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## NOTES OF TRAVEL:

### And Reminiscences of a Pleasant Tour.

L. C. MORRIS.

CHAPTER XXIX.  
AT NEW BEDFORD—THE BANQUET.

According to arrangement with the Rev. Mr. Uphill, we visited the city of New Bedford, and were entertained at the Rectory in a royal manner. Mr. Uphill is now in charge of St. Martin's Parish; and he is greatly beloved by his people, and his first year's labours were encouraging to him, and helpful to them. Like all Parishes, St. Martin's contributed of its young men to the late war. Some of these dear lads fell at duty's post, and they now sleep in No Man's Land, or in Flanders Field, or lie in ocean's bed. But many of them came back, and to these the Parish gave a warm reception, and tendered them a high class banquet. The banquet was held in the Parish Hall on New Year's Eve, and was a success in every way. Some three hundred and fifty guests were present, and among the number were ninety five returned heroes, several of whom had served in the Navy. Some of these men addressed the banquet, and if what they did at the front, may be gauged by the tone of their remarks, and by the ability with which they made them, then St. Martin's Parish, as well as New Bedford, has just cause to be proud of its sons who went overseas. The majority of those whom we saw looked nothing the worse of their hardships; but a few of them will carry to their graves the marks of shot and shell, and the effects of the deadly gas.

The regular programme of the banquet was short, and contained an address by Senator Bullock. Senator Bullock made a good speech, and all his statements were well received, and we took it, that he is quite a popular gentleman in the parish. Senator Bullock was the fourth gentleman of his class, with whose acquaintance we were honored in our tour, and like the others, he impressed us as being fair and impartial, and keenly conscious of the responsibilities of office, and of the duties of the hour. We think we are quite within the pale of safety to state, that a Senate composed of such men as Senator Bul-

lock, should certainly be a safe-guard to politics, and a moral force to the Republic. Senator Bullock's address was a splendid tribute to the lads of every nation, who, seeing their duty did it, and in doing so paid the price.

But there was a second speaker on the programme, and much interest appeared to be centred in him. To all, except the Rev. Rector, he was an entire stranger; which fact of itself, added a little sensation to the hour. The Rector was very happy in calling upon the second speaker of the evening, and said some things which would imply that this speaker was some really great man; and that the Senator was to be out-shone by a President or by a Premier. Imagine therefore, how surprised the audience must have been, when the speaker was announced as the Deputy Mayor of St. John's, Newfoundland. What a position to be in—a humble Deputy Mayor to follow an American Senator; but, as Pope says, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." The Deputy Mayor had been specially invited to attend, and also to speak; hence there was no backing out, so for the space of thirty minutes, the attention of the audience was his; and then followed much applause; but sometimes applause at the end of a speech is not so much an expression of appreciation of the speech itself, as an outburst of joy that the speaker has stopped talking, especially when he has spoken thirty minutes and said nothing. However, when all was over, and the smoke of action had passed away, it was generally conceded that the banquet was a good one, and that Mr. Uphill was a popular master of ceremonies, and that the great American Senator had done well, and that the stranger from afar was not so bad.

The New Year's Eve was well spent with the parishoners of St. Martin's Parish. The reception to the returned soldiers was all that could be desired, and amid the best of good feel-

ing we left the Parish Hall, and at eleven o'clock entered the Parish Church, and there joined in the Watch Night Service. It seemed that we were at home, and instead of going to Governor Street Methodist Church, we had gone to St. Mary's Episcopal Church. The service was impressive, and the sermon to the point; and when it was closed, and the dawn of the New Year was upon us, and we took up our diary to make the last entry for the old year, this is part of what we wrote "Thus ends the record of 1919. Some who began it with us have finished their course; but we have been deemed worthy of further service. We have tried to do our best, but are keenly conscious of our failure."

(Continued on Saturday.)

### Shannahan and Tucker at the Lakeside.

MEET OLD CHUMS AND SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING.

