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Bros

Fads and Fashions.

Mixed gray and white woolen material is popular for suits.

Evening gowns use black chamois or white lace for bodices.

Blue gingham never loses its place for children's dresses.

White angora wool and black embroidery black taffeta dresses.

Crepe de chine used as an accent on serge is a novel trimming.

Ribbon streamers are the height of smartness for summer millinery.

Navy tricotine frocks are made with colored yarn at all their edges.

The popularity of knitted lace increases with every month that passes.

Blue and white plaid foulard and white serge make a pretty combination.

A loose, full coat of white material is embroidered with black braid.

From finely checked crepe, some of the prettiest afternoon frocks are made.

The stiffly starched "nurse's frocks" are started on the market.

Fichus are made of muslin, tulle and organdie, and are heavily embroidered.

Black chamois lace, black satin and jet are a favorite combination for evening gowns.

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.

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TROUBLE.



Look at the face of the man who has been cured of his trouble. He is now healthy and strong.

they hate to have it cease. The chips upon their shoulders are paw around and cuss, and seem to hope some loomed gent will start another fuss. I wouldn't care a tinker's hoot how much those nations bawl if they'd confine their scolding to their own ten-acre lot, and not expect the outside world to drop useful tools, and take up swords and guns again, to curb a bunch of fools. I fear that Uncle Sam will in future years, kept busy doing his work in both the hemispheres, when not suppressing Red at home, who would overthrow the law, and have to help out ten cent kings, jack up sagging thrones, and in fifteen minutes he must blow a lion bone. The nations all have come to look on Uncle Sam as one who works the scales of justice and law on the job as fun. I should be proud of this, no doubt, but I'm a modest jay, and I regret the bygone times, the old contented way, when Uncle Sam was satisfied to run our land, and warble "Hail Columbia," eagle in each hand.

Huns in Africa.

von Lettow, the Hun commander in East Africa, surrendered his blacks, one hour frequent visits on the wonderful influence must have exercised to keep these in the field so long.

as look at the facts:

German Askari has been to believe that he is a superman. Everyone must work for him; or was, the salt of the earth. It is not as is generally supposed, that the remnants of bands of early troubled days when slave traders and predatory war held undisputed sway in Central Africa, although it is a fact that some of these bands might still have been found in the German African.

He recruited from tribes once he still preserving warlike in the kept well under by the German-iron heel.

back to pre-war days, and followed these gentry into a village inhabited by his own tribe.

calls on the headman, a man whom he would, before he became Askari, have had to pay every day.

me a hut!" he orders. "Put the hut in it! See to it that wood is provided, my bed made, my food and bring a couple of oxen."

the chief complies, but it is ten days before he does not please the Askari, is "on the make" and fines him a couple of rupees.

the headman remonstrates and tries something about a visit to German post to lodge a complaint.

all right! You go to the post—just go. If you do, it is little satisfaction you will get; certainly your two rupees back. What you get, my friend, if I hear any more about your lodging a complaint on the German commander, I shall shoot through the stomach the time I meet you in the bush."

the morning the Askari finds the richer by a couple of many pounds of flour, and a goat, all supplied free, and at, by the tribesmen.

there is an extra load. He the headman: "See to my loads supply carriers—come, hurry up."

the headman hurries up accordingly, for he is glad to see the Askari back into which he would, dared, plunge his spear.

war has come and is over. All the Askari, who is well aware of the difference between the German British systems, know his only was perforce in von Lettow—



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the British would never employ his kind, or at least tolerate his methods. What a welcome awaits him, should he return home shorn of his power, from the poor wretch he has oppressed.

Can you follow his line of reasoning. Therein lies the true explanation of von Lettow's so-called influence over the black Askari.

Sensational Capture of Paris Bandit.

On April 28, 1912, the Paris police ascertained that Bonnot, the leader of the notorious motor-bandit and murderers, had taken refuge in an isolated new building used as a garage at Choisy-le-Mor, a suburb on the Seine, a few miles out of Paris.

At eight o'clock in the morning the police surrounded the garage, but met with a fusillade from revolvers. Subsequently, M. Lénine and M. Guichard, Commander of the Republican Guard, arrived, and a regular siege began.

