



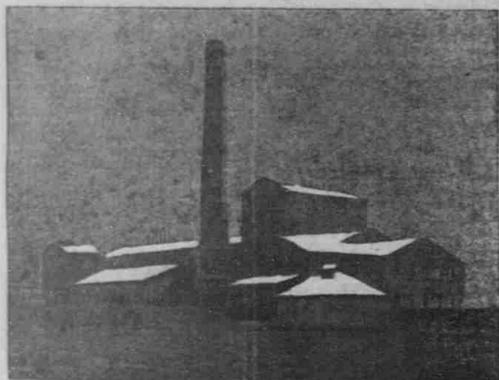
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Talk about Tables being turned. You'll see more Tables turned over at a good cheap figure than you ever saw before. Of all kinds, quality and quantity.

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"ARABIC" Roof Cooling Paint!

Preserves the iron—prevents rust, stops leaks, is fire proof, purifies water, and on iron that has not been painted, is everlasting. WE GUARANTEE all work. "ARABIC" is cheaper and better than any other material that can be put on corrugated iron roofs.

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California Feed Co

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Such as— Safe and Lock Work, Bicycles, Gunsmithing and Motor Repairing. Metal work of all kinds.

We handle too, Typewriters, Adding Machines, Cash Registers.

You can find us any time by calling up PHONE BLUE 721 or dropping in at the

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Mathews' Cheap Cash Store

Has Removed from Berehania Street to 1301 FORT STREET, OPPOSITE KUKUI STREET.

Where we have just opened a new shipment of

Furniture, Hardware, Notions, Books, Etc., Etc.

AT UNPRECEDENTEDLY LOW PRICES.

Double mattresses \$1.75, Iron folding beds \$2.00, Mirrors from 50c to \$1.00, Expanded iron beds \$2.00, BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS at publishers' prices and less; magazines at publishers' prices.

Call at MATHEWS' CHEAP CASH STORE and you will save money

REMOVED!

Are now just opposite The Club Stables, Fort street, ready and willing to tackle all kinds of business.



Bring your horse up to the shop and we will dress him up to the line, saddle, bridle and bit. Can furnish absolutely everything in the harness line and repairs of all sorts and conditions done and done well.

California Harness Shop

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QUEEN STREET

Paradise Paragraphs.

THE great fire which reduced the splendid building of E. O. Hall & Son to ashes in the early part of last week has been the talk of the town. This was not all the people had to talk about, however. While the fire was still burning, the Republican, with a full account of the disaster, was for sale on the streets, so that people who were still watching the conflagration were enabled to secure copies of the paper and learn particulars. This was something to talk about.

Four or five hours later the Advertiser was issued, also containing an account of the fire. That the Advertiser had any story of the event was due entirely to the Advertiser's Special Hot Air Artist and Fish Editor, William Herbert Melton Ayres, the versatile vag who wrote the "Vagrant Verses," which, by the way, are not for sale at the Advertiser's "trust" news stand and cold will emporium at the Oahu Railway depot. This is how it all happened. Somebody employed in the Blabvertiser cage, opposite the meat market, told the whole story to Attorney General Dole. Dole immediately appealed to the Supreme Court and so the matter is on file and is public property.

All was quiet in the Blabvertiser cage. The big stegosaur and the little stegosaurs had gone home. The Hot Air Artist had found his way to his stamping ground in the wilds of Waikiki. He had divested himself of his outer garments, including his \$8 shoes and his two-bit socks. He was about to feel in the refrigerator on his back veranda for poi and fish and a piece of raw onion and a little cold tea to wash it all down, when—

Something terrible happened! But the Hot Air Artist was equal to the emergency. The nocturnal ether was slit by a succession of strenuous sounds. It was the fire whistle. There was a fire.

Dropping a poi-bowl upon the heads of a tubful of baby sharks and forgetting all about his early morning lunch, the Hot Air Artist cleared his castle fence at a single bound and was soon cutting the dust in the direction of a big splotch of red and yellow fire in the sky.

As he ran he thought it must be the brewery burning and he quickened his pace.

Arrived upon the scene, on the corner of King and Fort streets, without shoes or socks or coat, clothed only in his shirt and pantaloons, behold the hero of this story doing the Papa Ita act on the hot sidewalks of Honolulu and munching fragments of plate glass under his feet, taking in the situation at a glance. Having absorbed the facts, the Fish Editor made his way to the cage of the Blabvertiser grabbed a wad of copy paper, the backs of a host of bills which didn't pass the legislature, took his typewriter in both hands and started to punch out copy. Getting the right note, high C, on the keyboard, the Fish Editor started to pound out the story.

