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Truth About Czar's Assassination.

The correspondent in Russia of one of the London, England, papers has obtained at last authentic news of the murder of the Czar and the Russian royal family.

It establishes what we already knew of "the tragedy of July 16, 1918. On that day the Imperial family and their attendants—eleven persons in all—were led into a small room in the house, where they had been imprisoned, and shot to death with revolvers. After death, the bodies were taken to the woods and completely destroyed."

The narrative is based "upon evidence obtained by a properly constituted legal investigation," and in the correspondent's possession are depositions signed by eye-witnesses. He is able to present what, in effect, would be the case for the prosecution if the affair were before a Court of Law. This evidence, overwhelming in its completeness and continuity, was built up by the patience and skill of one investigator, Nicholas Alexievitch Sokolov.

This gentleman, a magistrate, had left his home and family in Penza to avoid service under the Reds, and had managed, after innumerable hardships and hairbreadth escapes, to cross, disguised as a peasant, into Siberia. He walked the last 25 miles footless, his feet one mass of sores and blisters. An ardent sportsman, he had lost an eye through the carelessness of a comrade. He had made a name for himself in the investigation of famous criminal cases.

He was relentless, tireless, full of resource in the pursuit alike of murderers and beasts of prey. The Czar case called for the exercise of all the skill that the most genial and courageous of magistrates could display. Sokolov never faltered. It is, thanks to him, that an overwhelming mass of evidence has been built up into a structure that cannot be overthrown—that still continues to grow.

He was appointed to investigate this horror by Kolchak, the "Supreme Ruler."

Tortured and Maltreated First.

At Ekaterinburg, on the night of July 16, 1918, the Imperial family and their faithful attendants—eleven persons in all—were led into a small room in the house where they had been imprisoned and shot to death with revolvers. There had been no trial of any kind. Before their death the captives were subjected to ill-treatment amounting to horrible torture, mental if not physical. After death the bodies were taken to the woods and completely destroyed. These acts had been pre-

meditated and the murders elaborately prepared.

"It is established beyond doubt that the ex-Czar fell a victim to his loyalty," says the correspondent. "He had refused offers from the enemies of Russia's Allies proposing that he should endorse the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. Attempts to inveigle him into an unholy alliance undoubtedly preceded the murder. All the Romanovs who died violent deaths were, like the Czar, inconvenient to German as well as to International plans. So many tales have been circulated regarding the fate of the Romanovs, in most cases without the slightest approach to the truth, that I consider myself bound to relate the circumstances which have (1) placed in my possession the complete history and documents of the case; and (2) imposed upon me a moral obligation to publish the truth to the world."

What Correspondent Saw.

"I visited the house where the victims had lived. It belonged to a certain Ipatiev, a merchant who held the rank of captain in the Engineers. By one of the ironies of fate he bore the name of the monastery whence the first Romanov sailed to assume the Crown of all the Russians. The Ipatiev of Ekaterinburg was, however, of Jewish origin.

"The lower floor was tenanted by Ipatiev himself, on the understanding that no strangers should be admitted. The small basement room—the scene of the murders—was sealed up. I saw it a few days later. Sokolov took me over the premises, explaining step by step the enactment of the tragedy. We stood in the little room, noted the trace of the bullets, the direction of the bayonet thrusts, and splashes of blood on the walls. The room had been a shambles, and all the washing and scouring that, according to the evidence, had followed the murders could not remove tell-tale signs. We knew from the depositions of witnesses and the mute, gruesome language of the death-chamber where each of the victims sat or stood when the assassins fired their revolvers. The bullet-holes in the walls and in the floor had been carefully cut out; human blood had been found in the wood and on the bullets.

"Obscene drawings and inscriptions covered the upper walls. Obviously they were the work of uncultured peasants. Their character showed only too clearly how deeply the conscience of the people had been revolted by the Rasputin scandal."

Bodies Were Burned.

"Soon afterwards I was in the woods 10 miles north of the city, where the peasants had found jewellery and other relics of the murdered family. I saw the tracks, still clear, of heavy

lorries crashing through the trees to a group of disused iron-ore shafts.

"All went in one direction, ceasing near a pit round which a vast collection of clues had been discovered; precious stones, pearls, beautiful settings of gold and platinum, some hacked, broken, bearing traces of fire; metal buckles, hooks, buttons, corset-frames, pieces of charred leather and cloth, a human finger intact, a set of false teeth. The character, condition, and numbers of these various articles were in themselves sufficient to indicate the sex and age of the victims, and the manner in which their bodies had been disposed of.

"First on the scene had been the peasants. For three days and nights they were cut off from the city by a cordon of Red Guards placed around the wood. Knowing that the Whites were at hand, they thought the Reds were burying arms. Vague rumors had reached them of the death of Nicholas II. As soon as the cordon had been removed they rushed to the spot.

"Woodcraft and native astuteness quickly opened their eyes. 'It is the Czar that they have been burning here,' they declared. On this very spot, a year later, I found topaz beads, such as the young Princesses wore, and other gems, by scratching the surface of the hardened clay surrounding the iron pit."

