

WHY NOT HAVE ONE OF THESE FELT HATS?

for \$1.95

?

We want to clear out this lot and make room for Spring Millinery soon to arrive. Our policy of not keeping any hats over from one season to another gives you the opportunity to purchase one of these at way-below value price.

There is still three months' season ahead, and you should not hesitate to have one of these hats at this remarkably low price.

Yes, Madam, this is a practical Felt Hat that you can wear on any occasion. Two shades only—Green and Gold.

You can see them in our West Window.

Reduced from \$2.55 to

\$1.95

MILLEY'S

f.s.m.t.u.

A Day With a Woman Lawyer.

By Edith S. Bayne.

(In Toronto Saturday Night.)

Portia lifted a volume of Blackstone from the chair facing her own and bade the visitor be seated. "Did you meet a man on the stairs who seemed to be in a hurry?" she inquired, casually.

"Hurry is right," we said. "He was trying to stand on his ear. Slipped on the top step and practically bogged down the rest of the way. What's the idea? Are the police after him?"

"Nothing like that, I was the cause of his hurry. He saw my sign 'F. E. Smith, Attorney' down below and under the impression I was a man, came up to get some advice I suppose. He's a stranger in town. He walked in and asked for the lawyer and when I said I was the lawyer he just stared a moment and then turned and bolted. I do wonder what he wanted!"

"You'll never know. Probably divorce—and he thought you'd side with the wife! How many of them act like that?"

"He's the first, I've got quite a string of clients now and believe me, they eat right out of my hand."

"That's quite believable. You have an air that inspires confidence."

"But I didn't at first! It seemed to take a fearful long time to work up a clientele." Portia protested. "What can I do for you?"

"We told her that we intended to camp on her trail all day. We wanted to learn something about the law and

the profits. She sniffed a trifle at that last word.

"I just break about even," she said. "Of course now and again when something big is thrown in my way I clean up a snug little sum, but mostly my work is a kind of hodge-podge, a little of everything."

"Much sex prejudice to fight?"

"Not so much as at first. It's dying out. It's bound to with hundreds of girls entering the profession each year."

Portia answered her telephone at this point, we regarded her with deep interest tinged with admiration. She was of that type which might almost be termed frail and yet she wasn't in the least. It was merely a deceptive frailty for she was really a little dynamo and we knew that she "ate heartily," knew not nerves and could go without sleep indefinitely. She was dressed in blue serge with satin tuxedo collar, wore no ornaments whatever and had her shining hair done very plainly. We had arrived before nine, but she had been there since eight-thirty.

"To-day's program may be dull," she said, rather apologetically, as she hunted about on her desk for a document. "I've a lot of routine work, swearing in of affidavits, attending court, garnishee cases, probates and so on. Sometimes I get a trip to another town but usually the day's pro-

ceedings centre around petty jurisdiction of the sort I've described. Interminable with cleaning my typewriter and reminding the charlady not to leave the soap on the stairs. Maybe," she added gravely, "that's what that man slipped on!"

"But do you mean to say that the men leave all the poky, uninteresting jobs to you just because you are a girl?"

"To me nothing connected with law is uninteresting."

"You love the work?"

A gleam came into her eyes which was answer enough. "It's like everything else I suppose. If you don't like the work enough to be able to discount the drudgery, for goodness' sake keep out of it," she said; then "the men do get most of the plums to be sure but a girl's own ability counts for a whole lot. When you've won several cases hand-running the public sits up and takes notice."

Presently the "cases" began to arrive, some expected and some otherwise. Portia instructed us to remain where we were and brought in another chair for her clients. The first was a man. It seemed to be all about a fine. Portia talked a little while, pacified him somewhat and steered him out, ushering in an Irish lady who had had a cow run over on the railroad. A shrewd soul, she was going to sue for all the traffic would bear. Then came another man who was prosecuting a neighbor. There had been a legal hitch over a misleading phrase in his complaint. He had stated that the defendant's dog had "bit him in the north end" and the lawyer retained for the defence was making the most of it.

