

## Great Clearance Sale

Don't Miss the Big Sale at the Home of Good Shoes!

Our Pre Inventory Sale of the Past ten Days did the work it was intended to, that was to give Shoe Buyers a chance to save money. We are continuing sale for another ten days, and have placed on our counters Boots to fit the boy and girl of a few months old to the stylishly dressed man and woman.

### The Greatest Shoe Event of the Year.

Just an idea of the inducements we offer at this Great Sale:

144 pairs Ladies' Canvas Outing Shoes, flexible Soles, colours Tan, White, Grey; regular price \$1.50, sale price **99c.**

Job Lot of Ladies' Shoes, worth \$1.20, \$1.40, \$1.60; only **85c.**

60 pairs Ladies' Dongola, Blue, Patent Tip; reg. \$2.20; sale price **\$1.50.**

100 pairs Men's House Slippers, in Tan and Black; reg. \$1.50; sale price **\$1.20.**

40 pairs Men's Walking Boots, in Tan and Black; reg. \$2.75 and \$3.00; sale price **\$2.00.**

We have a great variety in Boys' and Misses' Shoes, in Tan and Black; reg. price from \$1.20, 1.40 to 1.60; sale price **70c., \$1.10, to \$1.30.**

Our Counters are laden with Boot Bargains ready for your inspection. Don't miss this chance. Golden opportunity for Outport Buyers.

**F. SMALLWOOD'S, The Home of Good Shoes.**

## You Save Money at Collins'

ON EVERY PURCHASE

During the Next **TEN** Days.

FOUR SPECIALS:

Table Oil Cloth,

Colored—worth 25c. Now **18c.**  
White—worth 25c. Now **20c.**

Ladies' Hosiery,

Ribbed Cashmere.  
Tan—worth 30c. Now **20c.**  
Black—worth 30c. Now **20c.**

Boys' Wash Pants,

White and Colored Linen, and

Boys' Single Pants,

at Clearance Prices.

Men's Summer Socks,

Black—worth 8c. up.  
Colored—worth 12c. up.

**P. F. COLLINS,**

299, 301 Water Street.

**A. & S. RODGER.**

## Boys' Shirts

Cool, Comfortable, and Dressy.

Assorted Coloured Stripe Tennis.

Sizes 11 to 14.

**Prices 45cts. to 65cts.**

Men's Tennis Shirts—Special Line, **80c.**

**A. & S. Rodger.**

Advertise in The Evening Telegram.

## A Friendly Hint to the Tourist.

BY A. S. H.

"You must come home with me and be my guest. You will give joy to me, and I will do all that is in my power to honour you."

—Shelley (Hymn to Mercury.)

It has often occurred to me to ask how many of our tourists have ever read these lines—the lines of a victim of one of the saddest tragedies that this world of ours can produce—Shelley. Of those who have read them how many has ever thought of or even looked for a feasible example to justify the thoughts contained therein? None I suppose. How then is it possible to show these strangers that Shelley's sentiments of welcome, exist to-day as they did in the eighteenth century? Simply by informing them that here in this dear little Island Home where the rugged hills rear their naked foreheads in delicious rhythm, that here amid all our wild grandeur of beauty, this sentiment exists, and does perhaps in a greater quantity than Shelley dared speak of. The hospitality of our race is unquestionable. This is no idle boast, but just the simple truth. We welcome all visitors and (to express it as I should do myself) love to see them enjoy themselves to the full.

The tourist will have to remember though, that although, we may glance at him (or she) as he walks Water Street, we do it only in a casual way which speaks more of a little curiosity than of wonder and amazement not unmixed with worship which he often "calculates" we do. He is just an ordinary man, and the other man who passes him on Water Street, though he may be a Newfoundlander, is always as good and clever a man in the sight of God and humanity as he is. Therefore the tourist will remember and as the Rev. Dr. Robertson would say, "I speak as unto wise men, judge me what I say." I believe that every right thinking tourist will agree with me in this.

Of course by this time you are familiar with our two great sentinels guarding the "Narrows," through which the "Stephano" entered. Did those tremendous cliffs, from five to six hundred feet high, awe you as you crept slowly under, a little insect beside such magnitude? Are they not lovely—and have you climbed their heights yet? You want to do so as soon as possible, the panorama of the city is perfect from their dear old bird spots. Do you know, battles were fought on those very hills—long before you were born—and the ruined battlements are still to be seen. Space does not permit of any further discourse on these hills. See them for yourself. So now we come to the city hills, upon which you gazed so horror-stricken. Well, what if hills are a wee bit "breath using," they can change as they are not? and you, who have come from flat New York or level Chicago, have come for a change, have you not? Well, then: why this eternal cry "Oh, your awful hills, your streets," (well, "streets," brings me to a full stop. For I myself have complained of our streets; but am satisfied that in the near future our streets will favourably compare with any of yours of your home town.)

