

RAINBOW FLOUR IS GUARANTEED SKY-HIGH QUALITY!

KLEAN-UP READY-TO-USE PAINTS

LIGHT GREY
BLUE GREY
SKY BLUE
MEDIUM BUFF
AZURE BLUE
PEA GREEN

Gallons, \$3.00
Half Gal., \$1.60
Quarts, 90
Pints, 50

Don't Wait Until
We're Sold Out.
BUY TO-DAY

IMPORTANT

There are many good reasons why you should "KLEAN UP" your house. HERE ARE A FEW—
Paint preserves wood from decay. A painted house will outlast an unpainted one. People are judged by the appearance of the house they live in, a shabby looking house is a reflection on the people who reside therein. A house which is painted every 4 or 5 years expresses in a forceful manner the cleanliness and character of its occupants. Buy enough "KLEAN UP" Paint now to improve the appearance of your house.

Special! Gloss Black Paint, \$2.00. Motor Engine Enamel, dries in 30 minutes, \$4.00 gal.

COLIN CAMPBELL, LTD.

Farmers	125 lbs. of Potato Fertilizer, \$5.00
Favourite	125 lbs. of General Fertilizer, \$4.75
Fertilizers	200 lbs. of Basic Slag, - \$2.50

We sell Larvacide, THE GRUB KILLER, at 5 cents per pound. Get some for your turnip top ground, it will pay you. If you don't want whole bags of Fertilizer we'll sell small lots 5 cents lb. Use 500 lbs. Fertilizer with manure or 1000 lbs. without manure to an acre

Colin Campbell, Limited.

Men Who Refuse Millions.

Wealthy People Who Prefer Poverty to Riches.

"I did nothing to earn this fortune and I was not given an opportunity to decide whether I needed it. It is more than a man wants. One man is only entitled to more than another if he needs more."

With these words Mr. Charles Garland has just turned a resolute back on the quarter of a million pounds left to him by his late father, a rich Boston financier. He declares that he prefers his simple life on a small farm to the luxury such unearned riches would give him.

Bakes His Own Bread.
And he is only one of many men who have similarly scorned the gold which wealthy fathers have accumulated for them.

For many years Mr. John Vanderbilt, a member of one of the world's richest families, has made his home in a small cottage off the summit of the Witch's Head Mountain in Pennsylvania. Here this millionaire hermit leads his lonely life, doing his own cooking and housework, washing his linen in a mountain stream, cultivating his vegetables, making his own bread, and replenishing his larder with the spoil of his gun and rod.

On a small rocky island off the Connecticut coast lives in equal isolation and penury Charles Alvord, son of an American millionaire, who, thirty years ago, turned his back on society to lead the simple life in close communion with Nature. His home is a tiny cabin built by his own hands. He pays the Government a yearly rent of a sovereign, and spends his days happily in reading and fishing.

"No one comes to see me," he says, "and I go nowhere. I am always alone. I am cut off from the world as on the planet Mars; but I have found happiness. I am content to watch the battle from afar; for riches, he ours, social triumphs, and all for which men are willing to lay down their very lives, are nothing to me now."

A few years ago M. Solodovnikoff, a Russian multi-millionaire, ended his days in a cottage, surrounded by dilapidated and rotting furniture. Although he was reputed to be one of the richest men in Europe, his wealth gave him no pleasure. "My gold," he once said, bitterly, "has brought me nothing but misery, and I hate it."

When M. Solodovnikoff was shivering in his fireless hovel, a well-known English baronet, with a rent-roll of £30,000 a year, was leading an equally sordid and wretched life in a London garret overlooking the Thames, while two of the most beautiful ancestral homes in England were waiting vainly for the coming of their lord.

He never crossed the threshold of his heritage, and found his chief pleasure in papering his walls over and over again with pictures cut from the various illustrated papers.

Fifty years ago there was a no more enviable figure in France than M. Paul Colasson, the Parisian millionaire, whose regal entertainments were the talk and wonder of Europe.

Lived a Hermit's Life.

Then fell the tragic blow which laid his life in ruins. One day in 1874 his nephew, to whom he was passionately devoted, was burnt to death at a fancy-dress ball; and from that day M. Colasson was dead to the world, with grief as his only companion.

