

# Spring Wallpaper Campaign



ANNOUNCING the arrival of our Spring Shipments of Job and Regular Wallpapers and the opening, on Monday morning, of our new Wallpaper Department. Having moved our Grocery to the second flat, we are enabled to devote a Special Department to Wallpapers and where our customers of the past, present and future can select with the utmost ease and the least possible loss of their time, the very latest designs. Our prices show a considerable reduction, whilst the patterns far exceed in design and colouring any we have ever handled before. It will be a pleasure to show you these latest papers whether you wish to buy or not.

**JOBS--18c, 20c, 22c, 24c and 26c per piece.**

**REGULARS--30c to \$1.20 per piece.**

Striped, Tapestry, Floral designs, etc. Borders and Friezes to match, either cut or plain at equally low prices.

**OATMEAL INGRAINS--30 inches wide, 95c, \$1.10 & \$1.20 piece with Friezes to match.**

**SPECIAL OATMEAL INGRAIN, 50 cents piece.**

## Marshall Bros

### St. Patrick and The Serpent.

#### Some Legends and Traditions.

There is nothing more interesting and amusing than some of the legends and traditions of Old Ireland. In fact the Irish race live in an atmosphere of legendary lore, and, of course, in almost every case the Titular Saint, the illustrious St. Patrick, takes the most prominent part. I should say that many of the younger readers of the Evening Telegram, of the Irish race, have never heard how St. Patrick banished all the snakes, serpents and other "varmint" from the shores of the Emerald Isle—the land of their forefathers, and tomorrow being the festival of the Patron Saint of Ireland, I think the time opportune to tell them how the great Saint managed it. The story, as told, is full of Irish wit and humour, and the particulars as related in the legend below were immortalized in verse by the great Father Prout (Rev. Father Mahoney), but a can only think of a few lines of it at present. Father Prout was a versatile writer, and a profound Latin scholar. He died in Paris about the fifties of the past century. He took great delight in placing such old familiar songs as "Garryowen," "Charming Judy Callaghan," etc., before the world in Latin, and he also wrote the amusing legend of St. Patrick and the Serpent in verse. Here are a few lines of his poetical effusion:

In the days of good St. Patrick  
When our country yet was free;  
When her name was loved and honored  
O'er every land and sea—  
The snakes and toads in thousands  
Infested all our bogs,  
And no respite could be gotten  
From the croaking of the frogs.

Saint Patrick saw the nuisance,  
And by the Cross he swore  
To banish all the "varmint"  
From our Ireland's verdant shore—  
Then off he went to Dublin,  
And there he got a box  
Secured with twenty iron bars  
And twenty big padlocks.

I forgot the remainder except how  
The saint induced the "serpint"  
To come out.

"He stood before the cavern,  
And loudly he did shout,  
'Come out ye dirty blackguard,  
If ye're not afraid—come out!'"

#### THE ANCIENT LEGEND.

But to come to the legend as told in Old Ireland in days gone by, and, I presume, is still related to the youngsters by their aires and grandseers on St. Patrick's Eve. When the visitor asked the old Irish peasant: "By the bye, sir, I believe there is a story, something about a great serpent, I think—Do you know anything of it?" "The serpent, is it," said Patrick in reply. "Sure everybody has heard tell of the blessed Saint Patrick, and how he drove the serpents and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland. How he bothered all the varmint, entirely. But for all that, there was one old serpent left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. St. Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc, till at long last he bothered himself, and got a strong iron chest made, with nine bolts upon it. So, one fine morning, he takes a walk to where the serpent used to keep, and the serpent, who didn't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and show his teeth, at him like anything. "Oh," says St. Patrick, says

he, "where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you. 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you, again the winter; for I'm going to civilize the whole country, man and baste," says he, "and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and I myself will be glad to see you." The serpent hearing such smooth words, thought that though St. Patrick had driven all the serpents into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the serpent walks fair and easy up to him and the house he was speaking about. But when the serpent saw the nine great bolts upon the chest, he thought he was sould (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could.

"'Tis a warm house, you see," says St. Patrick, "and 'tis a good friend I am to you."

"I thank you kindly St. Patrick for your civility," says the serpent, "but I think it's too small it is for me"—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going.

#### CATERED TO THE SERPENT'S PRIDE.

"Too small," says St. Patrick, stop, if you please," says he, "You're out in that, my boy, anyhow—I am sure

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"twill fit you completely, and I'll tell you what," says he, "that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you."

The serpent was as thirsty as could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St. Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. "There now," says he, "I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail." When what does St. Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it, with a bang like thunder. When the noise of a serpent saw the lid coming down, in went his tail, like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and St. Patrick began at once to hound the nine iron bolts.

"Oh, murder!—won't you let me out, St. Patrick!" says the serpent, "I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man."

