

FOUNTAIN PENS.

3 doz. Self-filling Fountain Pens, suitable for school children. Regular prices up to \$1.90 each. Friday and Saturday, 13c., 21c. and \$1.75 each.

PENCIL CASES.

6 doz. Pencil Cases, round and flat. Regular price 7 and 75c. each. Special Prices Friday and Saturday.

BOYS' HATS.

We have still a few of these wonderful Hats in Linen, Velvet and Tweed, etc. Values up to \$2.50 each. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

FIRE SHOVELS.

3 doz. only Fire Shovels, good and strong. Regular Price 15c. Friday & Saturday, 12c.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR CUT PRICES FOR

Friday & Saturday

AND YOU WILL EARN MONEY BY SAVING.

REMNANTS!

This is Remnant Week, and each and every customer will find a Remnant of Flannel, Sheeting, Dress Goods, Oil Cloths, etc.,

at Greatly Reduced Prices for Friday and Saturday.

Marshall Bros

GINGHAMS.

25 pieces American Gingham, suitable for children's overalls; assorted checks. Value for 65c. yard; buttons to match. Friday and Saturday, 55c. yard.

EMBROIDERIES AND LACES.

A big job in Remnants of Embroideries and Laces; lengths from 2 to 3 1/2 yards. Special Price for Friday and Saturday.

MEN'S SWEATER COATS.

30 dozen Men's Sweater Coats, Grey and Khaki shades. Just right for the present cold weather. Value \$3.00 each. Friday and Saturday, \$2.65 each.

WOOD PIPES.

We carry a very large assortment of Wood Pipes, French shape and bent stem; bulldog. Special Price for Friday and Saturday.

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

SHOULD I HAVE BEEN ASHAMED?



RUTH CAMERON

It is a well known Anglo-Saxon trait to be very reticent about such things as one's tenderness and about one's religion. In some ways I think this is an excellent trait, and then again I think we carry it too far.

I thought so one day recently, though it may have been only personal pique that made me. You shall judge.

A group of us were sitting over our coffee at a table at the little inn where I had been spending a week. The conversation, which had ranged from shoes and ships and sealing wax to cabbages and kings, turned to the sects which claim you can do all things by faith.

The Way I Feel.

I ventured my idea that this was true in one way. That is, I thought that one could do all things by faith if one could reach the stage of development where one had faith enough, but that most of us were a million miles away from any such millennium. Then I added that it seemed to me that Christ had attained that development, and that he was thereby in touch with a reservoir of power.

A peculiar hush fell over the group—the kind of hush that comes when one has made a break. No one said anything for a minute, then someone made some sort of a reply, carefully avoiding any direct reference to Our Lord, and then someone else gracefully changed the subject with a remark about the weather which was brightly taken up by the rest.

I Had Made A Break.

Plainly I had made a break. I had referred in the middle of a secular conversation (and not on Sunday) to Our Lord. And I had used no circumlocution in speaking of Him but had spoken His name right out. It really wasn't quite the thing. They felt they had to cover up my indiscretion.

I felt inclined to go back to the subject and shock them, and then I concluded that it wasn't exactly relevant to relieve my feelings just that way.

I've often noticed this feeling against any reference to Christ except by a minister or in a religious paper isn't quite good taste, and I think it is one of those refinements

of good taste that is absolutely ridiculous.

Many Are Chary of Endearments.

I suppose it's a part of the same feeling that makes people chary of terms of endearment even to those they love. One of the many things I just love about Roosevelt's wonderful letters to his children, was the way he began them—"Blessed Ted" and "Darling Ethel"—and so forth. Surely he was a personified ideal of all the Anglo-Saxon virtues, if there ever was one, and yet he didn't feel that it was bad taste to express his emotions.

Love and religion are nothing to be afraid of or ashamed of. One does not want to be sentimental. But neither does one need to act as if there were anything shameful in a reverent yet matter-of-fact reference to love or religion.

The New Floor.

"My dear," said her husband in his sweetest and gentlest tones, "have you seen a parcel I brought home the other night, and which I put away in my writing desk?"

"Did it look like flour, and was it in a paper bag?" asked Mrs. Spriggs.

"Yes; that's it."

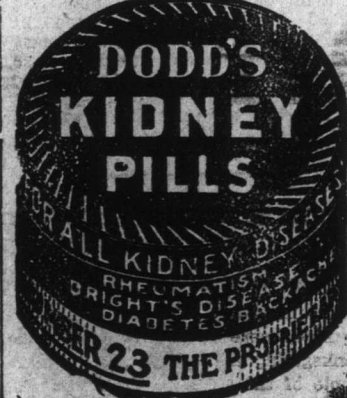
"Does it get hard after it's been wet, and does it stick to everything?"

"Yes, yes. Where is it?"

"Oh, Edwin," she said reproachfully, "it's just like you to leave such horrid stuff lying about. Why, it took me more than an hour, with the chisel and hammer, to get the cakes out of the baking tins, and the children didn't seem half to enjoy the pastry I made!"

