

HOUSEFURNISHING.

We would remind the many householders now moving to the country for the summer months. That their many little housefurnishing wants, may be promptly filled by a visit to our housefurnishing department. We are leaders when it comes to housefurnishings. GIVE US A CALL.

Window Poles.

5 dozen only Oak and Mahogany Window Poles, 4½ feet long, complete with fittings, 60c. each.

36 dozen White Window Poles, 4½ feet long, with fittings complete, only 16c. each.

Congoleum Mats.

1 dozen only large size Congoleum Mats, 36 x 54, \$1.60 each.

SPRING BLINDS.

15 dozen SPRING BLINDS, Plain Ends	70c. each
10 dozen SPRING BLINDS, Fringe Ends	80c. each
10 dozen SPRING BLINDS, Insertion and Fringe Ends	\$1.00 each
8 dozen SPRING BLINDS, Insertion and Lace Ends	\$1.20 each
5 gross SPRING ROLLERS, with Fittings	25c. each
6 dozen BLIND PULLS, in Cream and Green only	4c. each

Marshall Bros

Curtain Scrims.

50 bundles Curtain Scrim, plain and bordered; makes a very nice Curtain for the summer months, 20 and 22c. per yard.

Silence Cloth.

30 yards only Silence Cloth. Why spoil your nice Mahogany Table when you can get a length of Silence Cloth to protect it from hot dishes, etc.

Rotten Spots.

By RUTH CAMERON.



RUTH CAMERON

A rather successful young lawyer was telling me about his feelings toward another young lawyer from his college who is, if anything, a shade more successful than himself. "Do you know," he said, "when I see his name in connection with one of these big cases he manages to get hold of, it makes me feel bad—unhappy, blue, I don't know what to call it. Now isn't that rotten? Why shouldn't I want him to have the work? I have all I want. Why shouldn't I want him to succeed, too. It's a rotten spot in me somewhere, that's what it is. Sometimes I make myself sick, I do."

I couldn't help laughing. But I knew just how he felt and just how he hated to feel himself feeling that way.

For I've found rotten spots in myself sometimes, too.

Have you?

You understand what I mean, of course—feelings, states of mind that you know are perfectly despicable, and yet you can't seem to help having.

Some Rotten Spots Where Antagonisms Floundish.

Unreasonable antagonisms are one of my worst rotten spots. There are certain perfectly good people for whom I find that I have conceived antagonisms. Often these people are usually nice people, as the world sees it; sometimes they are people who have been unusually nice to me. And yet "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell," and that's all there is to it. In vain I argue with myself. I find that, though I can manage to treat them decently and even speak them fair, there is some mean rotten part of me that makes me grudging of credit where they are concerned, no matter how emphatically credit is due; ready to misjudge them where misjudgment is possible and actually pleased when they do show up in a bad light.

And, as the young lawyer said, when I catch myself at that business I make myself sick, I do.

Her Feeling for her Mother-in-Law a Rotten Spot.

I should perhaps be afraid to confess this, if a very sweet, conscientious woman had not once told me that that was just the way she felt about her mother-in-law, though the latter had been very kind to her. "I think people are more apt to feel that way about their in-laws than about anyone else," she said. "I know several wives that have admitted to me, in private, that that was the way they felt."

Wouldn't it be splendid if a scalpel could be invented with which we could cut the rotten place out of ourselves?

I should surely buy one. Wouldn't you?

I fell from a building and received what the doctor called a very bad sprained ankle, and told me I must not walk on it for three weeks. I got MINARD'S LINIMENT and in six days I was out to work again. I think it the best Liniment made.

ARCHIE E. LAUNDREY.
Edmonton.

64 Flags of the Empire.

BOYS AND GIRLS AT ST. PAUL'S.

The Duke of Connaught and Princess Patricia attended the Empire Day service of the League of the Empire in St. Paul's Cathedral.