Such was undoubtedly the end of the Imperial dynasty of the Romanovs, once the richest and greatest monarchs in existence.

A Black Eye to Baseball.

THE RECENT EXPOSURE DISCUSSED.

That the game of baseball has received a bad blow if not a near knockout as the result of the throwing of games by several of the Chicago White Sox stars in the last world's series played with the Cincinnati Reds there is no doubt. The whole affair as unearthed by the Cook County jury provides one of the biggest scandals that the sporting world has ever known, and its effect on the national game of the United States will probably be felt for many a day. In itself the story of the whole affair is a sordid one. The games were sold by eight players, namely, Eddie Cicotte, star pitcher of the Chicago team; Charles Risberg, Buck Weaver, Joe Jackson, Happy Felsch, Chick Gandil and Fred McMullin, to a number of gamblers, who no doubt made a big clean up on the series. Five of the players were afterwards double-crossed by the gamblers, who refused to come across with coin.

One of the direct results will be that the eight players, who are implicated, will be thrown out of the game and action taken against the gamblers, who approached the players to throw the games. An indirect result of the affair which will be by far the worst one will be that the sporting public will become suspicious of baseball as a sport and it will be hard to convince some that the game is strictly on the square. Its effect on the game as a whole can be determined somewhat by the attitude of the fans toward the coming world's series. The whole business only goes to show that there is practically no game that is entirely free from the taint of the gambling evil. Baseball in the big leagues previous to 1919, was no doubt clean, but now that the sporting public know that games have been sold, they will not take quite the same interest in the world's series games as formerly. The throwing of the series to Cincinnati puts baseball on a par with horse racing, which has had the reputation of being the worst sport for crooked work, the home of the gambling evil. What will be the effect of the exposure? That is no doubt a question that is uppermost in the minds of the big league baseball magnates to-day.

Aerial Foes.

A Swiss aviator has recently been in combat with another bird of passage—a large and powerful eagle. The bird evidently resented pretty strongly the aeronaut's entry into his domain, for he gave chase, and annoyed him for some considerable time, says a correspondent. Before landing, however, he took every possible means to rid himself of his tormentor. He looped the loop, nose-dived, righted the machine again, completed a series of circles, but all to no avail. The eagle had him every time. This incident occurred some 5,000 feet above St. Moritz, and created quite a stir. That birds and insects take more than a passing interest in the striders man has made in the flying world is described by a French naturalist and airman. During the war he was in charge of a captive balloon, and says that the numbers of birds and insects attracted to his aerial craft were numerous. They not only came to look, but to stay, and he was thus able to secure many rare specimens.

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"The Victorian writers grew up with our imperial and industrial wealth, and as men did not then write for the masses, and the classes formed quite a specific isolation among themselves, their subject-matter more or less had to be the conventions, just as Punch in the old days was little more than an equestrian class paper. Writers shunned analysis, psychology, the depths, because the 'gentlemen' of insular England, who was the sole buyer of books, hated criticism; he hunted, drank port, or wore a silk hat. Great art springs from tears."

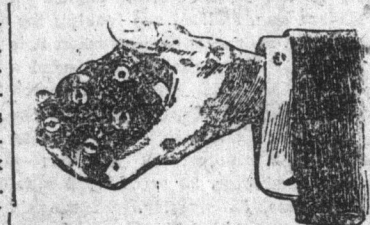
"Our fiction is superficial because insular England was so contented, so rich, too pleased with itself to suffer criticism; consequently our fiction was unoriginal and unsexed till well into the eighties, when George Gissing first wrote honestly about the squalor and poverty of London, and was hated for his seriousness accordingly. Our fiction is seen to be superficial to-day because our national attitude can no longer be self-deception. Bernard Shaw unhorsed the 'gentleman,' and to-day women have entered the field. For the first time in this country sex is now recognized (Dickens never touched it). We admit sex and even sex analysis in fiction to-day. But Byron had to leave the country for a kiss."

"The war has bayoneted Mrs. Grundy. It is women who are writing to-day, probing, groping, unravelling; they surely will have a message, and from the depths, for women are always in and out of the essentials, and it was no woman who wrote 'Peter Pan.' Their fancies are of this world. In this, their sex epoch, they will probably revolutionize the whole scope and purpose of fiction."

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When Father Shaves.

When father shaves his stubby face At nine on Sunday morn. There always steals about the place A feeling most forlorn. An awful silence settles down On all the human race. It's like a funeral in the town When father shaves his face.

He gets his razor from the shelf. And stops it up and down. And mutters wildly to himself. And throws us all a frown. We dare not look to right or left. Or breathe in any case; Even mother has to tiptoe quiet When father shaves his face.

He plasters lather everywhere. And daubs the window-pane. But mother says she doesn't care. She'll clean it off again. To save us from disgrace. For he's an awful nervous man. When father shaves his face.

We try to sit like mummies there. And live the ordeal through. To hear that razor rip and tear. And likewise father too. And if it slips and cuts his chin. We jump and quit the place; No power on earth could keep us there. When father cuts his face.

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