and Hamburg, a loss estimated in tonnage of 3,600,000. Of the flower of her youth, over 2,000,000. In cash, nearly \$20,000,000,000 to be added to her national debt. Beyond the war, though unpopular as a people, Germany was honored among all nations for her intellectual scholarship and her industrial efficiency. She has lost irrevocably this respect and won in its place the mingled hatred and contempt of the civilized world. Scarcely a considerable neutral nation is left except those whose safety compels their neutrality. No one thinks Germany can restrain her gains. No one imagines that she can recover her losses. It is not strange that some of the German people are seriously discussing among themselves the question whether it is not time to change their business managers."

Rolling in Gold.

"Uncle Sam" has reason to be proud when he looks at his mountain of money-bags, from which he is now so lavishly supplying the "stewards" of the world-war, for no nation on earth even approaches the record of his riches.

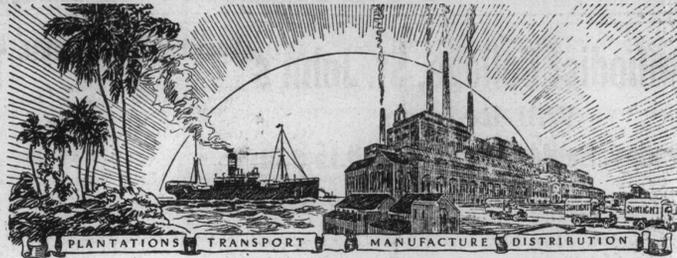
Of every £100 of the world's wealth he calls £20 his own. His possessions are greater than those of France and Germany combined, a good 5,000 millions more than the entire wealth of the United Kingdom, three times that of Russia, and fifteen times that of the whole Australian continent.

All the world's mines could not produce in two centuries gold equivalent to his riches, which represent more than 200 times all the gold current in Great Britain and Ireland before the war.

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THE Sunlight enterprise and organization for production, manufacture, and distribution were made complete long before the war. But during the war the difficulties and costs of transport have been multiplied. Therefore, Lever Brothers have purchased a fleet of steamships to convey raw materials direct from their plantations to Port Sunlight.

The Housewife is given the full benefit of this enterprise, and thus, in spite of the difficulties caused in England by the war, Sunlight Soap remains the best soap throughout the world, and gives the fullest value for the housewife's money.

THE SUNLIGHT SERVICE IS THE MOST COMPLETE SOAP SERVICE IN THE WORLD. SUNLIGHT SOAP IS MADE FOR THE HOUSEWIFE'S PROFIT, FOR ONLY THEREBY CAN THE MAKERS HOPE TO PROFIT BY SUNLIGHT SOAP.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

The name Lever on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.  
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

Clay, From Feet Up.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

The disclosures now made are certain to shatter the myth of the Kaiser's reputation. By them he will be greatly injured in his own land; abroad, they will make it impossible to put him back on the pedestal where some had placed him. Professor Kuno Francke, for instance, contended a year or so ago that, whatever the world thought of the Kaiser's policies, it must concede that he had displayed great qualities as a ruler. It will be hard to make men believe this longer. In these telegrams of the Kaiser to the Czar we have revealed the real Kaiser, a meddlesome, restless, conceited, unscrupulous man with little grasp of the tremendous forces with which he was playing. He seems an embodiment of the recipe how to bring great empires low by small minds. And what will especially rankle in German hearts to-day is that their own autocrat was secretly urging the Russian autocrat to consult the Duma which, "as it represents the people of Russia, would be the voice of the Russian people." The questions which Germans will ask bitterly is why the Kaiser did not, at the time when he was trying to make an alliance against England, as also when the issue of war arose, consult the representatives of the German people. Was the Duma more to be respected than the Reichstag?

The Vulture's End.

Gripping Nature Sketch Telling of a Tragic Misadventure.

So the big, griffon vulture passed upon her lawful occasions, gliding and wheeling, now this way, now that, in vast circles, a speck merely in the void, across the miles, but always within the league-wide limit of her prescribed "beat." And on her beam, a speck; and on her starboard, a speck; and ahead, astern, a speck; vultures, watching, ever watching, hungry vultures.

Suddenly she banked, and came about.

Beneath her was a burnt grassy plain. And upon the plain a little, scattered group of antelope (hartebeest antelope, officially) feeding. Not that she saw the antelope so much (for they were painted to mimic their surroundings), as their shadows, which they could not colour or hide.

Suddenly from a patch of herbage leapt—a dot. Hop, hop, hop, hop! And—it was upon one of the antelopes.

And the griffon vulture lifted another wing-flange, banked again—rather steeply this time—and began to corkscrew down. And every speck within sight saw her, or saw those that saw her, and followed suit, corkscrewing down wonderfully out of nowhere, with her as the vortex of their swirl.

Swift Death!

As the griffon vulture came down, or, rather, as the earth rushed up to her, as it seemed, the dot's shadows grew and grew and grew to the size of a lion engaged in the last act of killing a hartebeest antelope, who was, naturally, protesting vigorously.

With a swish and a waf of vast pinions backing air, the vulture came to an anchor upon a gaunt skeleton, that we call a tree, by courtesy, hard by. Others, diving, followed suit, with a harsh rattling of folded plumes.

Minutes passed while the lion fed, to the accompaniment of wing swishes and hoarse remarks of vultures saluting about him, and then at last he went to drink. He had to. The heat was terrific.

The "pan" or pool was only a few yards away, and he was gone but a few seconds; yet in that time the big female vulture, driven by a desire keener even than the hunger of the rest of the gang, made a clumsy rush for the carcass, and—got there.

There broke out instantly from earth and trees and sky a coughing grunt, and three terrific thumps followed. The last thump landed the

lion clean under the rising vulture, and, with one awful sweep of bared claws, he fetched her down, in a sprawly, feathery heap.

Miles away, in an untidy, scraggly nest, on an untidy, scraggy rock, a horrible object—which was a young griffon vulture—waited famishing for a mother who never came.—Answers.

Always Had Headaches.

Liver Was Torpid and Bilious Spells Brought Sick Headaches—Lost Much Time, But is Now Completely Cured.

Newtown, N.B., September 22nd.—Here is convincing evidence that however much you may suffer from liver trouble and consequent biliousness there is cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Over-eating is the most common cause of sluggish liver action. You lose your appetite, have distressing bilious spells, usually accompanied by headache and vomiting, the bowels become irregular, constipation and looseness alternating, digestion is upset and you get irritable and down-hearted.

No treatment so quickly awakens the action of the liver and bowels as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For this reason this medicine is wonderfully popular and has enormous sales.

Mr. Charles R. Tait, Newtown, N.B., writes: "I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and would often have to stop work for a day or two. I lost many a night's sleep every month with bilious headaches, and although I tried doctors' medicines, it was without success. When I had these headaches I would vomit, and could keep nothing on my stomach."

"I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills from G. M. Fairweather, Druggist, of Sussex, N.B., and after taking one box I was so much relieved that I continued to take them until I am now completely cured. My advice to anyone is to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and be completely cured."

Mr. A. S. Mace, J.P., endorses the above statement and says: "This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Charles R. Tait, and believe his statement in every way to be true and correct."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Substitutes will only disappoint. Insist on getting what you ask for.

Lloyd George "Broke."

COULDN'T PAY CAR FARE. London, Sept. 14.—The director of a corporation spending more than \$30,000,000 a day was flat broke to-day—did not even have a car fare.

When his automobile broke down he boarded a street car and found he did not have the tuppence fare. A passenger lent him the necessary pennies.

The penniless passenger was Lloyd George.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"