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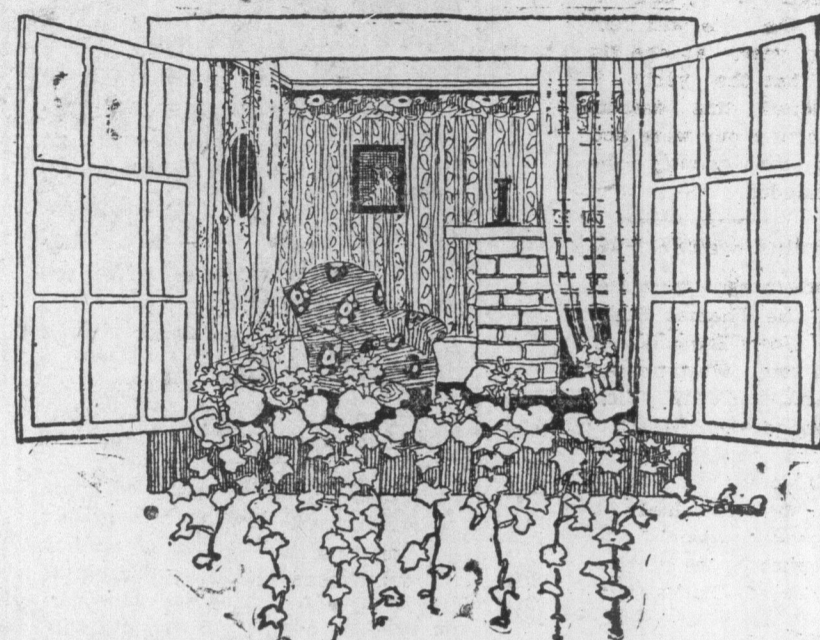
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Beautiful and Artistic Designs.
Large in Quantity and Variety.
Big Value. Low Price.

Prices, 20c, 22c, 24c, 27c and 30c piece.

Marshall Bros



Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

THE JOY OF THE UNEXPECTED.

Last week my little niece was invited unexpectedly to an impromptu birthday party given up for a little neighbor. There were only three other children present and, owing to a hitch in an order, there was no ice cream. And yet I never saw my small niece more enthusiastic than she was over that party.

Why was it?

I asked that question, and this answer evolved out of childhood's effort to express itself.

Well, there were such cunning little cards with their own names right on them at their plates, and they played a new game that was lots of fun, and they had a balloon to bring home—and then the crux of the matter. "And you know, Aunt Ruth, I didn't know I was going anywhere at all till most lunch time and I was so surprised."

Let's Give Them More Such Joys To Remember.

How children do love the unexpected thing!

My small niece has been to many more elaborate parties. It could have been nothing but the romance, the charm of the unexpected, that put such a halo around this simple affair.

Look back on your own childhood. Aren't many of the high spots that stand out in your memory picture, just such small things as this lit up by the charm of unexpectedness?

Parade Instead Of A Job At Weeding.

I can instantly pick out half a dozen in mine. There was the holly morning which I had expected to find prosaically in the backyard weeding, when some friends who had heard who had a vacant store on the route of a big procession swept upon me and invited me to be part of the party to see the parade there. I had just time to make myself presentable before I was

swept off. I have never seen such a wonderful parade since. And yet I know, from the nature of the occasion, that I must have seen half a dozen larger and more costly ones.

And then there was the evening when brother came home at 5 o'clock and said that he had tickets to the circus that very night and not only that, but that we were to go in town to dinner first.

That Wonderful Knock On The Door.

And the morning when I had actually gone to school and settled down to the hated routine and someone knocked on the door (how we always loved a knock on the school room door!) It had such infinite possibilities in it) and behold the miracle happened—it was for me. Mother had a chance to take a long drive into the country and knowing how seldom I got such outings had come down to ask that I might be left off for the day. It was a heavenly June day and I'll never forget the mingled pride and excitement and bliss with which I sped out to the dressing room, got my hat and skipped down the stairs, leaving 40 envious youngsters behind—which I feared added to the enchantment (shame that it should have been and should so often be so.)

And then—but you have your own memories. The purpose of mine is only to waken yours, and perhaps to waken you to an opportunity.

Just Received

LARGE STOCKS OF THE FOLLOWING ITEMS:

Dodd's Pills, Gin Pills, Indian Root Pills, Hamilton's Pills, Nylas Face Cream, Stafford's Peroxide Cream, Woodbury's Face Powder, Electric Oil, Radways, Fletcher's Castoria, Wampole's God Liver Oil, Carmel, Colgate's Tooth Paste, Colgate's Talcum.

Also several other well-known preparations too numerous to mention. Phone or write for Wholesale Prices.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
Wholesale Chemists & Druggists,
St. John's, Newfoundland.
June 10, 1919

Just Folks by Edgar Guest

THE GREATER HAPPINESS.

I reckon when life is done
And we look back across the years
To see the goals which we have won
And count our varying smiles and tears.

The greatest joys that we'll recall
Will not be those of skill or might,
But children romping in the hall
And little games we played at night.

The big things, when our life is through
Will be the little ones of now;
We'll prize those moments in review
When never was a troubled brow,
When eyes with love were all aglow
And mother sang her lullabies;
Those restful, happy scenes we know
At night when moon and stars arise.

