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Welland Slayer Admits His Guilt and Dies Calmly

"Jesus Lover of My Soul" Dr. Camfield's Confession - Callous Crime - Killed Wealthy Farmer On Christmas Day And Burned Body. William Camfield, confessed murderer of Albert Morningstar, last Christmas morning, was hanged in Welland Jail this morning at 5:30 standard time.

Archdeacon Perry and Captain Johnson of the Salvation Army were with the doomed man from midnight until the hour of execution. The confession was made to the two spiritual advisers on Tuesday evening, after Camfield had stoically maintained his innocence and again repudiated the confession he had signed before Chief Jones of Crowland last January.

It was during the singing of "Jesus Lover of My Soul," by the Clergyman and Salvation Army officer broke down and admitted his guilt. He warned young men and women against drinking and immorality, declaring these to have been the cause of his downfall. "I also warn you all to attend some place of worship. Had I done so I would have had sufficient light to guide me. Avoid all bad habits and live each day as if it were the last."

Cried For Mother.

After the confession, Camfield partly drew the curtain on his relatives whom he had previously refused to refer to. He stated that his father died when he was a child and he was given over to a home in England, coming to this country with some other children 20 years ago. He believes that his mother and three sisters, Elsie, Maud and Lily, are still alive in England, although he has not heard from them for some time. He repeatedly cried for his mother whom he said he had intended to bring out to this country this year, but was unable to locate her.

Under the direction of Sergeant Ellis, the execution worked smoothly. Only a few police and officials and one newspaperman witnessed the hanging. Camfield walked up the steps of the scaffold, and without any guiding hand he placed his feet on the trapdoor, evidently having schooled himself beforehand. His hands were tied behind his back but his legs were not pinioned.

The black cap was adjusted by Ellis. Camfield submitted without a tremor. A guard, whose duty it was to hold his hand on his shoulder, said there was not a tremor of the man's body. He was not asked if he wished to say anything and he did not speak a word on the scaffold. The trap was sprung, the body shot down, and those nearby heard the neck crack. Some thought it was the scaffolding creaking. Seven minutes after the trap was sprung the physician in attendance pronounced the heart still.

Callous Planned Crime. Camfield's crime was a peculiarly callous one. There are reasons for supposing he had planned the whole thing away ahead seeing the opportunity offered by a man like Morningstar, living alone, seldom visited and having a big bank account. On Christmas morning last he killed Morningstar with a shovel.

Camfield says they had a quarrel, but this may be fiction used to try and excuse his act. He poured coal oil on the woodwork and set the house on fire and placed the body near where the fire was hottest, then, taking all handy valuables and Morningstar's bank book, he left the place. At first it was supposed to be an accident, and that Morningstar had been burned to death when his house caught fire. This theory might have persisted had not a bank manager at Dunville, to whom Camfield applied, presenting a large cheque, signed with the name of Morningstar and claiming to be Morningstar himself, become suspicious and telephoned to Welland. He was informed Morningstar had been burned to death in his home. Camfield's arrest followed, and he subsequently confessed the murder. Afterwards he repudiated the confession but the jury at Welland found him guilty. Efforts were made by his lawyer to have Camfield's sentence commuted to life imprisonment, but the circumstances surrounding the murder were so cruel and callous that they met with little sympathy by the public.

Buried In Jail Yard. Camfield's body was immediately viewed by a watching coroner's jury and as no relatives can be found, it was buried in the jail yard. Camfield, who has been looked after by Captain Johnston, of the Salvation Army, asked the Army to try and locate his mother. He was a paragon boy, born in Whitechapel, England, it is understood, 28 years ago.

As far as could be noticed by the death watch, Camfield appeared to sleep soundly after midnight.

AMERICAN AVIATORS STILL GOING STRONG. YACHTING ISLAND, Kururu, May 19.—Three United States army airplanes flying round the world landed here this afternoon at 2:50 p.m., having made five hundred miles flight from Parametru Island in little over seven hours.

MINARD'S LUMBER FOR DIS-
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The Greatest Human Drama Screened

OSCAR WILDE'S Celebrated Play

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—AT—

The Majestic, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

Starring Fay Compton, Lillian Walker, Milton Rosmer, M. Gray Murray and Ward McAllister.

NOTE—This feature is specially screened for grownups. Children under 15 years will not be admitted.

THE CAST:

George Harford Milton Rosmer
Sir Thomas Harford M. Gray Murray
Lady Cecelia Hetta Bartlett
Elsie Farquhar Gwen Carton
Rachel Fay Compton
Her Father Henry Vibart
Gerald Arbuthnot Ward McAllister
Lady Hunstanton Daisy Campbell
Hester Worsley Lillian Walker

THE NOVEL HAS BEEN READ BY MILLIONS.

MISSIE McSHANE and HABEL

CLASSY VIOLIN AND SINGING ACT.

- 1—"MARCHITA"—A Love Song of Old Mexico. Contralto and Violin Obligato.
- 2—"LULLABY"—From Opera "Jocelyn." Contralto Solo.
- 3—"HUMORESQUE"—Dvorak (Request). Bubble Song from Opera "High Jinks" Violin group.
- 4—"A SMILE WILL GO A LONG, LONG WAY." Contralto and Violin Obligato.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

FROM THE TRAIN WINDOW.

Don't you love the little glimpses of homes you get from the window of a moving train?

There is something fascinating to me about these little pictures caught and lost in the passing of a second.

A woman bending over a stove, getting some man's supper.

Some of the Glimpses.

