

The Popular London Dry Gin is
VICKERS' GIN
 D. O. ROBLIN, Toronto Canadian Agent
 J. JACKSON, St. John's, Resident Agent

Household Specials!

For One Week Only.

This week-end we are making a showing of goods usually associated with the Spring House-Furnishing operations.

FOR ONE WEEK we will offer these at special prices.

We also include some remarkably cheap lines from our Hardware Department—articles you are using every day.

If you are starting your "house-cleaning," this sale should interest you.

Particulars in Thursday's papers.



500 Golf Jerseys

For Girls!

All three-quarter length, double breasted effect, and worth \$2.00 each. Sizes to fit girls from 8 to 18 years, in Navy, Brown, Reseda, White and Grey. OUR PRICE,

\$1.25 each.

Now, Girls, in a very short time you'll want to lay aside your heavy winter coats and for Spring wear have one of those Jerseys. Remember, every Jersey good value for \$2.00.

SEE THEM
 IN OUR
 WINDOW.



S. MILLEY.

Two New Panorama Views of St. John's

now on exhibition and for sale at

Parsons' Art Store

and at the Studio, corner of Water and Prescott Streets.

These are the finest views of the city ever shown, and should be in every house and office in town.

Statesmen.



They do not sow, they do not reap, they do not shear the gentle sheep, or milk the sad-eyed cow; they do not build, they do not till, they toil not in the noisy mill, nor guide the mule-drawn plow. We've heard them tell us we are grand, the bone and sinew of the land, and we have cheered and grinned; but words were all we ever got from all that sniffing statesmen lot, for all they sell is wind. We take our produce to the store, and haul it twenty miles or more, to get provisions tinned; but statesmen get all things they need, the very finest goods, indeed, and all they pay is wind. We work till we are halt and blind, and if we get a month behind, threats in our ears are dinned; but statesmen do not work at all; they loaf in place and in hall, and square the bill with wind. They drink the noblest wines of Spain, and eat the butter of the Dane, and fruits from tropic Ind; the luxuries of every land are evermore at their command, and all they pay is wind. What chumps we are, to toil and strain, and worry till we go insane, supporting such a group of parasites, who live at ease while we are spaving our knees to get the children soup!

A Baby's Face.

How nice baby's skin is now; not a red mark or abrasion anywhere to be seen.

"Yes, I was noticing. His face used to be so spotty that I often wondered if it were possible to do anything for him. How did you manage to cure the trouble?"

"Simply enough after all. A few applications of that wonderful new ointment Zylex, and the steady use since of Zylex Soap was all that was needed, that made the little chap right."

Zylex (50c.) and Zylex Soap (25c.) can be had from your druggist.

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Pleasing Presentation.

Mr. M. Bonia, who for three years past has been working at the Postal Telegraph office, this city left by last evening's express en route to Cape Ray, where he will take a position at the Marconi Station. Before his departure a number of his fellow employees of the Postal Telegraphs, waited on him and presented him with a fountain pen, accompanying which was the following address read by Mr. J. T. Meaney:

Dear Mike,—We hear with regret of your departure and the severance of your connection with the Postal Telegraphs. In entering upon your new employment, we wish to assure you of our best wishes for your future success, and ask your acceptance of the accompanying fountain pen, as a memento of the pleasant associations of the past and a slight expression of the appreciation in which you are held by your fellow-employees of the Postal Telegraphs. (Signed).

Geo. J. Veitch, J. T. Meaney, J. D. O'Donnell, Geo. White, Hedley Rowell, M. A. Fraser, W. J. Ashley, W. Mitchell, J. Hefferman, W. J. Sinnott, H. F. Willar, C. C. Pike, Gertrude T. Targett, Bridie C. Murphy, Daisy G. E. Myrick, Mary J. Farrell, Gertrude M. Ryan, Blanche L. Martin, Minnie F. Hartigan, St. John's, March 24th, 1914.

The recipient, though taken wholly by surprise, replied in a few well chosen words, thanking them sincerely for the gift and the good wishes embodied in the address.

Falling Hair Means Dandruff Is Active

Save your hair! Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine right now—Also stops itching scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine to-night—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, lustre and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Makes the lightest most delicious and tasty hot biscuit

No other baking powder equals it in effectiveness, purity and wholesomeness.

Royal Baking Powder

is indispensable to the preparation of the finest cake, hot-breads, rolls and muffins.

ROYAL Has No Substitute

Divorced Life

By Helen Hesson Fuesle

People Begin to Talk.

A battery of curious eyes stole furtive glances at Marian that evening as she entered the dining-room at her boarding-house. Several of her fellow-boarders had seen a line in the morning paper about her divorce, and general discussion of the matter ceased only when she took her place at the table. A feeling that she was being talked about, invaded her.

It depressed her. The atmosphere seemed charged with it. She nibbled without appetite at her plate of Irish stew, and strove to maintain a pleasant conversation with Mrs. Lily, a washed-out, elderly, childless widow who made her living canvassing subscriptions to a housekeeper's journal.

