

# The Broadway House of Fashion

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# The Broadway House of Fashion

### Port au Port Notes

This bay is now completely free of ice and herring struck in here in abundance last week.

At a prize voting contest for the most popular priest in the diocese which took place in connection with a bazaar in aid of St. Michael's Convent, held at St. George's last week, the pastor of this parish, the Rev. J. M. Joy headed the poll with a large majority.

A concert, followed by a dance, held in the Parish Hall here on Easter Monday night, was greatly enjoyed by the large audience that was present. The programme, which was a well selected and generous one was faithfully carried out. Its musical numbers and recitations were very nicely rendered and its character sketches interpreted with a fidelity to detail that was remarkable. Although the last for the season of a

series of similar events that contributed largely to the social enjoyment of the community during the winter, it was nevertheless a decided success in every way. The proceeds amounted to the sum of over \$180.00.

The bustle incidental to the preparation for the cod fishery which has been going on here for the past few weeks is reminiscent of pre-war days when nearly every man of the port shipped his little boat in pursuit of the festive cod or pugnacious lobster and at the close of the voyage usually found himself possessed of a sufficiency of its produce to keep the wolf far afield for many months besides having a little something to put away in the "old gray sock" in case of unforeseen contingencies, a condition that he has been unable to achieve on the precarious wages of a daily labourer.

In the issue of the 28th ultimo of this paper, a correspondent signing himself "St. George's" parades a long list of public benefits and concessions granted to this section of St. George's

district under the Morris Government and at the same time avails of the occasion to make a "wipe" at your Port au Port correspondent who, even at the risk of being dubbed by this mentor of public etiquette as "discourteous if not indecent in leveling such a charge at the district at large" dared to call public attention to the extent to which other sections of the district have benefitted from the expenditure of public monies as compared with that of Port au Port. As it is not usual, however, to notice the attacks of those who shield themselves behind a non de plume in order to cast reflections upon the good faith of others, your Port au Port correspondent does not intend to depart from the observance of this general rule as far as the personal note in St. George's letter is concerned, but as it deals also with matters of public interest, it calls for some slight attention on that account. In his description of the serious handicap to which the people of Port au Port are subject owing to the want of a harbour and his report of the somewhat neglected condition of the place prior to the Morris Government coming into power, St. George's is critically correct, but he is certainly in error when he states that "it had no roads beyond those in the immediate vicinity of Port au Port and Campbell's Cove." Long before the Morris Government came into power, as early in fact as 1908 according to dates supplied by one who gave his week's free labour on the work, vehicular traffic between Clam Bank Cove and Port au Port on the one side and between Cape St. George on the other side of the peninsula twenty miles in each direction, was made possible by the voluntary help of the inhabitants of each section who gave over twelve hundred days of free labour in opening up these several miles of road and in the Cape St. George section of putting in a bridge of considerable dimensions, and as proof of the faithful work done by these pioneer roadmakers is still in evidence. In the following and subsequent years, the member for the district, G. T. Carly, Esq., secured from the Government of the day considerable allocations for the improvement and extension of these and other roads on the peninsula. It is freely admitted that the Morris Government paid considerable attention to Port au Port between 1909 and the outbreak of the war as its present Bay Central Service, telephone system and postal facilities testify, but when the matter of "Electric Road Boards" with increased annual grants thereto" and Legislative grants for the building of the new lighthouses at Cape St. George and at Long Point are put for-

ward in support of the statement that "Port au Port got the lion's share of any surplus monies allocated to the district in those years" it shows a disposition to employ arguments more ingenious than convincing.

St. George's says "the first reinforced concrete bridge was given to Port au Port and other concessions towards fishery and agricultural developments." This is certainly a remarkable statement but its plain meaning is, that at some time or other Port au Port was granted certain concessions towards fishery and agricultural developments, among which was a concrete bridge. It is true that the first concrete bridge built in the country was given to Port au Port, but this is believed to be the first time that ever the claim was advanced that it was given as a concession towards either fishery or agricultural development. This bridge spans Ro-main's River on the railway connecting road from Stephenville Crossing to Port au Port and was built to replace the last of the several wooden bridges that had been built across this

river at various dates and destroyed by spring or fall freshets. This is no Road de Luxe, neither is it a special road built for the accommodation of a few score people, but an ordinary, very ordinary highway which supplies a harbourless population of four thousand people, in this section with a very poor substitute for the advantages and facilities of the railway system enjoyed by the residents of its other divisions.