"My money was all for him," he

PILES

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box; all dealers of Edmonstone, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample Box free if you mention this paper and enclose 25c stamp to pay postage.

AS TO NAMES.

(From the Boston Transcript.)
The late Champ Clark was christened James Beauchamp Clark, but he voluntarily dropped the first name, and later because people would insist on mispronouncing "Beauchamp," he re-christened himself with the name by which he was generally known. His case reminds us of the old dark-ey's plan. The latter was asked, "What have you named your baby, Rastus?"

"Sam Pro Tem Johnson, sah."

"What's the Pro Tem for?"

"To show that the name is only temporary, sah. We kinder thought Sam might like to choose his own name when he grew up, so we put in de Pro Tem as a warning to de public."

"Sam Pro Tem Johnson, sah."

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APRIL DAYS.

April birds are sweetly calling in the shadow of the wood. April rains are softly falling where they'll do the greatest good. April fields are a brighter green. I have a better feeling than I ever had before, and the grouchy man is madder than the meanest kind of bore. One may grumble in November when the winds are bleak and chill, one may knock in our December when the snow is on the hill, but when April skies are blowing in the warmest fints of blue, smiles ecstasy should be showing on the whole human crew. One may kick in sultry summer, sweating in the baking grid, when the long day is a hummer and the night is twice as bad, when the cloudless sky is brassy, and the whole world pants with heat—one may then get pert and sassy, and denounce things and repeat. But when April, clothed in beauty, shows the finer curves of Spring, he is nifty and gaily and declines to smile and sing. He is fit for feigning treason and for stratagem and spoli. If he seems the finest season that has been designed by Hoyle, there should be no grouchy faces in the surging ranks of men, when fair April, with her graces, makes the old world young again.

Expulsion of the Long Parliament.

During the Interregnum, when England was called a Commonwealth, a naval war with Holland began. The Dutch having shown an inclination to sympathize with the House of Stewart, the English Parliament passed the Navigation Act, which prohibited foreign ships from carrying to England the produce of any country but their own. This was a heavy blow to the Dutch shipping trade, and a war for the empire of the sea ensued. The Dutch Admirals were Tromp and De Ruyter, and to them was opposed the English Admiral Blake, formerly a colonel. After several indecisive engagements, the superior numbers of the Dutch forced Blake to retire; whereupon Tromp traversed the Channel with a broom at his mast-head, to indicate that he was sweeping the English from their own seas. But early in 1653, however, Blake defeated Tromp, off Portland, and destroyed eleven of his ships. The Dutch then sought peace; but the English Parliament, dreading the ambitious schemes of Cromwell, refused to terminate the war; as it was only by

keeping up the victorious navy that they could hope to hold the army in check. Thereupon Cromwell urged his officers to present a petition for pay due to them. The Parliament angrily declared that such petitions should henceforward be considered treasonable, and began to prepare a Bill to that effect. Meanwhile Cromwell marched to Westminster with three hundred musketeers, whom he left outside while he took his seat. The debate went on, until he rose to speak. After reprimanding the members in very strong language, he turned them all out, locked the door, and carried off the key. This event took place on April 20, 1653, and is historically known as the expulsion of the Long Parliament.

Don't forget the C. L. B. C. Annual "At Home" on Eve of St. George's Day in C. C. Hall. Come and enjoy yourselves without the thought of having to go to work in the morning. The Ladies' Auxiliary in charge of supper arrangements and the latest dance hits by Battalion Band.—April 20.

Two Tragedies.
Dear Sir—For the second time within two months the little settlement of Fox Roost has been called upon to mourn the loss of four of its inhabitants, under most tragic circumstances. In February last, Mr. Wm. Collins fell overboard from his fishing boat while on the fishing ground and was drowned, his son who was with him in the boat, being the only witness of the tragedy, and was unable to do anything to rescue his father. Thus six children were left orphans, the mother having died two years ago.