Leaving her dessert unfinished, Marian soon repaired to her dwarfish room, got into a kimono, and tried to get interested in a novel. Presently footsteps paused at her door, there was a knock, and Mrs. Lily entered. She was tall and angular, and canvassing had given her a glib tongue.

"What's this I see in the papers, my dear?" she began patronizingly.

"So you've seen it, have you?" asked Marian soberly. The few flippant lines of the newspaper scribe had made her boil. "I don't see why they had to publish anything about my divorce," she added.

"Why not?" put in Mrs. Lily, seating herself on the edge of the bed. "Divorce is a very serious thing. Very. A certain amount of publicity must naturally follow. For my part, I never believed in divorce. I don't see how judges can grant all the decrees they do. Everybody seems to be rushing into the divorce court."

"Divorce is very necessary at times," returned Marian resentfully. "For the life of me, I can't see why some people keep insisting that it's all wrong. When it gets to the point where people can't live with each other, I think it's a crime to stay married. Why, it's degrading, depraving!" she exclaimed with a flush.

"People have no right to get married, if they don't care enough for each other to bear and forbear."

"There is a limit to which even forbearance can be carried," replied Marian. "Not to believe in divorce is the same as saying that errors should not be corrected. Isn't all progress based on the correction of mistakes? Then why shouldn't marriage, when it proves to be a terrible mistake, be corrected?"

"Well, I don't agree with you," said

Mrs. Lily, pursing her thin lips. "People should think of that before they get married."

"Unfortunately," sighed Marian, "most girls are young and ignorant when they get married. I was. I knew little about myself, and less about the man I married. It couldn't go on. There was only one way to end it."

"I suppose you'll be marrying again soon," smiled the other, meaningly.

"I probably shan't ever marry



"What's this I see in the papers, my dear?" she began patronizingly.

again. It makes me feel sick even to think of such a thing."

"But I notice you got no alimony."

"I didn't ask for any."

"Oh, you didn't? That was a mistake. People may think that your husband filed a cross petition. They may think he divorced you."

"I don't care what people think. And I certainly wouldn't think of letting a man support me when he's nothing to me, and when I'm nothing to him."

"But people will talk," was Mrs. Lily's parting shot.

For half an hour, Marian swayed thoughtfully back and forth in her rocking-chair. She began to understand something of the complexity of the web of life which women spin for themselves when they resort to divorce. She was beginning to understand for the first time why some women will endure anything rather than separate from their husbands. She knew now that what she had regarded as the only way, was by no means an easy way.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

Reckoning With Rum.

A thick set, ugly looking fellow was seated on a bench in a public park and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

"You seem to be much interested in your writing," I said.

"Yes, I've been figuring my accounts with old alcohol, to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I suppose?"

"Every time."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I've been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of

"Then what followed?"
 "Then he made me a coward, for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little sick child. He said he would brighten my wife, but instead he made me act like a fool and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me, but he made me a tramp."
 —The Way of Faith.

Commanded The King.

Sir Homewood Crawford, the City Solicitor, relating reminiscences of his experiences at the London Institution the other night, told a story of King Edward.

As Prince of Wales, the late King attended the Guildhall to preside over the centenary banquet of the Iron and Metal Ware Institution. The Lord Mayor, Sir John Knill, was also an invited guest. As the Prince and the Lord Mayor reached the top table, His Royal Highness made way and said:

"My Lord Mayor, there is your seat."

The Lord Mayor replied, "No, your Royal Highness."

The Prince then said, "Excuse me, you are King of the City, and that is your rightful place."

His lordship's reply to this was, "Well, your Highness, if I am King of the City, then I command you, sir, to take the chair."

Citizens Guarded City.

In the eighteenth century the whole safety and order of Glasgow, Scotland, were intrusted to the unpaid and reluctant burghers. Every citizen who was between the years of 18 and 60, and paid a yearly rental amounting to \$15, had to take his turn at guarding the city. "On touch of drum," says a writer, "the gentleman was at his post at 10 at night, and strolled with weary tread and yawning gait along the Tronagate and High street, and up the pitch dark lanes, of winter nights till 4 in the morning. After that hour the city was without a police."

A word to those who wear "Twenty-five cent Glasses." Do you realize that by so doing, you virtually admit that twenty-five cents is the value you place upon God's greatest gift to you? There is no law to prevent you from injuring your eyes by using such glasses excepting, perhaps, the law of common sense. Of course you don't know why cheap glasses play such havoc with your eyes, and health generally, nor does the man who sells them to you know. An eyesight specialist can tell you, and if you would interest yourself to the extent of asking him to explain, you would never look through a pair of them. Anything more perfect or beautiful than the human eye would be impossible for man to conceive. Then, why, when physical aid is needed to enable it to perform its functions with greater ease, do you use cheap glasses or submit yourself to persons of questionable ability to suit you? When your eyes cry out for assistance, go to R. H. Trapnell, the Eyesight Specialist who will faithfully examine them and give you none but the best quality glasses if glasses are needed, at all. Thousands are ready to testify to the great benefit received at his hands—mar18, eod, tf

WILKINSON'S LINDEN CURET GARDEN