

First Opening of SPRING MILLINERY

You are cordially invited to attend our Spring Opening and see Fashions Favourite Fancies in
The Latest American Millinery.

The exhibit is most comprehensive and authoritative, embracing some of the most striking designs imaginable, yet an immense showing of smart, becoming models for those whose tastes are a little more conservative. Our Millinery Hats have always been noted for

Variety, Style, Quality and Moderate Price.

We are opening New Goods daily and advise
 you to see them as soon as possible.

Marshall Bros

How to Tell the Salt of the Earth

By RUTH CAMERON.



RUTH CAMERON

There is a certain very interesting fact, which I have gradually come to observe, about the way in which people's class standards vary, and the condition which causes that variation. I am going to tell you some of the class standards which I have heard expressed, and then, I think, you will be able to deduce the fact for yourself.

She Says Family Is All That Counts.
 I have a friend who, though poor, comes from a very fine old family. When this woman is dividing her acquaintances into sheep and goats, she makes the sort of family from which they come the criterion by which she separates them. Many people whom she puts in among the goats are wealthy and many who are graciously herded among the sheep are poor. Money, she says scornfully, is nothing. She really dislikes common people when they have money more than she does when they are poor.

He Says the Only Aristocracy That of Genus.
 And not long ago I heard a man declare that the only aristocracy in the world is the aristocracy of genus. Incidentally, I happen to know that this man strongly suspects himself of being a genius.

Can You Guess Their Criterion.
 I might go on and tell of the brainy man who makes pure brains his criterion, and the well bred woman who

says breeding is the only thing that counts, but why waste your time with a multiplicity of examples. I am sure you have long since guessed what is the factor by which many people select their most desirable class. And doesn't the naïveté with which people indulge in this form of self-praise, with which they calmly admit that the distinction (or lack of it) which they happen to possess is the only one really worth possessing, apparently quite without realizing how it sounds, remind you of the habits of a certain well known bird of the desert?

Milady's Boudoir.

THE BATH AT THE SUMMER HOTEL.

For the summer vacationist who has no bathroom privileges, a huge bowl or, better still, an old-fashioned foot bath tub is essential. With the aid of either of these she can sponge in cool water in the morning and in warm at night. If her skin is sluggish, and she has a generally run down feeling in hot weather, let her try the vinegar bath.

For this allow a pint of pure cider wine vinegar to two gallons which is about what is needed for the average sponge bath. Put this into the basin and stand in the tub. Use a large sponge and fill it sopping with the mixture of water and vinegar. Close your eyes and press this to your feet. Repeat this several times and then proceed the same way, pressing the sponge to the base of your brain, and on your shoulders, until your body has been literally showered with vinegar and water. The body is then patted, not rubbed, dry, and the patient should lie down at once and rest. Two vinegar baths a week are sufficient.

If the skin is rough and irritated by heat, try oatmeal bath. Make a number of cheesecloth bags, four inches square and fill them loosely with the following mixture. Five pounds of oatmeal, one pound of Florentine orris root (powdered), one pound of almondmeal, half pound of Castile Soap, scraped fine as powdered. This takes a large quantity but it is cheap when made in this proportion. One of these bags thrown into the warm plunge bath is most comforting and makes the skin soft and white.

Three Legged Calf.

At a Scotch Village, near Halifax, Nova Scotia, a Jersey cow, owned by a farmer of the place recently gave birth to a calf with only three legs. This animal curiously can stand and is perfectly well, strong and hearty.

Here Again!

After several years of waiting we can now offer

NESTLE'S

(Anglo-Swiss Company, by appointment to H. M. the King.)

MILKMAID

BRAND

EVAPORATED

CREAM.

200 CASES—Large size.
 100 CASES—Family size.
 WHOLESALE ONLY.

Soper & Moore

Importers and Jobbers.

Every Inch a Coward.

(From the New York Tribune.)
 Kings are as kings do in the revised theory of our wisest world. If they are useful and modest, and likable, even Mr. H. G. Wells is willing to speak politely to them. If they are indomitable and splendid, like King Albert of Belgium, every one cheers. But Herr William Hohenzollern! What can anybody say for an emperor with a chicken liver and the cheek of a grandiloquent Pecksniff!

In those rough days when he was, briefly, beating it while the beating was good, Herr Hohenzollern could not find his fate candidly. He had to write his princeling son these memorable words:

"I resolved, after a severe mental struggle, to leave the army, which had collapsed, and go to Holland. I advise you to stick to your post until the conclusion of an armistice."