On arrival, the Duke of Connaught inspected the guard of honor, which was composed of a detachment of the London Diocesan Church Lads' Brigade. The boys, bearing the 64 flags of the Empire, were drawn up in two rows on the steps of the Cathedral, and dipped their flags to the Duke while their band gave the Royal salute.

Lord Meath and other officers of the League met the Duke, who was received at the west door by the Archdeacon and Canon Alexander. As he passed up the nave his Royal Highness inspected the brigades assembled there, including the Boys' Brigade, London Diocesan Church Lads' Brigade, Boys' Life Brigade, Church Lads' Brigade, Navy League, Boy Scouts, Imperial Maritime League, Girl Guides, Girls' Life Brigade, Church Nursing and Ambulance Brigade, Foundling Hospital children, and the Newport Market Army Training School.

Following the Duke came the procession of the flags. The Union Jack was laid on the altar, while the other flag-bearers took up stations under the dome. The mayors of several London boroughs were present, and when the service began the Cathedral was filled in every part, the congregation numbering 4,000.

The address was given by the Bishop of Willesden, who spoke in simple language of the development of the Empire and the duty the children owed it.

The hymns "Eternal Father, strong to save," "O God, our help in ages past," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and "Lord of our life" were sung, and the flag-bearers proceeded to the sanctuary steps, where the 64 flags were blessed. Afterwards the Union Jack that had been placed on the altar was carried down the nave accompanied by a guard of honor of the Church Lads' Brigade.

The service concluded with the singing of the first verse of the National Anthem.—The Times.

Within the Law.

With every mixing of 7 lbs. Flour use 1 lb.

White Better Corn Meal.

Made from white corn thoroughly purified and sterilized by special process.

Sold in 3 lb. sealed packages. Ask for a package to-day.

Soper & Moore

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HELPING TO WIN.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, "I'll dig up money every chance, if that will help our boys in France. If coin will help to crush the Hun, I have no use for hoarded mon. The hat I've worn since '98 will do another year for me; the shoes I bought three years ago will serve to bear me to and fro; the pants I drew in father's will are fit for ample service still. I root for Uncle Sam at bat as one along and pass the hat." It's hard to understand the state who's scheming early, scheming late, to see how little he can give; he ought to be ashamed to live. Committees call at his abode, and kindly ask him to unload. He backs and fills and hums and haws, and shows some puffs through his jaws. "I dug up fifty cents last May; I can't spare anything to-day." And he can face himself, that guy, who ought to hunt a hole and die. But in the long and years to come he'll find this world is out of plumb; he failed to whoop for liberty, and while he lives on earth he'll be as lonesome as the yaller dog that hangs around the city morgue. Oh, we must give until it hurts, until we've soaked our Sunday shirts, and when we've given all we own, still strive to give another bone.

WALT MASON.

The Navy Daily Prayer

In the tranquil waters of the anchorage a battleship is at rest. The morning sun mounting in a cloudless sky, sheds its golden light upon sea and ship. The ripples sparkle as they dance. The steel flanks of the great guns gleam.

It is a workday morning. The inspection of the sailormen (all of whom are in working rig) at divisions on the upper deck is just over, and each man has been handed a card on which is printed a number of hymns, selected from "Hymns Ancient and Modern." A murmur of talk goes on at the "Stand easy." It stops suddenly.

"Toll the bell." The order comes from the commander, and is no sooner uttered than the long lines of men face aft at the right turn. A marine sentry tolls the bell. This is the summons—according to the King's Regulations—to the ship's company (those of it who belong to the Anglican faith) to morning prayers on the quarter-deck.

The band plays. The divisions each led by an officer, march smartly aft to the strain of a well-known hymn. The men form up on the port and starboard sides of the quarter-deck, with faces turned inboard. The officers line up in front. A midshipman presides at a somewhat weather-beaten harmonium which occupies a central position. A short silence ensues. Then—

"Cape off."

