

Special Attractions!

We have been busy the past few days CUTTING DOWN PRICES in many lines of a reasonable character, and are now ready to give you unsurpassed value in all Departments. We have specially imported the following for our Winter Sales—

A LARGE SHIPMENT OF

LAWN and LONG CLOTH EMBROIDERIES and INSERTIONS,

All widths and prices.

EMBROIDERY FLOUNCING and a Special Lot of ALL OVER EMBROIDERIES.

AMERICAN

Long Cloth and Nainsooks,

All pure make, 36 in. wide. Good value, 25c.; now

15c.

AMERICAN

LINEN,

A favorite cloth for Ladies' Under-skirts and Shirt Waists.

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An Immense Display of

Valenciennes Laces and Insertions—all fine goods—all marked much below cost.

A SPECIAL LOT OF

White Shirtings, 36 in. wide very fine quality. Good value at 18c.; now 12c.

A CLEARING LOT OF

White Sheets, Hem'd and ready for immediate use; size, 82 x 76. Price, 90c. each.

DON'T MISS THIS!

40 dozen Ladies' Lawn, Madras and Linen SHIRT WAISTS.

Sizes, 34 to 44. Good value at \$2.00; now reduced to

\$1.35.

Marshall Bros.

Saint John's as It Might Be.

BY A. STANLEY HARVEY.

A stately ship was, with pugnacious obstinacy, forcing her way through the rough and indignant hissing sea, making for a bold and rocky coast, upon which the waves in broken columns were dashing themselves in loud tones of anger. The passengers crowding her decks were of all nationalities and creeds. Lending impetuously over the rail were two young girls of the beautiful English type—"Babs" and "Priscilla," the former eighteen and the latter twenty-two—who were on their way back to England after three months of "globe trotting," and had decided on no account to leave out St. John's, the "city beautiful."

"Oh," screamed "Babs" suddenly. "Priscilla" look we are going to run into that awful cliff!" "Priscilla" looked, and trying to smile and look brave, failed miserably. She stood with a half-dazed look in her eyes and stared at the awful cliff. "Captain, captain!" she yelled out "Babs" in terror. The captain, a fine jolly old sea bouncer, came slowly along the deck, glanced at the frowning walls of rock, and, noting the cause of "Babs'" terror and alarm, smiled. "Watch" was all

he said. On came the ship towards the cliff; then slowly and cautiously an opening appeared in the huge wall of rock, and the ship sailed through it, the waves lashed the cliff in fury, and then, silently and artfully, the Arcades glided into a narrow channel, beautifully calm and placid. The sight which greeted "Babs'" eyes was lovely beyond words. "Priscilla," she exclaimed, "don't speak to me, I want to watch."

On the left was a tall lighthouse, strong and solid as it faced the angry sea; around the building were glorious trees and beautifully planned walks; on the right was a bold cliff towering far above the masts of the Arcades, and midway up it there seemed to be a road, so thickly hidden by trees that it was impossible to detect anything; and "monarching all it surveyed" was a building on the very crest which the captain called Cabot Tower, lovely and grand in its position, stern and moving in architecture, but softened by a park-like suggestion of green and waving branches. As they steamed on the sight of the city of St. John's burst upon them in its full glory. "How

beautiful," murmured "Priscilla." "Beautiful indeed, is that all? Why, I think it's ripping," declared "Babs." "I believe it beats Venice, Athens, Nice, Genoa, Naples and all the dear old cities of the Old World. Just look at the trees and the position of those buildings; how artistic Newfoundlanders are." The city before them swept round in a triumphant semi-circle, rising higher and higher with its mighty buildings of pure white, partly hidden by the tall and wonderful trees for which St. John's was noted. Right on the top, crowning and guarding the city by night and day, the captain pointed out the Roman Catholic Cathedral; on its right, lower down the city's slope, stood the Anglican Cathedral of Gothic architecture; still lower rose the massive Court House, and next to it the museum; church after church, building after building was pointed out by the captain. On the south side of the harbor, which they were entering, the South Side Hills rose in magnificent grandeur, with their "bald spots" cunningly concealed by groves of mountain ash and birch. "Nature is certainly good to these people, and they know how to assist her," said "Priscilla."

