

Nova Scotia Steamship, Ltd.

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CARNIVAL.

By P.O.D., in Saturday Night—Toronto.

For years we have cherished secret ambitions to be a fancy-skater. We have wanted to swoop about gracefully on one foot with the other extended horizontally behind us as far as it will go—and our legs go quite a way, we may state—and also with our arms folded on our manly chest or resting lightly on our kidneys. We have always thought there was something particularly dashing about that attitude. Even figure eight and grape vines we would not scorn. We would like to be able to do the darn things without making stars in the ice with our forehead or our left ear.

This may seem childish to the reader, this desire to cut curved gashes in the ice at the imminent risk of raising bumps on our head and on any particular portion of our anatomy where a bump is practicable. And perhaps it is childish. In fact, it is only to the reader in the strictest editorial confidence that we would make the admission at all. Not for worlds would we confess it to our family or friends—you have no idea how those people treasure a little weakness of that sort against one, and trot it out every now and then when the remainder is particularly embarrassing and offensive.

Our desire to cut curlikews on skates dates from our very early years. When we were a little laughing child with a pair of skates which fastened on with a clamp and used to pull the heels off our shoes with distressing regularity, there was a rink we went to on half-holidays. And at that rink there was an old gentleman in knickerbockers—in themselves a cause for attention and comment in those distant and primitive days—who used to get off in a corner and do figure-eights backwards.

For hours would that persistent old person describe a little circle on one foot and then on the other, varying the performance with violent grape vines which used to make his face purple and his eyes stick out. We were a hopeful little cuss and we used to hang around in the expectation that he would drop dead in one of them, or at least light on the back of his head.

As we look back, we can't be sure whether it was the exertion that used to make the old boy's face so red, or the unsolicited criticisms of our youthful peers who gathered about to watch him. You know how sternly boys disapprove of anything that they regard as an eccentricity of behavior, and fancy skating was considered decidedly eccentric in those days. People who went to rinks were supposed to skate round and round to the music of the band dragging ladies with them in such time to the tune as they could manage. Youthful fry like myself played tag when they could escape the watchful eye of the local custodian of 'or-committed shyness. Hockey was considered the real goal of manly ambition on the ice.

And on very lucky days we sneaked in hockey-sticks and at the same time the old gentleman's performance—not that he was so very old, probably about forty—had a fascination for us which we could not resist. We do not recall that he encouraged our interest very much. In fact, he was in the habit of informing us all that we were a lot of young blackguards and inviting us to get to the devil out of that. But still we watched him, and still the desire grew to try it ourself. The only opportunity we would have had of doing it with any safety to our reputation, however, would have been to get out and practice in the middle of the night when none of our companions could see us. So we never did. It remained one of the lost ambitions of our youth, like that of becoming a policeman or a locomotive engineer.

Since then the public attitude towards fancy skating has changed very much. It is now regarded as a graceful athletic pursuit to which a person of adult years may devote a good deal of time and effort without having his relatives hastily calling a family council to decide what is to be done about the matter. In fact, fancy skating has become even a social performance, a means of entering into the best circles—no, no, girls, we didn't mean that pun. Ladies join skating clubs just as they join select lodges of the Daughters of the Empire, and for much the same purpose. And the gentlemen—why, the dear boys put on their golf-suits and the round-toed skates and tumble right into the best families. As a social introduction it is far better than teaching in the Sunday school of a fashionable Anglican church.

Toronto, like every other city big enough to have what may be called an afternoon life, has a skating club; and a very good skating club it is, too, as anyone would realize who attended the carnival they gave recently. We were right there—oh, only in the rail-seats of the mighty—and we would have gone even if we had been reduced to the horrible necessity of buying our seats. We couldn't have stayed away. We wanted to see what we ourself might have developed into

Wedding Rings.



Our reputation for the manufacture of the best in Wedding Rings is firmly established. Our stock of these Rings is always complete, and we can supply any size and shape. We make them in 9k, 15k and 18k, and at prices from \$4.00 to \$20.00.

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The Reliable Jewellers & Opticians.

If only fancy skating hadn't been discouraged when we were a soulful little lad.

It was a very pretty carnival—scenes from the Arabian Nights and everybody in oriental costumes. Incidentally, it has always seemed a little odd to us that when people dress up for a skating masquerade of any sort, they always put on the most tropical costumes they can think of. One might imagine that a person selecting fancy dress for a winter carnival would let their fancy turn lightly to thoughts of an Eskimo or a polar bear or something like that, something warm and having to do with ice. But they never do. You may see an occasional Cossack, but nearly everyone goes in baggy silk trousers and turbans and strings of beads. The idea seems to be to suggest the nice hot desert and palms and a jug of wine beneath the bough and all that sort of thing.

