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New Onions,

At a Lower Price.

50 bags EGYPTIAN ONIONS.
PURE GOLD ICINGS (Pink and White).
PURE GOLD JELLIES (Assorted).
CHEESE and BUTTER.
200 boxes CANADIAN CHEESE.
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New shipment in to-day at a lower price.

GROCERS' HEADQUARTERS.

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Ex Stock:

Dory Anchors	Wire Rope Clips
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Caulking Irons.

The Direct Agencies, Ltd

may 17, 18

Laughs in the Law Courts.

Judge and Counsel do not Always Have the Best of it in Mirthful Salutes.
"Suffer anything, endure anything, rather than go to law," once remarked that eminent lawyer, Sir Edward Clarke, to me. It was impressive advice, coming from such a source, and not lightly to be disregarded. But it would be a sorry day for the Temple and the Inns of Court in general if it were followed. How- ever, there is not the least likelihood of such a thing happening. Counsel and solicitors, judges, plaintiffs and defendants, will ever be with us, in as great numbers as ever they have been. And so will the bill of costs. Undoubtedly it is a great deal more amusing to be present at the Law Courts as a disinterested listener than it is to be there as a plaintiff or defendant, or even as a witness on subpoena.
I had once a pleasing little passage with the late Witt, K.C. It was in King's Bench Court, No. 8—a court in which Mr. Justice Darling frequently presides.
The case was one of libel. I was plaintiff. Witt was for the defence. I hear no grudge, but Witt was scarcely what his name would seem to indicate.
"And of course, you did not make those remarks the defendant alleges?" he asked.
"Not of course not!"
"You were not abusive? You had not been dining?"
"No."
"But you had something to drink?"
"Yes, I had."
"He had had something to drink?"

impressively to the jury. "It would be interesting to know what Witt you tell the Court?"
"Yes, I will. It was tea."
"Ah!"—disappointed. "It was tea. And you were polite—you always are?"
"Yes, Mr. Witt—even to K.C.'s."
"Thank you! You may stand down."
There was, of course, laughter at this. The retort was legitimate enough, but at the same time it might have been dangerous. Had the examination lasted it would not have been policy to give counsel another fall. The Court—that is to say, the judge—appreciated this one; but much more would have created a prejudice, for the reason that lawyers do not like their profession to be scored off by an outsider.
Of course, jokes and quips in a court of law need not be very good to succeed in winning a laugh. The smallest witicism will do that, for the reason that legal proceedings are usually so dull that the slightest relief is a welcome.
Mr. Justice Darling is the recognized jocular judge. His humor is generally of the dry variety. I will give an instance—not, I think, reported. It was during an action brought against a provision firm.
Damages were sought by plaintiff, who alleged that he had suffered from ptomaine poisoning after eating tinned salmon. He admitted that he had almost recovered, but still suffered a little. He would, for instance, burst into tears on reading the newspapers.
This interested the judge. "Perhaps," said he, "he reads the reports of Parliament. They are enough to make angels weep."
Expert witnesses are the greatest

trials to opposing counsel. They are experts called in to give technical evidence, and may generally be said to know all the ins and outs of their subject. They are dangerous to counsel when annoyed, but are usually so extremely sure of themselves that their good temper is not easy to ruffle. Many experts make most of their professional income in the Law Courts as highly-paid witnesses.
"You are well paid for this?" a rash barrister asked one of them, with a sneer.
"Yes, I am," retorted the witness. "Perhaps better than you."
"Never mind me," said the barrister.
"I don't," responded the witness, with a satisfied smile.
Judges have not always a light and airy humor. Some have even been savage, and many have a wit that bites like acid. Of that kind was the late Sir Balliol Brett, Master of the Rolls, who martyred both his learned brethren on the Bench and counsel practising before him. He had also a singularly disagreeable habit when annoyed of removing his false teeth in public and replacing them.
On one occasion an action was being tried in his court in which a bill of sale on furniture was concerned. The leading counsel on one side was Osmund, who had written the textbook on bills of sale. It was his hobby, so to speak, and he spoke long, and, to the judge, wearily.
"Do not you think, Mr. Osmund," said the Master, "that you have argued the points sufficiently?"
"No, m'lord," said Osmund. "There are one or two more."
The speech went on and on, the judge looking now and then at the clock, and everyone in the court yawning and bored to extinction.
"Really, Mr. Osmund!" exclaimed the judge, after another half hour.
"I have now finished the arguments," said Osmund, "so far as the technical points of law are concerned, and I will now address myself to the furniture."
That was the judge's opportunity. "Mr. Osmund," said he, with severity, "you have been doing so for the last hour!" And he took out and replaced his teeth with an angry clash.