Ten minutes later (there are no delays in St. John's) the Arcades was snug to her pier. The pier was perfect, being of concrete, and very roomy; all was bustle, but of a systematic kind. Soon our travellers were on their way to their hotel at Fort William. They drove along Duckworth Street, which was beautifully kept, well paved and bright with trees and grass plots. Arriving at the hotel the captain asked in a hesitating way for 25 cents, and was promptly given \$1.00 by our generous friends, who ran in full of praises of horse, cab and driver. The hotel, which was fairly new, was built of pure white marble, set in handsome grounds of terraces, walks, trees, and exquisite gardens with fountains playing everywhere. One day and a half only was allowed them in this "City of Beauty," so "Priscilla" said. "When in Rome do as Rome does," so we must hustle." After lunch (St. John's is fashionable) they took a tram to visit the Museum. The tram was "Oh, so lovely." "Babs" said later, "and went so smoothly—no bumps, no creaks, no noise at all." The Museum was full of strange animals and lovely birds, and was very interesting, everything being out of Newfoundland only.

A Park in the extreme West End, with its singular beauty of flowers, gardens and delicious fountains, together with its unique setting amidst the glory of the Waterford Valley was the next scene visited. A tram brought them back to the city, and they decided to walk around the "city beautiful."

Cleanliness was everywhere—no dust, no mud, no evil smells; and on the trees, great tall ones, seemed to grow everywhere, shedding forth their beauty and charm all about. On

the square at the top of Church Hill was one sight of unequalled loveliness. Beautiful flowers in all sizes and colors were filling the air with their fragrance, trees waving their leafy branches in the still air, enclosed lovely and shady walks, and in the centre stood a magnificent fountain of white marble, representing four boats, with the figures of fishermen, beautifully modelled, casting their nets into the basin which contained the creamy waters sprayed by the fountain, and in which, in unobtrusive beauty, graceful swans swam about. From this centre of beauty two avenues of large spruce trees stretched—one over Theatre Hill and up New Gower Street, meeting Water Street in another scene of splendour before the station; the other, remarkable for its statues of Newfoundland's great men, stretched down Military Road, reaching the "Mall," famous for its gorgeous beds of roses. From the "Mall" to Fort William were the houses of "art and literature," noble in bearing and in size.

"Priscilla," being very interested in the poor, asked a workman, who was planting roses, where the slums were. He stopped amazed. "Slums, Miss? Lord love ye, we has no slums—did away with them years ago; but Tank Lane and them streets ain't as good as this, if that's any use to you, Miss." "Priscilla" decided she would like to see "Tank Lane and them streets," so they hailed a passing cab (St. John's is noted also for its splendid horses, comfortable cabs and cheap rates) and directed the driver to take them through the principal thoroughfares to Tank Lane. The drive was one of fifteen minutes' keen enjoyment; beauty and cleanliness walked hand in hand, "luxuriant foliage strewn the roads from either side, and in no other city did the sense of beauty enhance one so." "Babs" wrote later to a friend. Tank Lane and the streets around consisted of small but clean and good-looking houses, no carbage, no putrid water, and no nasty odours, with the drains underground. A pleasant faced policeman came along and "Babs" insisted upon stopping him. "How is everything so lovely and clean?" she asked. "We are naturally clean and love beauty," with a smile he said. "Do you have a high death rate here?" ventured "Priscilla." "No, Miss; we don't have death—that is," he explained, "not as we used to; no consumption and such like, and the streets ain't allowed to get dirty, no mud and no dust a-lying about; that's my duty, Miss," he added proudly. "Come on, 'Babs,' let us walk back to the hotel. How pure and fresh the air is. Do look at these South Side Hills. Are they not immense? My, but I am glad we came to St. John's!" exclaimed "Priscilla" almost in one breath. "Oh, how I wish we could stay here forever, and then we might really enjoy ourselves wandering through the garden streets as if we lived in Italy," answered "Babs."

Walking Water Street was very enjoyable; it was broad, smooth and white, and in excellent repair. The shops were large and fitted up with sumptuous taste. Bank Square contained a gleaming white statue of some great politician, whilst another adorned the open space before the Court House.

After dinner that evening some one suggested a walk or auto ride to Cabot Tower and see St. John's by moonlight. "Babs" halted this with delight. A taxi was called and off they spun. The party consisted of "Babs" and "Priscilla" and some four or five tourists from the hotel. Four minutes later found them mounting higher and higher, nearing the top of Signal Hill. What was indistinct on entering the harbor was now quite plain. The Tower was placed in a fairylike wood, with tall massive arches hewn out of the solid rock bounding it on every side. As they entered the wood the moon was streaming forth its soft and mellowly light, "which glistened softly upon the sea of dark foliage like the pallid stars of the milky way," and which threw the tower into such a grand and noble pile, with its myriad colored lights, that "Priscilla" could not suppress a low cry of exquisite delight. Below them was a scene of solemn grandeur. The whole silent city with its numerous white buildings and superb trees was lying as

if asleep, wrapped in the pale still light of the "Queen of Night," whose sensuous loveliness was lying as if in repose upon the crystal depths of the harbor. Opposite, Fort Amherst glowed and quivered in a shower of tiny glow-worm like sparks, coming from the famous gardens nearby, and from which came soft and sweet sounds of music and gentle laughter borne by the "whispering winds of night" over the dividing waters. Far out to sea the moon was spreading her bar of silver light, as if to guide the lonely mariner to the haven of beauty within. Over all hung a deep impression of mystery. Night's pale gentleness above in the vast vault of Heaven looked down peacefully on the group of delighted tourists on the hill below; the moon sailed serenely and calmly on, and even the deep roar of the "breakers" beneath seemed strangely stilled and weary. All were silent. At last "Babs" broke the reverie. "And oh, to think we have to leave it all to-morrow," she sighed.

