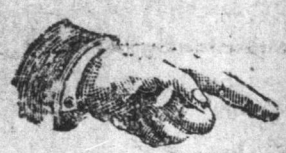


THE FLANNELETTES

We Sell are Remarkably Good Values, from

10 cents to 30 cents per yard.

In Striped, Pink, Sky, Red, White and Cream.



Our 12 cent is the Best Flannelette Value In St. John's, as all will readily admit when they have seen it.

See Window.

S. MILLEY.

FRESH FRUIT

COMING THIS WEEK.

100 brls. No. 1 Grav. Apples, 100 brls. No. 2 Grav. Apples, 100 brls. Red Apples, 100 brls. Choice American Apples, 30 Bunches Choice Bananas, 30 Boxes Sweet Oranges, 20 Barrels Cape Cod Cranberries.

Prices as usual—O. K.

EDWIN MURRAY



PUBLIC NOTICE!

THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE has made arrangements whereby all articles for exhibition other than live stock, which is being shipped by rail, steamer or schooner, from any port of the Colony, for the Exhibition to be held in St. John's from the 31st October to November 5th, 1910, will be accepted and carried free of charge to the shipper. All such stock or produce ought to be plainly marked and shipped to the following address:—

SECRETARY NEWFOUNDLAND AGRICULTURAL BOARD, ST. JOHNS.

Shipments should reach St. John's not later than 25th October. The Station Agents on the line of Railway and the Purser on the different steamers will give intending shippers any other necessary information.

\$6.50.

North Sydney Coal, Sent Home. October is a good month to put in coal. Give us a trial order, please.

GEORGE NEAL.

Random Remarks by Roderic Random.

What's Wrong With the World?

When the blue and violet flames of a cheery fire are delighting one with their fantastic gambols, and the crackling of the burning coal sends one on an excursion to the land of dreams, to ask one's self "What's wrong with the world?" seems incongruous indeed. Nevertheless, under such circumstances that question was forced upon me the other evening by the popular English journalist, G. K. Chesterton, in his recent book bearing the title embodied in the query. Iconoclasm, like criticism, is not at all a difficult piece of business; certainly the one is more fruitful than the other. Iconoclasm, too, like criticism confers no lasting benefit upon society. Carlyle wrote many volumes of words expository of defective systems; but never a line of structural suggestiveness, and we all know the limitation of Carlyle's influence upon society. The Edinburgh reviewers were great iconoclasts; but who remembers them to-day? Yet Keats and Byron—the builders—are still alive. Chesterton, in 292 pages, laughs like a trooper at the foibles of society's polity; but not a page is devoted to a succedaneum for the polity exposed and condemned. We all enjoy our giggle at the man who slips on a banana skin—how few of us kick the skins out of the way!

Destroyers versus Builders.

Religion is a subject Roderic avoids discussing because it never profits either side; but he was reluctantly forced into it last week by a friend who argued thus: "When God made Adam and discovered that he was a failure, why didn't He destroy him and make another one?" The answer is quite obvious—because God does not destroy my friend, although he too is a failure. This method of argument seems to be the one adopted by the majority of mankind when discussing the pros and cons of existing conditions of society. A fool can tell you that the drainage system of St. John's is not as pleasant to the nostrils as the flowers in my neighbour's garden; but I have yet to meet the man who can suggest a method of transforming the drains into flowers. In like manner we have thousands in the city who advocate the abolition of the fog horn outside the Narrows; but no one will say by what other means we can warn the mariners in foggy weather. Every married man will advise a bachelor not to marry; but it is impossible, of course, for a married man to practice his preaching. Chesterton belongs to this great school of inconsistent men. Alas! how many of us are sitting on the same form.

An Observant Man.

Nevertheless, Chesterton is a very observant man, and I think his disciples (for he already has his numerous followers) are hopeful that someday he will present the world with a work that will be more than a criticism of things as they are. Every one knows that he has a great brain and a good heart—a rare combination. The pavement of Fleet Street has never been patrolled by a healthier writer, including his prototype, Dr. Johnson; and the Protestant churches are fully appreciative of the new force that has come among them.

The Wildness of Domesticity.

Among his many observations in this interesting and humorous book are a few paragraphs on "The wildness of domesticity." In a city that in one respect is rather un-English, namely, its tendency to catalogue wives in one group, and husbands in another, his remarks should be interesting, and I quote them without comment:

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY

TRADE MARK THERAPION MARK

This successful and highly popular remedy, as employed in the Continental Hospitals by Ricord, Kottan, Joubert, Volp, and others, cures all the ailments to be sought in a medicine of the kind and surpasses everything hitherto employed.