Meanwhile fire-brands were falling like hail on the roof of the cage. Some fell through the skylight and a shower of cinders and sparks and chips of glass rattled down on the head of the writer, getting in between the letters of the keyboard of his machine. Like the "boy on the burning deck," however, he would not throw up his job but kept at it, kept at it only as the Special Hot Air Artist can.

Now and then he would rise to grab another wad of copy paper, walking over the granulated crystal on the floor with his bare feet in order to reach the safe where the copy paper is kept.

Suddenly the Society Editor burst into the cage. The young man permitted a shade of envy to darken his dome of thought.

"Hello! Say, Ayres, what are you doing here?" said the Society Editor. "Did the boss tell you to write the story. Have you obtained permission to write up the fire?"

No response. "Say, be sure to say in your story that Charlie Chillingworth had charge of the police during the trying ordeal and managed them perfectly, at the risk of his life."

No response. The Fish Editor went on pounding the typewriter. "Say, be sure to say in the story that Chief Thurston displayed wonderful pluck and ability at this, his first great fire."

No reply from the Fish Editor. "Say, don't forget to mention that a Republican newsboy was the first to discover the fire—No, no, I mean that one of the Advertiser carriers was the first to discover the conflagration."

The Fish Editor missed a letter in a word and said a wordy word.

"Say, be sure to say that Jim Jones—"

"Get back to your corner," shouted the Fish Editor, "I'm writing up a fire, not a column of personal testimonials or society notes."

Just then Mr. Boisse, whose painful and unfortunate accident has been told of in all the papers, fell through the skylight, landing on a desk upon which a file, or copy hook, was located. Mr. Boisse, it will be remembered, fell with his wrist on the dangerous copy hook, the sharp point going through the wrist, causing him much suffering.

Mr. Boisse was cared for and taken home. Fortunately the accident though painful, was not serious. He had been on the roof of the building, protecting the structure from the fire-brands which were falling all around him and which threatened to set fire to the place.

"Say," said the Society Editor, "Be sure to say that Mr. Boisse fell on my desk."

"Boisse was certainly the brightest article ever filed on your copy-hook," said the Fish Editor, "now run away and adjust your necktie."

By this time The Republican was on the streets. The business management of the Blabvertiser had arrived on the scene and a wireless message had been sent to Thurston on the Mainland, so that there were good prospects of getting the paper out before noon.

The Hot Air Artist had saved the day. Shortly after 9 o'clock in the morning the Blabvertiser was on the streets. Some people, thinking that there had perhaps been another fire, since the Hall fire was out by the time the Blabvertiser was purchased a few copies.

And the Fish Editor, W. H. M. Ayres, what of him?

He went, barefoot and hatless and coatless, back to the wilds of Waikiki, seized his rod and line and went fishing for eels.

There was a fine group portrait of the Advertiser and the Star in a recent perpetration of the former relic of the Transition Period.

Two big oxen, one labeled Advertiser, the other, the beast with the spectacles on, labeled Star, constitutes the cartoon (it is a cartoon purely from an artistic standpoint, no other, for Yardley does first-class work) supposed to represent—well, who knows?

As far as the Advertiser is concerned the cartoon is absolutely true to life. Look at the picture and see for yourself. Is not the cloven hoof evident? Very appropriate, even if the "devil's partner" is away from the paddock at present.

Ox, is it? "I'm getting to be a big ox now!" Well, well.

If you want a good slab of ox tongue, read the Advertiser, especially the seven pages devoted to scientific miscellany.

Ox, is it? Perhaps the inklingers in the Blabvertiser cage don't use ox gall in which to dip their pens—perhaps they do.

The proximity of the Blabvertiser cage to the meat market is probably responsible for the ox idea in cartoons. Hear the Advertiser beef about its circulation.

One strange thing about the cartoon is that the Star ox is given about the same proportions as the Advertiser bovine. This is modest on the part of the Advertiser.

The Advertiser's funny man will have a chance to call this item a bar-becue, because it roasts an ox whole.

The brightly calf in the foreground of the picture is depicted kicking up his heels in delight at the prospect of some day attending the funeral of the two tough beeves who are observing his activity with much evident surprise. The Advertiser ox is just about ready for the butcher's knife. What will you have, sir, chops, steaks, spare-ribs or a nice round roast? Buy quick, before the meat spoils!

The published letters of a number of weak minded youths to Miss Davison, who so well represented the educational system of Hawaii at Buffalo, in relation to their chances in the Paradise of the Pacific, in the matrimonial line, only go to prove that there is a certain objectionable class of nonentities who call themselves men, who have such small appreciation of the divine art of loving and the sacred bonds of marriage that they are ready at any moment to vomit forth their entire little souls on matters which should be nearest the heart, where a heart exists, to anybody and everybody who happens along, be they friends of a life-time or people passing on the streets or whose names happen to appear on the hotel registers as coming from parts of the world which excite the

ignorant and morbid curiosity of the less desirable portion of humanity.