St. George's appears to be quite familiar with the extensive patronage patronage which he states was meted out to Port au Port by the Morris Government, but seems to be unaware or perhaps conveniently forgetful that that Administration is so indebted to the people of this division of the district of St. George's in the matter of unredeemed pledges respecting local railway extension, that it would take "the lion's share of any surplus monies allocated to the district" for years to liquidate one year's interest on his liability.

—A.S.D.

Port au Port, April 17th, 1925.

### Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

**THE WARNING.**  
Time was I could have run the mile,  
Or, hatless, braved the summer sun,  
I had the boy's wide-stretching smile,  
His health and appetite for fun;  
I knew not what it meant to be  
Too tired to take my turn at bat.  
But now my doctor says to me:  
"You're much too old for things like that!"

I've romped through many a summer day  
And never seemed to pause for breath,  
But now my love of honest play  
Is clouded by the thought of death,  
I still could climb an apple tree,  
Hang by my legs or skin the cat,  
But "don't," my doctor says to me,  
"You're much too old for things like that!"

Time was I ate with keen delight  
Green fruit, or ripe, or cake or pie,  
Without one thought that with the night  
Perhaps in agony I'd die;  
But round about me now I see  
Terrors that wait to stretch me flat,  
A solemn doctor warning me:  
"You're much too old for things like that!"

Time was I trod youth's merry stage  
And bared strength for sport and fun,  
Terrors that wait to stretch me flat,  
A solemn doctor warning me:  
"You're much too old for things like that!"



**Little Jack Rabbit**  
by David Cory

"Where are you going?" asked Cocky Doodle, as Mrs. Cow walked slowly through the gate into the Pleasant Pasture.

"To eat the fresh young grass," answered the good lady cow, tossing her head and almost tripping off the pretty pink sunbonnet with the yellow flower on it.

Just then along came Little Jack Rabbit, his knapsack bouncing up and down on his back and red-striped candy cane swinging from his left paw.

"You have two toes, haven't you, Mrs. Cow?" he said, looking curiously down at her feet.

"Yes, and I walk right on the ends of them," she answered. "Dear me, how I do sink in the soft earth in the early spring," and away she went, the little brass bell on her leather collar making a sweet tinkle, tinkle.

All of a sudden up the Old Cow Path waddled Duckey Waddles on his big, flat yellow feet. "Just had a fine swim and a meal of frogs' eggs," he quacked. "Also a dozen tadpoles. I feel as happy as can be," and through the gate to the Farmyard he waddled.

"I wonder whether Granddaddy Bullfrog has come up out of the mud," thought the bunny boy, and quick as a wink he hopped after the slow duck. "Did you see Granddaddy Bullfrog?" enquired the little rabbit anxiously. You see, he liked the old gentleman frog. Yes, sir. Everybody liked the old fellow, who sat all day on his log, winking his eyes and catching flies.

"Oh, yes, he's out again," answered Duckey Waddles. "I forgot to mention that he asked how you were?"

"Did he really?" cried the bunny boy. "I must hop down to the Old Duck Pond at once," and away he went, clipperly clip, clipperly clip, clipperly, clipperly, clipperly.

Mr. Merry Sun up in the Sky Country smiled as the little rabbit hastened across the Sunny Meadow. Indeed, that good old Sun seemed to be shining on everyone, big and small just to make each one happy, I imagine.

"Tired-lop, tired-lop!" whistled Blue Bird from a fence rail. "Mrs. Blue Bird tells me there will soon be baby birds in the nest. It won't be long before they will be pecking their way out of the shells."

"Won't that be nice," answered the bunny boy. "I'm so happy I could sing. Aren't you glad that lovely Spring has come again with balmy days and lots of red and yellow flowers?"

