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have showered us with an amazing variety of
**Radiant New Millinery
and Ready-to-Wear Hats.**

It will be well worth your while to come to our store to-day and study the new styles—try them on if you wish—you are sure to be delighted with the variety of authentic ideas.

Bishop, Sons & Co., Limited The Store with the New Styles first.



walls of water that rise without warning on a calm sea and endanger shipping anchored offshore. Communication with the island is often impossible for ships for a week at a time.

EVENING.

The young men are planning great courses they'll run; and I am outspanning my work nearly done; I'm glad I am aging, the angelus rung; I like not the raging we know when we're young; the fury and passion, the strivings are gone; in indolent fashion I sit on my lawn; I have no profession, I toil at no trade; I watch the procession, the human parade. I sit in the morning out here by my gate, and offer a warning to many a skate. "The road you are taking," I tell youths, "is wrong; your bones you'll be breaking in mantraps ere long. I know, for I trod it; and now that I'm old I sit here and audit its sorrows untold. At first it is pleasing and bordered with flowers, and on you go breezing through sunshiny hours. Alas that you follow that treacherous way! Its promise is hollow, its pleasures decay; oh, turn, I beseech you, for if you persist the bogies will reach you and slay you I wist!" But little they mind me, they vote me a bore; my years are behind me, and theirs are before. All buoyant the friskers walk on in the morn; they look at my whiskers and laugh me to scorn. Some day they'll be sitting, as I'm seated now, worn out by their laming, or pushing a plow; and they will be sighing, as I sigh the sun, "We're glad that the trying and striving are done."

HOUSES! HOUSES! HOUSES!

This is the cry of the hour. Why build when you can buy much cheaper. One house at the foot of Theatre Hill, 10 rooms, stone, with all modern improvements; Bungalow, Mundy Pond Road; houses on Blackmarsh Road, William Street, Atlantic Avenue, Pleasant Street, LeMarchant Road, Saunders Place, Freshwater Road, Merrymeeting Road, Quidi Vidi Road, Hamilton Avenue, Military Road, Allan's Square; two houses on Flower Hill, one house on Gower Street, freshhold; one large house on Rawlins' Cross.

All the above property will be sold on the very best terms in the city. Why not avail of this opportunity? Also one 45 horse power Marine Engine, only used about three days. Apply to

J. R. JOHNSTON,

Real Estate Agent, 80 1/2 Prescott Street.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THOUGHTS ON A DRESS.

I have seen a dress that I love. I can't afford to buy it. I have spent more money than I should on my Spring wardrobe already. I am a reasonable human being and that ought to settle it?

And yet that dress obsesses me. It is a perfect dress from my point of view. It is my pet color. It is simple in line. It's simple, trim, smart, effective, and artistic. It has a becoming neck instead of those difficult lines which seem contrived to show that a fapper can wear anything and get by with it, and that an older woman is a fool to try to. I'd like to get at the man who invented those styles that cater to extreme youth and show the rest of us up. I know it is a man because a very young woman wouldn't be capable of would not be so cruel.

The Final Recommendation. The final and highest recommendation of this dress is that it looks as if it were my dress. I am sure that my intimate friends would recognize it as mine if they saw it among a hundred others and I said one belonged to me.

I keep thinking of that dress and trying to think of ways to justify myself for buying it. I keep imagining myself attending various functions with it on. I listen in fancy to the comments that various people would make on it. I try it on in imagination with my two hats and see myself in a restaurant or theatre slipping off my coat and standing forth in the simple perfection of it.

Do You Understand? When I am thinking of other things—important things—that dress pops into my mind and crowds them out. I have been twice to the shop where it is to look and see if it were gone yet. When it is gone I shall have a poignant sense of loss. I hope I shall not buy it because it would not be sensible or justifiable, but I do not wholly trust myself.

And now I wonder what you are thinking of all this confession. Are you thinking "Why on earth does she think her readers would be interested in that stuff?" or "Well, I am disappointed in her. She certainly is a silly thing to think so much about a dress."

Or are you saying "If that isn't just

the way I felt about that dress, or that hat, or that coat."

Have I Built a few Bridges? I wonder. I very much hope I have. The only reason I have been so very personal was that I thought it might make a bridge for me in the hearts of other women who have felt that same way and either yielded to temptation and regretted it, or stood firm—and very likely regretted as much.

Oh, yes, I did have one other reason. I am still assailed at times by the doubters who write, "I have heard that you are a man." Surely this should spike these gins forever.

How a Tragedy Was Averted.