That a man should endeavor to arrange a marriage in any way other than the manly and honorable method of laying his case before the heart of a woman, and one woman at a time, not a lottery as these sneaking writers seem to consider matrimony, is repulsive to manhood and disgusting to womankind.

It is not surprising that the Advertiser should have published these letters. The ox will absorb a rank weed as readily as it will the tender grass. Gee! Haw!

Talking about education, it is held that one of the first things which should be inculcated into the minds of the young while they are living in their happy school days, is the idea and appreciation of fair play.

Never kick your opponent in the teeth while he is asleep or bat him in the eye while he is sick with the measles. Never lie about a man when he is dead or absent and unable to invite you to put on the gloves. Men who do these things would shoot fraps on the deathbed of their best friend or would rob their little sister's saving box to buy whisky. They are cowards.

A newspaperman recently went to the Coast on important business. Another newspaperman (?) who had been caused to hustle a great deal to keep up with the pace set by the man who went to the Coast seizing his opportunity and having forgotten the noble teachings received in his youthful days, undertook to say in print that the other man had sneaked out of the country, was not coming back, and a lot of other rot of like nature.

The man came back, and now the liar, caught in his lie, hath nothing to say. Gee! Haw!

The First Circuit Court of the Territory of Hawaii, with Judges Humphreys and Gear, is a revelation to transition periodites.

"Oh! Say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, what so proudly we halled—"

Yes! You bet! The Flag's still there—and the Constitution, too! AN INKSOMANIAC.



We have high ideals of the optical business.

We believe in giving the very best optical service at the least possible cost.

We believe in quality first—and we believe you do.

The sale of glasses has to do with the happiness, contentment, and all that makes life desirable—sight.

We are careful with our customers and their eyes.

A. N. SANFORD, Manufacturing Optician, Boston Building, Fort street.

FRATERNAL ORDER OF EAGLES.

A special meeting will be held in the Progress Hall, Fort street, on Sunday, August 11th, at 2 p. m. Business—Election and Initiation of Candidates.

All members are requested to be present and on time. Visiting Eagles cordially invited.

T. A. SIMPSON.

NOTICE OF SPECIAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS OF E. O. HALL & SON, LTD.

There will be a special meeting of the stockholders of E. O. Hall & Son, Ltd., at the office of the company in the Safe Deposit Building on Thursday, August 15th, at 2 p. m., for the purpose of discussing matters relative to the destruction of their business block and stock of merchandise and to take action on such matters as may be of importance as occasioned by late disaster. It is earnestly requested that all stockholders may be present.

E. H. PARIS, Secretary E. O. Hall & Son, Ltd.

NOTICE.

DURING MY ABSENCE FROM Honolulu, Frank E. Thompson, Esq. (of Messrs. Magoon and Thompson) will act for me under warrant of Attorney.

Parties desiring to communicate with me personally, may send letters and telegrams to me care of The London, Paris and American Bank, San Francisco, which will promptly forward same.

A. S. HUMPHREYS.

OFFICES FOR RENT.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS offices for rent in the McINTYRE BUILDING, now being erected at corner of Fort and King streets, this city.

Apply to E. F. BISHOP, At C. Brewer & Co's, Queen st

WHITNEY & MARSH, LTD. WHITNEY & MARSH, LTD.



THIS WAY FOR LININGS!

Yes, this way for Silk Linings made from Cotton. They have all the appearance of Silk—that's one reason why Gilbert's Dress Linings achieved popularity at a bound.

But they wear better than Silk—that's another reason. Then they are purchaseable at about one-quarter the cost of Silk—that's the third reason.

Women have learned that taffeta silks are bound to crack at some stage of their use.

GILBERT'S LININGS WILL NOT CRACK

They will not fade nor discolor the undergarments. Gilbert's Linings are made in many styles for many uses. There are:

Percale, Satin Surah, India and Imperial Batistes, Sulana Satin, Silver Sheen, Mercerized Sateen, Nearsilk and Amisilk.

New lines are in Parisian Silk colorings to harmonize with the present shades in dress goods. They are so beautifully finished that they look fit for the outside rather than the inside of a dress.

They make an ideal foundation for evening dresses, being far lighter and stronger than silk. They are not in the least papery, like many cheap linings.

We will replace any of Gilbert's linings which do not give perfect satisfaction



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Diamond Head Floor Paint

Guaranteed to dry hard and glossy; also our ready mixed paints. Put up in packages to suit the purchaser.

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at the junction of KING and SOUTH STS. : : :

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