Where Are Our Sundays?

Is there or is there not anything Divine in the institution of Sunday as a day of rest? If it is of Divine origin the mandates respecting it ought to be observed as a moral obligation. If it is a definitely human institution by legal enactment it ought to be observed out of respect to the law. Time was when Sunday was indeed a day of rest and of sacred reading. All this has now passed away, at least in the cities where there is a tendency to ignore the Sabbath altogether. Only during the past week we read a number of ads. telling the reader how to go and spend Sunday and be happy. One of these wants the reader to bring his wife and children and dine on one of the lower streets all for 60 cents each. The suggestive part is that "an orchestra will play ragtime pieces at meal hours." Excursions by steamer and motor are advertised to places outside the city, the whole group of ads. being well calculated to draw the people away from the churches and make the Sabbath a meaningless term. These things are to be regretted. Christianity DOES mean something and this is a Christian country. Religiously, morally, mentally and physically man needs the day of rest and without it both the nation and the individual will perish. The trend of the times is towards a crude materialism and the world has before it the terrible example of Germany as a warning of what nations may become that completely bow down to the powers of material paganism. This emptying of the churches and augmenting the picnic parties are bad enough on the present adult generation, but what is to become of our children who are growing up amid this desecration of the Holy Day? Seeing their parents ignore it what in the world is to become of their moral and religious training? Will the seashore or the "ragtime" dinners compensate for this? Not by any means. Children have marvellous imitative faculties and will unerringly do what they see done by their elders, and the present Sunday desecration is certainly teaching a terrible lesson. The "good old-fashioned Sunday" has often been jeered at and ridiculed, but it served to bring up in the past men and women of the strongest moral fibre and most energetic of character. A Sundayless people are certain to become a Godless people, and if righteousness gives strength to a nation, the lack of it is certain to give weakness to the nation and ultimately national downfall. Let us reform our plan ere it be too late. Spare the Sabbath that He who ordained it may spare ourselves and our children to the latest generation. A deserted church means a paganism population.—Acadian Recorder, July 22nd.

PILES
Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, and excruciating Piles. No surgical operation required.
Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure you. See a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Hales & Co. Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 10c stamp to pay postage.



At this time of the season, for some years past, we have been featuring a one price sale. This time it is 25 cents, and the first comers get the best bargains.
Perhaps you will see what you want among these items, if not we have many more things. Come and see them all.

- A Tin Pin Hardwood Extension Clothes Rack.
- A Handsome Nickel Plated Dinner Bell.
- A Fine Woven Wire Dish Cover.
- A Galvanized Iron Coal Shovel.
- A Boss Barber Razor Hone, made to sell at \$1.
- Ladies' Fine White Muslin Collars.
- Ladies' Sport Hats.
- Men's Coloured Socks.
- Cleveland Paper Cleaner.
- Cut Glass 10" Vase.
- Glass Covered Butters.
- 8 oz. Bottles Peroxide.
- Steel Frying Pans.
- Improved Flour Sifters.
- Vanishing Cream.
- Whitewash Brushes.
- Children's Toy Sets.

- Ladies' Muslin Tea Aprons.
- Ladies' Cotton Hose in White and Black.
- Men's Leather Belts.
- Men's Wash Ties.
- A Large Tin of Talcum.
- A box of Stationery.
- A 6 Yard Card of Lace Edging.
- Hats, Mounts and Ornaments.
- Infants' Muslin Bonnets.
- Ladies' Dust Caps.
- Fibre Lunch Boxes.
- Improved Skirt and Coat Hangers.
- Hair Brushes.
- Plain and Fancy Hair Ribbons.
- Children's Jersey Ribbed Pants.
- Paper Borderings in great variety. Worth \$1.20, now 25c.

To be had at **TEMPLETON'S**
From Friday, August 29th, until September 8th.

The Father of the Railway.

