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SPECIAL TO OUTPORT CUSTOMERS: We will prepay postage or expressage on any Blouse Robe ordered from us. No approbation—cash to accompany order.

S. MILLEY.

Shannahan Describes a Game of Cards at Tucker's.

MRS. TUCKER "SETS UP" A CLOCK.

Friday night we had a high old time at Tucker's. 'Twas made more enjoyable than we expected at first, by the arrival of a new-comer, whom we will stigmatize as the Cute Man from Carter's Hill.

For some time Mrs. Tucker preached to us about a clock that was in the family for a long time, a clock that often kept good time, and a clock that would rouse you out of bed or frighten you to death, one or the other, when he struck five.

You know we often played for articles at Tucker's and often won 'em, but no one up-to-date took anything that they won. We simply played the game, had our night's sport and conveniently forgot to ask for the vases, the mat, or whatever was "set-up," when we'd be leaving for home.

The very minute I entered Tucker's, Friday night, and took a good square look at the Man from Carter's Hill, I said to myself if he happens by hook or by crook to win the clock, the clock changes residences sure.

If I could describe this man to you I'd make a fortune. A round headed man with hair well over his ears, his face well washed, evidently in a circular movement, for while his neck could not be termed dusty, yet it showed none of that fresh look that the face sent out. He wore a doe-skin coat (the doe died about 85 years ago), braided all round with broad binding, a gap of quarter of an inch or so showing here and there like gaps in a fence. He wore a soft, very clean shirt, but no tie, and this is one of the reasons why we called him the cute

man. His pants and boots cannot be described by any better name than "Dry," and he walked with a little cute, happy hop, like a man taking up the Sunday collection. His eyes were keen, and he was keen, for before the game started I could see him looking sideways at the clock, as if judging whether 'twas any good or not. He was asked by Tucker to fill up his pipe and have a few draws. But he only moved one of his thumbs over the other and said: "I never smoke, sir." Even in that reply I could see that he was after the clock. He wasn't after amusement. He wanted nothing but the clock.

I got over alongside of Tucker and a fellow named Din, and I told 'em to keep their eyes open. This "stick o' frankum," said I, is here on the make-to-night, but if ye keep your looker looking, he'll get left. There was six of us in the game and we decided to play three two's. As luck would have it myself and Tucker fell in partners, two half green men of the neighbourhood who are always ready to lend a hand at anything, were partners also, and the cute man from Carter's Hill and Mrs. Tucker rowed the one oar.

Five chalks we decided on playing, and before the game started, Mrs. Tucker arose and paid a grand tribute to the clock. It had been a faithful and cheap servant ever since Tucker and herself stabbed for their marriage certificate. There was nothing wrong with the clock, only one of the weights had gotten up between the works, but with a little careful handling that

could be rectified. She pointed to the yellow bird on the door, and said that that was a work of art. Frank Walsh told her so one day when she was bringing it home from Mr. Lyons, and Frank knew, sure. She said she would be sorry to part with it, but owing to circumstances it had to go. If you'd ask me 'twould be the first time for twenty years.

The game commenced. Such beastly luck myself and Tucker never struck. When hearts or diamonds were trumps we would have a hand like a graveyard. Our friend from Carter's Hill and Mrs. Tucker were "whipping it to a jingle," while the two "half softies" who came in to fill up, weren't in it at all. I was half-pleased to see the way things were going, for I knew if Mrs. Tucker got playing off with the "Cute Man" she'd knock spots out of him.

The game now stood: we—two out; the Cute Man and Mrs. Tucker, four; while the "make-uppers," had only one to their credit. "Whip it, Joe Lyons, your dog is shot," said Mrs. Tucker, as she looked at her hand. Hearts were trumps and the five on 'he deck head. I knew 'twas all up with us, for when Mrs. Tucker breaks up into exclamations it's a sign of a lean sweep, and a clean sweep it was.

Now for the play-off. The little cute man gave another glance at the clock, as he tugged in his chair closer to the table, directly opposite Mrs. Tucker.

"How many games will it be?" asked Mrs. Tucker. "What do you say for a sudden death, one game and the best horse jump the ditch?" The cute man looked up to the ceiling, stroked his chin with two fingers and said: "No, I'd rather we'd have three, 'tis fairer, you know."

"All right," said Mrs. Tucker, "the straight rubber." Tucker and myself loaded up our pipes and soon sent a fog over the table that would cause a shipwreck at Mistaken Point. We gloried in the game, for we felt that the cute man would get an awful wiping out. We had played with Mrs. Tucker on stormy nights, when the wind battered against the windows. We knew her game and we felt that this Stick of Frankum, from Carter's Hill, would never have it to say that he won the clock.

"Two thirties, be jingo," said one of the "soft men," "this is going to be interesting." Spades were trumps and the man from Carter's Hill laid the five with a knock of his knuckles that sounded the death knell of the clock; next came the ace of hearts, and the Cute Man was one out. Mrs. Tucker started in to grumble about too much smoke. That is always a poor sign, a sure sign in fact that Mrs. Tucker is losing her temper.

