

Welcome to Summer
AND TO
OLD SOL
AND A BREEZY HANDSHAKE FOR OUR
NEW SUMMER OUTFITS!
Heat Chasers All!—And, of Course, First, its
HAIL TO THE STRAW!



Summer was waiting for our Straws, and now both are here. A swelled head is excusable in these, they're so good-looking,

\$2.50 to \$4.00.

PANAMAS!

panacea for all head ills, \$10.50.

CAPS IT ALL—OURS!

A touch of style and a touch of quality that will touch your fancy in a pleasing way.



\$1.00 to \$5.00.

SOFT FELTS—NEW TO-DAY!

If you've never worn a Soft Hat before, try one of ours—and we've got one more booster. We've made a Specialty of fitting good-looking Hats, \$5.00 to \$10.00.

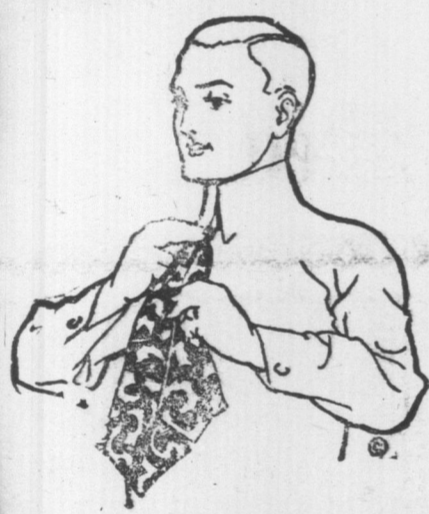
WHO SAID SUMMER WITHOUT A SILK SHIRT?

Every stripe you want but a bad stripe. You'll feel chesty in these.

NECKWEAR!

It tickles our pride to hear what all the chaps say about this line. Roam through 2,000 patterns and you're sure to find what you want.

75c. to \$3.00.



LIVE LEATHER BELTS.

As famous as the one round the equator, \$1.25.

UNDER THE SURFACE OF THINGS—OUR UNDERWEAR.

Combinations and two-piece, \$2.50 to \$6.50.

A FEW MENTIONABLES WE MUST MENTION.

Silk Socks \$1.50

Lisle 75c.

Silk Pyjamas \$5.00 to \$20.00

HAND IT TO US WHEN

WE HAND YOU GLOVES.

Silk Gloves, \$2.00 pair.



AND, OF COURSE, OUR OTHER REGULAR LINES:

Soft Collars, Stiff Collars, Handkerchiefs, Raglans, Garters, Braces. And back of all our Goods the Guarantee of Superior Quality, that puts us first this year while others are trying to reach our last year's standard.

COME ALONG TO-DAY—LET'S PUT THE SNAP OF SUMMER INTO YOUR OUTFITTING.

Smyth's
ESTABLISHED 1875

Bag and Baggage.

Present and immediately past conditions in Turkey are contrasted by a traveller familiar with the country both before and since the armistice. Before the armistice every article of food and clothing was at least forty times dearer than before the war, and these prices were artificially created by government corruption. "Requisitioned" for the army, every article of food and clothing found its way into the hands of friends of the government, who then profiteered by selling to the civilian population. New laws

were passed to further this profiteering by the Turks, and thus completely destroyed any remaining commerce of the Christians; whilst every reported German victory was made an affair of compulsory celebration. News of such victory set the Turkish police in motion from house to house, and presently the entire city would apparently be rejoicing. With the Christian population the rejoicing came when the news of the armistice reached Turkey. The Turkish power to prosecute was broken, but the Christian in Turkey is now likely from day to day to receive anonymous missives reading, for example, "Oh, yile Chris-

tians, these things will pass; you will remain in our possession again, and we shall massacre you." "Bag and baggage" does indeed seem to be the only remedy.