To-morrow dawned, and our little travellers decided as a last sight-seeing trip to see the much talked of Quidi Vidi. Beautiful as nature had made this small lake, the lovers of beauty had made her ten times more lovely. "Babs" and "Priscilla" thought it quite as pretty as the Italian lakes and lakes of Windemere, and started to walk around it. It had been transformed into a colossal boulevard, picturesque and charming. All the way round ran a low marble wall, broken now and then by steps leading to the water's edge. The beautiful drive wound its way round it, lined on each side by tall birch trees, and in which at intervals fountains sang in delicious mirth as they tossed their sunlit sprays high into the air. Here and there a glorious statue peeped from the bright green foliage as if ashamed of its naked loveliness, and over the fragrance of flowers, the music of falling water, the swaying of the branches in the light wind, the soft rippling laughter of children at play—the birds poured forth a burst of gladness in an ecstasy of joyous singing.

At five o'clock the Arcades was slowly steaming out of the Narrows, with the dying sun flaming amidst the glory of a northern sunset and lighting up the South Side Hills with reflections of soft and ruddy glow, and seemed to smile over the "City Beautiful" a sad farewell to the young girls. Twilight came and deepened, the wind died into sighs, the shore sank into sombre light, and slowly the "city beautiful," with its fountains, its trees, its beauty, its joys—was gone!

"Do you know," said the captain, "years ago St. John's was devoid of all trees, of flowers, of gardens, and, in fact, of all the beautiful things which you saw, and was ugly, bare and dirty. Then later a general knowledge of the barrenness of St. John's took hold on the people. Trees were planted, parks were made, streets were cleaned, rich men donated money towards the funds, and the result was—St. John's as you saw it, in its beauty and its cleanliness." "Poor Newfoundlanders," sighed "Babs," "how I pity those who lived in St. John's before it was beautified, and could only imagine it as it should be and not as it was."

An English Chemist Has Discovered How to Grow Hair.

In England the ladies have entirely abandoned wearing hats which is due entirely to this new discovery. It has been proven that Henna leaves contain the ingredients that will positively grow hair. That they contain this long-looked-for article is proven every day. The Americans are now placing on the market a preparation containing the extract from Henna leaves, which is having a phenomenal sale. This preparation is called SALVIA, and is being sold with a guarantee to cure Dandruff and to grow hair in abundance. Being daintily perfumed SALVIA makes a most pleasant hair dressing. McMurdo & Co., your druggist, is the first to import this preparation into St. John's and a large, generous bottle can be purchased for 50c.

In Loving Memory

Of Mrs. John Quigley, who died Tuesday, Jan. 29th, 1912.
I see her still, she is not dead.
Though dust is mingling with her form;
The broken sunbeam hath not shed
The faint rainbow on the storm.
In visions of the midnight deep
Thine accents through my bosom thrill.
Thill joy's fond impulse bids me weep.
For, rapt in thought, I see her still.
Farewell, beloved, to mortal sight,
Thy vermillion cheek no more may bloom;
No more her smiles inspire delight
For she is garnered in the tomb.
Rich harvest for that ruthless power
Which hath no bound to mar his will;
Yet as in hope's unclouded hour
Throned in my heart I see her still.
IDA STEELE.



MAKES LIGHT
the work of washing, does Sunlight. Brightness and sweetness reign in the home when Sunlight Soap helps you.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

TRY THE SUNLIGHT WAY

Uncle Walt THE POET PHILOSOPHER.

I slide in the icy gutter and fracture a neck or knee; and I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me. So many of lofty scheming stand 'round in the mart and talk; what profit THE ICY WALK fits their rosy dreamings if perilous is the walk? Come forth from your hall or hovel when sleek is the earth with sleet, and do with the warden shovel your stunt on the public street; cease pushing through your mustaches your views on the course of Taft, and sprinkle the walk with ashes, for that is the wiser graft. My neighbors will stand debating the worth of the income tax, while out on the walks are skating poor souls on their heads or backs. I don't care a whoop if Teddy or Woodrow or Bob should run; it's snowing again already, and I shall remove a ton of snow with my good old shovel, and sprinkle the ice with salt, that no one may fall and grovel and swear at the name of Walt!