The cards are dealt again and clubs are up. Mrs. Tucker smiles the smile

of the prosperous. She has a clean jink, and makes it without a struggle. The Cute Man gets up and walks around his chair for good luck.

"Well," said Mrs. Tucker to me in a whisper, "he's a cute card for sure, do you know I believe that individual cuts his own hair. Surely he won't take the clock out of the house if he wins it at all."

"Take it," said I, "that man would take a cold if he got it for nothing."

The play continued and after a hard and interesting struggle the Cute Man came out victorious. You'd swear there was someone after dying, a sullen look came over us all, except the Cute Man. We sat back from the table and talked on the elections and several other topics, but the Cute Man didn't join in. He seemed to be waiting for Mrs. Tucker to hand him down the time-piece till he'd make tracks for home. Now and then he cast a wistful eye, and suddenly he asked in a quick tone: "Does she keep good time?"

"She did," said Mrs. Tucker, "when she was going, but she never went since the night poor Jane died," and then Mrs. Tucker wiped away a tear like they cry on the stage.

The Cute Man was too hard to be moved by talking of Jane, and when Mrs. Tucker came to herself, he asked out straight for his prize.

The clock was one of those three-footers, with steeples on top and hands as big as a crow-bar. It had stood in the same position for years, except, of course, at house cleaning time. On either side of it on the mantelpiece stood a china duck that might be taken for a canoe or a horse-stinger. Next to the duck came two candlesticks, and next to them a piece of glass from the top of a telephone pole, while on the end stood a round glass ball which we use on bultows. To strip the mantelpiece of the clock would be like taking the boots off a man. But stripped it had to be, for the Cute Man demanded his pound of flesh.

Mrs. Tucker made a move toward the mantelpiece much the same as a fellow walks to the Penitentiary. She extended her arms, but pretended she couldn't reach it. She called on Tucker, but Tucker gave her the deaf ear, and soon the Cute Man came to the rescue. "Allow me," said he, as he stood on a stool, while Mrs. Tucker gave him a look that meant daggers. Slowly the clock is removed, it strikes one and then another, jingle sounds are heard as the striking wires come in contact with one of the weights, and the Cute Man wishes all hands good night, makes his exit, and in the distance through the lane we hear the dying jingle of the old time-keeper.

We all sat motionless gazing at the blank space on the mantelpiece. "Well," said I, "a long threatening comes at last. We have played for that clock about 16 times to my own reckoning, and now 'tis all over." "Who thought of asking that anguished to come down here to play," said I, "this is another lesson you have learnt to-night." The pitcher was going to the well but 'twas broken at last, and we all gazed at the vacant spot again. No more was said. We were all too full for utterance.

TIM SHANNAHAN.

Why Not Have a Beautiful Head of Hair?

A woman's pride is her hair. Yet how many there are who have harsh, lifeless hair.

To be attractive, you must have beautiful hair.

SALVIA, the Great American Hair Dressing, makes ladies' hair grow in abundance. Gives it a beautiful, fluffy appearance.

Your dealer guarantees SALVIA to kill the Dandruff and make the hair grow, or your money back.

50c. a large bottle.

T. McMurdo & Co., Selling Agents for Newfoundland.

ASSAULTED A CITIZEN.

Two drunken men were arrested last evening for assaulting a citizen at the foot of Barte's Hill.

The officers had a difficult job to get the two men to the station.

Nerves Were Exhausted

Wants others to know of her remarkable cure by use of DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Mrs. Martin's condition as described in her letter below gives some idea of the extraordinary reconstructive power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Such cures as this have placed Dr. Chase's Nerve Food where it stands today as the most popular and most effective nerve restorative that money will buy.

Mrs. Edwin Martin, Ayer's Cliff, Que., writes:—"Before I began using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food I was in a terrible condition. Dizzy spells would come over me and I would fall to the floor in a faint. I could not even sweep the floor without fainting and my nervous system seemed to be entirely exhausted."

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ORDERS TAKEN NOW.

C. L. MARCH Co., Ltd.

Snapshots Around the World.

(By the Man in the Moon.)

In New York and Jersey City it is said that there are as many as 60,000,000 eggs in cold storage at one time.

For the second time within a year the English Channel was crossed by a Frenchman in an aeroplane. Saturday, May 21, Jacques de Lesseps performed the feat on that date in a dense mist.

The number of immigrants to Canada for the month of April was 23,278, while the United States for the same month received 20,784.

New York City saved \$3,985,000 in the first three months of Mayor Gaynor's administration, compared with the corresponding period a year ago.

Ontario seems to be a province rich in natural wealth. Prospectors have discovered several areas of good coal, large deposits of iron and also salt in immense quantities.

