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Advertise in The Evening Telegram

Something to Tell About.



"It is ever so nice of you to take me. It was a lovely ride and it will give me something to write home about."

"So my neighbor's visitor, whom I had the pleasure of entertaining one afternoon, thanked me, and I smiled inwardly at her nicely frank phrasing of a feeling which enters so largely into most of our pleasures. For though few of us are so frank about it, even to ourselves, the thought that this is something that we can write or tell others about gives us a large part of our enjoyment of various pleasures.

If people were permitted to go to Europe only on the condition that they should not write a single post card or letter during the whole trip, should never mention it afterwards, never say "When I was in Europe," I think that half of the tourists who now make the grand tour would stay right at home.

Not write post cards indeed! It is unthinkable. The souvenir post card has been the most delightful outlet ever invented for this age-old feeling. When souvenir cards first crept into existence and were comparatively rare, we hunted up the picture of some famous spot which we had seen and sent it to envious friends with the impressive information, "Saw this today. Wish you were here." Then souvenir cards became more common and we had the still greater pleasure of sending a picture of ourself to the stay-at-homes with our room marked with an X. And when the finished-while-you-wait picture

post cards of oneself with some famous spot—Plymouth Rock or the Barney Stone—for a background, proving beyond controversion that we had actually "been there," came into being, that was the last refinement. The future may hold something better than this but it is hard to imagine what it may be.

The thought of telling one's friends about it afterwards will give zest not only to the pleasant but even to the disagreeable experience, provided only it can be made to sound alluring in the telling.

Once upon a time a party of tourists left the beautiful southern seaport at which they were stopping and spent a day travelling inward to see a big cocoa plantation. They chose an unusually hot day and came back hot, dusty, dishevelled and tired with the utter exhaustion that such a trio breeds.

"Did you have a good time?" asked the hotel clerk as they stopped for their keys.

They expressed their disgruntlement.

"Never mind," said the hotel clerk, who was something of a human nature student, "never mind, when you go home and someone serves you a cup of cocoa you can say, 'I've been where the beans that make this stuff grow and picked them off the trees.'"

Which was after all just the reason most of those people had taken that excursion.

If one were ever tempted to envy Adam and Eve their Eden one should recall one terrible drawback—there was no one to whom they could either write or tell what a good time they were having! And what would Eden be without that privilege?

Red Comm.

Belgium.

By GEORGE FITCH.

Author of "At Good Old Slivash."

Belgium, which has lately surprised the world by holding Germany with all the fury of a 111-pound quarter tackling a Percheron fullback, is an enlarged wheatfield into which 7,000,000 people have been stuffed by industry and an entire lack of race suicide.

Belgium is no bigger than a congressional district in Kansas and an energetic automobile can cross it in two hours. But it is one of the busiest spots on the globe. It exports \$200,000,000 worth of goods each year and raises almost enough produce on its corner-lot farms and pocket gardens to feed its population. Every one works in Belgium. Even the dogs have to draw milk carts, though when a Belgian farmer has a valuable dog, he does not risk it in hot weather. He makes his wife draw the cart.

Belgium produces coal, lace, porcelain, sugar, steel and old masters in immense quantities with tourists, Antwerp and Brussels are fine cities, full of rare old paintings, pavements and smells, and no American is satisfied until he has gazed upon the works of Rubens and Van Dyke. Both of these great painters hailed from Antwerp and the city is prouder of this than it is of the fact that it is the second greatest seaport in the world.

Belgium is a monarchy, but is not as sore about it as it was when old Leopold II, was devastating the theaters of Europe. The Belgians vote profusely and send representatives to their magnificent capitol at Brussels, but they are not noted as scholars. Almost 20 per cent of them have neglected to learn to read and write. But at coaxing vegetables out of the ground few nations can compare with them.

Belgium is composed of Flemish and Walloons and for many centuries was run over by the greater nations as if it had been merely a chicken in the road. Thousands of battles have been fought on Belgian soil, with the Belgians as innocent bystanders. Waterloo was fought within fifteen miles of Brussels and forms a great natural resource of the country today, the sale of souvenir cards and bullets being enormous. For hundreds of years Belgium as a territory was handed around from one nation to another, and in the last century it was given to the Dutch. This was too much. After the Dutch had tried to compel the Belgians to learn the

peculiar and terrifying Dutch language the latter revolted and became a separate nation.

Belgium also produces the famous Belgian hare, which seems to be the only citizen of the country who knows how to run.

Sulphate of Ammonia.

St. John's Gas Light Company.

Dear Sir,—I have analyzed a sample of Sulphate of Ammonia made at your Works, and I found 20.5 per cent of NITROGEN, Sulphates of Ammonia and Nitrate of Soda are the two principal Nitrogen manure.

Sulphate of Ammonia is less soluble than Nitrate of Soda, consequently it is a safer manure to use during a wet season.

