

# Vulcanite Rubberized Waterproof Heavyweight Roofing

Vulcanite Roofing is made and guaranteed by the Beaver Company, Ltd., makers of Beaver Board. During the year 1920 and 1921 Vulcanite Roofing sold at seven dollars per roll. THE PRICE OF VULCANITE ROOFING IS NOW ONLY \$4.00 PER ROLL. Each roll of Vulcanite Roofing is full size, complete with nails and cement for laying. A roll of Vulcanite Roofing contains 108 square feet and will cover 100 square feet of roofing surface. Vulcanite Roofing when laid by a certificated roofer, is guaranteed to last for fifteen years. Vulcanite Roofing is guaranteed fully equal to higher priced roofings of similar weight and size. At \$4.00 per roll Vulcanite Roofing is cheaper than felt, because given better wear it outlasts felt. When Vulcanite Roofing is used, you do not need to buy nails or tins, and your roof does not need to be painted or tarred, or otherwise coated until the Vulcanite has been 12 months on your roof. Roofs covered with Vulcanite Roofing pay lower insurance premiums than roofs covered with felt.

## Colin Campbell, Limited



When you are "waiting around again" or at functions where full dress is usually worn, don't you feel out of place with a jacket on? Now is the time to leave your order for Full Dress or Tuxedo. Our prices for these Suits are remarkably reasonable. For special parades, or social calls, we can give you something within your means in a Prince Albert, or Morning Coat. We specialize in these garments.

**JOHN MAUNDER**

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### NOTICE!

Men seeking employment must not apply to Messrs. Goodyear, at Grand Falls, unless they have been engaged and furnished with Railway Pass by the proper authority.

H. K. & R. C. GOODYEAR.

June 29, 21

Forty-Four Years in the Service of  
the Public—The Evening Telegram.

### Smiles of Other Days.

#### LORD MEATH'S AMUSING REMINISCENCES.

The late Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Rochester, used to superintend personally the preparation of young men who proposed to take clerical orders within his diocese.

On one occasion he went into the library and lay down, pretending to be dying, having given instructions that the pupils were to come in one by one and administer the consolations of religion.

When the Bishop had retired, the young men began to discuss who among them would be brave enough to "bell the cat." At length a young Irishman, who seemed to be without fear, was picked out. He said he was ready to face the Bishop, whose Christian name was Anthony and who was a strict teetotaler.

He threw open the door and strode into the library. Seeing the Bishop lying on a sofa, covered head and foot by a rug, with his head turned to the wall, the Irishman threw up his hands in horror, and called out: "Oh, Anthony, Anthony; is it the drink again?"

#### His Awakening.

The above is told by the Earl of Meath in "Memories of the Nineteenth Century" (John Murray). Here are more stories from the book, the first of which also concerns Dr. Thorold.

The Bishop had received a letter from a clergyman in his diocese, asking for advice in regard to the offer to his church of an altar curtain by a rich and influential woman in his parish. He did not want to hang the curtain, but on the other hand, he did not wish to annoy his parishioner. What was he to do?

The Bishop thought this was a trivial matter, so he left the matter unanswered. The clergyman, not taking the hint, wrote again without reply, and then again and again. At last the Bishop sent a postcard containing three words, "Hang the curtain!" and the correspondence ceased.

In his old age, Lord Strathairn (Sir Hugh Ross), of Indian fame, occasionally fell asleep for a few seconds when dining out. Being ashamed of this weakness, he would, on waking, pull himself together, and then rush into the conversation in an attempt to prove that he had been awake all the time.

The conversation at a certain dinner table had been on the subject of Cochon China fowl when he fell asleep; when he awoke it had been changed to the beauty of the four lovely daughters of the Marquess of Abercorn, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1867.

"And do you mean to tell me," said Lord Strathairn, "that they are scattered all the way down the leg?" One of the most unconventional

members of the peerage was the Earl of Lauderdale, father-in-law of the Earl of Meath. Many stories are told about him.

#### The Jolly Admiral.

He was a regular old "sea-dog," having been an Admiral. After he retired he became well known by many of his humbler neighbours around Lancaster Gate, who had no idea of his rank.

On one occasion, seeing a rope not properly fastened on a scaffolding, he went up the ladder in true sailor fashion and asked leave to fasten it properly.

One man he had known him for many years discovered one day that he was Lord Lauderdale. His lordship used to bring him very old boots to repair at a cheap rate, and the man had thought him a pauper!

When appointed Principal Naval Aide-de-Camp to Queen Victoria, the Earl proceeded to Buckingham Palace without making the smallest alteration in his dress, which was by no means of the smartest, in order to obtain information regarding his duties. He presented his card to a gorgeously-attired attendant at the Palace, and said that Lord Lauderdale would be greatly obliged if he could see the official whose duty it was to give the information. The servant looked at the card, and then at Lord Lauderdale, and said, "What sort of man is your master?"

"Oh, he is not a bad sort of a fellow, but rather grumpy."

Soon an answer came from the official upstairs that Lord Lauderdale might come in as soon as he liked. He began to mount the stairs, when a horrified cry came from the attendant. "Oh, are you Lord Lauderdale? I beg your lordship's pardon a thousand times. I had no idea I was speaking to your lordship!"

#### The Butler Surprised.

When he was staying at Thirlestane Castle, his place in Berwickshire, Lord Lauderdale would go into the kitchen and ask the cook if she had any old pots and pans to be mended. He would then carry them into the town of Lauder, call upon a tinker who owned a small shop, and stay

there nearly all day helping him to mend them.

Once he called at a house where he was expected at ten o'clock. Just before ten the bell rang, and the butler, going to the door, found a man wearing well-patched boots and an overcoat green with age. The butler told the man it was quite impossible for him to see the lady of the house as she had a special appointment with the Earl of Lauderdale.

Imagine the astonishment of the butler when the seedy-looking individual handed him his card, which bore the name of Lord Lauderdale.

Perhaps the best story told of Lord Lauderdale concerns an occasion when the Queen and Parliament went in State to St. Paul's. Lord Lauderdale, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of his family, had declined to make any improvement in his ordinary dress, except to exchange a very old frock coat for the usual green-with-age one. His hat, which probably would have been discarded even by a Jew purchaser of old clothes, nothing would induce him to replace with a new one.

#### Made the Crowd Laugh.

When his carriage stopped, the crowd closed in around it. The utmost reverence for the solemnity of the occasion—a National Thanksgiving Service for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII., from a serious illness—was shown by the vast multitude.

There was dead silence, when one man, addressing Lord Lauderdale in voice which could be heard by all around him, said, "Well, I do think as 'ow you might 'a got yerself a new 'at fer this occasion!"

Lord Lauderdale was not in the least perturbed, but slowly removed his hat, looked at it, began, as he always did, to brush it with his coat-sleeve in the wrong direction, and then said, "Well, I think you are about right, my man!" Roars of laughter broke out, and he instantly became a favourite of the crowd.

#### Her Mistake.

Of Mrs. Gladstone, who was somewhat vague at times, the author tells a story. He received from her an invitation to dinner, written on a half-sheet of paper. On turning it over he found it was a tradesman's bill, across which, in red ink, were written the words: "This is the tenth application." Count Milner, when German Ambassador in London, had a butler, a German, who had lived for many years with successful ambassadors. He had forgotten much of his native tongue, and had acquired an equal knowledge of English.

One day Count Milner rang his bell, and the German butler, answering the call, said, "Hat Excellenz gebillt?" which translated means, "Has your Excellency barked like a dog?"—Titt Bits.

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June 30, 1923

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