THERAPION No. 1 is a world-renowned and well-merited preparation for derangements of the kidneys and bladder, pains in the back, and kindred ailments, affording a prompt relief where other well-tried remedies have been powerless.

THERAPION No. 2 for impurity of the blood, scurfy, pimples, spots, blotches, pains and swelling of the joints, gout, rheumatism, and all diseases for which it has been so successful a remedy to employ mercury, arsenic, silica, etc., to the destruction of sufferers' teeth and ruin of health. This preparation purifies the blood, cures every poisonous matter from the body.

THERAPION No. 3 for exhaustion, sleeplessness, and the consequences of excessive work, nervousness, etc. It possesses surprising power in restoring strength and vigour to those suffering from the enervating influences of long residence in a hot, unhealthy climate.

THERAPION is sold by all Chemists and Druggists throughout the World. Price in England 5s. and 10s. To ensure state which of these three remedies is required, send above Trade Mark, which is a five-pointed star, to the Proprietor, and you will receive a full and complete explanation of the remedy to be used.

THERAPION may now also be obtained in Dragee (Tasteful) form.

"In the course of this crude study

we shall have to touch on what is called the problem of poverty, especially the dehumanised poverty of modern industrialism. But in this primary matter of the ideal, the difficulty is not the problem of poverty, but the problem of wealth. It is the special psychology of leisure and luxury that falsifies life. Some experience of modern movements of the sort called 'advance' has led me to the conviction that they generally repose upon some experience peculiar to the rich. It is so with that fallacy of free love of which I have already spoken; the idea of sexuality as a string of episodes. That implies a long holiday in which to get tired of one woman, and a motor car in which to wander looking for others; it also implies money for maintenance. An omnibus conductor has hardly time to love his own wife, let alone other people's wives. And the success with which nuptial estrangements are depicted in modern 'problem plays' is due to the fact that there is only one thing that a drama cannot depict—that is a hard day's work. I could give many other instances of this plutocratic assumption behind progressive fads. For instance, there is a plutocratic assumption behind the phrase 'Why should women be economically dependent upon men?' The answer is that among poor and practical she isn't; except in the sense in which he is dependent upon her. A hunter has to tear his clothes; there must be somebody to mend them. A fisher has to catch fish; there must be somebody to cook them. It is surely quite clear that this modern notion that a woman is a mere 'pretty clinging parasite,' a plaything, etc., arose through the sombre contemplation of some rich banking family, in which the banker at least went to the city and pretended to do something, while the banker's wife went to the park and did not pretend to do anything at all. A poor man and his wife are a business partnership."

"But of all the modern notions generated by mere wealth the worst is this: the notion that domesticity is dull and tame. Inside the home (they say) is dead decorum and routine; outside is adventure and variety. This is indeed a rich man's opinion. The rich man knows that his own house moves on vast and soundless wheels of wealth; is run by regiments of servants, by a swift and silent ritual. On the other hand, every sort of vagabondage or romance is open to him in the streets outside. He has plenty of money and can afford to be a tramp. His wildest adventure will end in a restaurant, while the yokel's faintest adventure may end in a police court. If he smashes a window, he can pay for it; if he smashes a man, he can pension him. He can (like the millionaire in the story) buy an hotel to get a glass of gin. And because he, the luxurious man, dictates the tone of nearly all 'advanced' and 'progressive' thought, we have almost forgotten what a home really means to the overwhelming millions of mankind."

The Kind of Home Wanted.

"Now I take it, as I have said, this small human omnipotence, this possession of a definite cell or chamber of liberty, as the working model for the present enquiry. Where we can give every Englishman a free home of his own, or not, at least we should desire it; and he desires it. For the moment we speak of what he wants, not of what he expects to get. He wants, for instance, a separate house; he does not want a semi-detached house. He may be forced in the commercial race to share one wall with another man. Similarly he might be forced in a three-legged race to share one leg with another man; but it is not so that he pictures himself in his dreams of elegance and liberty. Again, he does not desire a flat. He can eat and sleep and praise God in a flat; he can eat and sleep and praise God in a railway train. But a railway train is not a house; because it is a house on wheels. And a flat is not a house; because it is a house on stilts. An idea of early contact and foundation, as well as an idea of separation and independence, is a part of this instructive picture. I take the one instruction as a text. As every normal man desires a woman, and children born of a woman, every normal man desires a house of his own to put them into. He does not merely want a roof above him and a chair below him; he wants an objective and visible kingdom; a first at which he can cook what food he likes, a door he can open to what friend he chooses. This is the normal appetite of men."

