

# A SALE FOR MEN

WITHOUT A STRING TO IT.

This is a bit slangy, but expressive. It is not a "realization," "consternation," "clean up," "chopped down," "cut to the bone" sort of sale, but a plain, honest, old fashioned offer which you will appreciate and take advantage of.

**NOW THEN!**

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| MEN'S SUITS—In stylish patterns; made in the American way and always keep their shape. Get one for the Regatta. From . . . . .   | MEN'S BALBRIGGAN SHIRTS—For 40c. These shirts are very comfortable and the correct thing for summer wear. Each . . . . .                                     |
| <b>\$6.00 to \$16.00</b>   | <b>40c</b>   |
| MEN'S NEGLIGEES SHIRTS—For 49c. A shirt that looks well and wears well, in neat stripes and checks, beautifully cool withall. Get a half dozen (all sizes). 75c. value for . . . . . | MEN'S SOX—For 25c per pair. This is a nobby line and will be anxiously sought after by careful dressers. See the rage of the season in fancy shades. . . . . |
| <b>49c</b>   | <b>25c</b>   |
| MEN'S ROWING SHIRTS—(Perforated.) You'll want one of these. For . . . . .  | LINEN CUFFS—For 18c per pair. Fine Linen Cuffs worth 20c. per pair. For . . . . .  |
| <b>40c</b>   | <b>10c</b>   |

ALWAYS

## A Special Offering

AT DEVINE'S.

And the Thrifty Shopper is fast learning that Devine's Doubles Dollars.

# J. M. DEVINE,

THE RIGHT HOUSE.

### Smiles.



If you go around the world with countenance nicely curled up into a pleasant smile, the people you meet will say, as you waddle along your way, that you are a man worth while. I don't mean a silly grin; that sort of a thing will win no praise as it loops the loop; for there are a dozen styles (the same as in hats) of smiles, and some aren't worth three whoops. The kind of a smile I mean is the smile that is daily seen on the face of the cheerful gent who regulates things so well that honor and comfort dwell for aye in his moving tent. He works like a blindfold steer, serenely, year after year, as gay as your marriage bells; and when

it is time to play he utters a loud "hooray!" and kicks up his heels and yells. Collection day never frets this man, for he has no debts, he pay as he goes along; and down in the banker's vaults some guilders each week he salts, and life is a grand sweet song. He mixes in no foofs' strife, but sanely he lives his life, contented and calm and cool; he helps people in a plight, and treats all his neighbors white, and sticks to the Golden Rule. The smile on his face unrolls is genuine, good as gold, extending from ear to ear; and you'll never want that grin unless you at once begin a useful and sane career.

Copyright, 1911, by George Mathew Adams. *Over Mason*

**WILL HAVE LEG TAKEN OFF.**—There arrived by the S. S. Portia yesterday, a little ten year old boy, named Abraham Currie, of Channel, who will enter the General Hospital for treatment to his right leg. The little fellow gets around with the aid of crutches and presents a pitiable sight. The limb is so badly affected with tuberculosis that amputation will be necessary.



## B-H ENGLISH PAINT

Said the Architect — "I have specified B-H ENGLISH PAINT because I have found it the best, and the cheapest in the end. It costs less to apply—covers more surface—protects better—and holds the color longer. It is the 70% Pure White Lead and 30% Pure White Zinc Paint—an ideal formula. Then, too, it is guaranteed by BRANDRAM-HENDERSON—and the guarantee is printed on the can. It is the kind of Paint for your house, sir."

**BOWRING BROS. LIMITED,**  
ST. JOHN'S

### It Wants a Bit of Doing.

There are many social problems in this little world of ours. That go to prove it isn't a garden full of flowers. You'll always find the shady, or the seamy side of life. Where poverty brings discontent, and discontent brings strife; How many a man is out of work and got to keep a wife And half a dozen kids without a bob. Well, it wants a bit of doing, you can take it straight from me. It isn't quite so easy as at first it seems to be; Yes, you may be very fly. But you find out when you try, It's the sort of thing that wants a bit of doing.

It's refreshing when you meet the youth who is searching after fame, And thinks at comic singing he could quickly make a name; He honestly admits his voice has got a sort of squeak, But still, with all his other points, that's nothing so to speak; He'll tell you how some singers earn a hundred pounds a week, And he doesn't see why he can't do the same.

Well, it wants a bit of doing, you can take it straight from me, It isn't quite so easy as at first it seems to be; All the stars are mugs we know, But they somehow seem to go. And to beat them, well it wants a bit of doing.

You often hear the married man bemoan his wretched lot, And talk about his happiness and home all going to rot; It's just the good old chestnut of the good old ma-in-law Whose been his constant visitor for eighteen months or more; His friends declare if it were them they'd make her hold her jaw, Or chuck her out before another day.

Well, it wants a bit of doing, you can take it straight from me, It isn't quite so easy as at first it seems to be, If she doesn't choose to walk, Well, I don't care how you talk, But to chuck her out will want a bit of doing.

Now racing's always been a most enchanting sort of game, It's ruined some, no doubt, although it's scarcely them to blame, The sporting papers talk about the easy going course, And then proceed to guide you how to make a certain loss— For they carefully select the name of every blooming horse, And you've got to find the winner out of that.

