



**Sportsmen !
Fishermen !
Trouters !
Everyone !**

Should See Our Display of
Men's Hip Rubbers,
at \$7.50 pair.

These Rubbers were made especially for the use of soldiers, having all the extras necessary for their comfort in the most difficult undertakings. Although doubly reinforced at the knees, feet and in places where they wear most,

THEY ARE LIGHTER IN WEIGHT,

Will give more comfort and outwear most brands of long Rubber Boots now offered
COME AND SEE THIS DISPLAY.

The Royal Stores Ltd.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

Monday and Tuesday,

The First of Our Big Goldwyn Productions:

Laughing Bill Hyde,

Featuring WILL ROGERS, the Great Actor of Stirring Western Dramas.

A dramatization of a great Rex Beach play, played at the "Rivoli," New York, September last, where it was considered "one of the most powerful and appealing pictures we have ever seen, and the most unusual Beach picture ever made."

Main Floor, 10c. Balcony, 20c.

Matinee Daily, 5c. and 10c.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

**When Medals
Were Scarce.**

In the early eighties very few officers had medals or decoration, for most of the veterans of the Crimea and Mutiny had died. But the Egyptian campaigns were fruitful in ribbons, and by desire of the then Prince of Wales distinct rules were laid down as to miniature medals.

It was laid down that these could be worn at any evening party, and were "regulation" whenever any royal personage was to be present. Before the campaign of 1882 Lord Wolseley and Sir Evelyn Wood were the only two officers who could boast of more than one line of ribbon, a striking contrast to the dazzling rows of to-day.

Misunderstood.

He studied the bill of fare in the Paris restaurant which he dropped into on his short leave. He could have studied it all night if he had wanted, and no one would have paid the slightest attention to him. But when he had learned it by heart, he tapped his glass with a knife, and, in

response, a tall, angular waitress of undoubted English descent waddled towards him. Her gait was between that of a crab and an inquisitive goose, and it took her two full minutes before she reached his table. Then she opened her mouth expectantly, and waited for his order.

"Have you frogs' legs?" he asked, sharply.

"Eh?" she replied, bending forward doubtfully.

"I said," repeated the would-be diner, "have you frogs' legs?"

"Dear me, no, sir!" she exclaimed, smiling. "I'm obliged to walk this way on account of rheumatism."

FIRE ON GEORGE STREET.—A slight fire was caused yesterday afternoon by some boys dropping matches or cigarette stubs in shavings at the rear of Bowering's carpenter shop on George Street. Fortunately the blaze was discovered and quickly extinguished before much damage was caused.

Miss Information.



Chinese Philosophy.

You can't surprise a Chinaman. An aeroplane was flying over Peking for the first time. It was Major-General Sykes who told me the story—and a proud European pointed it out to a native. "Don't you think it is wonderful?"

"Well," said the Chinaman, calmly, after a passing glance at the machine, "the thing is meant to do that, isn't it?"

NO EXEMPTION.

An employee at a city firm was discovered by a friend in his "diggings" looking very rueful indeed.

"I'm in a frightful hole," he said. "I went to see two doctors yesterday, and got a medical certificate from each. One was a certificate of health for a life insurance company, and the other was a certificate of illness to send to the National Service Tribunal."

"I've done that myself," said his friend; "what's the matter?"

"Matter! Why, I mixed the certificates in posting them! The insurance company has my certificate of ill-health, and the Tribunal has my certificate of good health."

NOT IN A TEMPER FOR PROVERBS.

The milkman gathered himself up from the ruin of his cart, scraped the whitish-grey mud from his clothing, wiped his whiskers, gave one glance at the runaway horse, surveyed the dirty-white puddles that represented his stock-in-trade, and turned to the crowd.

"All I've got to say," he observed, rolling up his coat-sleeve, and speaking in a business-like way, "is that the first son of a gun that says a word about it being no use crying over spilt milk is going to get his head punched!"

And nobody spoke the dread words.

OVERDOING IT.

Mother always kept little Tommy up to the scratch in the matter of grace before meals, and she made no difference when she took him to tea with her one afternoon at a restaurant.

"She said to Tommy, after the waitress had served the tea: 'Now, say grace, please, Tommy.'"

"But, mamma," objected the seventeen-year-old, "we're paying for this, aren't we?"

