

FOUNTAIN PENS.

3 doz. Self-filling Fountain Pens, suitable for school children. Regular prices up to \$1.90 each. Friday and Saturday, 13c., 21c. and \$1.75 each.

PENCIL CASES.

6 doz. Pencil Cases, round and flat. Regular price 7 and 75c. each. Special Prices Friday and Saturday.

BOYS' HATS.

We have still a few of these wonderful Hats in Linen, Velvet and Tweed, etc. Values up to \$2.50 each. Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

FIRE SHOVELS.

3 doz. only Fire Shovels, good and strong. Regular Price 15c. Friday & Saturday, 12c.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR CUT PRICES FOR

Friday & Saturday

AND YOU WILL EARN MONEY BY SAVING.

REMNANTS!

This is Remnant Week, and each and every customer will find a Remnant of Flannelette, Sheeting, Dress Goods, Oil Cloths, etc.,

at Greatly Reduced Prices for Friday and Saturday.

Marshall Bros

GINGHAMS.

25 pieces American Gingham, suitable for children's overalls; assorted checks. Value for 65c. yard; buttons to match. Friday and Saturday, 55c. yard.

EMBROIDERIES AND LACES.

A big job in Remnants of Embroideries and Laces; lengths from 2 to 3½ yards. Special Price for Friday and Saturday.

MEN'S SWEATER COATS.

30 dozen Men's Sweater Coats, Grey and Khaki shades. Just right for the present cold weather. Value \$3.00 each. Friday and Saturday, \$2.65 each.

WOOD PIPES.

We carry a very large assortment of Wood Pipes, French shape and bent stem; bulldog. Special Price for Friday and Saturday.

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

DON'T WASTE HAPPINESS.



RUTH CAMERON

"If you have made up your mind to do a thing, it is your duty to expect happiness in the doing of it."

Who was it said that? I can't seem to remember, but I think it is a good saying and I have a slightly different version of it to suggest:

"If you have made up your mind to do a thing, it is your duty to expect happiness in the doing of it."

A friend of mine was planning to go on a journey. Just before she was to go, one of the members of her family was taken sick. She was willing to give the trip up, but it was one to which she had long looked forward; she needed the vacation and there were educational advantages attached to it, so her family wanted her to go and insisted they could manage without her. She hesitated, balanced her duty to herself and to her family, and finally set off on her journey.

She was going but she wasn't going to be happy.

When I bade her farewell, I said, "I am so glad you are going and I know you will have a wonderful time."

She shook her head with a worried look. "I don't see how I can have a good time when I am running off this way," she said. "I'm going because mother insisted—she would feel terribly if I gave it up—and because I knew I needed the change for the sake of my health and my work. But I hate to leave at this time and don't expect to really enjoy myself."

In other words, she doesn't expect to get half the good out of her trip that she should.

What a perfectly absurd spirit in which to go!

It will do her family no good.

It will do her family no good for her to feel that way. In fact, it is ungrateful to them since they have made a sacrifice to let her go and want her to get the most possible out of it.

To let one's mind be haunted in any undertaking one has decided upon, whether of work or pleasure, by the factors which one weighed when one was making that decision, is absolutely foolish and futile. Make your decisions carefully and thoughtfully—but when you have made a

decision, learn to let that automatically clear your mind of all doubts, and then, with the deck cleared for action, go ahead.

A Definition of a New England Conscience.

I wonder if you have heard the definition of a New England conscience—A "New England conscience doesn't keep you from doing things you think you ought not to, but it keeps you from enjoying them while you are doing them."

If that were as true as it is clever (I thought at first that it was, but on second thought I decided that it wasn't) a New England conscience would certainly be the worst thing one could possibly have.

Not Old at Eighty-Three.

To a few is given the happy power of defying time, of living long and being active to the last. One of these is Mrs. Calvert, known in the Old Country as the "Mother of the Stage." Her maiden name was Ward, and she was born on March 27, 1837, a little more than 83 years ago. She celebrated the recent anniversary of her birth by playing the leading female part in Shakespeare's tragedy, "Coriolanus."

Her early ambition was to be a singer, but through over-exertion she lost the musical qualities of her voice and had to give up all hope of a career in grand opera. Turning to dramatic art she devoted herself to it, and achieved success. About eight years ago she retired, but in 1916, at the age of 79, she emerged from retirement and has appeared on the stage several times since. She is truly a wonderful woman.



Salt of Envyable Reputation

Windsor Table Salt

THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

P. E. I. Potatoes!

Orders now booking for delivery from ships side about Tuesday.

Soper & Moore

Wholesale Grocers.

Please note our new address: QUEEN STREET, cor. of George.

Phone 480. P. O. B. 425.

HOUSECLEANING.



MAY MASON

I'd like to be an Eskimo and in an igloo dwell, and eat fried ice and scrambled snow, and go outdoors and yell. The humble Eskimo is glad, we see him dance and sing; his womenfolk don't drive him mad by cleaning house each spring. He isn't driven out of doors to hunt for frozen grub, the while the women scrub the floors—there are no floors to scrub. He is not chased, to beat the band, from out the divers rooms, by dames with brooms and mops in hand—there are no mops or brooms. Year after year he sits in peace, or lies upon his back, clothed in his wholesome film of grease, and no one cleans the shack. His treasured goods are not mislaid, as mine are, every year; and he can find his blubber spade, his corkscrew and his spear. And if he spills a cataract of ashes on the floor, no woman reads the riot act, no female heart is sore. I'll go to join the Eskimo when next a vessel starts, for I am tired of all the woe that cleaning house imparts. I'm tired of sitting on the stairs, oppressed by fantods three, because the couches and the chairs are hung upon a tree.

