

New Timothy Hay Seed

500 bundles No. 1 HAY.
100 sacks SCOTCH POTATOES.
20 crates NEW CABBAGE.
HUNTER'S SCOTCH OATMEAL.
HUNTER'S PEAS—1 lb. pkts.
30 cases
HARTLEY'S JAMS & MAR-
MALADE.
VALENCIA ORANGES.
EGYPTIAN ONIONS.
LEMONS.

American Gran. Sugar, 3½c. lb.
Rolled Oats, 3½c. lb.
Butter, 23c. lb.
Libby's Pork & Beans.
Irish Butter, 38c. lb.
Kellogg's Corn Flakes, 12c. pkg.
No. 1 Salmon, 12c. tin
Campbell's Soups, 12c.
Eray Bontos Corned Beef,
1 lb. tin, 22c.
Brawn, 1 lb. tin, 20c.

T. J. EDENS,

151 Duckworth Street, 112 Military Road.

LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, April 15th, 1914.

THE PRINCE'S PIPE.

The Prince of Wales is back after his Scandinavian visit and spent Easter at Windsor Castle with his parents. Some of the papers are commenting on the fact that he was photographed smoking a pipe, and the impression was given that this is something new. The Prince like most sailors took to the pipe as soon as he was free of the rigorous rule of the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth. The students are not allowed to smoke till they go to sea. Many officers combine the cigarette habit with that of the pipe. The Prince does so to some extent being different in that respect from King George, who does not like cigarettes but loves a pipe. I have known him when Prince of Wales beg a fill of tobacco from a man on the road side. He was an old pedlar who was in the habit of working round the villages on the Royal estate at Sandringham and smoked strong black shag. When on a second occasion the Prince asked him for a fill he remarked that he hoped he wasn't expected to keep the Royal family in tobacco. King George was much amused and presented the old boy with a pouch. The Prince is following in his father's footsteps in using a pipe. Curiously enough, among the men of the Fleet the cigarette is becoming more and more common. Cigarettes are very cheap on board ship and they are handy for a surreptitious whiff at times and, he it whispered, in places which are forbidden.

AND HIS COMING CRUISE.

The cruise of the Prince of Wales is shortly to take in company with his brother Prince Albert, on board the latter's ship H.M.S. Collingwood, is to be a short pleasure trip and the latter's appearance will not be attached to the ship's company on this occasion, nor be called upon to undertake any duties. It is not considered probable that the Prince will remain at sea for more than a fortnight at the outside, but this will involve his return to Oxford being delayed, so that he will not be present at the opening of the term. This cruise is being undertaken, it is understood, at his desire, he wishing once more to see something of the life of the Fleet at sea. The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert

CAUSE AND EFFECT

Good Digestion Follows Right Food. Indigestion and the attendant discomforts of mind and body are certain to follow continued use of improper food.

Those who are still young and robust are likely to overlook the fact that, as dropping water will wear a stone away at last, so will the use of heavy, greasy, rich food, finally cause loss of appetite and indigestion.

Fortunately many are thoughtful enough to study themselves and note the principle of cause and effect in their daily food. A young woman writes her experience thus:

"Sometime ago I had a lot of trouble from indigestion, caused by too rich food. I got so I was unable to digest scarcely anything, and medicines seemed useless.

"A friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts food, praising it highly and as a last resort, I tried it. I am thankful to say that Grape-Nuts not only relieved me of my trouble, but built me up and strengthened my digestive organs so that I can now eat anything I desire. But I stick to Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

He is now almost completely blind, but he began to learn Braille three years ago when he still had sight to read with. He declares that he never knew what will power meant until he began to learn Braille. The difficulty was to keep his eyes from helping his fingers. The temptation was almost irresistible. Anyone who has tried to learn the "touch system" of typewriting will understand.

THE LONDON SEASON.

