

First Opening of SPRING MILLINERY

You are cordially invited to attend our Spring Opening and see Fashions Favourite Fancies in

The Latest American Millinery.

The exhibit is most comprehensive and authoritative, embracing some of the most striking designs imaginable, yet an immense showing of smart, becoming models for those whose tastes are a little more conservative. Our Millinery Hats have always been noted for

Variety, Style, Quality and Moderate Price.

We are opening New Goods daily and advise you to see them as soon as possible.

Marshall Bros

Vinegar or Molasses.

By RUTH CAMERON.

How much easier an attractive environment and proper equipment make the doing of some disliked or monotonous task.

I had this fact brought home to me by the gift of a very attractive and convenient work box specially designed for my implements. Up to the box I had been hitting bag for my work. It was a big bag, and a mass of wool or cotton wool or needles I wanted to elude me in its mesh.

On the contrary, there was a place for everything and I took off the cover I had everything was. I had believed that I had a box, and I was so delighted by the weekly darning as the box was so well appointed box.

Colors Help Too.

As made from the strictly white of the box, it has an air of being me. It is of a lovely shape and has a lovely blue and orange on the inside of the cover. When I take the box on the table, it gives me a sense of pleasure and satisfaction. The dilapidated faded old box was far from giving.

I had for Christmas a new box, and I have never mind. I had a box, and I have never mind. I had a box, and I have never mind. I had a box, and I have never mind.

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS'—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

Not A Miracle, But—

One would like to say he was instantly converted into a paragon of neatness and order. That did not happen. But he did make a tremendous improvement and is now, according to his wife, more neat and orderly than the average man.

I suppose vinegar has its place in child training but so has molasses.

Milady's Boudoir.

ESCAPING SUMMER TAN.

It is no longer considered the thing to exert one's powers to acquire a leathery coat of tan, which, to say the least is doubtfully becoming. And this poor skin, how it suffers and grows unsightly because by the owner's lack of sense. Then, when the winter months come and the low neck dresses are to be worn, the scars of the summer sun remains, and instead of one thinking of the vacation at the seashore, they are doubtless thinking of Miss Black's poor complexion. Now the summer girl takes more reasonable care of her skin, knowing that it is no longer good form to neglect the proper precautions against the sun and wind burn.

One of the first precautions is that of carrying a green sunshade on sunny strolls especially after a sea bath. An old umbrella will answer the purpose for of course one does not wish to risk a delicate parasol upon the windblown sands and against a wet bathing suit. Have a sunbath, and you must not do not go to the extreme and bake yourself brown. An excellent way to prevent burning is to mask the face in cold cream and powder before braving Sol's rays.

This mask need not be as conspicuous as it sounds. First rub a good cold cream on the face so that it enters the pores, and then after wiping off with a very soft cloth, apply a layer of powder, leaving as much on the face as you can without its being noticeable. Thus protected the rays of the sun can do very little harm.

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS'—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

Here Again!

After several years of waiting we can now offer

NESTLE'S

(Anglo-Swiss Company, by appointment to H. M. the King.)

MILKMAID BRAND EVAPORATED CREAM.

200 CASES—Large size.
100 CASES—Family size.
WHOLESALE ONLY.

Soper & Moore

Importers and Jobbers.

RECOMPENSE.

It's raining as I write these lines; around my shack the night wind whines a sad and sordid tune, and seems to say, "I'm not in vain! It takes all kinds of wind and rain to bring the flowers of June." We must admit said flowers are worth the bitter tears that lash the earth, the rain that all the tempests meant, when we dig up our bottom cent to buy a large red rose. No jonquils would our garden haunt; no tulips would in splendor flaunt their colors safe and sane; no lilies would in beauty bloom, no pansies would enjoy a boom, but for the sloppy rain. The wind was boisterous to-day; it blew my parasol away, and spoiled my stovepipe hat, but as it whirled it seemed to cry, "I bring the harvest of July! Oh, boob, get wise to that!" All things are working for our good, although their curves, misunderstandings, will sometimes make us tired; we must toil on through wind and wet, through storm and shine, if we would get the things we most desired. If everything for which we wish were brought us on a golden dish, this life would be a frost; we do not rightly prize a thing, a doughnut or a diamond ring, unless we've felt the cost.