It was at the beginning of September, 1804, that C. Blackett, of Wylam, applied to Richard Trevithick, to make him an engine for Wylam Wagon-way. The latter replied that he was unable to do so, but would send him plans to work from. The engine was built at the Pipewellgate Foundry, Gateshead, but when completed, it failed to meet the purpose required, and never left the yard. After this, cast iron rails were laid down on Wylam Wagon-way, which enabled the work to be done by horses. They shelled the locomotive for five or six

years. Another engine was made in 1812, by Tommy Waters. This also failed and was removed. Blackett then undertook to make his own engines, and adopted the return flue, which proved a great improvement, and, on the whole, the locomotive and railways owe much to Blackett. But it is to Stephenson, in designing the "Rocket" (by chance or otherwise) we owe the true secrets of locomotive success, namely the multitubular boiler, separate fire-box, direct connection with piston and cranks, blast pipe, etc. When Blackett took up the locomotive as his adopted child, it was woefully imperfect, and was never intended for any higher speed than to drag coals along a colliery wagon-way at something like a walking pace, but George Stephenson gave to the locomotive the elements of speed and power which fitted it for the higher mission which it now performs, and fulfilling his famed prophecy, namely:—
"The day will come when railways will supersede all other models of conveyance in this country, and when mail coaches will go by railway, and when railways will become the great highway for the King and all his subjects, and when working-men will find it cheaper to travel by railway than to walk on foot." This was a remarkable statement, and its fulfilment fully justifies the title of Stephenson to being considered the "Father of Railways."

A Fool Printer and a Shoe String.

Orangeville Sun:—In the Seventies and eighties there was a perfect mania for starting newspapers. All it required to establish a great family journal was a fool printer and a shoe string. Ministers of the Gospel, hedged in by two-by-four pulpits, heard the call of the editorial siren and blossomed forth as editors. Disappointed at the financial recompense and chagrined at the patent fact that their highly moral editorials failed to pry over the world, they soon returned to their pulpits, sadder, wiser, more experienced and better preachers.

Swarms of school-teachers, weary of wasting their time teaching little codgers how to shoot straight, caught the bug and became editors. They, too, soon saw the folly of it all and answered the next ad.—"Teachers Wanted." But perhaps the worst pest of all was the disgruntled politician. Being disappointed at not landing the party nomination or getting a fat job, he at once kicked over the traces, located some fool printer, whacked up \$50 and a newspaper appeared on the scene. Most of these papers have long since gone to the journalistic cemetery.

DR. G. N. MURPHY has resumed practice.—aug 29, 31

NOTICE!

To Newfoundland Royal Naval Reservists.

By order of the Executive Government, the Department of Militia will pay to Newfoundland Royal Naval Reservists the following:—

- (1)—WAR SERVICE GRATUITY.
In accordance with regulations governing the issue of this allowance to men of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment and the Newfoundland Forestry Corps, less amounts due by the Admiralty as post bellum gratuities.
- (2)—SEPARATION ALLOWANCE.
In accordance with regulations governing the issue of this allowance to dependents of men of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment and the Newfoundland Forestry Corps, less amounts paid by the Admiralty as Separation Allowance.
Royal Naval Reservists will submit their Certificates (R.V.2 N.) to "The Paymaster, Department of Militia," as soon as possible.
A Preliminary Payment of War Service Gratuity will be made on September 1st.
Application forms for Separation Allowance will be distributed as soon after September 1st as possible. Payments of this allowance will commence as soon as the forms have been returned completed, and passed by the S. A. Committee.

A. E. HICKMAN,
MINISTER OF MILITIA.

T. J. EDENS,

151 Duckworth Street.
5 Barrels
JELLY BEANS,
retailing at
31c. per lb.

20 cases No. 1 SALMON.
5 cases No. 1 LOBSTER.
100 SMOKED SALMON.
SKIPPER SARDINES.
FRENCH SARDINES IN OIL.

25 cases Campbell's Soups, ass'd.
Parowax, 1 lb. cartons.
Swandown's Prepared Cake Flour.
Pancake Flour.

BACON and HAMS.
BEECHNUT BACON.
SWIFF'S BACON.
FIDELITY BACON.
FIDELITY HAMS.

20 cases VALENCIA ONIONS.
BANANAS.
GRAVENSTEIN APPLES.
CALIFORNIA ORANGES.
CALIFORNIA LEMONS.
GRAPE FRUIT.
CUCUMBERS.
LOCAL CABBAGE.
LOCAL TURNIPS.

100 sacks BRAN.

T. J. EDENS.

151 Duckworth Street.
(Next to Custom House.)

Grove Hill Bulletin

CUT FLOWERS,
LETTUCE, PARSLEY,
WEDDING BOQUETS,
WREATHS & CROSSES
at shortest notice.

J. McNeil,
Waterford Bridge Road.