A pretty picture Casablanca's father makes leaping ashore with his coat tails after and shouting to son to stick it out! One is reminded of Mr. Dooley and the affair at Manila Bay, wherein poor Admiral Montojo took his flag from ship to ship, and finally to shore; or, as Mr. Dooley had it, "I'm lapping from vessel to vessel; me coat tails are on fire." With such a father to exemplify kingliness and courage, the revered doctrine of noblesse oblige, it is not very wonderful that Casablanca refused to stand by the ship. Rabbits do not breed lion cubs.



Just Folks

By Edgar Guest

HIS CHANCE.

I'm his chance! It came to me. While he was sitting on my knee. I seemed to see the distance glow. With all the things I wished to know. What will he do in future years? What will he see when age appears? What is his chance in life? What joy Or sorrow now awaits my boy?

I've faced the world. I've played its game. I've seen its scarlet side of shame. And tramped its many winding ways. In my remembered yesterday. And I was true and I was brave. According as my father gave. He fitted me as best he could to me. My chance to meet the tests alone. Was in the father I had known.

He struggled that I might possess The knowledge needed for success; He showed by examples fine The character that should be mine. He sacrificed himself that he Might give me the best life he could. My chance to meet the tests alone. Was in the father I had known.

Now I'm his chance! And he shall rise Not by the strength that in him lies. But by the lessons that I give. I shape the life that he shall live. The man that he shall some day be Shall speak the best or worst of me. As I have taught he shall advance. God grant I shall not spall his chance!

A suit of beige and dark brown tussur is belted at the hips and narrow fashionable around the ankles. A theatre frock of chiffon has a huge bow of satin at the left, whose ends are weighed by diamond-shaped ornaments. Some of the new tailored suits have new high Directorate collar. Geranium rose is a favorite color for girls' dancing dresses.

STAFFORDS' PHORATONE.

A reliable combination of expectorants for relief of pulmonary affections.

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and other inflamed conditions of the lungs and air passages.

Manufactured only by
Dr. F. Stafford & Son,
 Wholesale Chemists & Druggists,
 St. John's, Newfoundland.

Put Both on Their Feet.

It was in the bar parlor of the Spotted Dog. The subject was the rise in the price of beer, and the man who had his glass of cider said it was the very best tax he had ever known.

"Since the rise in the price of beer I have not drunk any at all, and money I have saved has put me on my feet," replied the gargler of apple-juice.

"Well," said the landlord, "come to think of that, it's put me on my feet, too—for since this 'ere bloomin' tax 'as come into operation, I've 'ad to sell my 'orse an' trap!"—British Farm and Home.

Looking for Him.

(From the San Francisco Star.)
 "Please, sergeant-major, may I be excused from church parade? I'm an agnostic."

"Don't you believe in the Ten Commandments, then?"

"No, I don't."

"Not even the one about keeping the Sabbath?"

"No."

"Well, you're the very man I've been looking for to scrub out the canteens."

Do You Know

That it takes 5,000 bees to weigh one pound?

That kingfishers make their nests of fishbones?

Grasshoppers have their ears on their front legs?

That wood-paving for roads was first used in Russia?

A baby kangaroo is but a little larger than a man's thumb?

That there are nearly 5,000 stitches in a pair of hand-sewn boots?

That the Battle of Waterloo was begun and finished in eight hours?

That ducks waterproof themselves from a little pocket of oil near the tail?

That the hair on German-made pre-war dolls was made of Bradford wool?

That in the Crimean War twenty-two out of every hundred wounded died?

The size of a hat is determined by its inside width and length, divided by two?

That Japanese girl babies have their heads shaved until they are three years old?

That an ounce of gold leaf, rolled out, would cover the door of a room 14 feet square?

That there are villages in Russian Poland where the houses are built entirely of salt?

That the average marrying age for men is now over twenty-nine, and for women nearly twenty-seven?

That the suicide rate in Germany was, before the war, the highest in the world—twenty-one per 100,000 yearly?

That it is estimated that it will take

T. J. EDENS.

By Adolph and Coban:
 30 crates New Cabbage.
 40 boxes Wine Sap Apples.
 50 boxes Cal. Oranges.
 40 bags Onions.
 5 cases Cal. Lemons.
 5 cases Grape Fruit.
 5 brls. Parsnips.
 Turnips.

MOIR'S

FRESH CHOCOLATES.
 1 lb. CAKES.
 6c. BARS.

New York Corned Beef.
 Pork Loins.
 Family Mess Pork.
 Jowls.
 Spare Ribs.
 Pigs' Tongues—Corned.