With the reassembling of Parliament the London season proper may be said to have begun, and this year's season to all appearance will beat everything in the way of rush and scramble. For there is this remarkable anomaly about the season, that of late years it has both declined and increased. It has declined from the highest state it once held, when "to miss the season" was a social misfortune even to the greatest, from which they took long to recover. It has increased in the sense that the circle of those who affect to be "doing it" have grown out of all recognition. Not many years back the meaning of the London season was the gathering of the great territorial families who lived for the rest of the year on their remote country estates. Once a year they repaired with their marriageable offspring to London to enjoy the society of their kind, a few balls, dinners, and luncheons, a little Hurlingham and Ranelagh, a state ball and garden party at the Palace, and then returned home, with Lady Elizabeth suitably affianced and the Hon. Tom "practically engaged" to a really nice girl. Nowadays things are very different. A great number of nobilities stupidly avoid London from May to August like the plague, while countless families with the smallest social pretensions amaze their neighbors by informing them that they are "going to town for the season"—and by going there. The season, therefore, is now split up into at least a dozen seasons, with the result that balls are now so numerous that it is possible for almost any girl to be exclusive and not go to many, while the once exclusive polo clubs round about London are becoming as accessible as Hyde Park. Whatever the season may have lost, it is now a more complex, vital, and subtle affair than ever it was.

will join the ship at Portland, and accompany the First Battle Squadron to Lamlash for battle practice.

HOUSE OF COMMONS TALKATIVE-NESS.

Periodic protests against the Parliamentary loquacity of their colleagues have been both facetiously and seriously registered by members of the House of Commons almost since time immemorial. It is always the "other fellow" who offends. He it is who, having armed himself with a monumental manuscript, the product of several days' profound cogitation, is resolutely determined, having once "caught the Speaker's eye," to fire off the whole of the composition—and nothing less than the whole of it—in spite of the obvious impatience of his rivals, similarly equipped to take his place. Neither the silent reminder from the clock nor the audible hints from his restless audience that he is occupying too much time—time which in the opinion of his successors could be utilized to better purpose by themselves—acts as a restraint upon the flow of his eloquence. He pursues his way unconcerned, unmoved by the growing signs of indignation, knowing full well that when the last work of his peroration has been uttered and he resumes his seat his place will be immediately taken by another who will proceed to repeat the offence for which but a moment before he was ready to condemn his predecessor to perpetual exile. And so the merry game goes on. But a time comes when the House rebels against these prodigiously long orations, and sends forth a heartrending prayer to the Government of the day to do something, no matter how drastic, to curb the loquacious member. Such a moment has again arrived. The length of the speeches in the House Rule debate just concluded passed all reasonable bounds. The average length of a speech was about 45 minutes and many members found it impossible to say in an hour all they intended to say. Hence, for good reason, the renewed petition for a curtailment of speeches. The matter is to be raised in the House in a week or two by Mr. Leach, a Liberal, who intends to move a resolution placing a time limit of 20 minutes on speeches in the House and of 15 minutes on speeches in committee, with an exception in favor of Ministers, ex-Ministers, and movers of bills and resolutions. Every member would vote for this estimable motion, were the clause of exemptions extended in a direction which it is not necessary to particularize. But human nature being what it is, it may be confidently anticipated that Mr. Leach's well-meant effort to reform his fellow-members will share the fate which has befallen similar heroic proposals in the past.

FOR THE BLIND.

C. A. Pearson is one of the wonders of the journalistic world here. Trained under Sir George Newnes, who was not Sir then, on "Tit Bits," he started on his own journal and thus laid the foundations of a great publishing business and private fortune. He has never bulked so largely in the popular eye as his two great rivals Alfred Harmsworth, now Lord Northcliffe, and Newnes. Now he seems to be making up for lost time. In every rank of society and department of social and national activity he is winning unstinted praise for the way in which he is working with all his wonderful industry and ingenuity to make a success of the fund for cheapening Braille Books for the Blind. Everywhere we are being met with the question, What book will you buy the blind man? His latest suggestion is that golfers this season should devote any little stakes they may have on the game to the fund. Mr. Pearson himself is an expert reader of Braille.

WALT MASON'S DAILY STORY.

SAFE DEPOSIT

"I really think we ought to have some sort of a strong box in the house to keep our valuables in," said Mrs. Jamesworthy. "There have been many burglaries in town recently, you know. I was talking with Mrs. Gangling this afternoon, and she says her husband bought a small safe, and now she can sleep at night with a feeling of security."

"If any misguided burglars want to break into this humble abode, let them do it," replied Jamesworthy. "I'll make a desperate effort to overpower them and rob them of their tools and such other valuables as they may have on their persons. As for their carrying off any property of ours, I wish, Mrs. Jamesworthy, that you would mention something in this house which would be attractive to any sane yeggman. Of course, there's the piano, but it's out of tune; and there's the bookcase, with a few excellent volumes in it, but the tastes of burglars do not run to literature. All the things worthy carrying away are too large to move without a derrick. I worry about a good many things first and last, but I never have lost five minutes sleep worrying about burglars."