I fancy none of us will yearn
To fight our battles once again;
Or would undo this world return
To triumph o'er our country men,
But we might brave the ways of earth
And live our many trials o'er,
To hear our children's shouts of mirth
And romp with them upon the floor.

We shall not value glory then
Nor think of wealth as now we do;
We'll prize those glorious moments when
Contentment and delight we knew.
And looking back across our years
The merry scenes of home we'll see
Through eyes bedimmed by crystal tears,
And wish such joy again could be.

He'd Got Medals.

"You remember my brother Michael," said Pat; "he's turned out a fine athlete and has just won a gold medal for a hundred yards' sprint."

"Good for him," replied Dennis; "but do you know my uncle Maguire at Ballybentley?"

Pat was not quite sure that he had ever heard of him.

"Well," resumed Dennis, "he's got gold medals for half a mile, five miles, and ten miles; three silver cups for swimming, a marble clock for wrestling, two silver belts for boxing, and a heap of prizes for cycling."

"Some athlete!" cried Pat.

"Not at all; not at all!" exclaimed Dennis. "He keeps the local pawnshop."

READY

for delivery to-day.

200 only 90 lb. Bags

P. E. I. Blue

Potatoes.

Soper & Moore

Importers and Jobbers.

A Smart Lad.

Lord Londonderry, who narrowly escaped being killed in an aeroplane accident recently, is fond of telling the story of a smart lad whom one of his keepers caught one day fishing in his private waters.

"You mustn't fish here," he was told, "these waters belong to Lord Londonderry."

"Do they?" said the boy. "I didn't know that." And promptly laying aside his rod he took up a book and commenced reading.

The keeper, therefore, departed, but returning the same way about an hour or so afterwards, he found the boy had started fishing again.

"Didn't I tell you that this water belonged to Lord Londonderry?" he shouted.

"Why you told me that an hour ago," retorted the youngster. "Surely the whole river don't belong to him; his share went by long ago."

I bought a horse with a supposed incurable ringbone for \$30.00. Cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE,
Hotel Keeper, St. Philippe, Que.

HARD TERMS.

The Germans are disgusted, their blood has boiled; their fondest hopes are busted, their faith in man is spoiled. They say, "Our luck is rotten; we thought our war-time sins and crimes would be forgotten, if we were pious grins; we thought our protestations of sorrow and regret would cause the allied nations to wilt, already yet. Instead of which they soak us, demand our stock and store; upon the field they broke us, in peace they break us more. And so the German barters his future for his past; we are the modern martyrs, ach himmel and dogdast."

We hear the German whining, who swaggered every hour, when on his helm was shining the sun of pomp and power. If he had been the victor, if he had done us brown, doggone his ugly picture, what terms would he lay down? Would he be strong for mercy? He's not that kind of gent; but, swollen up and pursey, he'd take our bottom cent. He'd shoot us full of bullets, and give us grievous hurts, and eat our best spring pullets, and swipe our Sunday shirts. With Germans for our masters we'd know what hard luck is; envied by disasters, we'd sadly sigh, "Gee whiz!" We hear the Germans grumbling and beefing at his lot; he thinks the terms are humbling, and all that kind of rot.

From Fireman to Millionaire.

New York, July 14.—When the giant liner Imperator docked at Hoboken last night, there climbed out of the stokehole a coal passer, who has suddenly come into an income of \$480,000 a year. He is E. L. Perkins, 30 years old, of Eastland, Texas, a sailor in the United States Navy. In 1913 Perkins bought an eighty-acre farm three miles northeast of his home-town, and planted corn on it. During the war he enlisted in the Navy. Just before the Imperator sailed from here for Brest to load troops, Perkins, who had been assigned to her fire-room force, received word from his father that a 6,000-barrel gusher had been located on his farm. Three drillers started to bore seven other wells, and they figure the eight might apout his income up to a million dollars a year.

Bracelet Watches and Strap Watches.

We have just received a full line of Watches for Ladies and Gentlemen, ordinary style and wristlets. Every movement is guaranteed. Waltham & Swiss. Pocket Watches . . . \$12.00 up
Strap Watches . . . \$11.00 to \$30.00
Bracelet Watches . . . \$27.50 up
Every inquiry is quickly attended to.

T. J. Duley & Co.,
The Reliable Jewellers,
ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

American Cash Registers.

We have recently obtained the agency for the celebrated AMERICAN CASH REGISTERS, manufactured at Saginaw, Michigan.

We believe that we have the best line of Cash Registers ever put on the market, and at lower prices than any other company—construction, finish and functions considered.

AMERICAN CASH REGISTERS are made of solid brass and are designed for hard use and long years of service. All unnecessary complicated machinery has been avoided.

AMERICAN CASH REGISTERS are total adding, and have "mistake correcting" keyboard.

AMERICAN CASH REGISTERS will register any amount from one cent to one thousand dollars at one time.

AMERICAN CASH REGISTERS may be equipped with special adding counters, visible sales strip, autogram device, check printing or sale printing device, sale slip printing device, perfect cash drawer protection, and separate totals.

If you wish to obtain the best possible value for your money, be sure to investigate AMERICAN CASH REGISTERS before placing your order.

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Sole Agents for Newfoundland, 2 Prescott Street.

UNCLE SAM SLIPS THEM HIS DISCHARGE.