A tiger cat sitting on a shabby doorstep in the morning sun, and somehow by its presence making you vision a homelike kitchen back of that door.

A homely, pleasant living room with the curtain up and a lamp casting a yellow radiance on a reading table.

A flash of kitchen windows with a bank of geraniums on the window sill. A man coming home, going up the path, his paper rolled up in his hand, a smile on his face, and a little girl running out to greet him.

There are certain houses that I always watch for when I pass over familiar bits of road in the railroad train. Houses that for some special reason interest and intrigue me. Either because of some glimpse of the home-life that they shelter, or because of something unusual about their architecture or their position.

The Ex-Mansion.

For instance, there is the big grey stone house that should have been built on the hill with the other grand houses, but for some reason was put down on the plains and presently found it had a railroad for a neighbor. It is surrounded now with small frame houses, with rather disreputable

able back yards, and across the road is a big storage garage. The extension is almost always for rent, except for brief seasons when someone moves in and tries to run a boarding house. There is not much demand for a mansion with a fine view of a storage garage and the railroad tracks.

I like to speculate on that house, its former grandeur, its present estate, what it looks like inside, what the people who built it in all their high hopes would think if they could see it to-day. Sometime, that no-time tomorrow's time when we are going to follow all the vague beckoning impulses, I am going to go and look at the inside of that house when it is passing through one of its periodical for-rent periods.

Train Landscapes And Automobile Landscapes.

There is something different about the quality of a landscape as seen from a train and the same landscape as seen from a motor car. Perhaps it is because we see more back doors from the train and hence get a greater sense of people's intimate lives. Or perhaps it is because we are in a different state of mind when we are in a train, more meditative, more detached from the world that goes by outside the train windows.

Every home is the centre of the universe to some group of people. The rest of the world is to them a back drop for that home. Close friends may be actors with them in the drama in which they take the principal parts; neighbors and the people at the office, and the world at large are just supernumeraries.

Of course I always know that fact—just as you do. But I somehow get my strongest sense of it when I see the world from a train window. I wonder if anyone else feels that way.

Dispute About Window

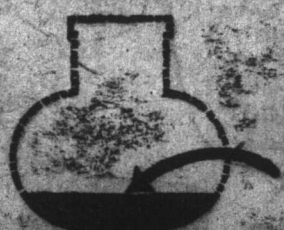
BEING OPEN OR SHUT, CAUSED DEATHS OF THREE MEN.

Chicago, May 18.—Angered because other employees opened a window, John C. Gardiner, sixty-years-old, an inspector for the Illinois Malleable Iron Company to-day shot and killed two foremen and then pursued by other employees, placed one of the three pistols with which he was armed, against his temple, and com-

mitted suicide.

The police said they learned that Gardiner and his two victims—R. W. Wilcox, 54, and Herman Krause, 41, had quarreled because the two men insisted that a window be left open, while Gardiner maintained he had a cold and the air would make it worse.

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another
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- Cresate Mixture for Chronic Cough.
- Essence Ginger Wine.
- Mandrake Bitters.

We also package the following:

- Camporated Oil—1 oz. Bottles.
- Friar's Balsam—1 and 1/2 oz. Bottles.
- Essence Peppermint—1 and 1/2 oz. Bottles.
- Oil of Eucalyptus—1 oz. Bottles.
- Tinct. of Iodine—1 and 1/2 oz. Bottles.
- Spirits of Nitro—1 oz. Bottles.
- Paregoric—1 oz. Bottles.
- Glycerine—1 oz. Bottles.
- Olive Oil Pure—4 oz. Bottles.
- White Pine & Tar.
- Syrup of Hypophosphites.

We are Sole Agents for BRICK'S TASTELESS in Newfoundland.

To Wholesale and General Stores we will be pleased to quote prices on any of the above, and we think our prices will be satisfactory.

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Duckworth Street and Theatre Hill.

St. John's Municipal Council

PUBLIC NOTICE

CLEAN-UP DAY.

The City Council having appointed Wednesday next, 21st instant, for a General Clean-Up Day, the co-operation of the Public is requested in an organized effort to make the City clean and wholesome.

Citizens are asked to have all backyards cleaned, and the garbage placed in convenient receptacles in front of their dwellings, so that it may be removed by the Sanitary Department.

The Council will be glad to avail of any assistance from owners of horses, carts, motor trucks, etc., who are prepared to place same at the service of the City for this purpose. Any persons who wish to give such assistance will please communicate with the City Clerk or Sanitary Supervisor by Tuesday next, 20th instant, at 5 o'clock p.m.

J. J. MAHONY,
City Clerk.

ADVERTISE IN THE EVENING TELEGRAM.

Big Sale Ladies' High Grade Boots, Evangeline



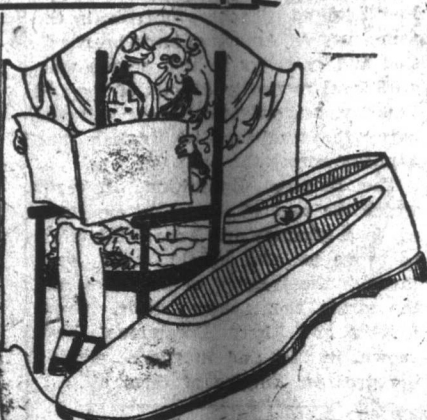
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Child's Black Kid Cross-Strap Shoes \$2.30.
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500 Sax 49s do.	1000 " "Canuck."
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500 Sax 140s do.	50 " "Whole Wheat."

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