

# Cameras, Roll films & Equipment.

Everything either Amateurs or advanced Photographers can possibly require may be immediately purchased at the Kodak Store.

## TOOTON'S, The Kodak Store, Water Street Phone 131

# Inquiry Into Manuel's Tragedy.

LE DREW (SWORN). The accident and I told him that he could get one as William LeDrew had done. He and I went to the railway station and saw Mr. LeDrew in his boat on the collars. We learned from Reid's agent, Mr. Dave, that LeDrew was cleaning his boat to go to the scene of the accident. The Constable then went to the station to send a message to the Inspector General. The Constable went from Reid's telephone office to the Government telegraph office and was accompanied by Rev. Mr. Facey. I went home and got something to eat and told my wife to get some grub for me as I was going out to look for the men. I then returned to the railway station and met William LeDrew who had just returned from his motor boat and he said he had the boat ready to go but he had no horsemen all to drive his engine with; he was then going to the store with a can in his hand to get some. I waited around there until he came back with the oil, but it was too late to go out; he said it was too late and I was of the same opinion as it would be dark before we got to the scene of the accident and we would have not been able to do anything. The evening was very close and the sky very black. Mr. LeDrew then said he would go out first thing in the morning. There was another boat on the collars which was owned by Isaac Dave and that could have gone out to the scene of the accident if it had been known in time. It was blowing a good breeze but there was nothing to stop a boat from going out. As a boat could have run there easily, I have often seen boats beating in from the fishing grounds with an on-coming wind. In my opinion some of the boats of Fox Trap were hard enough to go out to the scene of the accident as the wind was right off the land and there was not enough wind to make a big log. It would not be as easy to go out from Manuels except in a motor boat as Manuels was a good bit to the seaward of the scene of the accident and it would be necessary to beat up there in a motor boat.

- GREEN PICKLING TOMATOES.
- RED & GREEN PICKLING PEPPERS.
- STOCK'S PATENT FLOUR, the safest to use and most reliable Pastry Flour on the market.
- CORN FLOUR.
- 75 Cases "Harvest Queen" Brand.
- 1 lb. Packages . . . . . 17c. lb.
- 1/2 lb. Packages . . . . . 18c. lb.
- 1/4 lb. Packages . . . . . 19c. lb.
- Special Case price to retailers.

Now booking orders for Plums, "Sable Island," next Monday. A few baskets remaining from to-day's arrival.

## C. P. EAGAN, 2 Stores: Duckworth Street & Queen's Road

### Corns Go Blue-jay to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plaster. The action is the same.

#### Pain Stops Instantly

even after the sail was reefed, there was still too much canvas carried on the little boat that day. There would be no difficulty for them in the little boat, if it were fitted with oars or paddles, to row along shore to Manuels that day as the water along shore was smooth, and it was well sheltered all along by the land. In my opinion that would be the proper course for the men to have taken that day instead of putting off to sea and trying to beat in in a boat that was not suitable for the purpose. After finding the boat the Pawnee went to Bell Island and afterwards landed me at Kelligrews at 2 p.m.

### Money Mad Baron.

WHO RUINED THOUSANDS AND RUINED HIMSELF. There have been many paper monarchs of money—financial adventurers, who, one year, have been able to make or lose a fortune at a nod, the next, forgotten—save by the victims of their failures.

Famous of these, but almost forgotten to-day, was Baron Grant. A man of millions; money waited on his smile, and fashion fought for invitations to his fetes.

Thirty years before—as young Albrecht Gotthelm, son of a prosperous, fancy goods dealer in Newgate Street, London—he had decided that the profits of ordinary business could be far surpassed. The world was his oyster. Open it, and the world should pay millions to his brain. He soon decided that some simple British surname, such as Grant, would inspire more confidence than his own name—and Grant he accordingly became.

His shrewd brain soon saw a huge field of enterprise yet untapped—the British investor, and particularly the small people, greedy to turn their hundreds into thousands. Grant promised to befriend them, and in return, the small investors should make their fortunes. "Many a mickle, many a muckle," and their hundreds, multiplied together, should breed millions.

This reasoning worked like a charm. A wonderful prospectus was sent out broadcast, and money began to roll in by every post. It mattered not what the prospectus stood for—silver mine there, a steam tramway there, whatever it was. Grant's magnificent offices, an advertisement in themselves, were besieged by people who had ideas to sell to a generous buyer.

No dry statement of brief figures would do for Grant, and liberally for keen brains to write up his "front pages." There was the Emma Silver Mine, a million pounds capital in shares of £20. The small investors fought for shares, and the money was well over-subscribed. A hundred thousand went to Grant as promoter, and the ordinary shareholders registered one shilling each for their £20 at the subsequent smash. So it was with company after company, until, in all, something like twenty million pounds were raised from a public greedy for profits and careless whence they came.

Riding on a full crest of success, Grant lived like a prince, and his special career was crowned by an Italian title bestowed on him by the King of Italy in return for his services in guaranteeing a great industrial exhibition at Milan. Grant was ever ready to supply

funds for any philanthropic scheme that caught his fancy, and to his taste the Londoner of to-day owes his Leicester Square. The Leicester Fields of fifty years ago were the despair of London, a mean wilderness, almost a refuse heap. Grant—Baron Grant as he then was—bought up the site and gave it to London as some trifling present.