In an early stage of which two policemen were seriously wounded by shots from the house. A council was held, and as a result a cart loaded with straw was requisitioned. To this cart a couple of mattresses were attached, to afford shelter to the attacking party.

The cart was then backed towards the house with a strong force of police behind it. Then a Lieutenant of the

Republican Guard placed in position and ignited two bombs, to which were attached Blokford fuses. The brave driver of the cart then galloped back out of range. No explosion occurred, however, the fuses having gone out, and the whole operation had to be repeated. Soon a loud explosion took place, followed by a second, when the back wall of the building fell in with a crash, and the crowd which by this time numbered ten thousand, raised a great clamor, shouting "A mort!" A rush of policemen, led by the Lieutenant, entered the house. They found the body of one man, who had three bullet wounds in his body. They then entered the living room and found Bonnot lying on the floor, but although mortally wounded, still with energy enough to curse them, and to fire his revolver, which, however, hurt none. He then tried to swallow a dose of poison concealed in his belt, but was prevented by the police, and carried out, the police having to resort to blows to protect their prisoner, who was still alive, and whom the infuriated crowd would have lynched, but who died just after being laid in a bed at the hospital. One of the gang was still at liberty, and evaded capture for almost a year. The day—a man named Henry who was at last run to earth in Montmartre in April 1913; he had been acting as a receiver of stolen goods.

Bolsheviks Abolish God?

London, April 14.—The Daily Chronicle publishes an article by R. Courrier Foster, a British chaplain at Odessa and Russian ports of the Black Sea describing the religious persecutions practised by the Bolsheviks following upon the former capture of Odessa. He says:

"Committees were held on board the ships of the Black Sea fleet, among the dockers in the port and in the towns and villages on every hand, which passed resolutions, 'We abolish God.' In Odessa cathedral, where the Archbishop of Kherson was celebrating the holy mysteries of an uproar occurred with cries of 'Down with the priests.' 'Down with the church.'"

At a fete in town gardens one saw a soldier of the red army amid the guffaws of his fellows, spit on the Russian holy picture of the face of Christ, and then tear it into fragments and stamp it into the dust.

"The Bolshevik conception of religious toleration is considerably more elastic and far-reaching than the idea of any medieval inquisition. In this matter the Bolshevik prides themselves on being far in advance of our effete western thought.

Torture and Slay Priests.

"They have murdered Vladimir, the Metropolitan of Kiev, 20 bishops and many hundreds of priests. Before

killing them they cut off the limbs of their victims, some of whom they buried alive in the Kremlin. The cathedrals in Moscow and those in the towns of Yaroslavl and Simferopol have been sacked. Many nuns were violated and the churches defiled.

"The ancient and historical sanctuaries and famous libraries of Moscow and Petrograd were pillaged and countless sanctuaries profaned. In Cronstadt Cathedral the great figure of the Crucified Christ was torn down and removed and a monstrous and appalling pagan form placed in its stead symbolizing the Freedom of the Mind.

"It is not against any one particular form of religion that the terrors of the new freedom are hurled. Orthodox, Roman Catholics and Lutheran alike have been tortured, mutilated and done to death under the aegis of the holy revolution, which appeals to the proletariat of the whole world to join its forces.

"The revolutionary government is subjecting the Christian religion to persecutions as brutal as anything the world saw during the first centuries of the Christian era. Moral integration and ruin spread their tentacles on every side. Any restraint on sinful impulse or covetous desire is laughed to scorn. The Bolsheviks publicly encourage outrage and looting. The propaganda for freedom of the mind is essentially nihilistic. It is based on negation and denial of the authority of any moral law, denial of all religious liberty, denial of all freedom of the press, denial of any liberty of speech.

"One officer remarked despairingly to me: 'In Russia now there is no God, no Czar, no law, no property, no money, no food—only freedom. And in that travesty of liberty which the whole civilized world may shudder at, all mercy, pity, and toleration are like scorned. And it is this new and wonderful equality of man which by means of torture, outrage and assassination, proclaims the freedom of mind and body to the devastated Russian nation.

Voices in the Fog.

Radiohone Device.