A Book of Good Things.

In spite of what was said at the beginning of this article, I am justified in advising everyone to read "What's wrong with the world?" because it is packed with original thought, glows

Saturday's Cut Prices.

CONDENSED LIST.

35c Sailor Caps, with name bands.	28c	90c Men's Shirts, Fancy Regatta	75c
60c Men's Socks, Cashmere	50c	65c Men's Hdcfts, White and Cream Silk	50c
30c Men's Socks, Cashmere and Worsted	25c	\$2.55 Women's Shirts, Black Cloth	2.30
90c Men's Shirts, Fancy Regatta	76c	\$2.00 Women's Boots, Dongola Kid	1.65
80c Men's Nighshirts, Striped Flannelette	70c	\$1.10 Women's Shoes, Dongola Kid	85c
76c Men's Shirts, Grey Flannel	65c	40c Curtain Nets, White and Cream	34c
To \$1 Ladies' Gloves, Tans and Browns	59c	\$1.75 Ladies' Corsets, White and Grey	1.58
60c Motor Scarfs, Crepe de Chine	47c	25c Art-Creton 12, Fancy Effects	20c
\$4.50 Men's Boots, fine quality	3.98	Quilt Cotton, Special	8c
55c Men's Shirts, Silk Stripe	45c	35c Lace Antimacassars, Size 26 x 23	28c
12c Boys' Collars, Rubber	10c	90c Bureau Scarfs, Silk	75c
10c Men's Ties, Paris	8c	50c Tray Cloths, Lawn	42c
\$1.25 Men's Gloves, Tan and Brown Kid	1.05	15c Ladies' Collars, White Embroidered	12c
\$1.25 Men's Hats, Hard Felt	1.00	50c Women's Hose, Black Cashmere	40c
40c Men's Caps, Fancy Tweeds	32c	40c Women's Hose, Black Cashmere	30c
\$1.50 Men's Umbrellas, Wood and Steel Rod	1.35	40c Duchesse Sets, with Doyles	32c
35c Men's Ties, Handkerchief Ends	29c	85c Ladies' Blouses, Colored Linen	65c
7c Ladies' Hdcfts, White Lawn, 2 for	9c	65c Hand Bags, very dainty	50c
To 90c Dress Goods, Colored and Black	62c	20c Silk Ribbon, Nerve	10c

15c. Pkts. Prepared Plum Pudding	12c.
40c. Lb. Choice Tea	30c.
30c. Lb. French Coffee	22c.
20c. Lb. Fancy Biscuits	16c.

THE ROYAL STORES LIMITED

with sound common sense, and bears on every page the result of a humorous philosopher's observations on the many and varied sides of human life.

Card Tournament.

About 100 players took part in the Pansy Club card tournament last night. The winners were J. Murphy, 21 games; E. Rodgers, second, 20 games. The special prize was awarded W. Dormandy.

CHURCH PARADE.—The Columbia Cadet Corps had its first church parade at Harbor Grace last evening, marching from the R. C. Academy to the Cathedral. They attended the October devotions. Afterwards they went back to their hall where they were put through the manoeuvres by Constable Grouchy.

Special to Evening Telegram. CAPE RACE, To-Day. Wind E.N.E., blowing strong; heavy rain, storm, preceded by dense fog. Nothing sighted. Bar, 29.78, ther. 44.

Make Every Day a bright day, by beginning the day with

Abbey's Effer-Salt

25c and 50c a bottle.

Nutritive Hypophosphites.

When a person feels "blue" "all tired out"—"doesn't feel like doing anything"—cannot concentrate his mind on his work—feels weak mentally and physically—doubts his powers—complains of poor appetite and sleeplessness—suffers from headaches—then his nervous system is run-down and demands a good up-building tonic. Nervous exhaustion is a modern disease, caused by too close attention to business, overwork, worry, devotion to trying family cares, overstudy, etc.

Nutritive Hypophosphites forms the best nerve and brain food known, and have restored thousands of sufferers to health.

Large bottle, \$1.00.

The more you trade here the better you like this store.

PETER O'MARA,
The West End Druggist,
46 & 48 Water St., West.
Telephone 334.
Mail orders promptly attended to.

FOUND ON ROAD.—Last night the police were informed that a man was lying in the drain, at LeMarchant Road. Consts. Tobin and Humber went to investigate. They found the man in an inebriated condition minus his coat and in his hands a loaf of bread, white in the pocket of his pants was a bottle of rum. He was driven to the police station.