For your new Spring Suit, made in the very latest style, pink back or plain, or any style you want, go to SPURRELL THE TAILOR, 365 Water St. mar24, eod, tf

MINARD'S LINZEMAN FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

A Great Irishman.

The latest attempt to find a solution of the Irish question has this at least in its favour, that it comes from an Irishman who is honoured wherever the thoughts of men are occupied with Ireland. Sir Horace Plunkett is one of those who have not been able to avoid fame. Seeking nothing for himself, he has won the sincere praise of all conditions of men on behalf of Ireland for thirty years, and what Ireland thinks of him was shown when the Irish Convention assembled and he was unanimously elected to its chairmanship. That nation, which is as delicate in compliment as it is fervent in abuse, could have paid him no higher tribute.

If you met him in the street you would, I suppose, pass him by without a second glance. The people who are really great are so often so securely disguised. There is just a little grey man of 65, with an untidy grey beard, with none of the outward tokens of distinction. And when he talks his words are slow and hesitating, with no touch of splendour in the framing of them.

But presently you realize that the little grey man is burning with great purposes, and behind the stammering words there are visions which begin to reveal themselves, and your wandering attention is fixed and held.

When Elton and Oxford had done with him, Horace Plunkett went cattle-ranching in Wyoming, and he has kept up his connection with America ever since, and has, indeed, a house in California. But in 1888 he came back to Ireland and set to work on the redemption of the rural districts. He saw in agricultural co-operation the great hope of the future, and in 1894 he founded the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, whose marvellously clumsy name has been the banner of an increasing hope for Ireland ever since.

For consider what that society, with its thousand branches and its numberless kindred organisations, has done. It is not only that it has shown the Irish farmer the way to prosperity—though that in itself is of the highest importance. But, beyond this, it has shown the Irish people how possible it is for men of violently divergent political and religious faith to work together in harmony for the good of Ireland. "One of our best men is a Presbyterian minister," he told me, "and another is a Catholic priest. And they get on famously."

All this, of course, is an old story, but it is well to remember it at this time, when the man who set these quarrelsome people working in unity is making his greatest appeal for unity to his countrymen. "There has been so much muddled thinking about Ireland," he says, "and the Irish themselves have done a great deal of it. But forced to think clearly, Republicanism is impossible, and so is the Ulster programme. The question is, What can we find that is possible?"

He believes that he has found the answer to his own question. What Ireland and the world in general will think of it remains to be seen. But it is at least certain that his convictions are based on the most honest and thorough consideration of all the facts as he knows them.—London Daily Mail.

We Can Supply

The best gas appliances for domestic or industrial use. Our \$5.00 Gas Iron costs only a few cents for a day's ironing. Gas Cookers from \$25.00. Gas Heaters for the Home or store. Bake Ovens, Confectioners' Furnaces, Soft Metal Furnaces, Tank Furnaces for boiling hams, etc., are a few of the many appliances required to increase the comfort of your Home or the efficiency of your Factory.

If you have any heating problems to solve, give us an opportunity of serving you.

ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT CO.
July 8, eod, tf

The Crime Supply.

(By BARRY PLAIN, in London Daily Mail.)

"I'm reading," said Purbright, "some exciting stories in a monthly magazine about an amateur detective. His name's Stanton, or Wilborough, or something like that. He's a perfect gentleman with a natural taste for poking his nose into other people's affairs. 'Well, this chap goes to stay at a country house. Mark what happens. On the night of his arrival the duchess's pearl necklace is stolen. Following on that, two valuable hunters are poisoned. And this month a beautiful girl is found dead in her bed with her throat cut and the letters L.O.U. branded on her forehead. And yet the detective—this Stanborough—is still staying on at this house.'"

"Well," I said, "what about it?" "Just this. If I were his host I should go to him and say, 'Look here, Wilton, old man, I hate to be superstitious, but you seem to bring a train of events with you. And, talking about trains, the up express goes at 10.35 a.m., which will give you nice time for breakfast before you catch it.' And I should be justified."