WALT MASON

How It Happened.

The veteran Labour leader, Mr. Robert Smillie, commenting recently on the Workmen's Compensation Act, remarked that not every accident was due to the fault of the employer.

"For instance," he went on, "there was the case of Shamus O'Riley. He had just been introduced for the first time in his life to a circular saw, and the foreman of the sawmill, after giving him the necessary orders, left him to do the work."

"Shamus was vastly interested in the buzzing blade, and his curiosity getting the better of his discretion he soon found himself minus a finger."

"As he sat disconsolately mopping the blood from his hand the foreman reappeared, 'Halloo, my man, what's the matter with you?' he cried."

"What's up wi' me? Am I not after losing a finger," said Shamus in great and excusable indignation.

"The foreman frowned."

"And how on earth did you manage that?" he asked angrily.

"Shamus shook his head. 'Sure an I don't know! I just touched the blessed thing like this'—sitting the action to the word—'wid my finger when—bejabbers, there's another one gone!'"

Dances in Coal Mines.

Dancing underground is by no means unheard of. Balls have taken place in coal mines both in England and abroad. A dance given in a mine at Gosforth, near Newcastle, was one of the most remarkable ever held. The "ballroom" was 1,200 feet beneath the surface, and was paved and flagged specially for the dance. It was brilliantly illuminated, and dancing continued for hours. The ballroom may have lacked an element of beauty, but the novelty was unique. One of the most beautiful dances underground took place in a salt mine at Norwich. In this case the mine was illuminated with thousands of candles, the sparkling light and a reflection making the scene one of magnificence. This ball was given to aid charity, and was attended by people from all over the kingdom.

Spanish Flu.

Claims Many Victims in Canada and should be guarded against.

Minard's Liniment

Is a Great Preventative, being one of the oldest remedies used. Minard's Liniment has cured thousands of cases of Grippe, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Asthma and similar diseases. It is an Enemy to Germs. Thousands of bottles being used every day, for sale by all druggists and general dealers. MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Ltd., Yarmouth, N.S.

"Never Again" Billiards.

The recent billiard championship matches have not been productive of any sensationally big breaks, such as "anchored" firmly together in the jaws matches in days gone by.

The reason is that various strokes, by assiduously cultivating which certain players were able to achieve an almost superhuman skill in one particular direction, are now barred beyond a given consecutive number.

Never again, for example, will a player be able to score 1,200 in one break by potting the red 400 times in succession, as did Peall upon one memorable occasion. It is now forbidden, by the amended rules of the game, to play this stroke more than three times running.

Similarly, the stroke known as the "anchor" or "cradle" cannon, may now be played more than twenty-five times in succession. This stroke consists in first getting the two object balls "anchored" firmly together in the jaws of one of the corner pockets, and then going on to score a succession of cannons off them without causing them to stir from their "cradle"—no very difficult feat once the required position is attained.

Reese upon one occasion, made 249, 552 of these cannons in succession, his total break being 499,135—a record.

365 Tons of Gold.

ONE TON MAKES 114,240 SOVEREIGNS.

Altogether, the British Empire produces sixty per cent. of the world's annual output. Last year it produced £50,250,500 worth of gold. It weighed 12,800,567 ounces, or about 365 tons. As gold mines work continually every day throughout the year, the amount of gold won per day is just about one ton.

One ton of gold, in accordance with the English Mint standard, can be coined into 114,240 sovereigns. A sovereign weighs just a little over a quarter of an ounce and contains twenty-two parts pure gold and two parts copper. A ton of gold can be moulded into about sixty-five bars or ingots, each weighing, in accordance with the recognized standard, 400 ounces, and valued at £1,000.