The Intercolonial Railway report issued last week at Ottawa shows a surplus for the year of \$623,164.66. The total revenue for the year was \$9,268,234.99, and operating expenditure, \$8,645,070.33.

A Los Angeles girl recently gave up an estate valued at \$100,000 to prove to her brother that her cousin, whom she wedded, was marrying her for love alone. The brother must have been delighted!

The boundary line between Canada and the United States along the New Brunswick and Maine borders has been definitely fixed, a treaty having been signed to that effect between Ambassador Bryce and Secretary of State Knox. The true location of the line has been a subject of contention for more than a century.

The Spanish Government has decided to demand a fresh enquiry into the cause of the Maine disaster if the wreck of the battleship is raised. The most prominent Spanish officers have already prepared reports upholding their version of the cause of the disaster, namely, internal combustion in the powder magazine.

It is said that the Mackay Telegraph Companies are negotiating the purchase of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company. It is rumored that the Mackay people contemplate laying a new cable to the Old Country via Newfoundland, and that \$3,500,000 has been set apart for the purpose. Manager Ward of the Commercial Cable Company left hurriedly for England last week, and this taken into consideration with other happenings, has given color to the above reports.

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All the Best Brands AT LOWEST PRICES.

5 Roses.
Verbena.
Robin Hood.
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Graham, ½ brl. or stone.
5 Roses, 14 lb. sacks.
Verbena, 14 lb. sacks.
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MOLASSES,—

Punchons.
Tierces.
Barrels.

OATS,—

Black and White.
Hay.
Corn, Bran, Cattle Feed.

SPECIAL.
100 Sacks extra heavy White Seed Oats, specially recommended.

T. J. EDENS

Notes From Harbor Grace.

The members of the Sons of England Society attended Divine service at Christ Church yesterday morning. Service was conducted by the Rev. Chas. Carpenter.

The Rev. M. Fenwick, of St. John's, preached two very forceful sermons in St. Andrew's Church here yesterday.

Mr. Crosbie, of St. John's, took a run this way in his auto Saturday, leaving on the return trip last evening.

A little three year old son of Mr. John Parsons, Water Street, died on Saturday of croup.

The many friends of Mrs. (Dr.) Parsons are pleased to notice the improvement in her health, and hope that in a few days she will be fully recovered from her recent serious illness.

BICYCLES

BICYCLE SUNDRIES
DISC RECORDS BICYCLE MUNSON
at Cut Prices
Send for Cut Price Catalogue.
249 Yonge St.
TORONTO
April 11.

provement in her health, and hope that in a few days she will be fully recovered from her recent serious illness.

Mr. L. Simmons, formerly of this town but now of Whitbourne, is soon to operate a cooperage in connection with his saw mill there. Mr. S. purposes sawing all sorts of coopers' lumber and having the stock made up on the premises. The same power that operates the mill will drive the machinery for the new venture. Mr. Selby Garland of this town has been engaged as foreman and goes to Whitbourne to begin work on Tuesday. We wish Mr. Simmons a large measure of success.

The telephone office has just been removed from the north side of Water Street to the south side. The new site is considered most suitable, being centrally located. Some four or five more of our townspeople are having a 'phone installed this week.

In the above connection we would like to thank the lady at the Central here for her kindness in allowing your correspondent to use the 'phone in ferreting out news; and our thanks are also due to the people in charge of the different Government offices for similar favors.

Dame rumor says that a well known widower of the East End and an equally well known widow of the West End are shortly to join hands and hearts in matrimony. Congratulations in advance!

Some of the drains about town are badly in need of attention. This is particularly so on Harvey Street, between Bennett's Lane and Cochrane Street. The sewer has become choked and the drain is filled with very unclean water. Come, Mr. Chairman, have this attended to. The police officer who lately visited the yards and premises of our citizens report everything in a clean condition. We would suggest that the officers be instructed to continue that work, and if Government property of any sort is in need of attention, have the work attended to without delay, thus showing a good example.

Mrs. C. Davis and Mrs. Stephen Butt leave by the express to-morrow, the former for Maynard, Mass., and the latter for Sydney, both on a visit to their sons.

CORRESPONDENT.

Harbor Grace, May 30th, '10.

CAPE REPORT.

Special to Evening Telegram.

CAPE RACE, To-Day.
Wind E. N. E., strong, dense fog. An unknown steamer passed in and another east at 6.30 a.m. Bar. 29.75; ther. 41.

FIRST PRACTICE.—The first practice at the new Rifle Range was held yesterday by the C. L. B. rifle men. In spite of the fog that prevailed several good scores were made.

Better Paint For Your Money



Paint that will cover better—look bright longer—and last nearly twice as long as ordinary paints. Paint that will not chalk, check, nor crawl—if common sense guides the use of it. Paint it took 17 years to perfect by adding just enough of one special ingredient.

Money's-worth paint—that's the idea!

It's in every can of M-L Pure Paints. Made in 40 colors for all paint users by Imperial Varnish & Color Co., Limited, of Toronto.

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