"Why, how much crime does the ordinary man encounter? I'm getting on in life, and there's never been a murder in any house or hotel where I've been staying. I was once given five-pence short at a booking-office. I detected it twenty minutes later, partly by one of these flashes of intuitive genius and partly by counting my change."

Some years later my wife said that a frowsy charwoman whom we then employed stole a bar of soap every time she came to the house; but it's my belief that soap was the last thing that woman would have touched. After another interval of years a gardener of mine got into trouble for abstracting the lead from the roof of a dissenting chapel. And last week my parlourmaid was fined because the lamp on her bicycle went out. And that little list represents crime as I've experienced it.

"I doubt if you've done much better. I'm positive you're not up to the level of the magazine detective. He lives and moves in the crime-centre. Crime comes after him as naturally as the limelight follows the actor—but not more naturally. He has always got enough material to keep him busy. "Plain men like you and me can go into a restaurant, eat a chop, pay for it, and come out—and that's the whole of the excitement. But if the magazine brand of detective drops into a restaurant, the head waiter's a foreign spy and the manager has escaped from Broadmoor, the cutlet's explosive, and the salt cellar's full of arsenic, and at the next table a strange-looking man who's eating a rum omelette suddenly shoots his companion, who's a Russian Grand Duke in disguise. "People say that the detectives of fiction are lucky in the way they dis-

cover the criminal. But detection's nothing—dogs have been trained to do it. Where those detectives are really lucky is in their constant supply of crime. They must have cornered the crime market."

IMPETURABLE GRIEVE.

Concerning Commander Grieve, who navigated for Hawker on his Atlantic flight, the last named tells a good story. "We were in mid-Atlantic," said Hawker, "running the engine red-hot and wanting water badly. We came down low to look for a ship. Then I turned and saw that Grieve was asleep. At any moment the engine might have given out. "I heard a very anxious search, I heard a tired voice saying: 'I say, old man, have we found a ship yet?'"

Savings Multiply by Investment.

Mr. G. M. Reynolds, President of the Continental and Commercial Bank, Chicago, says:

"Nobody can make a fortune by saving money from salary or wages. I think I have never accomplished anything big in my life that my friends have not urged me to take a different course."

You get a start by SAVING—but we can multiply it by judicious investment. What we have accomplished in the way of profit and growth for some 600 clients, we can do for YOU, if you only give us the opportunity.

Right now, we offer to invest for you, at a net profit of 15 per cent. per year, any amount from \$100 to \$5,000. Isn't it only fair to yourself and to us to compel us to prove to you HOW we can do it. Just ask us to lay all the details before you.

J. J. Lacey & Co., Limited,

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Warm Weather Wear

FOR LADIES.

Cool White Undergarments,

Good Styles and Fine Qualities.



Undershirts,
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Undershirts.
White Cambric and Long-cloths, lace trimmed and embroidered,
\$1.25 to \$3.00.

Gowns.
Fine Cambric Nightgowns, neatly trimmed with embroidery and lace,
\$1.80 to \$6.00.

Camisoles.
Fine Nainsook, trimmed with Val. lace and insertion,
45c. to \$3.00.

Silk Camisoles.
Flesh color, neatly embroidered and ribbon trimmed,
90c., \$1.70, \$2.25, \$2.50.

Knickers.
Fine, Long and Cambric embroidery trimmed,
\$1.00, \$1.10, \$1.20, \$1.30, \$1.50.

Silk Hose.
In shades of Pink, Pale Blue, Palm Beach, Mole, Grey, Brown, Black and Fancy,
60, 70, 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25.
Special Line Black only, silk leg,
30c. pair.

WOMEN'S UNDER



MUSLINS

Silk
Camisoles,
Knickers,
Silk Hose.



SILK LISLE HOSE,

In Black and White,

50c. pair.

STEER Brothers.