Personally, if we were picking a costume, we have a notion that something very thick and heavily padded would be our choice. We would like to know that if anything went wrong and our feet should develop a tendency to fly up and crack an electric bulb or two, the part of ourself we would pose on momentarily would be well protected. We would hate to damage the ice in case we should suddenly make a forced landing, as our aviator friends call it.

Altogether the carnival presented an extremely attractive scene. First a tall and stately Shah of Persia skated in at the head of his numerous and sumptuously garbed court, including many ladies in those very fetching trouserettes which are possibly the chief reason for the popularity of polygamy among the nobler and wealthier Persians. And if it may seem to the reader a little incongruous that the Shah should be skating, we can only say that according to some of the stories which we have heard about the visits of various Shahs to London and Paris, this is not the first time that a Shah has been on a skate. (Rotten, did you say? You're quite right.)

Then the Sultan came up and sat on his throne, while the members of his court grouped themselves about him in picturesque attitudes. There was a good deal of sitting to be done by the gentlemen and ladies of the court, and we certainly trust that they were wearing their woollens under those pretty but somewhat flimsy costumes—we'd shudder to think of the colds in the head, or wherever else one can take cold, which will result from it is they didn't.

Scheherazade appeared and was introduced to the Caliph by her father, the Grand Vizier, who was very cheerful about it and didn't seem to care a darn whether her head was cut off that night or not. But, of course, it wasn't for Scheherazade told the Caliph stories—she did it with her feet—and the Caliph was as charmed as the rest of us. After she had swooped around the rink a few times in the intricate curves of a duel with her father, the Grand Vizier, we sat back satisfied that she was going to be let live.

Then various visiting courts were presented, Chinese, Egyptians, Circassian, and Indian—the latter including a sacred buffalo which had suffered some terrible injury to its spine causing it to sag dreadfully in the middle. The Chinese court was particularly effective—we are beginning to talk like a society editor—and we had much pleasure in picking out several respectable middle-aged men of our acquaintance all dolled up to look like Chu Chin Chow.

After all the various courts had got nicely settled around the nice cold throne, the Forty Thieves sneaked—or should we say "snuk" in, their approach being so devilishly stealthy with only two purple spot-lights on them. The Thieves dragged a row of barrels out into the middle of the ice and climbed into them, which is a terrible thing to ask a man to do in a tight fancy costume in the presence of several hundred of his friends.

At first we hadn't the slightest idea what the thieves forty were after, especially as three or four of them stuck out of the barrels in a fairly obvious manner. But ha-ha, the ladies of Bagdad! See them strolling about girlishly in their yashmaks in everything! They peep into the horrendous barrels. A blood-curdling shriek or two or three, and the bandits were upon them! Some of the bandits had a harder time than the others, according to how far down in the barrel they were. In fact, there was one fat rascal who had to be helped out with his barrel. But they all managed to get out somehow or other and they pounced upon the ladies and carried them off—metaphorically speaking rather than figuratively, if you get what we mean—which showed blamed good judgment on the part of the bandits. There were two or three ladies of Bagdad we wouldn't have minded carrying off ourself.

There is nothing we would like better than to go right ahead and tell about every single item of the programme and every single lady and gentleman who took part in it. That's the kind of whole-souled chap we are—but space forbids and we have had trouble enough with the foreman of the composing-room as it is. But there are two people we simply insist on mentioning specially

Fortune Bay Man Out With Facts About Trouble

Now Fully Recovered He Wants to Tell People What a Grand Medicine Tanlac is.

"I'd like to let the people of Fortune Bay, and everybody else, too, know what a grand medicine Tanlac really is, for it has made a new man of me, and I am sure it would help anybody who suffers as I did," said William Skinner, who before the war was a fisherman at St. Jacques, Fortune Bay, and who now as a member of the Naval Reserve, lives in St. John's, at 50 Pleasant Street, when speaking with the Tanlac representative recently.

"Mine was a very bad case of indigestion and stomach trouble. Two months ago I was so bad that I could scarcely eat anything at all. What little I did eat made me feel sick and gave me awful pains in the pit of my stomach. Then I would bloat up with gas, hot sour liquid would come up into my mouth, and I would feel miserable for hours afterwards. I had spells of dizziness when everything would seem to swim before my eyes. If I tried to walk any distance I got badly out of breath, and the least little exertion made my heart beat wildly. I also had severe pains in my legs that so crippled me up that I could only hobble and limp around. I lost weight all the time, and became so weak and run-down at last that I honestly thought I was about done for."

"I heard of so many people being benefited by Tanlac that I said to myself, 'If Tanlac can do such things for other people, why not me?' and so I went down to Connors' store and bought a bottle. The very first dose seemed to do me good, and before I had finished the first bottle I could notice a big change in my condition. I can now eat as well as ever I could in my life, and never have any trouble digesting my food. The feeling of sickness has gone. I no longer bloat up with gas, and I can walk up these hilly streets in St. John's without getting out of breath or my heart worrying me a bit. All the pain has gone out of my legs and I am as active as ever I was. I have felt myself getting stronger every day, and have actually gained ten pounds in weight. After such an experience with the medicine, I have every confidence in recommending it."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, and by the leading Druggist in every town.—adv

and by name—Mlle. Jeanne Chevalier, of Montreal, who is lady champion of Canada, and Mr. Melville Rogers, of Toronto, who isn't champion yet, but has our vote any time he cares to make use of it.