At half past ten Portia powdered her nose and announced that we

would go to court. She had an assortment of big cards bearing various legends such as "Out to Lunch," "Please Come in and Wait," "Up at Court," "Back in Twenty Minutes," etc. She stuck one of these in her door and we departed. The court was in no wise similar to those seen in movie dramas. The judge wasn't a bit fierce and he called Portia "my dear" once in a kind, fatherly way. He didn't become dramatic and sentence people to thirty years' hard labor. There was no weeping and gnashing of teeth. It was all quite tame except for one little Cockney who exclaimed heatedly once or twice, "I'll snatch 'is 'ide off 'im!" Toward the end an old man was up for "standing on the corner and refusing to move on when he was told."

"Dear me!" observed the court. "If everybody were to stand still on the street how would anybody get by?"

And he wasn't an Irishman either. Another elderly miscreant quaveringly declared that he'd never been in prison in his life.

"Well, don't cry my good fellow. You're going now," said the judge, sympathetically.

Back at the office we found several waiting clients, and the boy Portia borrowed on occasion from the dentist's office reported a telephone call. The commissioner of oaths called later and talked briskly in Greek and Sanscrit to Portia—at least that's how it sounded to the lay mind—and then we went to lunch. In the afternoon there was a lull till three o'clock during which we tried to be useful as well as decorative by typing some letters for the attorney; but we made small headway owing to the legal complexities and the fact that the machine appeared to have St. Vitus' dance.

"With my next big fee I'm going to get a decent one," Portia declared. "Here's the oil. Give it a liberal libation and turn the ribbon the other way. I forgot to send out for a new one. What did you think of that last man?"

"Thought he was a Bolshevik!" we said frankly.

"He only wanted to draw up a will. Russian. Some day you must come to will reading. It's interesting."

"The lawyers up at the court treated you like a man and a brother," we remarked, wondering. "How about this professional antagonism we hear of so much?"

"Oh! It's still there, under the surface. Even yet those men look askance at me sometimes. I do believe they expect me to stamp my feet and burst into tears or otherwise become emotional when I'm pleading a case."

The rest of the day was a repetition of the early morning. Portia entrusted us with nine letters to post when five-thirty came and she told us she expected to read law after dinner until ten.

"I want to be a judge some day," she confided modestly.

She said she was sorry the court hadn't been livelier and that we ought to be there when a bunch of excitable foreigners filled the docket. Just as we turned to go a man and a woman entered.

"There, Jenny! There's the lady lawyer!" said the man in a loud whisper, and then seeing that we had heard, he explained diffidently; "She wouldn't believe me, Jenny wouldn't, so I fetched her along. Only just now managed to drag her away from the stores."

"What can I do for you?" asked Portia, indicating chairs.

It was the man who had slipped on the top step!

"Why—we the fact is we want a divorce," said the man. "When I saw that 'F. E. Smith' was a woman I kind of wanted to back out and go to a man lawyer but Jenny says to retain you and what she says goes."

"You and this woman want a divorce!" exclaimed Portia, startled out of her customary calm and with reason, for the couple were obviously much attached.

"Not from each other," said the man, quickly. "Her from her man and me from my wife."

"Double divorce!" and Portia sank suddenly into a chair.

"Uhuh," said the man. "Can you fix us up? And when you get through with that I got a job of blackmail I'd like to have you see to and a line-fence dispute. I was telling Jenny that when we got married we'd give you a bid to the wedding, ma'am—miss."

"We're goin' into the law pretty heavy," said Jenny, apologetically. "But it's only once in a lifetime."

Portia looked as though she wanted a glass of water and strong moral support but we fed at this point and so cannot say how the case went but if we see her in a new dress one of these days we'll know that there must be something in the law and the profits after all.

Sent Into Exile by Dry Law.

SOCIETY LEADER SELLS HIS HOME AND RESOLVES TO QUIT AMERICA FOR A MORE LIBERAL COUNTRY.