As regards buildings we have some really fine ones. The Church of England Cathedral stands firmly and proudly as one of the finest examples of Gothic architecture on this side of the Atlantic. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is a splendid example of the Latin Cross order, and occupies a prominent situation over looking the city. The Court House, of Newfoundland granite, the Post Office, and the Bank of Montreal are striking buildings; and the Newfoundland Clothing Factory, Board of Trade, Seamen's Home (splendidly furnished inside), Reid Station, with Gower Street, Presbyterian, St. Patrick's, and Congregational churches are all worth, together with numerous others, more than

the passing glance. The Colonial Building, our parliament house, is almost a miniature of the frontage of the famous British Museum. Its foundation stone, was, I think, laid in 1847 by Sir Gaspard LeMarchant, then Governor. It is of the Ionic style and has six massive pillars each about thirty feet high, supporting a stone portico. Its erection cost \$100,000. It is worth a visit. The museum, I must admit, presents a rather gloomy appearance, but is well worth a visit. It has often surprised me to find so few tourists visit this place of interest. The explanation I think, rests entirely upon the belief of its non existence. It is filled with curios of all kinds which need only the visit of the tourist to be appreciated.

As for scenery and pleasure drives, they are in abundance. A drive around our pretty Quidi Vidi Lake will only cost a modest sum, while the pleasure you will derive from it will be large. There you will see the quaint little village, the one you have read of so often, but have never seen, nestling prettily at the foot of the White Hills, which form a stern yet picturesque setting to the lake. The villagers are willing to answer any questions and do so often, but here again let me remind you to be careful and not to spoil their graciousness by poking fun at their simple ways. They will think a great deal more of you if you appear modest and thank them kindly for their help, than if you smirked and giggled at them, and tried to appear funny, mind you some of the villagers are far more bright than you would think, and can give you back as good as they receive.

If you enjoy suburban driving or walking take a run into the Waterford Valley, around the Asylum and down the Southside. The valley is really a charming scene. Fields of sweet hay, oats, vegetables, etc., and the softest scent of wild flowers together with the quiet rustle of the busy little Waterford river as it runs its winding course through the sweet scented valley, all tend to convey to the weary traveller a sense of quiet and of delightful restfulness. About 6 o'clock just as the sun is glinting softly through the trees on its downward course, you would enjoy a quiet cup of tea, boiled by your own party, and seated on a shady bank by the river. Here you could enjoy your pipe, read your book or flick a rod for a passing trout—far away from the maddening crowd.

If you intend crossing country for salmon fishing or any kind of fishing, trains cross daily, the scenery is glorious and the trout and salmon await in thousands for your coming. For really grand scenery Newfoundland cannot be beaten. Those who have visited Norway will tell you Norway beats everything, but those who have visited both Norway and Newfoundland, tell you Newfoundland carries everything before it when it comes to that which is dearest to the heart of all humanity, grandeur of scenery and freshness of air. The Humber river at sunset is considered one of the finest sights imaginable. As for that leave town about 4 o'clock of a sunny afternoon and drive to Topsail (12 miles) so as to arrive there about sunset—and I venture to say that those of you who possess such a passion as of love of nature, will scarcely control yourselves.

The sky Purpled and paled with dreamy mist Shaken from breezy wafts that lie Calmed in their isles of amethyst.

If you are a pedestrian do not confine your pedestrianism to Water Street alone, like a great many do, it does not contain everything St. John's can show. Take a walk along Duckworth Street to King's Bridge Road, cut across the Mall into Military Rd. and see the Colonial Building of which I spoke, then walk Circular Rd. from end to end and turn up Ronnie's Mill Road and along Queen's Road.

In Every Household

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Is First Favorite.

WHY?

Because in the blending of it there are combinations acceptable to every taste the whole year round.

It won its Favor through its Flavor.

TRY IT! You will be pleased.

**40c. lb.**

**5-lbs. for 36c. lb.**

**T. J. EDENS, Sole Importer.**



**WOMAN'S WORK** is never done. So runs the proverb. But with Sunlight Soap as a helper the wash is quickly over. Dirt flies before Sunlight Soap like the morning mist before the rising sun.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

TRY THE SUNLIGHT WAY.