As the order is given every head is bared, and the padre, with a smile on his fine fresh face and with his place-nez perched upon his nose, appears on deck in the vestments of his office. He glides to his place beside the musical midshipman and announces the number of the hymn. One soft chord is touched and hundreds of voices, led by the band, break into harmony.

I cannot imagine a more picturesque or inspiring sight—a perfect day, a blue sky, a calm, soft, sighing wind, and just about the muzzles of the huge turret guns the padre in his white surplice, surrounded by the men, bareheaded and in working rig, all lifting up their voices in supplication to the Almighty.

The last chord has been struck, the last note sounded. Heads are bowed, and the padre's voice, mild and mellow, steals softly over the peaceful waters.

Preserve us from the dangers of the sea and the violence of the enemy, that we may be a safeguard to our most precious sovereign.

The grace of our Lord . . . be with us evermore.

"Amen," deep and devout, from the men, and the padre is gone.

"Shun! On cape, right turn, down!"

Just Received!

A shipment of goods which we have been short of for some time and unable to obtain until now.

Carbolic Acid.
Cod Oil Emulsion.
Senna in packages.
Shampoo Powders.
Nursing Bottles (English and American).
Nursing Bottle Fittings (Black and Yellow).
Nipples (Black and Yellow).
Comforters (all kinds).
Fuller's Earth.
Sedlitz Powders.
N. B.—We sell Revenue Stamps.

Stafford's,
Duckworth St. & Theatre Hill.

ble march. The men are off to work, with the band playing a lively air.—R. W. M., in Daily Mail.



JUST A JOB.

Is it just a job that is yours to hold. A task that offers you so much gold, Just so much work that is yours to do.

With never a greater goal in view? What do you see, at your desk or loom?

Or the spot you fill in life's busy room, Sullenly waiting the quitting bell? With a flickering lamp that burns With a sickly light as the mill wheel turns.

And the same old grind in the same old ways?

With all the to-morrows like yesterday?

Is it just a job, just a task to do, So many figures to build anew? So many figures to add, and then Home for a while and back again? Are you just a clerk in a gaudy shop, Pleasured when a customer fails to show?

Finding no joy in the things you sell, Sullenly waiting the quitting bell? Are your thoughts confined to the narrow space And the dreariness of your present place?

Is it just a job, or a golden chance? The first grim past of a fine advance, The starting place on the road which leads To the better joys and the bigger deeds?

Do your thoughts go out to the days to be, Can your eyes look over the drudgery And see in the distance the splendid glow Of the broader life that you, too, may know? What is your view of your circumstance?

Is it just a job or a golden chance?

Why Not Bare Feet?

The shortage of leather may prove a blessing in disguise, and dear footgear the beginning of that blessed time when corns and bunions—the result of tight or ill-shaped boots and shoes—will be a thing of the past.

Watch sailors running about the deck and swarming into the rigging, hauling on to perilous places like monkeys. Sailors are trained to that callousness of the foot which enables them to "kick ropes" with impunity, and to walk over surfaces which would be agony to the feet used to the encasing and cramming shoes of ordinary life.

Watch, too, the street gamins, and say, if there is not a grace of movement and a happy carelessness which may be envied.

Why does the grave citizen as well as the little kiddy thankfully doff shoes and socks on the sands in the summer? Simply because the joy of running about barefooted is one of the great joys of life.

Fancy a Greek god or goddess, a Diana or Daphne, or a Venus in high-legged boots with high heels, to match! You simply can't! Yes, our climate is a good deal against the idea of barefoot walking, but experience is still a good teacher and necessity still a stern schoolmaster. If it comes to it, we shall quickly get used to it, or at least to some simple form of sandal.

And with simple footgear will come simpler dress. It will be impossible for a woman to don a Paris confection, or a man a silk hat, when the feet are bare.—Ex.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

Parlor Suites and Odd Pieces!