Add three stiffly beaten egg whites to cornstarch pudding just before flavoring.

Remarks Never Heard at Sea

OR IN PORT, EITHER.

The Skipper:—(After a bad breakdown has been successfully dealt with.) No, you mustn't give me the credit, it belongs to the Chief Engineer. I only made myself a nuisance and got in the way. The Engineering Dept. didn't do so well because of my assistance but in spite of it!

The Chief Engineer:—Of course I am only a nonentity, the 2nd is really the man, as a matter of fact I'm blown if I know how I ever got my ticket!

3rd Engineer (To Chief on Sunday morning):—Would you mind if I worked a "field day" to-day sir, as I hate to feel I am wasting a day and by the way sir, I should like to work a three-hour field day instead of just two hours.

The Fireman:—Yes, the coal is very good stuff but we are too d-lazy to work it properly.

The Steward:—(To Messroom Boy.)—Give my compliments to the Engineers and tell them that if they don't eat more I shall feel quite concerned about their health; ask them too if they would prefer a little tinned fruit now and again instead of those nauseating plum heavies.

The Cook:—(To Steward.)—Geel! ain't this stoo 'bloomin' awful, 'nuff to poison a buck elephant. I allus 'noo' I was a rotten cook, but I never thought as 'ow I could dish up anything so ruddy stinkin' as this muck.

The Crew (To Steward):—We've never been on such a good "Grub" ship before. The only complaint we've got to make is that the food is too rich, will you please knock off half of

our "whack," as we fear the excessive eating will impair our working capacity.

The Super (In Port to all Engineers):—I am going to raise all your wages.

All Engineers (To Super):—Thank you very much sir! but we would rather you didn't. In fact we are already getting paid far too much for what we do!

Mess Room Boy (To Engineers):—Please gentlemen can I have your boots to clean!

N.B.—This is the most absurd and wildly impossible speech of all.



THE MAN WHO FORGOT.

He wears a long and solemn face And drives the children from his place. He doesn't like to hear them shout Or race and run and romp about. And if they chance to climb his tree, He is as ugly as can be. If in his yard they drive a ball, Which near his pretty flowers should fall, He hides the leather sphere away, Hoping to thus prevent their play.

The youngsters worry him a lot, This sorry man who has forgot That once upon a time, he, too, The self-same mischief used to do, The boyhood he has left behind Has strangely vanished from his mind.

And he is old and gray and cross For having suffered such a loss— He thinks he never had the joy That is the birthplace of a boy.

He has forgotten how he ran, Tied to a poor dog's tail a can, Broke window panes, and loved to swipe Some neighbor's apples, red and ripe.

He thinks that always, day or night, His conduct was exactly right. In boys to-day he cannot see The youngster that he used to be, Forgotten is that by-gone day, He was as mischievous as they.

Poor man! I'm sorry for your lot, The best of life have you forgot. Could you remember what you were, Unharrassed and untouched by spur, These youngsters that you drive away Would be your comrades here to-day; Among them you could gayly walk And share their laughter and their talk.

You could be young and blithe as they, Could you recall your yesterday.

Harry A. Franck, who spends most of his time getting a personal near view of vagabond life, is now cruising among the Virgin Islands in a two-masted schooner with no sleeping accommodations except a couple of dog houses on deck, into which he creeps, clothes and all.

60 Years Old Today

Feels as young as ever

PEOPLE

who are able to talk like this can't possibly have impure blood—they just feel fit—no headaches, dyspepsia or bilious disorders.

These diseases can be cured by

Dr. Wilson's

Herbina Bitters

A true blood purifier containing the active principles of Dandelion, Massalena, Burdock and other medicinal herbs.

Sold at your store, a bottle, Family size, five times as large for 25c.

THE BRATLEY DRUG CO., Limited, ST. JOHN'S, N.S.

Dr. Wilson's Dandelion Bitters, in candy form, cures worms. Reliable. Balmable.

For sale by all Druggists and First-class Grocers.

Copyright 1915 by George & Matthew Adams.—Trade Mark Registered U. S. Patent Office.

Since 1894

the Columbia Graphophone Company, pioneer, leader and creator of the talking-machine industry, and owner of the fundamental patents, has been making the best sound-reproducing instruments in the world.

Today

the Columbia Grafonola is the sum of all that has been done so far by science to perfect sounds and harmonies. Come in and let us play for you any Columbia Grafonola you want to hear.

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co. Grafonola Department.

Immediate Delivery!

Protect your spring trade by placing your order at once for the following popular goods:

- MEN'S SERGE SUITS—Asstd. prices.
- MEN'S TWEED SUITS—Asstd. prices.
- MEN'S WORSTED SUITS—Asstd. prices.
- MEN'S TROUSERS—Asstd. prices.
- MEN'S TRENCH COATS.

Customers report making quick sales with "Victory Brand" Clothing on account of the good fit and finish of the garments.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

The White Clothing Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

259-261 Duckworth Street.

A high cutting table, such as tailors use, is of great service in the sewing room. All bits of soap should be saved, melted with a little water and made into soft soap.

Reg'lar Fellers



De Valera After U. S. Eagle Boats.

Quebec, May 13.—That a number of financiers friendly to the Irish Republic are endeavoring to purchase from the American Government some of the U. S. Eagle boats which wintered at this port, is the rumor published in yesterday's issue of Le Soleil. The object of acquiring these vessels, the rumor states, would be to enable Eamond de Valera, the "President" of the Irish Republic who is at present in the United States, to get from America to Ireland without being captured by the British Government.

California Pears, soft and juicy; Green and Red Grapes, Grape Fruit, wholesale and retail at GLEESON'S, 108 Water Street.—Feb 13, 1917