By Rail to-day:
 30 Barrels

Kelligrews Potatoes.

T. J. EDENS.

151 Duckworth Street.

at least fifteen years for the gas-drenched soil of France to recover and become productive?

Unique Evidence.

The will of Major Critchton, a British officer who died a heroic death in France, was before the probate court and distribution made of the estate, which was placed at \$50,000, in Los Angeles county, and at a million dollars in Scotland; all left to his widow and three minor children. He and his orderly were shot. The latter carried the Major back from the front, but another shot killed the officer. The orderly, too, was killed. Their bodies were found by a German officer, who secured his valuables and address. He then wrote to the widow, informing her of the facts and that he had buried her husband. This was the only evidence of his death, for his remains were never found by his comrades or the place of his burial known.

Household Notes.

A frock of rose velvet has been the only decoration strands of beads.

Lingerie of pale pink and blue with fillet lace has a great vogue.

Every well-dressed girl's trunk contains one picture hat and gown.

A combination of crystal and glass has no rival in trimming an evening gown.

Sedate rows of tiny buttons down the front of many a blouse.

Ribbons in pastel as well as shades will figure largely on millinery.

The extremely narrow skirt really are much larger than the old ones.

Gabardine is used for many of the spring frocks, often combined with a moire silk.

Breakfast coats of wash satin or a slight resemblance to a mandarin coat.

Cream-colored blouses of trimmed with lace, are popular summer wear.

The tricorn, the tailored hat, the picture hat are all popular black liere straw.

The chemise robe is far too coming and useful to disappear from the smart woman's outfit.

An evening gown of pale pink organdie has a little understated pose of ruffles of the organdie.

Dance dresses on chemise style covered with a slip of colored tulle.

Grograin ribbon has come to the spring to bind neckties and sleeves, and to belt in flimsy blouses.

For Spanish Influenza

The Liniment that Cures All Ailments—

MINARD'S

THE OLD RELIABLE—

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO.,

Yarmouth, N.S.

WATCHING AND WAITING

Watchfully all are waiting how will the come out of the Will the German quit their and live their ugly people? Will they see hate's an enemy will they realize that rule the world by terror or possible or will the German love his soldiers in the golden days of peace, or anxious to belabor other fellow creases? Oh, I do not trust the man, though he act like Sunny though he hand me out a sermon put up a pious hymn; he is great talking virtue, he has morals by the stack; but he'll take a club and you if you chance to turn your more passion than before; waiting cringes he is waiting for a whirl of gore. Now he is of somnolence, speaking in rumbling tones, but I fear he's always dreaming of more corpses and more blood. He is ready with his p'dges, he will spring them with a will; but the man always hedges when he comes pay the bill. "I'll be true and he belches, "I'll be pure, already but the German always welters when it's time to pay a bet. Oh, I hope be a winner, that his virtue grow faint; but I never trust the ner who becomes a sudden snail.

By Cowan

Miss Information.



WAR ME

A University for

For Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—I am glad to notice by one of the papers which I received at home that people are taking an interest in the question of erecting a war memorial to commemorate the heroism, self sacrifice, and suffering of those who fought, suffered and died for righteousness and a higher and better life and for that is signified by a sane interpretation of the new Democracy. The suggestions of your correspondents are certainly most valuable and show a tendency on the part of the writers to feel that the memorial should take the form of reminders of some kind of practical service to country. I feel sure that all that to see a monument erected that be in keeping with the ideals for these achievements they so valiantly gave, and which should be perpetuated in some concrete form. They gave their to-day for our to-morrow, and for such heroic men was as John Oxenham put it in the following poem:

Now the spires of Oxford
 I was passing by
 The great spires of Oxford
 Just the pearl grey sky
 Heart was with the Oxford men
 Who went abroad to die.

They left the peaceful river,
 Cricket field, the quad
 Shaven lawn of Oxford
 Took a bloody sod;
 They gave their merry youth away
 For country and for God.

Rest you, happy gentlemen,
 Laid your good lives down
 Took the khaki and the gun
 Head of cap and gown.
 Bringing you to a better place
 Than even Oxford town.

To keep green the memory of a sacrifice such as that described by these lines will add to our country's strength in the future and the memory of the dead will be kept greener by their memorial renders continuous service to the living.

Judging from the types of memorials erected in England, France, and here in the United States of America, it would seem that there is a firm conviction that the memorial should be a permanent structure, placed in a conspicuous place in the city, and that it should be a memorial to the living to remind them of the sacrifices of the dead.

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