

SHOP AT MILLEY'S



Ladies' Silk Hosiery

Wonderful assortment of Artificial and Pure Silk Hosiery, almost every conceivable shade is here for you to select from. Prices range from 65c pair up

Special Reductions
on all
Children's Hats

Men's Summer Socks

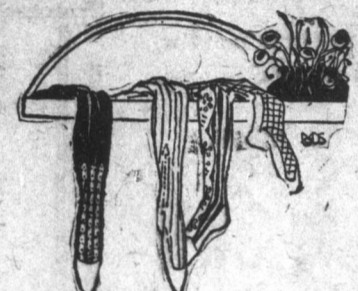
- PLAIN & FANCY MERCERISED SOCKS. Pair only 29c.
- CHILDREN'S ROMPERS. 98c.
- BOYS' CAPS. From 50c. up
- COL'D SILK SOCKS. Pair only 49c.
- BOYS' STRAW HATS. From 79c. up
- CHILDREN'S STRAW SAILORS. From 79c. up

Boys' Sport Hose

With Fancy Roll Top. Just the Hose for knocking about during the summer holidays. Pair only 29c

Boys' & Girls' Sport Hose

In Fawn and Grey, with Fancy Turned down top. Pair only 35c



Hosiery Values

worth looking up
LADIES' GREY FAWN, BLACK & BROWN MERCERISED HOSE. Pair only 40c.
SPECIAL GREY HOSE—Pair only 30c.
CHAMPAGNE LISLE THREAD HOSE—Pair only 25c.



Blouses and Jumpers

of Tailored Smartness

CREAM TRIOLA BLOUSES—With Dainty Hand-worked Lace, also shirt waist style. Prices from \$2.50 to \$4.50

CROCHET SILK JUMPERS—In Fancy Art Designs, very Dainty. Prices from \$6.50 to \$9.50

TRICOLETTE JUMPERS—In plain colours & Jazzy Designs. Prices from \$4.50 to \$10.50

CREPE DE CHENE JUMPERS—In Cleopatra Designs, with and without collars. Prices from \$6.50 to \$15.00

CREPE DE CHENE JUMPERS AND SHIRT WAISTS—In self colours, with Fancy Embroidered Designs and Inserted Lace Badallions. Prices from \$3.50 to \$10.50

MILLINERY SPECIAL

LADIES READY-TO-WEAR HATS—Values up to 1.98
\$4.50. Special Clearance Price



Attractive Sweaters

There are many cool and changeable days and evenings this summer, which makes it very appropriate for sweater wearing. Styles are extensive and the colours are diversified and bright. Sweaters as Illustrated \$2.60

Sweater Blouses

Attractive Styles, Jazzy Colourings.

Towel Sets

A compact set of Towel and Face Cloths. 98c set
Just what you want for holidays. Only . . .

LEATHERETTE LUNCH CASES.

No need to resort to wrapping up Lunches in paper when travelling on the coach. Lunch Cases only 65c

S. MILLEY, Limited

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

DON'T THINK TOO MUCH ABOUT THEM.

This is not a medical treatise, nor is it a mind-over-matter tract, although I may be accused of attempting both here I'm through. It is just a few observations that I have made during the last week. And they all do to do with the way what we think about our bodies may affect them.

That Mole Basked in the Limelight.
A friend of mine has a mole on her neck. It has never bothered her at all until lately. But this last week was "Cancer Week" in her home town, and here has been much publicity about the menace of cancer and the necessity of getting it in its first stages in order to cure it. "If you are a woman nearing 40 and you have a mole on your face or neck, or on any part of your body, you'd better see a doctor at once," read one pamphlet. It may be an inopportune cancer.

Once my friend's thoughts leaped to the mole on her neck. She went to the mirror and examined it. It really seemed as if it did look different and it tickled about it. From then on that mole was never out of her thoughts. It tickled, it had funny tremors go through it, it seemed to be growing larger. From so much feeling and rubbing it, it actually did grow red. And at that, worried beyond endurance, she went to the doctor about it. "That isn't the type of mole that makes cancers," he told her. "It's nothing to worry about at all."

My friend's relief was unspeakable, from that day the mole ceased to concern her and all the queer feelings ceased.

The other incident was one that I read of in a newspaper. You may have seen it, too. A delirious patient in a New York hospital overpowered three nurses and attacked several patients before he could be subdued, throwing the ward into panic. A bedridden cripple leaped out of his bed, ran up three flights of stairs and hid under a bed, and has been walking without crutches ever since.

The last case was one that I overheard discussed at a counter between

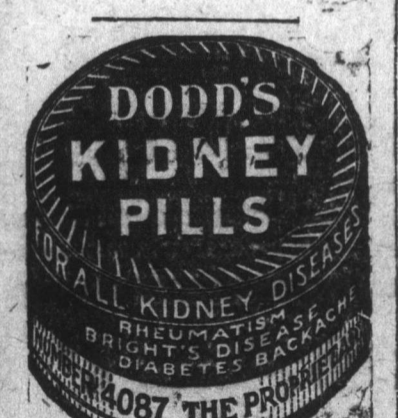
two clerks as I was waiting for change.
What We Want to Have.
"How did you get along at the doctor's last night?" asked one.
"Oh, fine," said the other. "You know I had an idea that I had heart trouble ever since that hot day last summer when I fainted. He examined me thoroughly and told me that all I need is a good tonic. There's not a thing the matter with my heart. I feel better already just to have that worry off my mind. He said a funny thing to me, and I don't know but what he's right. He said: 'You know you can have anything you want to have.' Of course I didn't really want to have heart trouble but I was doing an awful lot of thinking about it."