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A Close Out Sale

—OF—
Men's Negligee Shirts.

We are making room for new goods. These Shirts are all of them worth from \$1.50 to \$2.00 each. Sale price:

\$1.00.

K&A Store

The Young Man's Store.

G. F. KEARNEY.

J. M. ATKINSON

Phone 726.

jan19, eod

To-Day's Events.

2.30 p.m.—Matinee at Nickel and Star Theatres.
2.30 p.m.—Skating at Prince's and Parade Rinks.
2.30 p.m.—Contest for K. and A. Cup at Curling Rink.
2.30 p.m.—Hockey match at Prince's Rink—Creosets vs. Fieldians.
7.30 p.m.—Skating at Prince's and Parade Rinks.
7.30 p.m.—Performances at the Nickel and Star Theatres.
8.15 p.m.—Theatrical performance, T. A. Hall, "Lights of London."

HILL'S PILLS FOR LIVER ILLS

If you are troubled with Headaches, Biliousness, Sour Stomach or Constipation, take a few doses of HILL'S PILLS. You will be better the next day. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by T. McMurdo & Co.

Social Gathering.

In the basement of Gower Street Church last night the Quarterly Official Board hospitably entertained the congregation to a concert and refreshments. Mr. Fred Moore was Chairman and performed his duties in a most acceptable manner. Amongst those present were Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. F. J. King and Mrs. King. An excellent programme was rendered in which Miss Curtis delivered a beautiful recitation and Mr. and Mrs. King sang. At the conclusion tea and cake were served and a very pleasant hour spent.

NOT YET LEFT.—Job Bros. & Co.'s new auxiliary schooner Nether-ton, which is yet at Southampton, is having her engines installed. This delays her and the contractors will have everything in good shape before she leaves. Her date of sailing has not yet been decided.

Here and There.

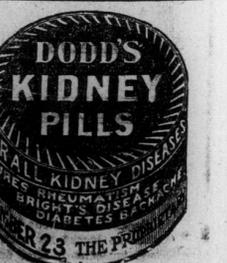
I have all the latest and most approved apparatus for accurate eye testing. Mistakes are impossible. R. H. Trapnell.—Jan 29, 11

GOING TO BARBADOS.—The schooner Olive, Capt. Martin Breen, sailed to-day for Barbados taking a load of fish, including cod, herring and salmon.

SCARLET FEVER.—A case of scarlet fever developed yesterday on LeMarchant Road, the patient, a woman, is being nursed at home.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS
A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at 15c a box or three for 50c. Mailed to any address. The Scotchwell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

GASPE READY.—The Gaspe, Capt. Enoch, is ready to sail to market with a load of fish. Her jibboom and head gear, damaged last week off Bay Bulls, have been repaired. She will go to Pernambuco with fish for James Baird, Ltd.



SAL COA

Read carefully

Cream Be

20 in., reg. price \$5.00
20 in., reg. price \$5.00
22 in., reg. price \$5.00
24 in., reg. price \$5.00
24 in., reg. price \$5.00

Colore

Velvet and Silk Br
Brown a

22 in., reg. price \$5.00

22 in., reg. price \$5.00

24 in., reg. price \$5.00

24 in., reg. price \$5.00

26 in., reg. price \$5.00

Children's

Cream, Navy, Saxe

C.L.



The Death of Labouche

Florence, Italy, Jan. 16.—The Hon. Henry Labouche, P.C., of the London "Truth," died at his home here this morning.

London, Jan. 16.—Until a few days ago Henry Labouche, who died at Florence, was one of the prominent independent politicians of the British Isles. He was a member of Parliament for about half a century, but always declined to take office in any cabinet. His views were extremely radical, preferred to give expression to as a free lance in the House of Commons. He wielded a very caustic which was used freely in the newspaper "Truth," of which he was proprietor and editor, and in which he often abused many abuses in commercial and diplomatic life. He was at one time in the diplomatic service, and served as an attaché in Washington in 1854, but left from the service ten years later for politics. Owing to falling ill he had resided in Italy since 1911. The late Rt. Hon. Henry Labouche, P.C., was born in London, in 1818, was the eldest son of John Labouche of Broome Hall, Surrey. He was educated at Eton, and in 1844 entered the diplomatic service, which in 1864. In 1866 he entered



Look at
There's a deal to know the wheat I couldn't get. West Flour comes from it certainly does make

Cream of the

the hard wheat flour. You just try it. If it doesn't grocer pays your money back.

The Campbell Milling ARCHIBALD R. G. ASH & CO., St. J.