"Great Scott!" cried her husband. "You don't mean to say you've been making pastry with plaster of Paris, do you?"

But it was even so, and when the doctor presented his bill for attending the children there was trouble in the house of Spriggs.



P. E. I. Potatoes!

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THE WIDE OUTDOORS.

The rich may pay for orchids rare, but on the apple tree Flings out its blossoms to the world for every eye to see. And all who sigh for loveliness may walk beneath the sky And claim a richer beauty than man's gold can ever buy.

The cherry trees are free for all to stand and look upon, The dogwood blooms for you and me, and not some favorite one, The wide outdoors is no man's own, the stranger on the street Can east his eyes on many a rose and claim its fragrance sweet.

Small gardens are shut in by walls, but none can wall the sky, And none can hide the friendly trees from all who travel by. And none can hold the apple boughs and claim them for their own, For all the beauties of the earth belong to God alone.

So let me walk the world just now and wander far and near, Earth's loveliness is mine to see, its music mine to hear, There's not a single apple bough that spills its blooms about But I can claim the joy of it, and none can shut me out.

Swatting Britain.

(From the Sentinel Toronto).

It is a strange type of bird that would attempt to befall its own nest. It would not be regarded as sane. But there is a type of human beings who gladly accept all the privileges of British citizenship and who regard themselves as superior to other people in many respects, who never lose an opportunity to "swat" Great Britain or the British Empire. It is regrettable to find that type of mind in the ordinary walks of life, but it is lamentable indeed to discover the same type of mind in the House of Commons and Senate of this great British Dominion. Senator Fowler, recently emphasized this when in the course of a reply to Senator Beaubien he said:

"It is to be regretted that there is a certain type of mind in this chamber which cannot make a speech without showing dislike for Great Britain. France had done nobly in the war, but when anybody declared she had done more than England he must hurl such a falsehood back in their teeth. The gentleman who just spoke never missed an opportunity to get a swat at England."

Sensor Beaubien, "the gentleman who just spoke," had assailed Britain for not backing up France sufficiently in regard to the Ruhr incident. It is not so long since the French-Canadian leaders were swatting Britain because she did back up France in the Great War. But any excuse will do for that type of mind which evidently regards it as the chief end of life to "swat" everything that is British.

An unusual garden hat is of brown lace straw trimmed with brown and smoke gray morning glories.



These diseases can be cured by Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters. A true blood purifier containing the active principles of Dandelion, Marsh-mallows, Burdock and other medicinal herbs. Sold at your store. 2.50 bottle. Family size five times as large \$1.00. THE BRADLEY DRUG CO., Limited, ST. JOHN'S, N. F. Dr. Wilson's Dandelion Wormwood, in ready form every where, Baltimore, Maryland.

For sale by all Druggists and first-class Grocers.

CHANGE OF BASE.



Kansas winds are always blowing, and my path of life seems thorny; so I'm packing up and going to the groves of California. There beside the sobbing ocean I shall sit and do my singing, filled with prunes and sweet emotion, while the golden hours are winging. Kansas heat is always hotter than the kind that starts you sweating; Kansas rain is full of water, and each day I get a wetting; so I go to San Diego where the honey bees are buzzin'; there I'll fill myself with sage, and sing anthems by the dozen. There the scenes are most inspiring, and the natives love them dearly, and a man who lives by lying ought to earn ten dollars yearly. By the broad and blue Pacific I'll compose my dippy stanzas, filled with yearnings most terrific for the sun-baked plains of Kansas. Resting on my downy pillows, after hours of fierce endeavor, I will watch the mighty billows rolling as they're rolled forever; oh, I'll watch them in their glory, and remark, "I'd give a penny to get back to old Empory where of brine there isn't any."

Then She Apologised.

A mutual friend told me a good story the other day concerning J. M. Barrie.

It seems that one day business took him to a certain provincial town, where he was detained overnight.

His own play, The Little Minister, was being performed at the local theatre, and Barrie went to see it.

At the conclusion of the second act, the manager informed the actress who was playing the principal part that a gentleman wanted to see her. The actress did not catch the name, and thought it was the representative of the local paper desiring an interview.

So when the supposed newspaper man appeared she did not wait for an introduction, but at once gave details of her career in order to get the interview over as quickly as possible.

After she had rattled off a deal of miscellaneous information, she said to the quiet-looking man, "I hope you are enjoying the play?"

"Oh, yes," he answered.

"Don't you think it is a pretty play?" asked the actress.

"Quite a pretty play," was the reply.

"Did you see it when it was at the Haymarket?"

"Oh, yes, I saw quite a lot of it. You see, I wrote it."

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EGGS, 20 cents each. Cash with order.

When eggs cannot be sent collect, kindly send sufficient to cover transportation.

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Liverpool	to Halifax	to Liverpool	
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These steamers are excellently fitted for cabin passengers. Passengers for Liverpool must be in possession of passports. For rates of freight, passage and other particulars apply to

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