Well, it wants a bit of doing, you can take it straight from me, It isn't quite so easy as at first it seems to be; You'll find you're kee gee scratched, Or you'll have your money snatched, And to make it pay it wants a bit of doing.

I'm speaking as a wife to-night—a wife who really knows How quickly on a Saturday the blessed money goes, The kids must have some boots because their little feet are bare; The old man's togs they must come out, he's nothing else to wear; There's Sunday's meat, the rent to pay, the coals to get, and there you've got to do the lot on thirteen bob.

Well, it wants a bit of doing, you can take it straight from me, It isn't quite so easy as at first it seems to be; Now, this isn't tommy rot, But it's many a woman's lot, And she does it, but it takes a lot of doing.

W. O. H.

### MOTHER'S FEARFUL ORDEAL.

Unable to Rise From Bed While Child Burns to Death in Next Room. Pontcharlot, La., Aug. 7. — While her two-year-old son was burning to death in an adjoining room and crying out in his pain, Mrs. James Ragan lay helpless on her back, with her two days old baby by her side. She was unable to move or to call for aid, and was forced to listen to the screams of the boy as the flames made their ravages.

### BIG STEEL DRILL STRIKES.

Charge of Forgotten Powder, and Two Men Mangled to Death. New York, Aug. 9.—Two workmen were mangled to death and five others seriously injured at the bottom of a 250-foot shaft, leading out of the New Aqueduct at 106th Street and Central Park West, early to-day, when a big steel drill struck an old charge of forgotten powder.

NEWMAN'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

### The Villain.

BY H. L. RANN.



The villain is a low-browed piece of melodrama who is continually poisoning the heroine's pure mind by showing her a fake telegram. His business is to wreck a happy home by springing a chattel mortgage on somebody who is behind on the rent. The villain is a despicable character and is hated with great intensity by the female portion of the audience, who indulge in blood-curdling chuckles whenever he is killed in the last act. The old-fashioned villain used to wear a long Italian mustache and a pair of hip boots, both of which were liable to fall off in a moment of intense emotion. He was also given to producing consonants with a sibilant hiss and breathing several kinds of vivacious murder into the recumbent ears of his victims. The modern villain wears a long, gray frock coat and pearl studs, and talks the same kind of English that is used in the graphophone. He usually has a piercing eye and can wither the leading lady with one 40-candlepower glance. If he is unable to do this, he is obliged to double on the bass tuba in the orchestra.

If it were not for the villain, the drama would be about as exciting as a game of croquet at an Old Ladies' home. He is always coming in just in time to interrupt the marriage ceremony with a forged check or set somebody's barn on fire two days after the insurance has expired. In the society plays now so popular the villain is invariably a post-graduate flirt who is not on speaking terms with his wife, owing to her lack of temperament. This kind of villain is always hunting for temperament, which will match up with his ideals of platonic friendship, and when he finds it there is generally a divorce.

Villains are sometimes taken from real life and never have to make up. On the other hand, many of our most successful villains are good husbands, who make love on the stage with their fingers crossed.

**Abbey's Effervescent Salt**  
at all hours

Many physicians of Canada are prescribing **Abbey's Effervescent Salt**. It creates acidity of the stomach, making it specific in certain forms of Dyspepsia, Cost and Bilemiasis. **Two Sizes—25c and 60c** ALL DRUGGISTS.

### Boy Hanged on Ice Wagon.

Jarring Shakes Tongs Loose and Sharp Point Enters Victim's Throat. Wilkesbarre, Pa., Aug. 3.—While riding on the rear end of an ice wagon, Reese Evans, four years old, was hanged on a pair of ice tongs. When the boy and his playmates climbed on to the wagon the tongs were hanging from the scales. The jarring of the wagon loosened them, and as they swung from the side the point of the tongs hooked the boy in the throat. His frightened companions shouted to the driver and the wagon was stopped. The boy's windpipe had been punctured and death resulted in a short time.

### "Cured the Piles, That I Know"

It is not pleasant to think of the dreadful suffering caused by this wretched disease, but it is satisfactory to know that there is a cure, for all who will avail themselves of it, in Dr. Chase's Ointment. Mr. Dan Stewart, Gabarouse Lake, N.S., writes—"For about two years I had itching piles. Last summer I was working in a lobster factory, but had to give up and go home because the suffering from piles was so great. I was two weeks in bed, and my doctor could help me very little. One night I suffered such agony that I did not know what to do. Next day I wrote for a sample of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and this did me so much good that I ordered a large box, and was entirely cured by its use. That was six months ago, and there has been no return of the trouble. Dr. Chase's Ointment is a sure cure for piles. That I know." Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive cure for itching, bleeding and protruding piles. 60c. a box, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

# Men's Negligees SHIRTS!

The thrifty mother will buy Shirts for her son or husband now at

## 45c. each.

For certainly these values come but once in a life time.

All Shirts of Neat Design.

Sizes: From 14 to 16.



See Window!

# S. MILLEY.

## A. & S. RODGER.

INCOMPARABLE VALUE.

# POUND TWEEDS,

2 to 4 yards double width, every end of the very best quality.

- Dainty Lace and Embroidery Jabots . . . . . 20c
- Wide Embroidery Insertion, per yard . . . . . 20c
- Ladies' White Hemstitched Lawn Handkerchiefs . . . . . 5c
- Artistic Designs in Plaques, at . . . . . 10, 14, 20 & 30 cts

# A. & S. Rodger.

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