Sir Halford J. Mackinder, who was British high commissioner for South Russia in 1919-20, has just disclosed a dramatic incident which occurred during the pursuit of Gen. Denikin's forces by the Bolsheviks. The Allies, it will be remembered, had extended military aid to Admiral Kolchak and Gen. Denikin and Yudenich, but it failed to prevent their final defeat. At beginning of 1920, in the depth of winter, the British forces were with the White army at Tikhoretskaya Junction, about 140 miles from the Black Sea; fronting them and Denikin's troops were the "Reds," then already beginning to cross the ice-bound river Don. In the rear, at Ekaterinodar, stood a number of trains containing the wives and children of Denikin's officers—unfortunates who for at least two years previously had been condemned to wander about with the anti-

Bolshevik regiments. Before the appearance of the enemy a movement of desertion had begun, many of the officers stealing away, each intent on getting his wife and children to a ship. Suddenly a rumor spread in the White army that the British force was on its way to the sea, and that the fugitives expecting deliverance from the trains would be left to the mercy of the Bolsheviks. The new situation was one of great peril to the small British contingent. "Black looks," writes Sir Halford, "had taken the place of the former friendship, and at a moment a mad cry of British 'achery might endanger the lives of our men.' It seemed to the high commissioner unthinkable that these poor women and children should be shaken and left to their terrible fate; those who for a year past had encouraged and supported their husbands and fathers in a heroic if futile endeavor." Without, therefore, communicating with the British government, he issued a written pledge guaranteeing that all available ships, naval and commercial, would be used to evacuate the wives and families of the Russian officers whenever the necessity should arise, and that meanwhile the British military force would form a rear guard for their protection.

The pledge was distributed broadcast through the White army, the desertions promptly ceased, and full confidence returned. As the result of a thaw the ice on the Don broke up, staying the advance of the Reds long enough to insure the retreat of the White army with all its belongings. In the House of Commons there has been some slight criticism of Sir Halford's procedure, but the British government has fully endorsed the action he took. The debacle of Denikin's army came in due time, but the prompt action of the British high commissioner saved it from being associated with what would have gone into history as one of the most tragic episodes of the struggle against bolshevism in Russia.—Sunday Herald.

Tested in English.

"There isn't much I don't know about the English language," boasted the long-haired man in the club. "I'll test you," replied a friend. "I'll dictate a paragraph to you." With an assured air, the boaster seized his pen, but his jaw dropped as he heard the following: "As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule log from a yew tree, a man dressed in clothes of a dark hue came up to Hugh and said, 'Have you seen my ewes?' 'If you will wait until I hew this yew tree, I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes,' said Hughes."

Est MRS. STEWART'S Home Made Bread.—apr4.6mo

Napoleon's Isle.

St. Helena, the island prison of the Emperor Napoleon, is harder hit today than at any time since the opening of the Suez Canal. This is chiefly due to the great decrease in visits by ships. The failure of the flax industry, which was started with the aid of a Government grant after the war, is another cause of the lack of prosperity. Jamestown, the capital, was a busy and rich little town forty years ago. Today the streets are empty and the houses dilapidated. Even in the country many houses are uninhabited, while others are in ruins. The cable station is one of the few institutions which have not suffered since the beginning of the war. But the island is still able to support a weekly newspaper, the Guardian.

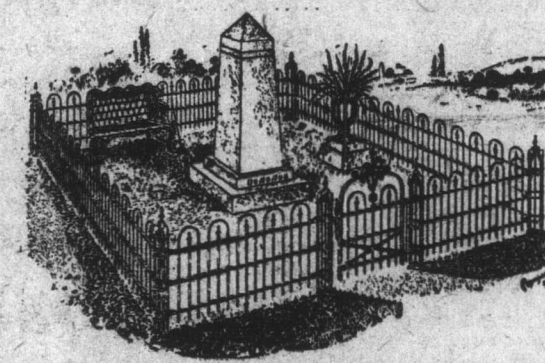
The population of St. Helena is a curious one. Many settlers came to the island after the Great Fire of London in 1666. Others were originally slaves from Madagascar. The result is a coloured race. The majority of the men are sailors.

The climate of St. Helena is very healthy, the trade winds tempering the tropic heat. Five-sixths of the island is barren to-day, owing to rapidly multiplying flocks of goats destroying the vegetation.

Bees will not live on the island, and in consequence little fruit can be cultivated.

One of the peculiarities of St. Helena is the rollers. These are great

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A braided girdle of heavy cream cords is finished with corn color and black wooden beads. Effective with a frock of corn-color linen.

Mina's Liniment for Paris, etc.

MUTT AND JEFF—

MUTT DECIDES NOT TO BREAK THE TRAINING RULES.

—By Bud Fisher.