The settlement had scarcely recovered from this shock, when a still greater calamity befell it, by the drowning on April 7th, on the fishing grounds of George W. Walters, the owner of the fishing boat, Norman, his son, aged 23, and a hired servant, Joseph Lawrence, aged 23. The circumstances attending their death will ever remain a mystery, as no one witnessed their sad end. A boy of 15 years, who was on board the boat with his father, was at the time asleep in the fore-cabin. He heard his father call him saying, the dory in which the other two men were hauling their trawls, would soon be on board, but the boy did not get up, and fell asleep again. On waking some time after (he does not remember how long), and on going on deck found himself the only occupant of the boat, his father gone and no sign of the dory, although 4 or 5 miles from land he brought the boat safely into the harbor. Two other boats then went out to make a search, but found nothing. On the following day the dory with some gear, was picked up which tells its own tale. The tragedy cannot be accounted for, the only solution being that when the dory came alongside the boat, the father, George Walters, in trying to catch the painter fell overboard and the men in the dory trying to save him, capsized their boat, which was laden with fish, and so all perished. This is only supposition, the real facts of the case will never be known. This second calamity, coming so soon after the former, has cast a terrible gloom over the little community, and it will be some time before it recovers from the shock. They were all men of sterling qualities, hardworking, industrious, honest and God-fearing. Mr. Walters has left to mourn for him a young wife (his second), and three small children, and five children of the first wife. We can only pray that the great comfort of all hearts, will comfort and support them in this, their hour of sorrow and bereavement.

The Rev. Mr. Read of Channel held a Memorial Service in the Church at Fox Roost on Sunday afternoon last, and in preaching at the Parish Church Channel, on the same Sunday evening said it was the most touching and heart aching scene he had ever witnessed during his 28 years of ministry. The outburst of sympathy on the part of the congregation which filled the little church, was a convincing proof of the esteem in which these men were held. Sorrow filled the hearts of not only the relatives, but every one present, and we feel assured, under the care of such a community, the widow and orphans will not want.

Yours truly,

GEO. W. VARDY.

Port aux Basques

April 15th, 1921.

A Smart Lad.

Commenting on the need of resourcefulness amongst officers of the Royal Navy, Admiral Beatty recently told an amusing story concerning a naval cadet "up for" his oral examination in common sense and resource.

The examiner (said Lord Beatty) was a certain bluff old admiral of the old, old school.

"How did you come here, m' lad?" was his first question.

"In a taxi, sir."

"And what was the number of the taxi?"

"2548, sir."

"Good. You'll do."

That evening the admiral told the story to a friend, who said: "What a very observant lad! But how did you know he was telling the truth?"

"Truth be sugar!" said the admiral. "It was devilish smart of the boy to give me any number without the slightest hesitation."

—By Bud Fisher.

The East End Feed

Produce Store.

New Green Cabbage,

Small Silverpeel Onions,

No. 1 White Oats,

4 bush. Bags.

Lowest Prices.

'Phone 812.

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Shabby, Yes!

But Not Worn Out.

A few days at the Clothes Specialists and it will come back to you with the newness and freshness only associated with the tailor's shop after long wear. Ladies' Costumes, Gent's Suits, Raglans, Furniture Coverings, etc., are given a smart appearance by the Clothes Specialists' service, which renders them worthy of continued wear. Don't discard it but send it to the Clothes Specialists and save the cost of new clothes by having it dyed and cleaned and pressed.

PURCELL & NOSEWORTHY, Clothes Specialists, 11 Prospect St. (off King's Rd.) apr19,31

Touch the Bell.

The latest story of J. D. Rockefeller, the millionaire oil king, illustrates one of his mottoes, "Never do any unimportant work for yourself which others, whose time is less valuable, can do."

One day his secretary was reading to him an important letter which called for an instant calculation. Instinctively the secretary began a rapid calculation, but the reproof came without delay. "Mr. Rogers," said the millionaire, "you have clerks to figure interest. Touch your bell."

Dr. F. Stafford & Son, Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

There are a lot of guys in Russia just like Jeff.

MUTT AND JEFF

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I'm broke and I'm so hungry I could eat a shoe! Spivis cooks his meals at home! I'll drop in on him - it won't do any harm!

Spivis, I'm hungry and I'm broke! I don't want a meal for nothing, I'm willing to work for it!

All right, Jeff, I'll give you a swell feed if you'll light the fire in the stove for me!

That's what I call a fair proposition! Slip me a match!

There's plenty of time for a match -

First you'll have to go out and get some coal and chop some kindling! You can't start a fire with just a match.

I misunderstood you, Spivis! I thought it was a gas stove you had! Good bye!