Mlle. Chevalier and Mr. Rogers did solo dances on skates and also a duet, all of which were about as pretty as such things could be. They poised and circled and floated about the ice like birds, and the gentleman who invented that familiar phrase, "the poetry of motion," probably had something like this in mind. It was very, very charming, and we enjoyed it immensely, but there was a certain wistfulness in our pleasure, girls, for we couldn't help thinking that we, too, might have been gliding about in that miraculous way if only we had got a little encouragement in our youth.

There is Mr. G. H. Meagher, for instance, who was champion of the world away back in 1891 when we were still wearing Lord Fauntleroy suits. But we presume it is too late for us to start now with our poor old hardened joints and arteries—everything hard except our head, which is still very sensitive to the impact of ice. Just the same, we are going to get a pair of those funny-looking round skates, and—well, "kismet!" as they say in the Arabian Nights.

Now He is Able to Resume His Work

WHY ALPHONSE PLAIS GIVES CREDIT TO DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Saskatchewan Man, With His Rheumatism and Backache Gone, is telling His Neighbors of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Lac Pelletier, Sask., Apr. 13—(Special.)—Stating that he has been relieved of rheumatism and backache by Dodd's Kidney Pills, Mr. Alphonse Blais, a well known and highly respected resident here, is singing the praises of the old reliable Canadian kidney remedy.

"Yes, I suffered from backache and rheumatism," Mr. Blais states in an interview; "and I spent much money on medicines before trying Dodd's Kidney Pills. After taking several boxes of them I was able to resume my work. Now I am quite well again."

"I owe my health to Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I want everybody to know that I am very thankful to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mr. Blais' troubles came from his kidneys. That is why Dodd's Kidney Pills gave him such prompt relief. Ask your neighbors if Dodd's Kidney Pills do not help any and all forms of kidney disease.

AT THE BALISAM.—The following are guests at Balisam Place:—F. C. Snelgrove, Catalina; E. J. Ryan, Trinity; Dr. M. McLeod, Roy McLeod, Bay Roberts; J. Summers, Whatbourne; J. P. Devereaux, Trepassay.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR DAND. RUFF.

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Leads them all.

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250 barrels Choice BONELESS BEEF,
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200 barrels Choice HAM BUTT PORK.
150 barrels Choice FAT BACK PORK.
1700 cases CARNATION MILK.
1400 bags BEANS, 700 bags ROUND PEAS.
300 bags RICE, 1000 boxes RAISINS.

We offer the above to the Trade at unusually LOW PRICES.

JOB'S Stores, Ltd.

Smallwood's Big Shoe Sale.



We Can Shoe the Whole Family

With good Footwear at last year's prices. We bought heavily of the following lines of Footwear, which we now offer to our customers at a saving from \$1.00 to \$3.00 per pair.

- 150 Pairs MEN'S TAN LACED BOOTS, pointed toe, English last; sizes 7, 8, 9 and 10. These Men's Boots are easily worth \$15.00 to-day. Gentlemen, inspect these boots at once and secure yours to-day. Our price only \$12.00 per pair.
- 100 Pairs MEN'S BLACK BLUCHER LACED BOOTS, high toe; all sizes in stock just now. To import this boot to-day we could not retail it at less than \$14.00. Our Special Price only \$12.00 per pair.
- 200 Pairs LADIES' HIGH CUT LACED BOOTS. A sample lot to clear at \$6.00 per pair. Ladies! We wish to draw your attention to this line of Footwear, and we are sure we do not overestimate the quality of this line of Footwear when we say you can't buy these beautiful High Cuts for less than \$9.00 per pair. Only \$6.00 per pair.
- 175 Pairs LADIES' VERY FINE LACED HIGH CUTS. Good value for \$10.00. Our price only \$8.00 per pair.

We are inside on Boots just now, having purchased early in the Spring of 1919. We would strongly advise our customers TO BUY BOOTS NOW!

JOBS!

We offer the following lines of Job Boots:—

- BOYS' BOOTS, sizes 9 to 13. Price\$3.00
- BOYS' BOOTS, sizes 1 to 5. Price\$3.50
- LADIES' SAMPLE BOOTS—No half dozen pairs alike; sizes 2½, 3, 3½, 4 and 4½ only. Prices\$5.00 and \$6.00 per pair
- GIRLS' SAMPLE BOOTS, sizes 2½ and 3 only. Price to clear. \$.300 per pair

BRING ALL YOUR FOOT TROUBLES TO

F. SMALLWOOD, The Home of Good Shoes.