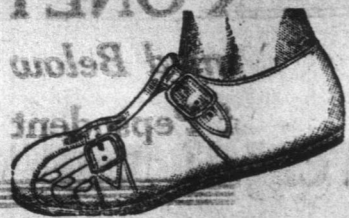


BAREFOOT SANDALS



For the Kiddies,
From \$1.30 to \$3.50 the pr.
(according to size.)

Vacation time is here and the kiddies will need Play Shoes and Sandals. We have a full stock of all kinds of Sandals and Play Shoes of Tan Calfskin with leather soles.

Sizes 5 to 8. Price . . . \$1.30 to \$2.40
 Sizes 9 to 11. Price . . . \$1.65 to \$2.65
 Sizes 12 to 2. Price . . . \$1.85 to \$3.00

Of Brown and White Canvas with leather sole and heel.

Sizes 5 to 8. Price . . . \$1.30 to \$1.45
 Sizes 9 to 11. Price . . . \$1.65 to \$2.65
 Sizes 12 to 2. Price . . . \$1.85 to \$3.00

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.
THE SHOE MEN.

Pearl of the Bosphorus.

Romance of Constantinople.

Constantinople is again a storm-centre of Europe.

That historic city was, by a recent decision of the Allies Supreme Court, to be left in the hands of the Turks. It has become doubtful if that decision will be maintained.

Following the appalling massacre of 20,000 Armenians in Asia Minor, it is rumoured as we go to press that British troops are being sent to the Turkish capital.

A city of glaring contrasts—of palaces and hovels, of gleaming minarets and mud, of pomp and poverty, of splendour and squalor. Such is Constantinople, for long centuries the pride and curse of Europe.

Six hundred years before Christ was trampled, Constantinople, then known as Byzantium, was a great seat of commerce, spreading its palaces, its temples, and stately streets over the whole peninsula on which its successor stands to-day. Even in those days it was the centre and cause of almost ceaseless strife between Persians, Gauls, and Greeks, who cast envious eyes on the "Pearl of the Bosphorus."

Siege followed siege; again and again its streets ran red with blood before, in the year 330 A.D., Constantine the Great turned his back on Rome

to make a splendid metropolis of his Empire in the city which he re-named after himself.

Around the fourteen-mile-long girdle of massive walls which Constantine raised around his capital, the breakers of war seldom ceased to hurl themselves. Twenty-six times the city was besieged—by Persians and Avars, by Russians, Latins, and Turks. Six times the Saracens flung their hosts against it; and eight times it fell into the enemy's hands, and was laid waste with fire and sword and pillage.

Europe's Plague Spot.
Three times the Turks laid siege to it; and the third time, in 1453, Mohammed II made it his own after a fierce and stubborn resistance. From that day to our own Constantinople has remained in Turkish hands—the plague-spot of Europe.

And what a wonderful city it is—this city of long romance and tragedy, whose magnificence and squalor crowd the peninsula which juts out toward Asia at the southern entrance to the Bosphorus! From the Seven Towers on the Sea of Marmora, Stamboul (as Constantinople proper is known) spreads northward to the Golden Horn, on whose deep waters

all the world's fleets could float; and from Seraglio Point, inland for a distance of four miles—a city of a million inhabitants.

Within its girdling walls it rises, like Rome on its seven low hills, crowned by the splendours of mosques, whose gleaming cupolas and minarets, silhouetted against the blue sky, look down on the waters of the Bosphorus. A strange, incongruous huddle of palatial buildings and tumble-down hovels, of stately avenues, and fifth-floored houses, flanked by malodorous bazaars, through which the human tide streams and surges.

But in spite of filth and evil odours, the one dominant note of Constantinople is Romance. It meets you at the threshold of every one of its 200 mosques and its hundreds of chapels. In the Church of St. Sophia, with its stupendous dome, its dream-like beauty, and its sixteen centuries of history; in the Suleymaniya mosque, with its colossal columns and its miracles of Saracenic decoration; and the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed I., with its six sky-piercing minarets, exquisite in their grace, and its columns more than 100ft. in circumference.

In the Hippodrome, where gladiators fought and chariots raced to the plaudits of Roman spectators, you can see the famous column of the "Three Serpents," which stood 2,000 years ago in the Temple of Delphi.