Yours truly,
D. JAMES DAVIES, B.S.C., F.C.S.
Analyst and Assayer.

WAR.

Oh, some body poisoned the emperor's dog, yes, gave it of arsenic more than a pound; at dawn it was lying out in the fog, its legs in the air and its tail on the ground. The emperor muttered:

"This insult, by Jing, most certainly calls for an ocean of blood; and now I shall climb on the frame of the king who handed my bow-wow a poisonous spud." The emperor summoned his three million men, and told them to scrap white the scrapping was fine; the king, much offended, emerged from his den, and called for his soldiers, and got them in line. Ah, then, there was war, and the sickening feud, and there was a soul searching chorus of groans; and travellers waded through rivers of blood, or twisted their ankles on hillocks of bones. The homes of the people made excellent fires, and women were widowed without their consent; and children were waiting in vain for the stews whose blood for a bow-wow was foolishly spent. And when it was over, and legions were slain, a horse doctor looked at the emperor's spine. "The beast wasn't poisoned," he muttered; "that plain—the confounded dog was a victim of fits."

Men of England Remember Louvain.

London, Sept. 10.—An effective recruiting Bill is being shown in black and red, with the following lines under crossed Union flags:

"Because her arrogant brutality is a menace to civilization."
"Because she breaks treaties."
"Because she murders non-combatants."
"Because she destroys beautiful cities."
"Because she sows mines in the open ocean."
"Because she fires on the sacred Red Cross."
"Because her avowed object is to crush Great Britain."
"Men of England, remember Louvain."

"The fight is Democracy versus Tyranny."
"Do you wish to share the fate of Belgium?"
"If not, enlist now."

MILNARD'S LINIMENT CURES GAIN GET IN COWS.

Torbay En Fete.

The whole parish of Torbay gave itself up to rejoicing on yesterday, Sunday. The occasion was an historic one—the first time in the annals of the Parish that Torbay had a priest of its own at the Altar in Torbay Church. The celebrant was the Rev. John F. Kerivan, a newly-ordained priest, who officiated at the invitation of the Rt. Rev. Monsignor St. John, P.P., D.P.

The first mass was celebrated at 8.30 and the solemn mass was sung at 10.30. A large congregation was present at each mass. The singing at the Missa Cantata was excellent—the choir being that of the Presentation Convent School under the direction of Rev. Mother De Sales. The rendering of the sacred music reflected great credit on the musical talent of Torbay and on the great work done by the good nuns.

The sermon was drawn from the Epistle of the Day—"Bear ye one another's burden and so ye shall fulfill the law of Christ"—Ep. St. Paul to Galatians. The large congregation was visibly touched by the words of the preacher as he unfolded to them the spirit of the sacred text, and outlined the duties of those who aspire to follow the Divine Master's example. At the conclusion he gave all present the young priest's blessing.

Later in the day a deputation from the parishioners waited upon Father Kerivan at the Presbytery and presented him with an address (which we print below), and a purse of gold. The address was read by Mr. John White, and the presentation was made by Mr. Denis Coady. Fr. Kerivan was taken by surprise, and expressed his delight to be back again amongst his own people, and fittingly referred to the warm expressions of appreciation he had just heard, and to the gift by which they were accompanied.

ADDRESS.

Dear Father Kerivan,—

We, the friends of your youth, assemble here to-day to welcome you and to give utterance to the joy that fills our hearts at seeing you a consecrated Priest, offering the Holy Sacrifice in the Church of Torbay, your native place.

We feel proud of the fact of your being the first of Torbay's sons raised to the dignity of the Priesthood and we wish you many long and happy years to work for God in the sacred ministry.

May God's blessing ever accompany you in your future career and may health, success and happiness be your daily reward.

We beg you to accept this small gift as a token of our regard for you with the request that you may sometimes remember us at the Holy Altar.
Torbay, Sept. 14, 1914.

A Summer Tale.

"You look irritated this evening."
"I am—on warm days like this I always suffer from heat rash."
"I am liable to heat rash, too, but it never irritates me; it never has since I began to use Zylax, which at once allays the irritation, physical and mental. And I find Zylax Soap with the Ointment go far to prevent heat rash altogether."

Zylax sells at 50 cents a box;
Zylax Soap at 25 cents a cake, at your Druggist's.
Zylax—London—7113,000,11

Just Received: GASOLENE,

in barrels and cases.

We are agents for the "Metz" Gearless Transmission Car. This Car is much more easily handled than the gear car, and can be driven by the novice after a few minutes' instruction.

COLIN CAMPBELL,
85 Water Street.

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when a man wore a heavy winter overcoat, or none at all.

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Lightweight Overcoats

are the most serviceable and sensible Overcoats they can own.

Ours are correct in style, correct in price, in color and in value, too.

Chaplin,

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