We have in stock some extremely fine Parlor Suites in Mahogany (3 and 5 pieces), beautifully upholstered in Tapestries, Brocades and Silks of elegant designs and beautiful colorings. These are Genuine Mahogany, and are being offered at very moderate prices.

Also a large assortment of "Odd" Parlor Pieces, "Odd" Chairs, "Odd" Tables and lots of pretty "Odd" pieces, any one of which would be a nice addition to the Parlor. Come in and inspect them, you're sure to select from them.

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.

St. John's.

10c. At the Crescent To-Day. 10c

VIRGINIA PEARSON (the actress who was recently honoured by Ambassador Jas. W. Gerard) in "Thou Shalt Not Steal," A 1918 Fox standard production in 6 acts.

Also a 2-act Fox film comedy—full of life—entitled "Bing-Ban." P. J. MCCARTHY sings a classy ballad. LATEST MUSIC—DRUMS AND EFFECTS. Saturday Matinee—"THE EAGLE'S EYE" and other Pictures.

SLATTERY'S

Wholesale Dry Goods

Are now showing the following goods:—

American Millinery Hats, Boys' Cotton Suits, Ladies' White Skirts, Ladies' Hosiery, Misses' & Children's Hosiery, White Curtain Scrims, White Dress Crepe, 38 ins. wide; Colored Dress Goods; and a splendid assortment of Smallwares, Wholesale only.

SLATTERY BLDG., Duckworth & George Sts.

Forty Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram

Harve

Hutton's River American

America

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S

Hay Prongs,

Lawn

To-Day's Messages.

9.30 A.M.

L. W. W. IN SOUTH AFRICA.

JOHANNESBURG, To-day.

At a preliminary hearing of S. P. Bunting, former Provincial Council member, S. Hanscomb and a man named Tinker, who were arrested July 7th for complicity with the threatened uprising of the natives in South Africa, held here to-day, it was testified that Bunting presided at various meetings at which the natives were urged to organize against the Capitalists. It was also stated that a branch of the Industrial Workers of the World had been established among the natives of Durban.

NOTHING TO REPORT.

LONDON, To-day.

Haig's official Yorkshire troops carried out a successful raid this afternoon southeast of Rebecq, and captured 30 prisoners. Beyond artillery actions on both sides, in different sectors, there is nothing to report from the British front.

WAR REVIEW.

LONDON, To-day.

(By A. P.)—From the region West of Soissons, and Northwest of Chateau Thierry, American and French armies have begun a strong offensive against the Germans which possibly may have a marked influence on the future of the world war. In its initial stage the movement has been rewarded with great success and all along the 25 mile front the French and American troops have dashed in brilliant fashion across positions held by the Germans, killing, wounding or capturing thousands of the enemy and taking towns, villages and large quantities of guns and other war material. Nowhere according to last reports from the front has the enemy been able to stay the progress of their assaults, although counter attacks were resorted to on some important sectors after the first stages of surprise occasioned by the unexpected attack had worn away. To the Americans alone in the region West of Soissons came 4,000 prisoners, thirty guns and much war material. Additional large numbers of captives and further great stores of guns, ammunition and other war necessities were taken by the French. Before all the positions of the Americans and the French, their guns and machine guns cut to pieces fleeing hordes of the enemy or hands which tried to withstand the onslaught. The blow, probably long in its inception, is being aimed at territory vital to the Germans: territory, the capture of which, would not only mean the forced retirement of the Germans from the entire salient, extending S. E. across the occupied region from Soissons to Rheims, with Chateau Thierry its southern apex, but possibly would result in the capture of thousands of Germans operating there, many of them comprising the best soldiers of the German Emperor's army. Six miles, apparently, was the deepest point of penetration made

J. J. ST. J.

500 Bags Mixed and White Oats
250 Bags White Hominy
150 Bags Bran.
250 Bags Feed Meal
100 Bags Wheat
50 Bags
100 Boxes Blue Raisins, 5¢
175 Boxes Seeded Raisins,
75 Boxes Currants 20¢

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