James J. Van Alen, financier and society leader, announced recently that he had made complete plans to give up his residence in America for all time. He said that he would not renounce his citizenship and might make occasional trips to these shores to look after his business interests only when he deemed his presence necessary.

As further proof of his intentions to forsake America, Mr. Van Alen said he had sold his home at No. 15 West Sixty-fifth street two days ago to Rufus L. Patterson, vice-president of the American Tobacco Company. Mr. Van Alen bought this house but three years ago and had his architects pattern it after a mansion in London.

His Passport Seized.

Mr. Van Alen was involved in a passport controversy a few months ago which forced his return to America from France after the State Department had seized his passport. The passport was revoked on cable advice from Washington, and great mystery seemed to surround the episode.

Upon his return to the United States Mr. Van Alen explained that his trip to Europe was to regain his health, and in asking for a passport he stated Spain as his destination. Since he stopped off at Paris the State Department seized upon this as an irregularity, and the revocation of his passport resulted.

This "unfortunate incident," however, Mr. Van Alen said recently to a representative of the New York American, is not the reason that he plans to leave the United States forever.

Prohibition the Cause.

He said: "The real reason is Prohibition. I am a liberty-loving individual and I simply cannot remain in America as long as the Prohibition Act is enforced. I consider it an infringement on my personal rights. I am a very temperate man and only drink light wines and beer, but I don't propose to have the Government deprive me of my liberty in any shape, manner or form."

"I am very sorry to give up my residence in this country; this time, but what is one to do who loves his liberty above all else?"

Goes to France First.

Mr. Van Alen said he would leave the country in February and make his home for a time in France. Thence he will in all probability go to Italy and finally to England.

Mr. Van Alen, who is in his seventieth year, has been a leading figure in Newport society, where his villa, Wakehurst, was a show place.

Once before he decided to give up America and spend his days in England, but after being feted by King Edward in London, and royalty in other countries, he jired of the life and returned once more to his Newport home.—N. Y. American.

A Suit or Overcoat at Maunder's, selected from a splendid variety of British Woollens, cut by an up-to-date system from the latest fashions, moulded and made to your shape by expert workers, costs you no more than the ordinary hand-me-down. We always keep our stocks complete, and you are assured a good selection. Samples and style sheets sent to any address.



John Maunder,
Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street.

LIBERAL-LABOR MEETING,

Wednesday Night
at 8 o'clock.

STAR OF THE SEA HALL

Addresses by Messrs. Martin and Linegar, Sir. M. P. Cashin and others.

Why Not?

(From the Brantford Expositor.)
A campaign is on in Philadelphia to raise \$200,000 to be spent by the churches in advertising, with a view to increasing their membership and securing a larger attendance at services. One of the arguments advanced in behalf of the movement is that if it be profitable for retail business of any kind whatever to advertise boldly for business, as it most certainly is, would it not be profitable for the churches as a whole to advertise for greater church attendance?

A Valuable Gem.

Sam, the chore man, returned from the city with a scarfpin that contained a diamond of no usual size. It was the pride of his heart, and the envy of his village companions. He treated all inquiries from them as to its value and its authenticity with high scorn. His employer, after a week of basking in its radiance, asked Sam about its history.
"Sam," he said, "is it a real diamond?"
"Wal," said Sam, with calm confidence, "if it ain't, I've been skunked out of a half dollar."



The HUBBARD --- Powerful



For power and endurance the Hubbard Engine is unequalled. It runs all the time, easy to start, and runs perfectly on kerosene. For our total 1919 Sales we received only three complaints, which is a wonderful record. The ignition is Make and Break, and the fuel consumption is unusually low.

The Hubbard is not a "many purpose" engine, it is built solely for fishing purposes and for any hard work. It will bring the fishing boat safely home, no matter how rough the sea is, and never miss a stroke.

There is a big demand for Hubbards, and prices are likely to go higher, so book your order early.

GEO. M. BARR, St. John's