Gold is throughout the world the standard of currency, and in consequence its value never alters. It is not liable to market fluctuations, as are so many other metals and things in general. During the war, it has been said that the only thing in the world that has not risen in price is gold, which has remained at its pre-war standard, viz., £4 6s per fine ounce. This works out at £114,240 per ton, which is the total amount we are digging out each day from all our mines in different parts of the world.

Watch Your Envelopes.

POST-MARK WORTH MONEY.

If anybody has accumulated during the war a hoard of used envelopes, he will do well to look through them, because certain postmarks are already in demand by collectors.

The triangular "Passed by Censor," the American "Passed as Censored," the blurred "Damaged by Immersion in Sea Water" (a relic of U-boat activities), the Italian "Poste Militare"—these and others all have some intrinsic value now, and will have more in the near future.

"FEED THE GUNS."

Perhaps the most noteworthy valuable of war-time post-marks are those of the "Feed the Guns" type. The idea of using such marks—advertisements for stamp defacing—was originally put into practice in Canada, where they were common long before the war. And it was there that patriotism was first appealed to by means of them.

Early in 1917 Canadians were exhorted by post-mark to "Help to Win the War—Buy War-Savings Certificates," and to "Save Your Money—Lend It to Your Country." The most famous Canadian postal slogan, however, was "25.00 dols. for 21.50 dols.—Buy War Savings Certificates" of which there was a French version for French Canadians.

Fashions and Fads.

Hats drip with fringe.

Wing sleeves are always charming. Ribbons are often raveled to form fringe.

Tight draped effects appear in bodices.

The very long-waisted dress is popular.

Tailored suits feature large scarf collars.

The long and narrow train is still in favor.

Moonlight blue is a lovely tone for evening wear.

STAFFORDS' PHORATONE.

A reliable combination of expectorants for relief of pulmonary affections.

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and other inflamed conditions of the lungs and air passages.

Manufactured only by Dr. F. Stafford & Son, Wholesale Chemists & Druggists, St. John's, Newfoundland.

T. J. EDENS.

By Adolph and Coban:
30 crates New Cabbage.
40 boxes Wine Sap Apples.
50 boxes Cal. Oranges.
40 bags Onions.
5 cases Cal. Lemons.
5 cases Grape Fruit.
5 bris. Parsnips.
Turnips.

MOIR'S

FRESH CHOCOLATES.
1 lb. CAKES.
6c. BARS.

New York Corned Beef.
Pork Loins.
Family Mess Pork.
Jowls.
Spare Ribbs.
Pigs' Tongues—Corned.

By Rail to-day:
30 Barrels
Kelligrews Potatoes.

T. J. EDENS.

151 Duckworth Street.



THE OLD HUNDRED PRO.

I do not mind the partner who is shooting off the line. I do not mind the fellow who is given to a whine. I can stand the fiery golfer who looks up and dubs—and swears. For the epithets he uses tell me how much he cares. But the bird that gets my nanny and puts all my grit to wing. Is the chap who knows precisely what's the matter with my swing.

I've a normal disposition and I'd like to keep it so. That all sorts of men are needed to make up this world, I know. So I take 'em as I find 'em, and I hall the cheery sort. And when I meet a growler, still I try to be a sport. But the gink who slips my trolley on the fairway or the tee. Is the chap who has the notion he must teach th game to me.

I have never found it helped me when my nerve was being tried. And my drives were short and toppy and my pitches going wide. To have some one simper sweetly like a maiden to a pup. "It's too bad your game's so rotten, but I'm sure your looking up. If you'll watch me for a minute while I make a swing, or two I can show you in a hurry just exactly what you do."

Golf's game of bugs, I fancy, each of us who loves the games. For some reason or another 'is entitled to the name. Some imagine it's the golf ball, some imagine it's the club. Some imagine it's the weather or the caddy when they dub. But of all the irritating freaks of golf, the worst I know is the chap who shoots a hundred, yet imagines he's a pro.

SHE MIGHT HAVE GUESSED.

By Cowan



Quality, be obtained at the R... up to \$20.00. service of our customers and afterwards. EY & CO., ST. JOHN'S, N.