Tuesday evening we wended our way to the Pond, yes the Pond—dear old Klitty Viddy that brings back a thousand memories of days gone by; of chums now sleeping their last long sleep; of athletes now in other lands, who played the game in a manly way, men who didn't crow if they won, or didn't cry or whine if they lost. There are many spots in the country that have a wonderful attraction for you and me, because they bring back memories of pleasant schooldays, and when we visit them, old happenings come up before us. And so it was with Tucker and me on Tuesday evening. We felt glad and we felt sad. But it is good to feel sad now and then, when that sadness is aroused by the remembrance of friends who, when they trudged the pathway of life with you, were companions whose company made the road seem shorter. At the Lakeside we met many of the old stock, and never in our experience have we seen such a large gathering, almost a month before the Regatta. Usually the crowd began to grow larger about the last week preceding the Great Event, but not so this year, they are down there in their hundreds. What a wonderful attraction rowing has for us; how we love to see a slashing crew "drive her thro' the water." What more beautiful sight than six brilliant oarsmen heaving together like clockwork. As you watch them gliding over the Pond, you heave your body unconsciously in unison with the stroke, and as the oars flash your eyes flash too and you live again your boyhood days.

We sat on the Bank down by the T. A. Boat House, and in our company were Mr. M. J. O'Mara, Wm. S. Dunphy, and Michael Malone. Three men who never lost a race for the past forty years, and who have memories like log books. The quickest time in 1894 can be handed out to you by any of this trio, and who won the Fishermen's Race in 1873 is on the "tip of their tongues." We were chatting of sport in general and the conversation turned to boxing. A little frizzled fellow who was seated near us, asked me for a match, and then "stuck in his lip" in our recountings of days gone by. Twisting his cute little head "awardside" he says to my friend: Mr. O'Mara—do you know when I saw the greatest boxing bout that ever came off in this town? You don't? Well I'll tell you. 'Twas in the Academic Rooms on Prescott Street, and the contestants were our friend, Mr. Michael Lawlor of the Custom House, and Mr. Frank Morris, now Judge Morris. Everybody laughed when they saw Mike put on the gloves that night. They felt sure that he was in for a sound thrashing, and many of us offered up a silent prayer that Michael may have a peaceful death. But you can never judge a boxer. The stoutest man don't always win. The bout opened in the usual half-hearted fashion, said our talkative newly made comrade, but after a while Lawlor made things lively. I don't know if I ever witnessed a more agile pugilist than he, he could hop around like a ring-lark, duck like a pigeon, and swing the left in a John L. Sullivan. Morris was looked upon as one of the leading boxers of the Club, and we all felt that he was biding his time, holding in, in order to make a grand finish of our friend Michael later on in the game, but as the bout progressed and time went on, those who were half inclined to smile at Michael's presumption, became serious and awakened to the fact that he was a man to be reckoned with. Ten rounds had been sparred, said our sparselobby acquaintance, and we were fanning Michael as he sat in his corner. Says I to him on the sly, says I, what you think of this round, Mike? He looked at me as proud as Mullally looked when he found he was Mayor and the whole Council, and said—Jim my boy, Frank bites the dust in this round. The gong sounded. Tom Cragg, the referee, called time, and both athletes in the full bloom of youth, faces and one another with eyes riveted, and fists in readiness for either attack or defence. Like a flash of lightning Lawlor sent his right in the direction of his opponent's left jaw, but the blow was neatly avoided, and then Lawlor let loose with the left and landed on the temple. Quick and desperate was the sparring, upper cuts flowed like water, till with a tremendous swing of the right from Lawlor, which landed on his opponent's nose, and at the same time a bunch of fives found the region of the left ribs, and the hero of many a

**JOHN H. PACKER**, well-known electrical engineer, of Liberty, Mo., who says that to look at him to-day no one would ever take him to be the same man he was before Tanlac restored his health. Has gained forty-four pounds.



"For two years previous to the time I began taking Tanlac, I lived principally on a raw-egg diet. During this time I was laid up in the hospital for five months and practically no hope was held out for my recovery. I don't suppose any man had a worse case of stomach trouble than I did, in fact they said I could not live."

"Tanlac did not seem to help me much at first, and I had almost made up my mind to give it up, but if I had given it up it would have been the mistake of my life. I stuck to it for a fair test and am thankful that I did for after finishing my fourth bottle, my appetite was better and I noticed myself improving."

"This encouraged me to keep on taking it and in two months I was able to eat a good square meal and digest it as good as anybody. Then I went back to my work and at the time I had finished my last bottle, I found I had actually gained forty-four pounds in weight."

"To look at me to-day no one would ever take me to be the same man I was when I began taking Tanlac."

The above remarkable statement was made recently by John H. Packer, well-known electrical engineer of Liberty, Missouri.