You can do all this easily within an hour and a half and in doing so gather a fair idea of some of our best residential houses.

Now a word as to our weather. We have to have a few foggy, wet days—countries do—so if by chance a few damp days set in during your short stay, why, its unfortunate of course, but do not believe, or make your friends believe, that our summer weather is always damp and nasty. It is not so. Our summer weather is beautiful. Besides, St. John's is not the only place in the Island. Here you do not roast alive, neither do you freeze to death; you are just nice and comfortable. If you were in New York you would be really warm, in its widest sense. Would you not? Of course you would. But now you feel rested and cool. Of course, if you will persist in roasting take a trip inland—say Quarry—and sizzle away to your heart's content to the accompaniment of a chorus from "The Mosquitoes."

I write this with the hope that the hints contained herewith may be of some use to you, expressed as they are in so mean a way, but prompted and thought out in all sincerity. I, as a native, wish you all the pleasures (and there are many) that you can obtain in this much abused country, and would remind you in part of these words of Alcott's:

"Travelling is no fool's errand to him who carries his eyes and itinerary along with him."

And so now "Farewell, monsieur traveller. Look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country."

(As you like it, Act IV.)

### Notes From Bay de Verde.

The decision of the Governor in the Morison affair has astounded the public who were under the impression that a verdict of ignorance of the law would be no plea to exonerate Morison. Nevertheless we have to submit for a time to the gubernatorial decision, inconsistent though it is when His Excellency assures us that Mr. Morison was ignorant of the law, and that he has much pleasure in holding on to him as one of his honourable advisers.

We were always under the impression that Morison was some of our cleverest lawyers, and except for a lapse of memory on certain matters connected with timber limits there's very little about law that he doesn't know. Unless we are mistaken the people do not believe that ignorance of law will justify him by and by in acting as he did before the tribunal of public opinion. That will speak most emphatically against the Morris-Morison combine at the first opportunity.

The fishery to date is far behind that of last year.

Previous to last week very little had been done with traps or trawls, since then, however, there has been a decided improvement and although fish cannot be considered plentiful, fair catches are being procured.

There are about 80 traps used in the prosecution of the fishery here and the average catch to date is about 50 quintals.

The hook and line and trawl fishery to date is poor and very little has been done.

There is yet ample time to secure remunerative catches, and we trust that the anticipations of our hardy toilers of the deep will be realized.

The failure of the caplin to come to land to spawn is attributable to the scarcity of whales, and no doubt is the

cause of the scarcity of fish. Old fishermen who can speak from a lifetime experience are of this opinion and their theory is that the scarcity of whales is the principal cause of the caplin remaining out in the deep water to spawn.

It is significant that since the killing of whales has been prohibited in Norway there have been good fisheries.

It is a rare occurrence to see a whale now, and it is a fact that caplin and codfish invariably remain out in the deep water when there are no whales to drive them to land.

CORRESPONDENT.

## NOXALL KIDNEY PILLS

Cure Rheumatism

If you are troubled with kidney Trouble, Weak Back, Gout or Dropsy, get a box of NOXALL KIDNEY PILLS. They will cure you. Price 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines. Sold in St. John's by T. J. McMurdo & Co.

## Collision on the Lake.

FATALITY AVERTED.

Two race boats were in collision on Quidi Vidi Lake last evening and a serious accident, resulting in probable loss of life, was barely averted.

It appears that the Togo, containing a crew from Reids, coxswained by Mr. J. Day, was going in one direction and the new boat Shamrock, which was steered by James Moore, was going in the opposite direction. The Togo was going at full speed when she crashed into her opponent which was shaping her own course and in her own water. It was foggy at the time although it is thought it was through lack of foresight and bad judgment on the part of the Togo's coxswain that the mishap occurred. It was due to the promptness of Moore who kept the rudder "hard a port" that a fatality was prevented. If the boats had turned over it is doubtful if one man would survive as it was in the middle of the pond the affair happened. Last year the Regatta Committee emphasised the necessity of having thoroughly competent and experienced coxswains and this season should see that this is strictly adhered to.

**Electric Restorer for Men** Phosphono restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores strength and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphono will make you a new man. Price \$5 a box, or two for \$9. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

**N. B. S. DANCE.**—The British Society held a grand dancing assembly in their hall last night. It proved enjoyable and highly successful. Nearly a hundred couples were present who danced to the strains of Gunnerson's orchestra until an early hour this morning.