"The burglars worried you as little as they did me until Mrs. Gangling told you that she had a safe in the house. Then all at once you realized the imminent peril in which we stand. You reflected that some malefactor might break into our home any night, and steal the tomato or the bootjack."

"Had Mrs. Gangling told you that her husband had bought a stuffed alligator, you'd have come home full of the conviction that we'll be ostracized by the best society unless we order a stuffed alligator at once. If a neighbor gets something that we haven't got, you are persuaded at once that life will be a total loss without insurance until we get the dead mate to it. A woman of your years and experience should have more sense. Mrs. Jamesworthy. You know that I simply dislocate my knee caps and sprain my back toiling to provide for this household, and instead of guarding the treasury, you want to melt down our ingots of gold and silver and use the liquid to buy bubbles with."

"Mrs. Gangling is a cheap woman whose highest ambition is to stir up envy in the bosoms of her neighbors. Her story about buying a safe to protect her valuables is a palpable bluff. Mrs. Jamesworthy. If she really has a safe she hasn't anything but her false teeth to put in it. If a person really has valuables, the worst thing he can do is to buy a safe to hold them in. Every self-respecting burglar looks upon such action as a challenge to him, and he will cancel a good many more important engagements in order to save a hole through the door of that safe. If the Ganglings really have bought a safe, some poor but respectable yeggman will blow it open one of these nights, and we can imagine his feelings when he finds nothing but Mrs. Gangling's false teeth."

"If I were so weak as to yield to your arguments and buy a safe, I know just what would happen. For about twenty-four hours you'd be delighted, and then I'd come home and find you weeping bitterly because you had such a dear, sweet safe, and nothing to put in it. You'd begin quoting old women of the neighborhood, who assured you that we ought to invest in a few diamonds, as such stones are advancing in price right along. That's the way it goes in this house. When I bought you a new refrigerator last summer you bought about a ton of high-priced strawberries and such things, just so the blamed thing wouldn't be standing vacant, and when the grocer's bill came in I fell swooning to the floor."

"Let the burglars come, Mrs. Jamesworthy. There's a welcome on our doorstep for them all. We should be thankful that we have no safe for them to steal."

"If I were so weak as to yield to your arguments and buy a safe, I know just what would happen. For about twenty-four hours you'd be delighted, and then I'd come home and find you weeping bitterly because you had such a dear, sweet safe, and nothing to put in it. You'd begin quoting old women of the neighborhood, who assured you that we ought to invest in a few diamonds, as such stones are advancing in price right along. That's the way it goes in this house. When I bought you a new refrigerator last summer you bought about a ton of high-priced strawberries and such things, just so the blamed thing wouldn't be standing vacant, and when the grocer's bill came in I fell swooning to the floor."

"Let the burglars come, Mrs. Jamesworthy. There's a welcome on our doorstep for them all. We should be thankful that we have no safe for them to steal."

"If I were so weak as to yield to your arguments and buy a safe, I know just what would happen. For about twenty-four hours you'd be delighted, and then I'd come home and find you weeping bitterly because you had such a dear, sweet safe, and nothing to put in it. You'd begin quoting old women of the neighborhood, who assured you that we ought to invest in a few diamonds, as such stones are advancing in price right along. That's the way it goes in this house. When I bought you a new refrigerator last summer you bought about a ton of high-priced strawberries and such things, just so the blamed thing wouldn't be standing vacant, and when the grocer's bill came in I fell swooning to the floor."

"Let the burglars come, Mrs. Jamesworthy. There's a welcome on our doorstep for them all. We should be thankful that we have no safe for them to steal."

"If I were so weak as to yield to your arguments and buy a safe, I know just what would happen. For about twenty-four hours you'd be delighted, and then I'd come home and find you weeping bitterly because you had such a dear, sweet safe, and nothing to put in it. You'd begin quoting old women of the neighborhood, who assured you that we ought to invest in a few diamonds, as such stones are advancing in price right along. That's the way it goes in this house. When I bought you a new refrigerator last summer you bought about a ton of high-priced strawberries and such things, just so the blamed thing wouldn't be standing vacant, and when the grocer's bill came in I fell swooning to the floor."