But at last whispers began to circulate that the Baron's miracle companies were unsound. Nothing is so shy as the small investor. Scare him and a panic results. Like the fall of spent bullet, the Baron slumped badly. The great offices were now besieged by frightened crowds, demanding a return of their lost money.

At one time, eighty-nine actions were out against him in the courts. The papers, once his slaves, turned against him. One of the greatest journals came out, "Barren in the Grant without Honor"—and the world knew who was meant. It was impossible to return the investor's money—there was no money, save what Grant had himself. And that his creditors took.—Pearson's Weekly.

### Dad's Little Joke.

Known far and wide as "Westminster Bridge," Sir Frederick Bridge, who recently resigned the conductorship of the Royal Choral Society, after twenty-six years of office, is a regular mine of good musical stories.

One that he is fond of relating concerns a man whose daughter thought she could sing, so he wrote, "Ah Wah Tah Nah Slam" on a piece of paper, handed her the slip and said: "The first line of the Shamese National Anthem—same tune as ours. Sit down at the piano and let's have it, my dear."

Obediently the girl did her best, but her father declared it was not perfect. By the time she had made the fourth or fifth attempt at the "anthem," her mother, who was getting the tea, burst into a paroxysm of laughter, and sat down to save the cups and saucers she was carrying.

"What's the matter, mother?" asked the girl. And father quickly added, "Be quiet, mother, and let her go on with it."

The daughter, having started again suddenly shrieked, "Oh, what have I been saying?" (Try it yourself—sing it aloud to somebody else, and see what happens).

Just what you're looking for at NELDER'S. Bonaccia Face Massage removes all pimples, blackheads and wrinkles; gives your skin a rosy colour. If you shave yourself, drop in and have one of these. sep4.21

### KILL THE FLY!

The most practical and useful instrument and liquid SAN-O-SPRAY now on the market.

### ELLIS & CO., Limited, 205 WATER STREET.

SAN-O-SPRAY will knock flies off the wall, and not harm paint or paper. Will keep the Kitchen, Bedroom or Verandah clear of Flies, Mosquitoes, etc., for several hours after a few sprays.

### NO INSECT CAN LIVE

where SAN-O-SPRAY is used. Yet SAN-O-SPRAY is non-poisonous to human beings and can be used with perfect safety in Pantry, Kitchen, Dining Room and Cellar.

## SPECIAL PRICE ALLOWANCES

On Wanted Items from The Men's & Boys' Departments.



Needables gathered from about this well equipped Section, are featured for this week's selling event. Come and see what is new, and what is required. Seeing does not obligate in the least. Just get acquainted with our low rate pricing and figure out for yourself the savings to be made. Shopping at BAIRD'S.

- MEN'S TOP SHIRTS.** Complete size range now in our Dollar and a quarter Shirts, buy two or three from this lot, pretty stripe effects in profusion, the value is great. Special . . . \$1.25
- TOP SHIRTS.** Men's Fancy Striped Top Shirts, nicely assorted, collar attached, wide and narrow stripings. Special . . . . . \$1.70
- WORKING SHIRTS.** Stant Blue Linen Working Shirts, all double stitched seams, turnover collar and pocket, washes well. Special . . . \$1.00
- COLLAR PINS.** Neat Pinned Gilt Pins for fastening soft collar fronts, un tarnishable. Special . . . 25c.
- ARM BANDS.** Spiral Bright Nickel Arm Bands, last for years, very strong and durable. . . 15c. Special; the pair . . . . . 45c.
- "BOSTON" GARTERS.** The always Secure Gripa "Boston" Garter is a favourite with men, we have them in assorted shades. The Pair . . . . . 45c.
- POLICE BRACES.** The strongest Brace for every day wear, stout elastic and all leather fastenings. Special . . . . . 38c.

### "Towers" Oil Coats for Boys.

Reputable Coats for the wet weather, some in Black and others in Khaki, the one Coat a chap really needs, as it is a real rain shedder, and stands a lot of banging about, we have made two groups of these.

- 4 to 10 years . . . . . \$1.98
- 10 to 18 years . . . . . \$2.46

### James Baird LIMITED

BUY THEM NOW WHILE THE PRICE IS LOW! Morris & Co's SPARE RIBS, in barrels. Quality Always Guaranteed. HARVEY & CO., LTD.

Back to The Land. Sir James Mitchell, the Premier of Western Australia, who is now visiting this country, was on the train which was wrecked in July, 1920, when conveying the Prince of Wales and his suite on a sight-seeing tour through the colony.

Diagnosis. (From the Boston Transcript.) A man was fixing his automobile. "Fronble!" asked a pedestrian. "Fronble!" was the laconic answer. "What power car is it?" "Forty horse." "What seems to be the matter with it?" "Well, from the way she acts, I should say that thirty-nine of the horses were dead."

WATCH FOR "PAIS." Sir James, who has been described as an agriculturist by instinct and a politician by force of circumstances, was hurried through the carriage window when the smash came, and rendered unconscious.