NO POSSIBLE MISTAKE.

"These profiteers," said Representative Esch, of Wisconsin, "accuse themselves with their excuses. They remind me of little Willie."

"Little Willie came home the other day with a nice new golf ball."

"Look at the lost ball I found this afternoon, father," he said.

"Are you sure, my boy," the father asked, "that it was a lost ball?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said little Willie, "I saw the owner and his caddy looking for it."—Los Angeles Times.

OBEYING ORDERS.

"James," said a lady to her inexperienced boy in buttons, "when a caller hands in a card at the door, you must be sure to receive it on a silver tray."

"Very good, ma'am," replied James, obediently.

Not long afterwards there was a ring at the bell. The lady summoned James.

"James," she said, "was that a caller?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And did you present the silver?"

"Yes, ma'am, and he said he was much obliged, and took it away with him."

The caller, it transpired, was a tramp.

**CURIOUS FREAK OF TIME ON
TOMBSTONE.**

Stain Reproduces Image of Hand Grasping a Dagger.

Cardiff, May 11.—In the village churchyard, near Milford Haven, there is the grave of a young army officer (at one time stationed with his regiment at South Hook Fort, Close by) who met death from a wound by a knife while playing a practical joke on a brother officer.

The tombstone, a marble cross, has become slightly discolored. One of the discolourations has taken the almost perfect representation of a hand grasping a knife or dagger.

When you want Steaks, Chops, Cutlets and Collops, try ELLIS.

IN STOCK!

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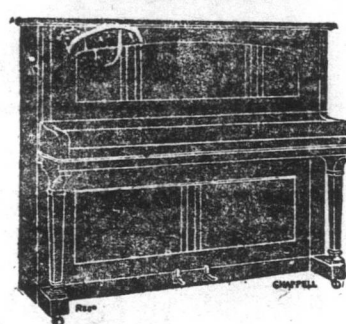
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may 17, 19

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Royal Stores Furniture.

(Under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency
the Governor.)

"Eliza Comes to Stay."

(Under the auspices of the Daughters of the Empire)

Casino Theatre,
Empire Day, Saturday, May
24th at 8.15 p.m.

Proceeds towards the Fresh Air Camp for Soldiers' and Sailors' Children Holiday Camp. Tickets on sale at Dicks & Co's Monday morning. Prices 75, 50, 30 and 20 cents. may 17, 19

**HOUSES--Some Good Investments and
Easy Terms of Payment.**

One House at the head of Pleasant Street, with Stable; almost new. One House on Cochrane Street; good investment. One House on corner Boncloddy St. and Pennywell Road. One House on Clifford Street, 13 rooms; cheap. One House on York Street. One House on Central Street. One House on Prospect Street. One House on Bannerman Street, and other properties for sale in different parts of the city.

Also I have cash purchasers for property in different localities. List your property with me if you want to dispose of it as yours might suit where others would not.

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Some Immo

By RUTH



A little boy came to our house last fall who was nine years old and yet had never in his life played or owned one of the games with which the ordinary child from five to fifteen (and sometimes to fifty or ninety) while away so much time.

I shall never forget how delighted he was when we introduced him to that king of childhood games, parchesi. I suppose there is hardly a reader to whom that quaint word has not some memory magic. It is particularly potent to me, and the sight of the frayed old board itself is almost painfully poignant with its power to bring back all sorts of happy memories of rainy afternoons, on which dear Uncle joined us in a well fought game, on evenings, when, in the happy circle of the light from the big old-fashioned lamp with the yellow shade, father or mother or big brother condescended to join us children in a game.

Some of the Next Best Games.

That was our small guests' favorite, as it is with all children at first, but back gammon and checkers, Halma and Go-Bang, Authors and Letters soon were close rivals and may have passed the ancient favorite by now.

When his mother came to take him home he cried at the thought of parting from the parchesi board. Since the remnants of our old board are dedicated to happy memories and to the usage of our younger guests, we could not give that to him but soothed his tears by the promise of one on his birthday. His mother was delighted with his interest. "I don't know why I never happened to buy him any of the old games," she said. "he's got a new kind of a baseball game that his uncle gave him and one or two others. Like that, but I never happened to think of those old fashioned ones and they'd be such a help."

He Got Them All In A Lump.

We have since heard that on his birthday and on Christmas she re-