"Let the burglars come, Mrs. Jamesworthy. There's a welcome on our doorstep for them all. We should be thankful that we have no safe for them to steal."

"If I were so weak as to yield to your arguments and buy a safe, I know just what would happen. For about twenty-four hours you'd be delighted, and then I'd come home and find you weeping bitterly because you had such a dear, sweet safe, and nothing to put in it. You'd begin quoting old women of the neighborhood, who assured you that we ought to invest in a few diamonds, as such stones are advancing in price right along. That's the way it goes in this house. When I bought you a new refrigerator last summer you bought about a ton of high-priced strawberries and such things, just so the blamed thing wouldn't be standing vacant, and when the grocer's bill came in I fell swooning to the floor."

"Let the burglars come, Mrs. Jamesworthy. There's a welcome on our doorstep for them all. We should be thankful that we have no safe for them to steal."

"If I were so weak as to yield to your arguments and buy a safe, I know just what would happen. For about twenty-four hours you'd be delighted, and then I'd come home and find you weeping bitterly because you had such a dear, sweet safe, and nothing to put in it. You'd begin quoting old women of the neighborhood, who assured you that we ought to invest in a few diamonds, as such stones are advancing in price right along. That's the way it goes in this house. When I bought you a new refrigerator last summer you bought about a ton of high-priced strawberries and such things, just so the blamed thing wouldn't be standing vacant, and when the grocer's bill came in I fell swooning to the floor."

"Let the burglars come, Mrs. Jamesworthy. There's a welcome on our doorstep for them all. We should be thankful that we have no safe for them to steal."



Spalding's

GREAT MAIL ORDER HOUSE.

It's All The Rage.

Get Your
Baseball
Outfit Now.

Baseballs, 7c., 9c., 15c., 35c., 75c., \$1.60, \$1.70
Bats 8c., 17c., 38c., 70c., 75c., \$1.25
Catcher Mitts, 15c., 40c., 80c., \$1.35, \$1.60 up
Baseman's Mitts \$1.50, \$1.60
Infielders' Mitts 40c., \$4.00
Masks 18c., \$1.35, \$3.50 up

Spalding's Baseball Guide, 1914, 10c.

The Crescent Picture Palace.

The House of Features—Wednesday and Thursday.

SHON THE PIPER—A 2 Reel Scotch masterpiece.

"A lass with eyes of Highland blue,
Who loved the pipes and the piper too."

THE BANKS OF THE GANGES—A beautiful hand-colored scenic picture.

HIS BROTHER'S WIVES—A Nestor comedy production, featuring Eddie Lyons & Donald MacDonald.

PUZZLE MAD—A most laughable comedy.

MR. SIDNEY ERNSHAW, Lyric Baritone, sings the popular Scotch ballad, "The Bonnie Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond."

On Friday & Saturday, THE MASK, featuring Lois Webe, Phillip Smalley and Rupert Julian.

YOUNG LADIES!

THIS WEEK WE OFFER YOU

Two Specials IN BLOUSES.

1st.—Black and White Stripe Muslins, low neck, trimmed dainty white lace.

2nd.—Cream Linen, with Sailor Collar effect, trimmed navy, with polka dot.

One Price for this Week, 65 cts.

These Blouses are good value at \$1.00 each.

See them to-day.

S. MILLEY.



The Popular London Dry Gin is

VICKERS' GIN

D. O. ROBLIN, Toronto
Canadian Agent

J. JACKSON, St. John's,
Resident Agent

ORE BOATS REPAIRS. — Repairs to the propeller and bow of the ore carrier Trepell will finish this evening and the ship will get away for Bell Island to-morrow morning, if ice conditions permit, to load ore for Rotterdam.

The Scotch Bill At The Crescent.

Large audiences saw the big performance at the Crescent Picture Palace yesterday. "Shon the Piper" was an ideal Scotch photo-play that set them all going. The second picture, "The Banks of the Ganges" was a splendidly scenic subject and as comedies "His Brother's Wives" and "Puzzle Mad" were very laughable. To-day the same show is repeated. Sidney Earnshaw in singing that ever popular Scotch ballad "The Bonnie Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," scored a big success. On Friday and Saturday five big pictures will be presented, the principal "The Mask" in which Lois Webe, Phillips Smalley and Rupert Julian are the foremost actors.