"Let you out, me darlint," says St. Patrick, "to be sure I will—by all manner of means—but, you see, I have no time now, so you must wait till to-morrow." And so he took the iron chest, with the serpent in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the serpent struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man besides myself has heard the serpent crying out, from within the chest upon the water: "Is it to-morrow yet?—Is it to-morrow yet?"—which, to be sure, never can be; and that's the way St. Patrick settles the last of the serpents, young Irish-Newfoundlanders of the Telegram.

#### Water Supply Short.

SERIOUS SITUATION IMPENDING. Farmers around St. John's are reporting that their water supply is running low, and great difficulty is experienced in getting enough to cover the needs of their cattle. The shortage is also felt by the Hydro Company, which supplies light and power to the city. Unless a thaw takes place shortly, a very grave situation will be the outcome, and it is possible that a repetition of two winters ago, when the light and power supply of the city was put out of commission, may again be experienced. A notice is now being given to subscribers that the Electric Plant will be shut down from 1 a.m. Saturday to 2 p.m. Saturday, and from 1 a.m. Sunday to 5 o'clock in the evening.

#### Junior Hockey.

##### CARIBOUS DEFEATED.

An exciting and well contested game of hockey was played at 6:30 p.m. yesterday in the Prince's Rink, when the "Yellow Hammers" defeated the "Caribous" by 5 goals to 1. For the winners Bob Sellars, Bailey and Nicholls showed up well, the former two players each scoring two goals, whilst Kelloway was instrumental in scoring one. Kennedy, Marshall and Pearcey, played a good game for the losers. It is hoped that a return match will be played next week. The line-ups were as follows:—  
YELLOW HAMMERS—Goal, W. Benson; defence, R. Sellars, T. O'Neill; forwards, Kelloway, B. Adey, G. Bailey; spare, R. Rochelle.  
CARIBOUS—Goal, J. Daly; defence, H. Kennedy, W. Crane; forwards, C. Pearcey, Marshall, R. Chown; spares, Burnell, Luscombe.

#### Dye Old Dress or Drapery in Diamond Dyes

Buy "Diamond Dyes" and follow the simple directions in every package. Don't wonder whether you can dye or not, successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes even if you have never dyed before. Worn, faded dresses, skirts, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything, become like new again. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk; or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

#### Padre Nangle en Route.

From mail advices received recently it has been ascertained that Lieut. Col. T. Nangle, (C.F.) proposes leaving England to-day on route to this city. It is presumed that the object of his visit is in connection with the duties of his office as D.G.R. & E. London, as well as matters in connection with the National War Memorial in which he is so interested. The many friends of the popular "Padre" will be delighted to see him once more.

Have you tried MRS. STEWART'S Graham Bread?

#### The Menace of Coakerism.

##### ARTICLE X.

Reverting to his tactics of 1919, William F. Coaker is once more working overtime, in the hope that the fishermen of the North will accept his doctrines and persuasions, that all the columns of the Evening Advocate daily.

Mr. Coaker, however, is well aware of the attitude of the people of Trinity Bay towards John Stone, which is anything but favorable to Mr. Coaker, and, in the hope of having the other Northern Districts believe different, letters and telegrams are published in the Coaker office by the staff and others especially employed for this purpose. Messages really submitted were worded and sent under the direction of Mr. Coaker, consequently very little credence can be given the veracity of the statements and information contained in them. To-day, he is politically, the most distrusted man in public life of the Dominion.

For the gain of personal ambition and greed, he was prepared to sacrifice his staunch supporters and associates. He did so, time and again, and would do so to-morrow if it suited him personally. There was a time, and not so long ago, when the Advocate and Mr. Coaker applauded Sir John Joseph, Sir M. P. Cashin, and Mr. Bennett. This was the time he labored unceasingly to disrate and abuse Sir Richard Squires. The W. F. Coaker who betrayed Sir Robert Bond, Lord Morris, Hon. James Kent, Sir William Lloyd and Sir Michael Cashin, would, if the present Opposition so pleased, have him so, betray Sir Richard Squires. The Menace of Coakerism is to-day more apparent than ever, but polling day will witness the first successful effort to stamp it out of Newfoundland forever. The North is awake, and even one time ardent supporters of the F.P.U. no longer suck in his vapourings. They are alive to the questions which mean something for the betterment and general welfare of Newfoundland. The Menace of Coakerism will be crushed when the Squires-Coaker Government is defeated and defeated it will be before many months are past.

##### BENNETT & BETTER TIMES.

The knitted dress of light tan or gray is seen worn with a hat of matching felt at luncheon or matinee. In many parts of the country, the taffeta frock is worn for afternoon and the georgette gown for evening.

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#### MUTT AND JEFF

#### MUTT FIGURED ENOUGH WAS MORE THAN A PLENTY.

—By Bud Fisher