Some day we shall probably have radiophone warnings all along dangerous coasts giving oral warning by giant phonographs of various reefs and rocky promontories. The ship's officer, groping his way in a fog, will hear: "You are within one mile of a reef; keep off," and he will hasten to keep off; and if he doesn't, there will probably be another voice saying: "You are within five hundred yards of the reef; what are you trying to do, you squarehead!" With this sort of protection almost anybody ought to be able to take a ship to anywhere and back without piling up on the rocks.

On the Atlantic coast they are experimenting with a radiophone warning at the Point Judith Lighthouse, and have installed a device that projects its voice eight miles out to sea. The mariner comes along in a fog, and at the eight-mile limit the voice speaks: "Point Judith light," and if he keeps coming, at two miles from shore the voice reminds him: "You are getting closer; keep off." After that it is his own fault if he piles up on the rocks.

When the ocean-going ships are all armed with this device, what an interminable and confusing marine chatter will pervade the ocean on foggy, misty days or dark nights. It will sound like a meeting of New York citizens discussing the proposed closing of the saloons. By all means, there should be something in the marine laws against the use of expletives by radiophone. Imagine the sea cats that would come out of the fog along the busy sea roads if the business of radio conversation were not censored.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer

TOM MOORE'S WIT.

(From an Exchange.)

Tom Moore, the poet, was the son of a Dublin grocer. Without any pushing on his part his genius and his unaffected manner made him a welcome guest everywhere. All London went mad over him. On one occasion at a banquet he had made some brilliant witticisms. A snob, thinking to humiliate him, leaned over the table to the poet and quite audibly said, in a drawing tone:

"Pshaw, sir, wasn't your father a grocer?"

Moore smilingly replied that he was.

"Then, pshaw," continued the snob, "why didn't he make a grocer of you?"

Moore quite affably retorted: "Wasn't your father a gentleman?"

"Of course he was," was the rejoinder.

"Then why," queried Moore, "didn't he make a gentleman of you?"

High Average of Honesty.

(From the Buffalo Express.)

On the ship coming from Europe Charles M. Schwab heard that 154 negro soldiers on their way home were flat broke. He staked them to \$1 each and told them: "You needn't pay this back if you don't want to; suit yourselves." Up to the last report 138 had sent Mr. Schwab his dollar.

MAJESTIC PRESENTATION.

Monday and Tuesday

Robt. W. Chambers' great story,

"The Common Law,"

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Showing how the Common Law—the general custom—is broken and shattered by love, dissipating unhappiness and grief, and bringing peace and happiness in their stead. This picture is altogether a powerful and gripping one, and will be seen with unusual interest. Clara Kimball Young featured.

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A. H. MURRAY,
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Press Briefs.

Self Patriotism.—It is somewhat odd that the ex-kaiser is the only soldier who ran away and claimed he was actuated in so doing by patriotic motives.—Baltimore American.

Upside Down.—In Budapest the

banks are now run by the clerks and the stores by the janitors, and we suppose that the patients now do the operating in the city hospitals.—Muskegon Chronicle.

Der Tag.—When the Germans face the indemnities that are in process of being fixed by the Paris conference they will regret more than ever those merry days when the kaiser was going to have the United States pay the cost of the war.—New York World.

Should be Prosecutor.—If any one nation is to be entrusted with the task of indicting the ex-kaiser, it is proper to delegate the task to Belgium, the first and most afflicted victim of Hun barbarity.—Hamilton Herald.

World Wants Peace.—It is a question of a peace that shall be a just peace and a lasting peace, says Winston Churchill. The Secretary of State for War voices the universal feeling

in the matter. The desire is for an immediate cessation of strife and at least a record period without its war. The world is entitled to the experiment.—Montreal Gazette.

Going Strong.—Field Marshal Haig pays a just tribute to the great armies which Britain organized, and which contributed so largely to the victory over the Teutons. Germany seems to have failed to understand that once the British lion is aroused she is bound to succeed—or perish, and she exhibits no sign of perishing.—St. John Globe.

For your new Spring Suit, made in the very latest style, pinch back or plain, or any style you want, go to **SPURRELL THE TAILOR**, 365 Water St. mar24, eod, t.

R. L. S. BILLIARDS.—In the B. I. S. billiard tournament the plains are leading by about 200 points, ut five more games remain to be played.