The Old Seraglio recalls Mohammedan splendours of long-gone centuries. Once a royal residence, it still contains the Mint and Museum and Library; and, perhaps the most wonderful sight in Europe, the Treasury, with its fabulous treasures of jewels and golden ornaments, worth incalculable millions. Leaving Stamboul and crossing the Golden Horn we come to Galata, the quarter of the merchants, a busy hive of commercial industry, with warehouses and factories and the coming and going of great ships from all the world's seas. From Galata we pass to Pera, the aristocratic quarter, with its stately Embassies and Consulates, its well-lit-in palaces of Pashas with their harems.

Beyond Pera is the beautiful village of Eyub, with the famous mosque in which every Sultan girds on the sword of Osman before he mounts his throne, and which no Christian foot may approach.

Attila's Hunn.
If Adrianople cannot boast as long and romantic a story as Constantinople, she can point to the days when she was the metropolis of one of the greatest Empires the world has ever known.

The foundations of her greatness were laid some 1,800 years ago by Hadrian, one of the greatest of Roman Emperors, who built palaces and temples there of a splendour such as Eastern Europe had never known. And she soon promised to eclipse her great rival on the Bosphorus, though that city had already been a world-famous capital for 700 years.

During the centuries that followed her Imperial cradling, Adrianople lived through exciting and perilous times. Less than 200 miles from Constantinople, she shared much of the turbulent life of which that coveted city was the centre. In the fifth century we see her fighting fiercely against Attila's savage hordes until her streets ran

Mrs. G. Miller Can Not Express Her Gratitude

St. John's Woman Says Tanlac Was Exactly What She Needed—Is Now Well And Happy.

"I have not only gained twenty-one pounds in weight but am now in good health for the first time in years," declared Mrs. George Miller, who lives on Spruce Street, St. John's. "I never was very strong, but for the last three years I have been in such a weak, run-down condition that I could hardly drag myself around. I hardly ate enough to keep body and soul together, and dared not eat any sort of heavy foods. What I did eat would 'lie like lead' on my stomach and I would suffer terrible distress on account of bloating and gas. I fell off until I only weighed a hundred and nine pounds and became so weak that I could hardly climb my stairs. My nerves were so shattered that I was afraid to stay in the house by myself and never ventured out on the street alone. I used to lie awake for hours at night, wondering whether I would live through the night."

"My father firmly believed that Tanlac saved his life and no one thought he would ever get well. So when he came from Port Rexton to see me and found me in such a sad condition, he urged me to try the medicine that had been such a blessing to him. Well, Tanlac proved just what I needed, and has built me up to where I am a new woman. I now have a splendid appetite, can eat anything I want and never suffer in the least from indigestion, and now weigh a hundred and thirty pounds, which is a gain of twenty-one pounds. I am just as strong as can be and can do the hardest day's work and never get tired out. I sleep as soundly as a child every night and my nerves are so steady that I am not afraid anymore. I simply can't express my gratitude for all the good Tanlac has done me and I am glad of this chance to tell everybody what a wonderful medicine it is."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors; by Rex Sullivan, Pouch Cove; Sound Island Store, Sound Island; Dennis Flynn, Avondale; J. J. O'Brien, Cape Broyle; J. W. Smith, Baine Harbor; W. A. Burdock, Selkirk; John Morey, Fermeuse; Mrs. Jos. Quinn, Renewa.—adv

red with blood. Again and again she fought no less valiantly and stubbornly against the ruffing Bulgarians.

We see her in furious battle with Persians and Avars, and she sent her sons under the banner of Heraclius, to wage war against the Saracens. Thus the turbulent tide of Adrianople's history rolls on through the centuries, storm-tossed and tinged with blood.

But the Byzantine Empire, which had seen over 1,000 years of stirring life, at last came to its end. The Turkish tide, which had swept to the Eastern shore of the Bosphorus, and now sought to swamp Europe, proved much too strong for the dying Empire to resist; and in 1861 we see the soldiers of Amurath pouring into Adrianople, and the Sultan installing himself in the city.