What we think we have, what our perverted fancy "wants us to have," as the doctor put it, can so often be thrown off or overcome by changing our attitude toward it.
Too Busy To Be Sick.
Mothers can testify to that.
"Virginia told me that your whole family is down with the gripe," I said to my neighbour. "I do hope you won't have it, too."

"Oh, I shan't," she assured me. "I haven't got time to have it. I could go to bed right now so far as feeling wretched is concerned, but I've just had to forget it."

Of course I don't mean to say that it is possible to cure real ailments by just "forgetting it." But for the ills that you fear you may have, or fear you may inherit, or may develop, or may "catch," it's well to remember the doctor's warning to the clerk that "you can have anything you want to have."

TRADIUM CLOSSES.—The Tradium, held at the Old Convent School, St. Patrick's Parish, in honor of St. Anne, closed yesterday evening with sermon and Benediction by Rev. Father St. John. During the three days the services were attended by large congregations.



Little Jack Rabbit

by David Cory

I suppose, Little Readers, you are anxiously waiting to hear whether Neddie Nighthawk caught Mr. Katvild, who on hearing that old nightbird's "Peent! Peent!" as he sailed through the air, had folded his green wings close about him and clung tightly to the branch of the Big Chestnut Tree. Well, the old hawk didn't come back in the first place, he had never spied the little green insect clinging to the leafy twig, and as this old nightbird caught insects only when they were a sudden, Hooty Tooty Owl uttered his mournful cry, "Who-who-who, whoo-who-who."

"Dear me, I must leave this place," thought Neddie Nighthawk. "Hooty Tooty Owl is coming this way, and as he went on his swift wings, much to the relief of the katyids, who soon commenced to sing again their songs from the leafy trees.
By and by Lady Love and her little bunny hopped out on the back porch to look at the twinkling stars—far-away dandelions in the dim meadows of the sky. Taking her little son on her lap, the pretty lady rabbit commenced to sing:

nestling close in his pretty bunny mother.
"No, they only sing when it grows dusky. All night long they rub their wings together. They don't really say 'Katy did, Katy did, Katy did,'—but the rubbing together of their wings makes it sound like that," answered Lady Love. My, what a wise little bunny mother she is, eh, my little Jack Rabbit fans?
"They are content when morning comes," went on the pretty bunny



trouters—get a pair of Sport Rubbers at F. SMALLWOOD'S, July 11th

Kyle's Passengers

The following passengers arrived at Port aux Basques by S.S. Kyle yesterday morning from North Sydney:—J. C. Williamson, Miss A. Adams, Miss M. E. Joy, F. Dresser, L. M. Waugh, D. B. Waugh, H. E. Bennett, Mrs. E. Parsons and son, D. W. McDonald, J. C. Murray, S. Howland, wife and child, G. Powell, R. Appleby, J. Hundenard, F. Green, Mrs. C. M. Duchek, Miss H. Duchek, M. F. Peasner, J. A. Green, R. H. Morrison, J. D. Smith, J. L. Henderson, Mrs. M. E. McKay, R. Modell, W. Lever, Mrs. H. Noseworthy, Mrs. M. Power, Miss E. LeRoux, Miss I. Knight, T. L. Sheppard, Miss C. Harham, T. Hallett, I. Parsons, P. Benard, Miss A. Tobin, J. and Mrs. McIntyre, Miss M. Prince, Mrs. F. Hopkins and 3 children, F. L. Nickson, M. McKay, M. Riggs, H. S. and Mrs. Leonard, R. Chappell, Miss E. Bah, Hon. J. R. Bennett, N. Bragg, J. LeFrasse, Miss M. Bragg and Mrs. Smart.

Portia Proceeds West

S.S. Portia, Capt. Connors, which struck on Point La Haye Rock, during a dense fog, sailed from Argentina at 5.30 p.m. Saturday, on the run to Port aux Basques, after receiving temporary repairs. The ship, which reached Argentina at 12.30 p.m. Saturday, after being held up all night at Colinet Island, by fog, was examined immediately on her arrival, by Divers Smith and Baxtram. In a report to the Railway Commission, Ships' Husband Dalton gives the following particulars of the damages sustained:—"Port" side plates on bottom of No. 1 tank ruptured for 10 inches; Trues and seams started; slight leak in No. 1 hold; rupture stopped with wedges. Under No. 2 tank plates set up, rivets and seams badly started and about 8 plates damaged. Starboard side plates set up under No. 2 tank and rivets started. Estimate leak No. 2 tank at 15 tons per hour. No. 1 tank full but top tight; No. 2 tank top started but pumps able to control leak and prevent water getting in hold. Did not disturb freight to ascertain damage to No. 2 tank top."
It is possible that the ship will proceed to Halifax for repairs, the Esquimaux, meanwhile, taking up the service. Ships' Husband Dalton, Assistant Marine Supt. Pollock and Divers Smith and Baxtram returned last evening from Argentina.

Pearline for easy washing.

There's nothing like it.

MUTT AND JEFF—THEY HOP FROM POMONA AND SAN DIEGO, CAL., TO PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