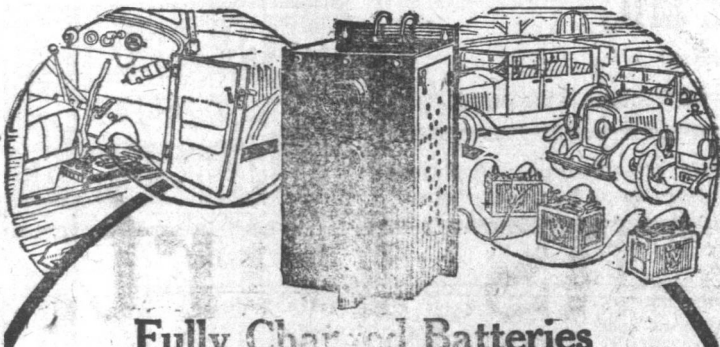


"Well, I should say yes twice maybe three times," carolled the bird. "All the birds love the spring time."

"Every bird has his nest, which he always loves the best," thought the bunny boy.

"Mrs. Crowbird has no nest," swerved the learned little rabbit. "I guess she, how wise our bunny boy growing. Little Reader."

"I forgot all about her!" answered Blue Bird. "None of us birds do for her. Cowbirds are hoboes. In the next story you shall hear what happened after that."



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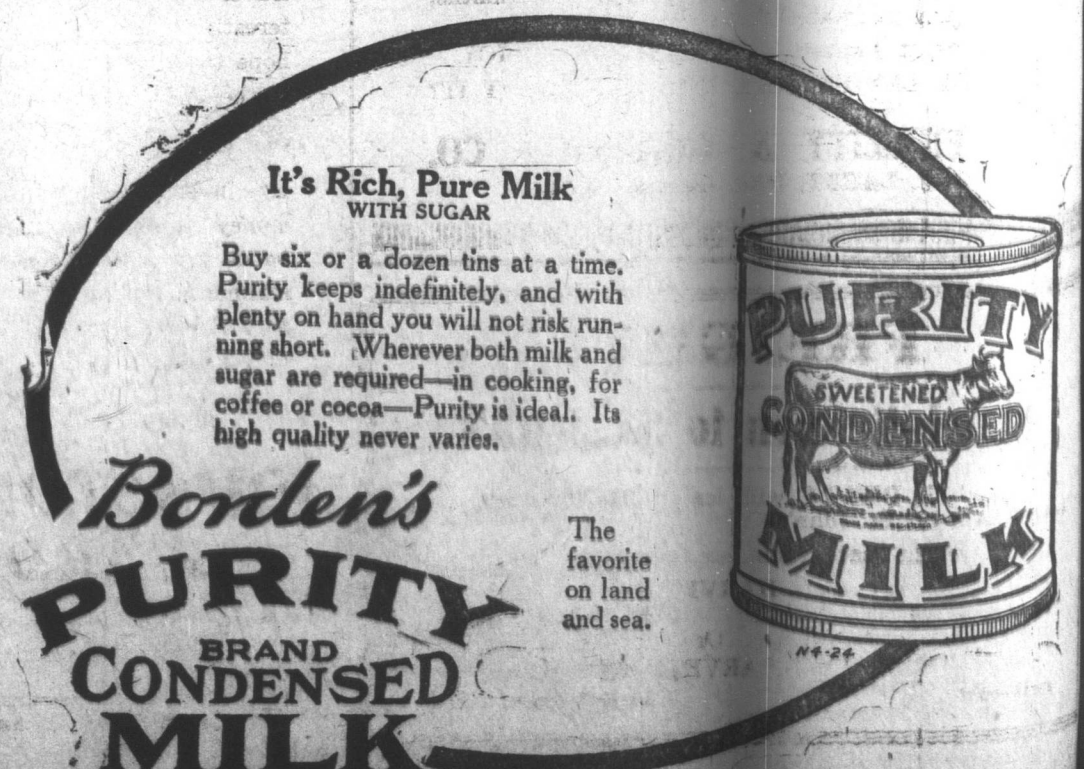
DUNCAN, the winner of the first prize of £100 in a recent baby competition in which there were over 52,000 entries, was reared on the

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