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, by Reg. Sullivan, Pouch Cove; Sound Island Store, Sound Island; Dennis Flynn, Avondale; J. J. O'Brien, Cape Broyle; J. W. Smith, Baine Harbor; W. A. Burdock, Belleoram; John Morey, Fermeuse; Mrs. Jos. Quinn, Renewa—adv.

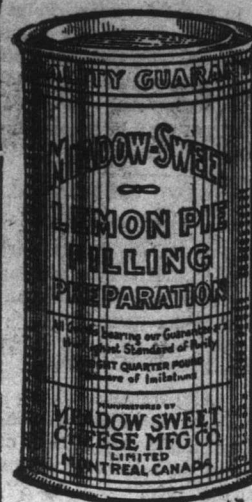
**TIM SHANNAHAN.**  
BANK APPOINTMENTS IN NEW-FOUNDLAND.

Mr. M. A. Johns, for the past four years Manager of the branch of the Bank of Montreal at Grand Falls, Nfld., has been appointed Manager of the Curling Branch. He replaces Mr. Phipps, who has been transferred to the branch of the Bank of Montreal at Wolfville, N.S. Mr. Johns is a native of Ontario, but has been on the staff of the Bank of Montreal in Newfoundland for the past eight years. On his first arrival in the country he was an Accountant-Teller in the Curling Office for some ten months. Mr. Johns was the Secretary of the Tennis Club in Grand Falls, and took an active part in other sports, including golf and baseball.

The new Manager at Grand Falls is Mr. C. Lonsdale, who has been Manager of the Gaultois Branch of the Bank for some time past. Mr. Lonsdale is of English birth, but spent five and a half years in Canada prior to coming to Newfoundland about four years ago.

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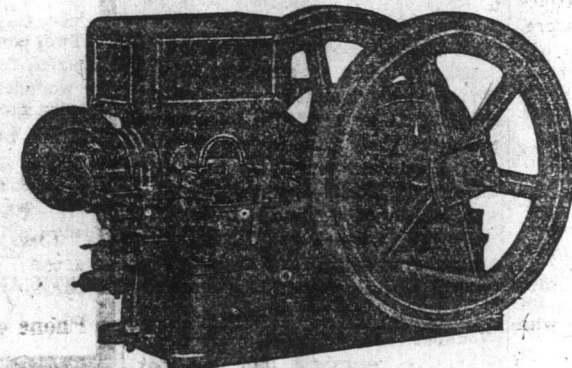
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may 29, 6 mos

### The Chaplain's Prayer.

Starting life as a shop assistant, Miss Margaret Bondfield, who will probably be the next woman M.P., is one of the most able workers in the Labour movement.

A brilliant speaker, her knowledge of social questions has brought her many compliments from leading politicians.

She is critical of the members of the House of Commons, and tells the story of a stranger who was standing

in the Lobby watching the Speaker's procession. He was asked by his small son, referring to the chaplain, "Is he one who prays for the House?" "The reply was, 'It isn't exactly like that. He looks at the members, and then he prays for the country!'"

30 cents will buy at Smallwood's Big Shoe Sale a pair of Child's Black or Tan Canvas Shoes.—Jy13,tt

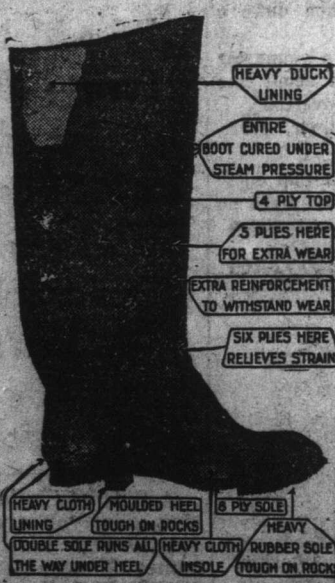
MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARTAGE  
"MAO NI JES"

AT THE BALSAM.—The following are guests at The Balsam—Mrs. John Howell, F. Sanders, Dr. A. D. Boyle, G. B. Boyle, Carbonear; C. A. Jerrett and wife, Briggs; C. R. Thompson and wife, city; Mrs. A. J. Ryan, Placentia; J. R. Dicks, Miss Annie Dicks, Harbor, Buffett.

Women's Black Leather Lace Boots, worth \$6.50 per pair, now \$4.00 at Smallwood's Big Shoe Sale.—Jy13,tt

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