Thus, after more than 1,200 years, the city Hadrian had founded blossomed into the capital of a new and alien Empire, which was soon to spread itself farther than the Empire it had succeeded. Within a few generations Amurath's successor, Suleiman the Magnificent, was ruling over more than twenty races of men in three continents. Of this old-time magnificence few traces remain.

The Banjo at the Poles.

One can scarcely imagine a greater contrast than playing a banjo in a crowded meeting in the heart of London, and giving a performance in the city atmosphere of the Arctic regions. At the hundredth lecture given by Sir Ernest Shackleton, when he told the thrilling story of his last polar expedition, he introduced some of his old colleagues, and insisted on the production of the old banjo which played so great a part in keeping up the spirits of the men who were marooned on Elephant Island for a dreary four and a half months. At an informal gathering after the lecture, some of the old songs were sung and specimens given of the impromptu ditties that helped to pass away the time and amuse the men the tale of whose fortitude and patience is being listened to by thousands of people from the cushioned seats of the Philharmonic Hall in London. Sir Ernest Shackleton tells his adventure in simple homely language, with a sense of humor that is a relief to the thrilling story. The penguins, in the pictures, all unconscious of their London audience, behave in their usual amusing way, familiar to stay-at-home people, who love to roam the world by the help of more adventurous spirits.

His Experience.

Sweeping his long hair back with an impressive gesture, the visitor faced the proprietor of the film studio, according to a current story. "I would like to secure a place in your moving-picture company," he said.

"You are an actor?" asked the film man.

"Yes."

"Had any experience acting without audiences?"

"A flicker of sadness shone in the visitor's eyes as he replied, 'Acting without audiences is what brought me here.'"

"Climax" Cattle Feed!

The farmers who previous to the War fed their stock with

CLIMAX DIARY MEAL
CLIMAX General Feeding Meal
and
CLIMAX SUGAR FEED MEAL.

will be pleased to know that they can again purchase the above mentioned Meals from the undersigned at prices below the American or Canadian offerings.

JOB'S Stores, Ltd.,

Our Mid-Summer Sale!

Owing to some changes we are making in our business and the late arrival of goods ordered for spring trade, we have decided to make July the Banner Month by offering some irresistible bargains to the housekeepers of St. John's and Outports. We list a few of same.

- 100 BEDSTEADS, various sizes, from \$8.50 to \$45.00
- 100 SPRINGS, made expressly for us, from \$5.50 up
- 100 SPRINGS, slightly damaged, only \$2.50 each
- 100 MATTRESSES, assorted sizes, slightly soiled, from \$2.50 up
(In some cases not half original price.)
- 50 COUCHES at factory price, only \$10.50
(Worth \$15.50 or more.)
- 50 BUREAUS, worth \$25.00, only \$19.50
- 50 WASHSTANDS, worth \$10.50, only \$8.50
- 25 SIDEBARDS, worth \$35.00, only \$25.00

And we have a special selection of BUREAUS and DRESSERS in Surface Oak, also Quartered Oak up to \$70.00, that we offer at greatly reduced prices to clear.

Also LOUNGES in Leather and Tapestry, UPHOLSTERED CHAIRS, MORRIS CHAIRS, WICKER ROCKERS, CHAIRS, &c., that we have also reduced. So come early and secure your share of the many bargains offered.

The C.L. March Co., Ltd.

Corner Water and Springdale Streets.
P.S.—CARS STOP AT OUR DOOR.

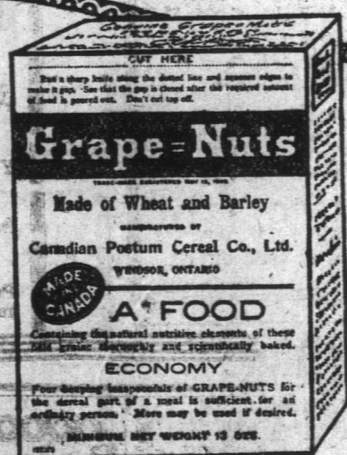
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add no
Sugar to

Grape-Nuts

It is sufficiently sweet because of its own sugar developed in the making.

There is a particular richness to Grape-Nuts not found in any other food of prepared grains. Why not order a package from the grocer and share in its pleasures and economies?

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To have Good Health it is necessary to use

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